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THE
QUARTERLY MAGAZINE
OF
THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF
ODD-FELLOWS,

Manchester Unity Friendly Society.

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Yours faithfully
Am. Richardson

THE
ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1861.

Jno. Richardson, P.O.M.

THE Manchester Unity, in common with many of the now powerful political institutions of the age, has, in the course of its generally prosperous career, on several occasions been subjected to severe trials, arising from divided councils and even open rebellion. The last great convulsion shook the fabric of the Unity to its foundations, and threatened its ultimate disintegration. But although the danger was imminent, it was averted by the steadfast labour and practical intelligence of the "party of progress" at the time. It has often been remarked that the necessities of any age always themselves produce the man or men competent to work out its true mission in the progressive development of human destiny. Such was the case during the convulsion which followed the measures of financial reform inaugurated by the Newcastle Annual Moveable Committee in 1844. Amongst other previously but little known men, who sprang up to the surface, and proved themselves equal to the direction of affairs during that troubled period, the subject of this memoir stands conspicuously forward. He was placed by the general voice at the helm, when the tempest-tossed bark of Odd-Fellowship, having gallantly outridden the gale, and, although somewhat strained and dismantled, gained the harbour of refuge, from which, refitted, she afterwards commenced her present uninterrupted voyage of ever-increasing prosperity.

Mr. Jno. Richardson was born at Cockermouth, on the 26th of July, 1816. He is the only son of Mr. Jno. Richardson, sen., wholesale brewer, formerly of that town. On leaving school, he expressed a wish to study for the Church; but domestic considerations eventually induced him to abandon the idea. Mr. Richardson commenced his career of philanthropy in his early youth. A warm friend to the education of the people, and the general diffusion of knowledge, he devoted a considerable portion of his time, energy, and talent, to the fulfilment of the duties of secretary of the General Sunday School established in his native town. On attaining his majority, the teachers of the school expressed their sense of the value of

his services by the presentation to him of a handsome silver inkstand, of the value of ten guineas, bearing a highly complimentary inscription. Mr. Richardson, at an early period of his life, entered the business establishment of his father, and eventually, in 1850, undertook its entire management. At this period, the business was one of the most extensive of its class in the county of Cumberland.

In September, 1838, he was married to Annie, youngest daughter of the late Mr. A. Hetherington. Mrs. R., who possesses considerable literary taste and ability, contributed to one of the earlier numbers of the present Magazine a very truthful and touching article, entitled "Old Letters."

Having been induced to attend on two or three occasions the celebration of the anniversary of the Loyal Derwent Lodge, Mr. Richardson clearly saw the great practical value of such an institution as the Manchester Unity; and he determined to express his approval by joining the Lodge, not as an honorary but as a subscribing and a working member. From the period of his initiation till 1843, when he was chosen Grand Master of the Cockermouth District, his services were chiefly confined to the advocacy of the cause of Odd-Fellowship at the anniversary dinners of the Lodges in his neighbourhood; but, on his being called upon to fill that important and responsible office, he resolved to extend the sphere of his labour; and, accordingly, he visited all the Lodges of the District, for the purpose of advocating the establishment of a Widow and Orphans' Fund. In this instance, as in many others of a minor character, his efforts were crowned with complete success.

At Aspatria, near Cockermouth, Mr. R. determined to deliver a public lecture on Odd-Fellowship, with a view to enlighten the minds of many influential persons who had imbibed a strong prejudice against the Order. Although this was his first attempt of the kind, he was eminently successful. The *Carlisle Journal* described it as "a most interesting and eloquent discourse, which made a deep impression on the assembly, and was warmly greeted with applause throughout."

In 1843, the proceedings of Odd-Fellowship were attacked by a writer in a Maryport publication. Mr. R. fearlessly challenged the author to a public discussion, but this was declined. He, however, delivered an eloquent address on the subject to a large public meeting, which unanimously condemned the course pursued by the Maryport scribe.

Mr. R. was chiefly instrumental in the opening of several new Lodges in various localities in the neighbourhood of Cockermouth. He first represented his District at the Annual Meeting of the Unity in 1844, at Newcastle-on-Tyne. In November, in the same year, the members, as a recognition of the value of his services to the Order, presented him with a handsome gold watch and appendages, of the value of thirty guineas.

In 1848, the ever-memorable "Corn-exchange Meeting" was held in Manchester, to investigate matters in dispute between the Executive Government and the Corresponding Secretary of the Order. Passion and party zeal were rampant throughout the Unity. Mr. Richardson, as a man of known probity and ability, was called upon to preside over the deliberations of this singularly unpromising assembly. But his firmness, his evident knowledge of his duties, and, above all, his uniformly courteous and gentlemanly demeanour, carried him triumphantly through his arduous task with the

applause of the whole meeting. A special vote of thanks was engrossed and presented to him, signed by the then Grand Master and the present Secretary, on behalf of the Unity, for "his gentlemanly and impartial conduct" on this memorable occasion.

The death of Mr. Powell, of the Pottery and Newcastle District, then Deputy Grand Master, left the contest for the chair of the Order at the following A. M. C., held at Southampton, entirely amongst the Past Grands who had not served the subordinate office. Mr. Richardson's character, and his conduct, especially at the meeting just referred to, secured to him this distinguished honour.

On the 7th of July, in the same year, a grand soirée was given in honour of his election to the highest office in the Unity, by the members of the Cockermouth District, in the spacious hall in the New Market in that town. About 600 persons were present. A congratulatory address was presented to him by the officers of the District. Similar compliments were likewise paid to him by the Preston, Whitehaven, and some other Districts. In this year, he was elected Treasurer to the Order.

On the 24th of April, 1850, a grand soirée was held in the New Market Hall, Cockermouth, for the purpose of presenting to him a substantial testimonial, the result of a subscription amongst his numerous friends and admirers throughout the Unity. Upwards of a thousand persons were present, amongst whom were some of the most active and influential officers and past officers from Liverpool, Manchester, Preston, Carlisle, Newcastle-on-Tyne, &c. The meeting was presided over by the late General Sir Henry Wyndham, K.C.B., then Lieutenant-General Wyndham, of Cockermouth Castle. The testimonial, which cost considerably more than 100 guineas, consisted of a large and massive silver salver, elegantly embossed; a claret jug, tea-pot, salt-cellars, castors, cream jug, sugar-basin, and table, dessert, and tea-spoons, all of solid silver, chaste in design, and of highly finished and costly workmanship. The presentation was made, in the name of the Unity, by Mr. T. Luff, of Liverpool, Mr. Richardson's successor in the Grand Mastership of the Order. In the centre of the salver, the following inscription is engraved:—"Presented to Jno. Richardson, jun., Esq., of Cockermouth, by the members of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows of the Manchester Unity, for his eminent services as Grand Master and Chief Treasurer, April 24, 1850."

Mr. Richardson, during his residence at Cockermouth, took an active part in the management of the local affairs of the district. He fulfilled the duties of churchwarden for about eleven years. During his tenure of office, extraordinary service devolved upon the wardens, owing to the destruction of the parish church by fire, and its subsequent re-erection. He was also for some time vice-Chairman of the Board of Guardians of the Cockermouth Union.

Mr. R. attended, in his official capacity as Treasurer to the Order, each annual meeting previous to 1856. In December, 1855, owing to various causes, which it is unnecessary here to enumerate, Mr. R. was unfortunate in his business speculations, and was compelled to suspend payment. He had, some time previously, in addition to the brewing business previously referred to, succeeded his father-in-law in the management of an important tanning establishment at Cockermouth. He devoted the whole

of his energy and activity towards the complete realization of all his available assets. His honourable conduct under these difficulties gained the approbation of all parties concerned. At this period, he resigned his office of Treasurer to the Unity, and aided to the utmost of his power in securing to the Unity every farthing of the fund entrusted to his care. As this was the first case tried under the new Act of Parliament, Mr. Richardson's hearty co-operation with the Trustees and Directors was of the utmost importance. The following resolution was passed with reference to this subject at a special meeting of the Grand Master, Board of Directors, and Trustees, held at Manchester, Dec. 10 and 11, 1855:—"That this Board, entertaining a due sense of the services rendered to the Order by P. G. M. Jno. Richardson, jun., very deeply regret the unfortunate circumstances which rendered his resignation of the office of Treasurer necessary."

The Annual Meeting held at Lincoln in May, 1856, likewise testified its sympathy in the following resolution:—"That this meeting sincerely regrets the unfortunate circumstances which have led to the resignation of the office of Treasurer by Mr. Jno. Richardson, jun., and begs to tender to him its best thanks for the able and courteous manner in which he for many years conducted the business of the Society; and, in tendering to him its deep sympathy, earnestly hopes he may long continue a Member of the Order to which he has rendered such honest services."

In September, 1856, Mr. Richardson removed his residence to Kendal, having received an appointment to represent a firm in that town in his original line of business. In 1858, he was offered by the official assignee of the Court of Bankruptcy for the Newcastle-on-Tyne district a situation of trust in his establishment, which he accepted, and which he still holds.

Since his removal to Newcastle, he has gained many kind friends amongst all classes of society, by whom he is much esteemed. He has not forgotten his old love for Odd-Fellowship; but has recently advocated its claims both at the anniversaries of several local Lodges and on other public occasions. His labours in the cause of philanthropy have not been exclusively confined to the interests of Odd-Fellowship. He is at present Superintendent of a Boy's Sunday-school, and Lay-secretary of the Church of England Sunday-school Teachers' Association in Newcastle.

Mr. Richardson has suffered several bereavements in his domestic circle, but his intelligent and amiable lady is still living. His only son, and only surviving child, Mr. Charles F. Richardson, now in his twenty-first year, has already joined the Order. The Odd-Fellows of Newcastle have been permitted to form a company of rifle volunteers, which is called the "Odd-Fellows' Company." Mr. Charles F. Richardson is Ensign of this company. The other officers are Captain W. C. Bousfield, Past Grand; Lieutenant Isaac Temple, Past Prov. Grand Master and Treasurer to the District.

"Neglect" and "Runaway" Cases.

FROM THE DIARY OF A RELIEVING OFFICER.

THERE was a considerable crowd in Dash-square to-day, for our brave Volunteers were to muster, and the bugles rang out "the assembly;" and from every street converging on the square came our noble British youth, casting aside the implements of trade and gain, eager to learn the art necessary for the defence of our homes should ever the audacious foe dare to set foot on our sacred soil. And when the brass band struck up a lively march and the fine fellows stepped out to its spirit-stirring strains, I felt my pulse beat a little higher, and I almost longed to join them in their march. But my march was to be in another direction. My bugle-call was the cry of sickness and distress, and this I obeyed with readiness, such as all good soldiers show. As I walked thoughtfully away, I was struck with something in the appearance of a woman, who stood amongst the throng who had been watching the military display. Her clothes were neither so poor nor so dirty as to call for any special remark amongst a miscellaneous collection of sight-seers; but she struck me as having a sort of crouching look, something like that of the hunted hare peeping out after the dogs have been re-called. She had on no bonnet, but wore her black shawl over her head, as is common in our town amongst women of the poorer class, her style of wearing it almost causing the concealment of her face. I know not whether she had adopted this mode of dress intentionally for concealment; but if so, her object was not attained, for I caught a sight of the eyes and upper part of the face, which convinced me that I ought to know their owner. It was a face I had seen some considerable time ago, but when and under what circumstances did I become familiar with that anxious-looking figure? The truth flashed upon me "like lightning" when it *did* come, and I uttered an exclamation which attracted the notice of my nearest neighbour—"That is Esther Carter!" I had not seen her for many months, nor had I thought of her for a considerable time; but there she was, the wretched creature, and I had a warrant for her apprehension in my desk at home almost worn away by having been so long carried about in policemen's pockets. Should I let the poor hunted creature go, or should I simply do my duty? The decision was soon come to, and I stepped up to one of the many constables in the square, quietly saying: "Just lock that woman in the black shawl up for me." The officer knew me perfectly well, and I dare say knew what offence she had been guilty of, for in an instant she was walking quietly away to the police-cells, I promising to follow almost immediately to sign "the charge."

"The charge" ran simply thus: "Esther Carter, age 42, Widow, of no occupation, offence against the Poor Law Act, viz.—neglect of family;" and then followed a list of articles found in the pockets of prisoner, viz.—"Money, fourpence halfpenny, a thimble, a needle-case, and a leathern purse."

She is the widow of a respectable working man, who was a coachmaker, and who, through sickness (he not belonging to any Friendly Society) had been compelled to seek my aid. They lived in a small house, cleanly kept, and they had five children. I saw on my first visit that his pauperism would not be of long continuance, and truly he was soon removed to that state in which Lazarus, we are taught to believe, is more than on an equality with Dives. Well, our board of guardians provided means for his decent interment, and the widow and fatherless were not grudgingly provided for. She remained in her little house, and it became my duty frequently to visit her. She added at first a little to her means by some

industrial occupation; but I gradually perceived a change come over her for the worse. She grew slovenly in her person; the children's faces appeared gradually to become less acquainted with soap and water, and the holes in their little garments remained unattended. I said to myself, "Esther Carter drinks; I am certain of it, although I never saw her lift the cup." Soon the neighbours informed me of the fact of her intemperance, adding intelligence of a still more startling and shocking nature. She had formed an improper acquaintance with a married man who resided in the vicinity. What could an officer in my position do when, after sifting the matter thoroughly, I found that she had become a very worthless woman? I took steps to bring her immediately before the board of guardians; and having reported her conduct and position, they very properly declined to render her any more assistance from the poor's rates out of doors. She was provided with an order which would have given her and her family admission into the workhouse, where she might have remained, at all events, free from temptation to err again; where her children would have been comfortably clothed and fed, and where her evil example could no more have injured them, and where, indeed, they would have received as good an education as that which falls to the lot of most children of the humbler class. But of this order she never made use. On the contrary, she went to her home, sold every article of furniture which still remained to her from the demon drink; and in a few days the children were brought to me by a poor woman who had found them in the empty house almost naked, and absolutely starving over the cold, cold grate, without one ounce of food to put within their little lips. She had left, the savage unnatural mother, taking with her the very shoes of her children to sell for drink.

This is a very large town—quite sufficiently large for one flying from society to find a place of hiding within it. Where she has lived during these many months I know not, but I am quite certain that to-morrow the justices will send her to hard labour in the prison for the space of one calendar month; and richly she deserves punishment say I, who felt some reluctance to cause her apprehension to-day. Richly she deserves it, and I am glad that I did not allow my feelings to run away with my judgment in this case at all events. Let us hope that in time she may become an altered woman, and again be fit to take charge of the tender plants of humanity, which the Almighty, in his wisdom, has placed under her care.

Oh, it is a fearful thing to contemplate this child-desertion by the mother! Yet it is by no means so unfrequent as the generality of the public may think. The desertion of family by the father is as common as possible to us. There is scarcely a week goes over but we have a case of this description to treat. One fellow who still lives in my district, by the bye, seemed to have at one time a mania for leaving his wife on the parish. He is a skilled mechanic (an exception and a disgrace to his class and trade), but under the influence, as I believe, of that which our worthy stipendiary magistrate calls "the nasty drink," he absolutely would not stir out of doors to perform the work which was waiting for him to do. His wife is an industrious and hardworking woman; but when after a few days of listless idling about the house and finding the last of the food consumed, he would walk himself off and return no more, what could the poor woman do but come to the parish for aid in the support of his and her family?

I have caused this fellow to be punished no less than three times myself, under the Vagrancy Act, and I know that some of my colleagues have had him under hand also, yet he still continued to run off at intervals, until on the last occasion, having been sent by the police magistrate to the sessions as an "incorrigible vagabond," he was sentenced to six months of the treadmill, he appears to be cured. I have not seen him lately, but I am informed that he is now conducting himself like a respectable man, earning excellent wages, and bringing a proper amount of them home to his wife.

There are many (very many) cases of desertion of families with the connivance of the wife. This may seem strange to some, but when I describe the mode in which the operation is performed, cause for wonder will cease, and admiration of the ingenuity of the process will prevail. This stage or description of desertion, I am bound to say, is practised most frequently by a class of our fellow subjects who are not Englishmen or Scotchmen (a Scotch pauper is a rarity with me), but by those to whom we will refrain from giving a nationality, out of respect to the proverbial sensitiveness of their countrymen if anything like fault is found with their compatriots.

The men are generally of a class which may be called "labourers," not but that we all have to labour, and pretty hard too in this town. They are men who prefer not to labour any more than they can possibly help, and, of course, are anything but respectable men, or fair specimens of the working classes as a body. The "desertion" generally takes place about the time when an increase of family is expected. The first intimation we get of it is in this wise:—

Enter an old woman in a battered straw bonnet, covering a not over clean cap with very wide and very limp borders. She carries an air of mystery about her, and answers my first query almost in a whisper. Oh, I know her well, this old Rosanna! It is merely a matter of form to ask the question I put, for I know what she wants, she having been so frequently employed on such errands. "Well, Rose, what do you want?" say I. "Oh, Sir, and beggan yer hanner's pardon, it's a docther's note I'm seeking from yer hanner." "Who do you want the doctor's note for, Rose, and what's the matter?" Sure its for a naybor of mine, Sur, and not a dhrup of blood betune us, and I've only come for God's sake; she's Biddy Smit by name, and she's at the down-lying, Sur—all the naybors will tell ye so, Sur." "And why did not the husband come, Rose?" "Och, the poor man! Sure he's up the counthry looking for work this fortnight or more, and he not knowing, the poor craythur, that his wife would be taken sudden."

The old tale, Rose; the old tale! No preparation made for the expected stranger; not so much as a rag procured to cover the little Christian from the chill blast of this cold cold world. Here, then, is the responsibility of life or death thrust upon the relieving officer at once! He dares not for his own sake refuse "granting" that which Nature renders necessary at this most critical period. There is a noble charity in this town which affords assistance of the nature required for the nominal charge of one shilling per case, yet these parents have neglected during the months which precede invariably the crisis, to provide even this almost ridiculously small amount. I have been "knocked up" at all hours of the night to provide the necessary order in such cases. Indeed good practitioners in the art of procuring relief generally prefer to come in the middle of the night for medical assistance. They find by experience, perhaps, that the order is often given without too close an investigation of the case under these circumstances.

In nine instances out of ten the husband is not out of the town at all, nor is the patient in that strait which the messenger represents. The whole affair is simply a swindle—an obtaining of money's worth under false pretences; and many times, on visiting the residence indicated by the applicant, I have found the supposed sufferer hale and hearty, months in all probability from the time at which professional aid is required. However, granting that the period has arrived when the relieving officer finds it incumbent upon him to give aid—in nine cases out of ten, I repeat, the husband is not out of town, but merely keeping out of the way, and many times has the officer with a warrant for the apprehension of the vagabond found him hidden under the bed, instead of being "up the counthry looking for work." But in any case the poor woman must not suffer, notwithstanding "a docther's note" means a good deal more than its title expresses. It means, besides professional attendance, out-door relief for a few weeks, and frequently

clothing as well. All this is very well known to the husband, who accordingly performs an act of "desertion," freely running the risk of being brought to answer for the same.

I regret that I have never kept a record of even the number of matrimonial quarrels that I have been the means of settling. They are very numerous, and have been very instructive to myself as a married man. The "honourable estate of matrimony" is subject truly to many flaws of tenure, but there is something absurd in the idea of the relieving officer having so much to do in settling the difficulties which attend the "happy state." I have had as many as five women in one morning at my office, all on the same business, namely, to get me "to do something" to their husbands. I am very much afraid that our names are frequently held up as a terror and a threat over delinquent husbands, and that a certain class of wives know too well the road to the parish offices. However, when a woman, perhaps with tears in her eyes, and in a most earnest manner, informs me that he who should be her protector and provider, neglects or refuses to render sufficient support, what is left for me but to try to reach the cause of such neglect and set the matter to rights? If the woman really lacks food she must have it, and that speedily. I have, however, not lived so long as this in the world but to know that there are two sides to every question, matrimonial as well as other. So my invariable mode of procedure is to fill up a neat little printed form which we have provided for us, designed to advise the reported delinquent of the fact that his "better half" has applied for relief; warning him also of the consequences should he persist in pursuing his illegal and unnatural course.

This missive seldom fails to bring down on the next day the husband, and it generally gives me the opportunity of hearing a considerable amount of family history. Occasionally the man's mother, and not unfrequently the wife's also, attend, in order each to take an active part in the family squabble. Oh, those mothers-in-law! How often have I, poor miserable and deafened official, been compelled to send them out of the office, in order that I might hear the statement of the parties most interested! So convinced am I of the potency of mothers-in-law for evil, that I almost invariably make inquiry of the wife when she first applies to me, if there is any "mother-in-law in the case," as a preliminary to all further proceedings. Sometimes the "happy pair" rail at each other; not unfrequently they weep in concert. Sometimes I find the man is to blame originally, but *more frequently*, I think, the woman is the bad partner to begin with. Either she has run her husband over head and ears into debt without his knowledge, he having duly "turned up" his wages on a Saturday night, and she, instead of using the money properly, having wasted it in finery or—sad to say—in drink; or she is a gad-about, or a gossip, or a too-good child to her mother; or a slattern housewife—altogether an uncomfortable partner. Or she has, perhaps, too active a tongue, and has driven the poor fellow away with it, as with a scourge. Ah! many a time have I said to myself, as I have sat impatiently listening to the mill-hopper clatter of one of this sort, "Ah, my lady, if I were afflicted with such an one as you, or anything approaching to your quality, I should run away a great deal farther than your 'lord and master' has done." But such remarks as these, however safely I may write them in these pages, would not be safe for utterance in the hearing of the punished man. No, he is legally bound to support his wife, and I advise him to do so without first going to prison. Very frequently I have seen the parties leave my presence reconciled by my luminous remarks, agreeing to try the experiment of living together again. But oh! Sir Cresswell Cresswell, you little know how many couples have, through my advice, agreed to live apart, the masculine party to the life-long agreement arranging to provide a weekly sum to be left in the hands of a third party for his bosom wife's support. It matters little to me how they manage if they only keep away from me, and I

am always happy to get such jobs as these off my hands, for I don't think it is part of my duty to settle family differences, and I am sure I receive no extra pay for such services.

I shall make but one more extract from my diary on this occasion, and it, although not of my own composition, but merely one out of very many which I take a pleasure in preserving, containing, as I think, the best thoughts of the greatest thinkers on my particular subject, perhaps requires but little apology. I give it as it is, merely begging my always indulgent readers to think the matter over, and to weigh fairly that which it contains until I next have an opportunity of meeting them in these pages.

"The same causes which broke down the nobility and crippled the resources of the church, deprived the retainers of the great baron and the sharers of the dole of the monastery of their accustomed mode of living, and robbery in these classes was considered the most venial of offences. To the system of poor laws—a system worthy of being projected "in great Eliza's golden time" by the greatest philosopher of that day, or, with one exception, of any other day—are we indebted for that general respect for property which renders the profession of a thief infamous, and consigns him to the hulks or the treadmill without compassion. But I must not wander into historical disquisitions, though no subject would, in its proper place, be more interesting than a minute speculation upon the gradual working of the poor-law system on English society. It would form one of the most remarkable chapters in that great work yet to be written, 'The History of the *Lowest Order from the Earliest Times*.'"



The Registrar, and his Recent Report on Friendly Societies.

BY CHARLES HARDWICK, P.G.M.

THE wisdom of the course taken by the last Annual Committee of the Manchester Unity, in appointing our able and experienced friend, Past Grand Master Roe, as its authorised agent to attend to its interests in all matters introduced to Parliament, has already been verified by the result. Not only (and mainly through his exertion) has the objectionable clause in a recent Act been removed, and a more equitable one substituted, but another sinister effort on the part of the Registrar to acquire power and authority over the management of these institutions has been signally frustrated. Mr. Pratt will, doubtless, after the utterly unmistakeable character of the defeat of his recent attempt to direct the Legislation on this question, without the knowledge or consent of those most interested, consider it advisable in future to ascertain to some extent, at least, what the members of Friendly Societies think of his views, or opinions, before he ventures to make use of his official position to induce Government to permit him to quietly tamper with the known laws affecting in the most direct manner the feelings and interests of so large a number of the best section of the industrial population of the kingdom.

RECENT LEGISLATION.

The Act passed in 13th and 14th Victoria required the votes of *five-sixths* of the members of any Friendly Society to legalise its dissolution. Mr. Pratt adroitly got introduced into the Act of 1868 the somewhat celebrated eighth clause, by which he or an actuary could "wind up" any society on the application of *one-fourth* of its members! This has been expunged, and the consent of *five-eighths* of the members is now required, before either Mr. Pratt, or an actuary, can obtain a respectable slice of the bankrupt Society's remaining capital in the shape of fees and expenses, for their never-to-be-sufficiently appreciated assistance in the eagerly desired "winding up" operation. Mr. Pratt likewise procured the insertion of a clause in the bill of the present session, giving him power to sue "the trustees, or other officer" of any Society neglecting to forward to him an annual report of its proceedings, for a penalty not exceeding FIVE POUNDS and costs! Mr. Roe, however, has succeeded in procuring the reduction of the maximum penalty in *this clause* to one pound. Mr. Pratt must have evidently thought that his influence with the Government and Parliament was unbounded, for he positively had the hardihood to procure the insertion of a clause by which he was empowered to sue for a penalty not exceeding twenty shillings "any trustee, officer, or person, who shall receive from any person, on his admission into any Friendly Society, his first contribution, and shall not supply such person with a copy of the rules of such Society certified by the Registrar!"

There exists a certain class of self-elected professors of social science in this country, who appear to think that the working portion of the population ought to surrender the management of *all their affairs* into the hands of the section of society to which the said professors themselves belong. Mr. Pratt seems to be either at the head or the tail of this self-opinionated and somewhat selfish section; for he appears to let slip no opportunity of encroaching upon the constitutional right to self-government which Englishmen possess in their Friendly Societies, and sometimes in a manner by no means the most straightforward, or the most courteous. There undoubtedly exist small Societies in which the laws for a time are merely written in the minute book, and periodically read to the assembled members, to save the expense of printing. Surely it is not necessary to enlist the services of so important a functionary as the Registrar, to enforce by penalty a formula which those most interested in its operation think they can, under the circumstances, for economical reasons, judiciously dispense with. The Manchester Unity has had, ever since I knew it, a *law of its own* enforcing the condition the registrar approves of, though the penalty for accidental neglect is not quite so terrible as that proposed by the official advocate of centralized authority in these matters. I therefore can have no especial quarrel with its *ostensible* object; but I clearly perceive that it involves a principle of the greatest possible import to the friends of self-government. It looks very like the thin edge of the wedge of despotic authority seeking to control the provident operative in what he deems, as a free Englishman, to be his own proper business. The obnoxious clause, therefore, met with the most strenuous opposition from the more intelligent members, and, to Mr. Pratt's evident astonishment, it was expunged *in toto* from the bill. This species of paltry meddling may suit the prejudices of a petty German State, but it is utterly repugnant to the genius of the British people, and to the progressive tendencies of the age. The learned author of the "History of Civilization in England," aptly characterises this kind of legislative blundering as "*that great German sin of over regulation*;" and he justly observes, in support of his strong condemnation of the principle, that

"the German people are more superstitious, more prejudiced, and, notwithstanding the care which Government takes of their education, *more really ignorant and more unfit to guide themselves* than the inhabitants of either France or England." The Registrar may depend upon one fact, and that is, the intelligent members of these self-governed Societies know the value of their privilege both to themselves, and, indirectly, to the community at large, and that they are both determined and capable of defending it against much more powerful influence than he can in future ever hope to enlist on his side of the question.

Mr. Pratt has evidently concluded that *all Friendly Societies* present similar features, differing only in degree to the relatively few that occasionally trouble him for advice, or shock his sense of propriety by uniting periodical festivity with provident habits. In his case the *whole* are judged not by the best, or the medium, but by the worst samples of the class; and he and his subordinates, and his, perhaps, well-meaning but ill-informed advisers, fancied that petitions or remonstrances emanating from so *low* a section of the community, would prove of little or no avail against his immense personal and official influence. Perhaps the large majorities by which his pet clauses were either rejected, or considerably modified, will have convinced him that the members of Friendly Societies are not all of so *low* a stamp as he appears to have imagined, but that they can, on the whole, in their own localities, command sufficiently the attention and respect of their parliamentary representatives to frustrate any future attempt on his part to ignore their sentiments, feelings, and experience, when he again feels inclined to try his hand at practical legislation in this direction.

That the executive government and the great mass of the members of the Manchester Unity are not, as a body, unwilling to aid Mr. Pratt in the procurement of returns showing the experience of the branches forming their Unity, was demonstrated by the resolutions which have recently been passed, fining districts for neglect in this respect. My own District has likewise a bye-law which inflicts a fine of five shillings upon each Lodge neglecting to forward to the corresponding secretary within one month from the time prescribed the information required, both for the purposes of the Registrar and the board of directors. A fine of two-and-sixpence for each additional monthly period of continued default is likewise enforced when necessary: the same, or something similar, is done by all well-conducted Districts and Lodges in the Order.

The objection of the leading members of the Manchester Unity is not to the employment of any desirable means to ensure compliance with the wishes of the Legislature and the friends of progress with respect to statistical returns, or the complete circulation of the Society's rules amongst the members, but to the manner in which Mr. Pratt continually endeavours in the most obnoxious manner to augment his own personal authority by improperly tampering with the existing statutes relating to Friendly Societies. It is gratifying to find that Lord Brougham, on presenting a petition against a certain clause in the bill previously referred to, and whose premature entrance into the world of British law was accompanied by the smallest possible squeak, not only denounced the clause in question, but the manner in which the bill had been indecently hurried through Parliament. His lordship's words are worth preserving as a record of the insidious attempt at official dictation to the great mass of self-relying British operatives, and of its signal defeat. According to the *Times* of the 24th July last, his lordship said:—

"He had a petition to present from a highly respectable body of persons connected with the Friendly Societies of the county of Lancaster, which applied to an immense number of Friendly Societies all over the country, and

which complained of a clause wholly altering the constitution of Friendly Societies in the most important particular of winding up and the distribution of their funds. The clause in question was never mentioned in the House of Commons, and no notice was taken of the subject till the bill reached their lordships' House. The bill was reported without amendments, and in the report an amendment of a most extraordinary character was added to it. By the Consolidated Act of 1855 great care was taken of the whole matter of winding up and dissolving, and the 13th section, to which the petitioners referred, required that no Friendly Society should be dissolved without the consent of five-sixths of the members. It laid down the manner in which the vote should be taken most minutely, detailing the regulations for the purpose of preventing surprise or fraud. Even where the consent of five-sixths was obtained to the dissolution and winding up, the appropriation of the funds was restricted to the purposes of the society—evidently a most just, a most fit, an absolutely necessary condition. But what did the clause in the Act of 1858 provide? Why, that only one-fourth of the members of a Society might present a memorandum to any actuary who had been five years connected with an insurance company, who was then to consider the subject, and, if he choose, was to wind up and dissolve without any regard to the requirements of the 13th section of the Act of 1855; so that members who had paid only two years and six months, or three years, might have the funds distributed among them in equal proportions with those who had paid 20 or 25 years. He really thought there must have been some mistake in the petition until he looked into the Act of 1855, and compared it with that of 1858; when he also found this,—that, no doubt, the clause objected to was moved regularly as an amendment on the report of the 27th of July, 1858. On the 29th of that same month the bill was read a third time and passed. The consent of the Commons being obtained, on the 2nd of August it became law. He wished the noble earl, who made a most important statement the other evening relative to the business of the House, had been present, in order that he might hear how many bills passed that day. No fewer than 49 bills were passed on the 2nd of August, and the space given to the Commons and Lords for considering this entire revolution in the state of Friendly Societies was the interval between the 27th and 29th of July, when the bill passed the third reading. He thought he could not do better than call the attention of his noble friend on the woolsack to this case."

The Registrar presented his fifth annual report to Parliament on the 7th of August last. By-the-bye, in what manner does the reader imagine Mr. Pratt has condescended to notice my previously-expressed dissent from some of his views and practices? By a sifting examination into my facts and arguments, and their partial or complete refutation? Oh, no! It appears that Mr. Pratt, like his subservient echo, the literary Jupiter, thinks it beneath his dignity to reply to any attempted refutation of his errors or exposure of his calumnies, although he does not feel his honour sullied or his dignity impaired by their partial repetition. Mr. Pratt has felt, however, the force of some of my strictures, and has resented my straightforward, though I trust not discourteous, expression of opinion by declining to forward to me, or to the offices of the Manchester Unity (as he had been previously in the habit of doing) copies of his reports for our perusal and edification!

Well, we shall be enabled to survive, I have no doubt, the effects of this rather terrible *coup-de-logique*! and we will, with the most exemplary self-denial, decline to retaliate in kind. Mr. Pratt's legitimate service in the cause of Friendly Society progress shall ever receive all due recognition from me, notwithstanding this tremendous exhibition of small spite; and I shall, as fearlessly as heretofore, express my dissent from what I conceive to be erroneous or

impolitic, either in his statements, arguments, or official conduct. I have not, nor ever had, any other object in view but the acquisition and dissemination of truthful information on this most important social question.

PROGRESS OF ENROLMENT.

It is gratifying to learn, notwithstanding the petty obstructions on the part of the Registrar and his clerks, to which I have previously referred, that the cause of enrolment is making satisfactory progress amongst the members of the self-governed bodies. Mr. Pratt announces that during the year 1859 no less than "2,153 societies have had rules and alterations examined by him and certified pursuant to the Act." Of course, Mr. Pratt, in this enumeration, regards each Branch, Lodge, or Court of the affiliated bodies as a separate society. Fifty-nine others have deposited their laws under the 44th section of the 18 and 19 Vic. c. 63. This is a very satisfactory announcement, and will, no doubt, stimulate the friends of progress and enrolment to further exertions.

DISSOLUTION OF FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.

The next paragraph in Mr. Pratt's report, however, is pregnant with interest of a very opposite character. He says—"Notices of dissolution have been received from 52 societies during the year ending 31st December, 1859, of which number 48 were in England and 4 in Wales; the causes of dissolution generally arising from the claims made on the funds by pensioners, the number of members being small, and no increase of young members." It is desirable, in future, that Mr. Pratt should publish the name, locality, constitution, and special cause, as far as known, why each of these clubs or branches has failed in the performance of its original engagements. Such authentic information would prove of great value both in arousing the attention of the members of societies with similar laws or constitutions, and in directing their energies in the right direction towards timely adjustment. It is exactly this sort of knowledge, undistorted by the manipulation of prejudiced proprietors of pet theories, and unmixed with the sickening leaven of ignorant and rancorous denunciation, that would tell most powerfully upon the prejudices of that class of members to whom abstruse statistical facts, figures, and arguments, weigh but little in comparison with the results of their own limited experience. It would likewise indicate to the more intelligent members of the rising generation, what class of society it is their interest to join and what class to avoid. I am persuaded, from my own practical knowledge, that the cause of financial improvement would receive most valuable aid from such a continued procedure. The provident section of the people I have ever found willing to receive cheerfully instruction imparted in a friendly spirit; but they unquestionably are as equally determined to disregard mere dogmatic teaching on this subject, and to resent discourtesy or impertinence—no matter how "respectable," in the conventional sense, may be the self-elected pedagogues, or the ill-informed, *soi-disant* friends of the people, who, in the words of a profound modern thinker, "flatter their own vanity by denouncing the vices of others."

THE VOLUNTEERS.

Mr. Pratt calls attention to the fact that the Legislature has recently enacted that volunteers in the rifle, artillery, or yeomanry corps, or in the reserved force of seamen, shall not "lose or forfeit any interest they may possess in a Friendly Society," in consequence of their joining such corps.

This appears to me to be a species of *financial* wisdom of the most extraordi-

nary character; and especially so as it evidently proceeds from a quarter ordinarily very eloquent and denunciatory on the *inadequacy of the rates in most of these institutions to meet their present engagements!* In strict justice, if the Legislature thought that increased risk to the clubs resulted from the membership of volunteers, the clauses in question are simply acts of spoliation, or ingenious expedients to levy a special tax upon the presumed already insufficient funds of the provident operatives, for as purely as national an object as can well be conceived, and to which all classes ought in equity to contribute in proportion to their means. But there is far more patriotism in the hearts of the industrious provident workmen of Britain than some of our legislators appear to imagine. I have never yet heard of a society that either excluded a member or charged him an increased subscription because he had joined either the Volunteers or the Militia. The Lodges of the Manchester Unity, which forwarded the largest subscription to the Crimean Patriotic Fund (about £2,600), were not very likely to tax, for the slight extra risk, those of their members who volunteered to defend their and the national interests against foreign aggression. The only conditional rule in the General Laws of the Unity, with regard to members belonging to the *regular services* even, reads as follows:—"No naval, military, or other member shall be admitted" (to the meetings) "with side-arms." The Members of the North London District Branch, I am informed, offered to form amongst themselves a volunteer corps of artillery; yet some party high in authority, but ill-informed, actually refused to acknowledge them as the Odd-Fellows' Corps—and for what reason, does the reader think? *Because, forsooth, the Manchester Unity is an ILLEGAL Society!* It is remarkable what a length of time is required for the eradication of a popular error from amongst certain sections of the "educated" upper classes. I suppose I shall not be believed by some of these learned patriots when I inform them that our Society, years before its enrolment under the parliamentary statutes, invariably inculcated the necessity of a proper respect for social order and the law of the land; and, although their funds were studiously unprotected by that law, the loyalty of the members was proof against even such treatment, and the toast of "The Queen" ever had its due precedence in their most "secret" assemblies.

ANNIVERSARY DINNERS.

Mr. Pratt and the *Times* newspaper are, of course, still determined foes of anniversary dinners in connection with Friendly Societies. It is very amusing to listen to the something more than red republican hatred of these ardent admirers of the British character and British constitution to one of the still most prevalent and most time-honoured of our national customs. They, however, have "drawn in their horns" considerably since our last encounter, and I have no doubt in a short time the energies of both will be applied to much better purpose. Mr. Pratt does not now insist upon any different legal conditions with respect to drinking and feasting than has, so long as my knowledge extends, formed the principle upon which the bye-laws of my own and hundreds of other Lodges of the Manchester Unity are formed. He very clearly expresses this in his last report. It is desirable that all interested should read his own words on the subject. He says:—

"The 18th and 19th Vic., c. 63, s. 25, requires, *inter alia*, that a small contribution shall be made to defray the NECESSARY EXPENSES OF MANAGEMENT, and a separate account shall be kept of such contributions and expenses. An erroneous construction has been put on this clause, and it has been supposed that money can be voted from the fund so contributed to defray the *necessary expenses of management*, towards the EXPENSES of the ANNIVERSARY. Rules for

that purpose have been submitted to the Registrar, which he has refused to certify, as, in his opinion, it would be a misapplication of the funds, as the expenses of an ANNIVERSARY can in no way be considered as a necessary EXPENSE of MANAGEMENT; neither does he feel that he is now authorised to certify any rule to *compel* the attendance of a member at an anniversary procession or funeral by the infliction of a fine, or by requiring the members to pay towards the expenses. It appears to the Registrar, that in any future legislation some provision should be made to prevent the payment for beer, or other refreshment, out of the contributions; against any *compulsory payment* for the same, or towards the *annual feast*, as well as the imposition of any fine for non-attendance thereat."

Well, such is already the law in my own Lodge and in the vast majority of the branches of the Manchester Unity. But still I contend Mr. Pratt is exceeding his authority, if he does other than recommend the adoption of similar laws in Lodges or District Societies, the members of which at present regard the anniversary as an important element in successful management. The separate fund referred to in the Act was not established to suppress anniversaries, but to prevent the expenses of these gatherings and other cost of management from being paid out of the *fund intended to meet the insurance engagements*! Mr. Pratt *ought to know this well*. There is no mention made of anniversaries in the Act of Parliament, yet their existence was always well known to the Legislature. Indeed, Mr. Pratt had certified many under the previous Acts, laws which *expressly permitted* this very application of a portion of the regular subscription! The members of each individual Lodge very properly think *they* are better judges than Mr. Pratt as to the use or value of the anniversary meeting. To my own knowledge, it has been in many cases the cause of the prosperity of the Lodge, in country places especially. In fact, it is their most efficient method of advertising, and has proved infinitely cheaper in proportion to its success than any advertising yet invented by either Mr. Pratt or the exclusive advocates of "office societies." Singularly enough, on the evening previous to my penning this paragraph, I attended, by invitation, a sumptuous dinner in honour of the anniversary of a wealthy tradesmen's protection society; and I heard one of the speakers expressly advocate such gatherings for the very purpose of infusing practical vitality into their business objects. He certainly expressed the opinion of a large majority of his countrymen when he emphatically declared his conviction that "nothing was more natural to an Englishman than a good dinner!" The true remedy of the disaffected minority in these cases is to join one of the school, or office clubs, or a branch of an affiliated body, where the majority of the members entertain a similar opinion to themselves on this subject. But governmental interference in such a matter appears very like a semi-treasonable absurdity in free England in the nineteenth century!

It would be as well if that national schoolmaster, who is reported to be still wandering about in search of pupils, would call upon some of our "highly-educated" philanthropists, and teach them a little "common" knowledge respecting that portion of the industrial population which troubles neither the parish office nor the jail. Some of them appear to know more of the stratification of the rocks, the structure of the plants, the habits of the birds of the air, the beasts of the field, the fishes of the sea, and the naked savages of the most remote regions, than they do of the hopes and fears, the habits and the feelings the sufferings and the sorrows, the struggles and aspirations of the best section of their humbler fellow-countrymen, living, toiling, and dying beneath their very eyes.

The *Times*, I said, is much more moderate in its denunciation. Its great

blunder now is the publication of exceptional cases as the general, or even universal, rule. The writer might as well denounce the clergy as a lot of adulterers and swindlers, and support his argument by quoting a few instances which have lately figured somewhat prominently in the papers. Palmer, Smethurst, and some others would furnish ample material for an equally just implication of the murderous tendency of the medical profession. However, the writer at last frankly acknowledges the practical common-sense view of the matter. He says:—"A mean must be struck in these matters. These societies would not flourish unless they had something in the shape of a merrymaking accompanying them, but in too many the festive element triumphs over the serious one." Perhaps the "festive element" may triumph in *too many*, but by no means in *so many*, or *to such an extent*, as the *Times* writer has been led to believe. Besides, the virtue of the great mass is none the less virtuous because a few of their neighbours less advanced in knowledge remain still attached to the "good old English customs" of their sometimes much praise-bespattered forefathers.

It is said, that people who live in glass houses should not throw stones. We have, too, some excellent moral advice touching notes and beams in sinners' eyes, on the highest authority. True reform, it has often been solemnly trumpeted forth, either does, or should begin at home. Under the influence of these feelings, and with the view to indicate a more legitimate outlet for the evidently earnest zeal of Mr. Pratt on this anniversary question, I cut out a few weeks since the following paragraph from a newspaper, to which I respectfully but earnestly beg to call his attention:—

"It came out during the hearing of a case in the Lord Mayor's Court, on Saturday, that thirty-three members of the Social Club, consisting of *barristers*, officers, &c. consumed, at a supper given at London, no less than thirty-eight crown bowls of punch, in addition to considerable quantities of beer, wine, and spirits."

Truly, *very* shocking! But then the delinquents are so *very* respectable.

There is, of course, much valuable information in the report under consideration to which I shall with pleasure refer to on a future occasion.

SONNET ON MUSIC.

BY RUSSELL SOTHERN.

MUSIC is Sound and Silence interwreathed.

Both in their separate natures are divine;

Yet Silence loves the air where Harmony is breathed,

And Sound with Silence loveth to entwine.

Thus, when entranced with Music's strain, the soul,

Filled with sweet rapture, doth itself resign

To the dear visions that before it roll:

Yet, gentle Silence, art thou hovering round;

And when we walk upon thine holy ground,

Within the grove so silent and so still,

Unto the hearkening mind there breathes a sound,

Although to outward ear inaudible.

And thus, like sisters having but one heart,

Silence from Harmony can ne'er depart.

Genius, Talent, and Tact.

BY GEORGE FREDERICK PARDON.

GENIUS is a poet, Talent a lawyer. The one struggles and strives in a garret ; while the other lives in a great house, and sports his pretty person in a coach and four. And yet it is the ambition of the last to be thought the first ; and so it often happens, as gooseberry wine is occasionally taken for champagne, and by some esteemed the better tippie, that mankind, as with eyes blinded by the meretricious rays of a mock sun, give one the credit of being a profound genius who, in truth, possesses only a somewhat more than ordinary share of talent. But Talent is a very useful possession in its way, as it enables its fortunate owner to lay up, sometimes, riches for himself—and wealth, by most, is considered the end of life ; and while Genius is singing and soaring like a lark at the gate of heaven, Talent like a mole is digging and delving in the dark earth ; and, not unlike the mole, it burrows with a purpose ; and the purpose, mostly, is the attainment of comfortable quarters.

The gift of Genius is vouchsafed to few ; but all men possess a Talent for something, though it be only the trifling though not inelegant art of sucking a lollypop. Genius invents, Talent appropriates. Genius paints a picture, Talent makes a copy. Genius walks through the world with its eyes up-looking towards its home in heaven, Talent fixes its gaze upon the earth, and finds there a fitting recompense. When Jupiter divided the goods of the world among the inhabitants thereof, the Poet looked on ; and, when the god had finished his distribution, humbly put up his petition for a little share. "You are too late, my friend," said Jupiter ; "I have given the land to the farmers, the merchandise to the merchants, and the towns and cities to the traders and workmen. Where were you when all these good things were divided ?" "I was listening to your voice and gazing on your face," replied the Poet. "Alas !" said Jupiter, "yours was an unprofitable occupation. What can I do for you ? There is nothing left. The fruits of the earth, the merchandise and the wealth, are not mine to bestow ; but if you are content to dwell with me in heaven, you shall be welcome there !" And this is the true Poet's portion ; now, as of old, unselfish and single-minded, Genius triumphs over Talent—for it lives for ever.

Talent is a respectable thing, nevertheless, and he who has it may well be proud ; for, better than Genius, it takes care of number one—of the earth, earthy. As my friend the late Robert Brough wittily and truly said, it is not Genius that wins the laurel now-a-days, but respectable mediocrity. The grand error, however, is when Talent mistakes itself for its more ethereal relative, and fancies itself hardly done by because the world is slow to acknowledge the assumption—as, for instance, the wrath of Tupper at not being considered a poet. But, recovering its senses, Talent has its revenge upon the world, and becomes important in spite of the prejudices of the prejudiced.

Talent is rich in the world's goods, Genius must be content to remain poor : blind old Homer begged and sang through the cities which, after he was dead and buried, quarrelled for the honour of having given him birth ; and Thomas Otway starved in the public streets.

Genius and Talent are foster-brothers, nursed at one breast. But as they

grew up they were divided, for the one was the rich man's heir and the other the poor nurse's brat. But in virtue of that early companionship, they have a resemblance to, and liking for, each other; and, were it not for the difference of apparel, they might even now be esteemed the children of one parent. But their paths in life are different. By patient, plodding, and not too particular industry, Talent contrives, somehow, to shuffle himself into the first rank; while Genius, too often idle and thriftless, having been born poor, is content to remain for ever humble—happy in the liberty of feeding the life-lamp with a scanty supply of the oil of wealth, and dying, oftentimes, as he has lived, obscure and unappreciated: but the spark that glistened in his eye, and made his meagre face all beautiful, was divine. And when he sinks, untended, possibly, and unknown, into a pauper's grave, the world suddenly awakes to the knowledge that a great spirit has departed; and shrugging its ponderous shoulders, immediately busies itself in raising a subscription to do marble honours to his dead remains.

But the picture is not all shadow; for, while Talent clothes itself in purple and fine linen and fares sumptuously every day, Genius lives in a world of its own creation, and discovers beauty and order everywhere. Everywhere, in the most foul and unlikely objects; in the crowded city streets no less than in solitary forests, and beside the giant relics of an elder world. While Talent is planning, copying, imitating, stealing—Genius is creating; while Talent is bowing its stately head in acknowledgment of the world's honours, thickly surging, like the waters of a mighty river, at its feet—Genius, with its hands in its pockets, is thinking great thoughts, to which the world will, one day, be also proud to render honour.

True Genius is modest and unassuming; but it is difficult, oftentimes, to distinguish the true from the false; and herein lies the great secret of profound criticism. No sooner does a man feel, or fancy—it is just the same—that he possesses the slightest claim to be thought original in his ideas, than he immediately takes pains to appear different from the rest of the world: no sooner does he feel the *cacoethes scribendi*, than he must needs neglect all the small amenities of life; and, putting on an air of great abstraction, strive to make himself ridiculous in the eyes of his fellows. Business henceforth must have no place in his recollection, and the payment of tradesmen's bills becomes a thing of no importance. This is the very affectation of genius, and serves only to make its wearer look absurd and foolish—a clown in a royal garment. But Talent never falls into this error. True genius *may*, and *does* sometimes, assume the motley, but it is only worn as a permanent garment by the ignorant pretender.

Genius and Talent are, as we said, foster-brothers; but they have a sort of cousin-german called Tact, who assumes the dress, and partakes the characteristics of both occasionally; and, of the two, is perhaps the most clever—certainly the most business-like. For while Genius is devising, and Talent striving to comprehend, Tact, with a skill peculiarly his own, contrives to make practical. Genius conceived the railroad, Talent constructed the tunnels and viaducts, but Tact formed the company and managed to get the Bill shuffled through the House—not forgetting to make himself chairman of the directors or chief engineer of the line.

If Genius writes a book, Talent and Tact contrive to pocket the profits of its publication. In other words, Genius is the author, while Talent and Tact are publisher and bookseller. If Genius discovers a new law of nature, or invents an original machine, Talent and Tact apply them to the ordinary affairs of life, and get the credit of both. Genius is life personified, Talent is life

in reality—the first represents the mind, the last the breeches-pocket ; and the world is ever ready to do homage to that which is nearest its own comprehension : we are more apt to admire the beauty of a painted picture than to comprehend the glory of the living landscape whence the artist drew his inspiration. And it is ever so ; the unreal has more attraction than the real—and, though truth is stranger than fiction, we admire the last rather than the first, because we have the Talent to appreciate in greater proportion than the Genius to discover. Genius is a wedding garment : Talent an every-day suit. It is given to man, sometimes, to wear them both ; and blest is he who wears them worthily.

SHOULDER TO THE WHEEL.

BY CHARLOTTE YOUNG.

The shoulder to the wheel !
 Fellow-mortal faint and low ;
 Children may sit down and weep,
 But man must up and do.
 In thy mind are idly lying
 Powers that all thy foes outnumber ;
 For a purpose never-dying,
 Thou canst rouse them from their slumber.
 Rouse thee, then, begin to-day,
 Man who rules, or man who delves—
 Upward look, but ever say,
 God helps those who help themselves !

The shoulder to the wheel !
 For there's work enough to do,
 For thy country, for thyself,
 For the child who loveth you.
 Nought the drooping heart obtaineth ;
 All the active spirit gaineth ;
 In his trials strength he reapeth,
 Runs the race another creepeth.
 Rouse thee, then, begin to-day,
 Man who rules, or man who delves—
 Upward look, but ever say,
 God helps those who help themselves !

Odd-Fellows and Foresters.

THE question is frequently asked, especially in London, which Order possesses the greatest strength in members and funds? In order to set the matter at rest, a friend, who is a member of both societies, has taken the trouble to analyse the figures published in the latest returns of each. These figures he has courteously placed at our disposal, as well as that of the *Friendly Societies' Journal*, an extremely useful and well-conducted London monthly, from which, in another page, we insert a pertinent article on the "Press and Friendly Societies." At the commencement of 1860, the Manchester Unity had 305,261 members, with a capital of more than £2,000,000; while, according to their own directory, the Foresters had 168,576 members, in 2,233 courts, or an average of 75 in each. The members of the Manchester Unity were distributed in 3333 lodges in 441 districts, averaging 92 to each lodge. These figures, in our Society at least, have considerably increased during the past year.

The first of the following tables exhibits the distribution of members in each Order in all parts of the civilized world:—

NUMBERS IN COUNTIES. ENGLAND.

| Place. | Odd Fellows. | Foresters. | Place. | Odd Fellows. | Foresters. |
|------------------------|-----------------|------------|----------------------|-----------------|------------|
| Bedfordshire | 1,944 | 1,157 | Lancashire | 57,823 | 24,552 |
| Berkshire | 1,087 | 307 | Leicester | 5,589 | 523 |
| Bucks | 1,709 | 849 | Lincoln | 6,069 | 8,239 |
| Cambridge | 1,576 | 456 | Middlesex | 9,752 | 18,519 |
| Cheshire | 11,162 | 12,805 | Monmouth | 5,374 | 2,358 |
| Cornwall | 876 | — | Norfolk | 9,326 | 4,361 |
| Cumberland | 3,647 | 1,507 | Northampton | 3,046 | 2,461 |
| Derbyshire | 12,222 | 2,677 | Northumberland | 2,801 | 265 |
| Devonshire | 1,982 | 923 | Nottingham | 5,852 | 1,369 |
| Dorsetshire | 1,543 | 182 | Oxford | 467 | 223 |
| Durham | 7,780 | 6,696 | Rutland | 294 | 85 |
| Essex | 2,250 | 2,035 | Shropshire | 6,573 | 2,901 |
| Gloucester | 3,631 | 2,821 | Somerset | 1,395 | 982 |
| Hampshire | 3,048 | 3,344 | Staffordshire | 9,274 | 5,637 |
| Hereford | 1,187 | 216 | Suffolk | 3,831 | 2,547 |
| Hertford | 1,809 | 635 | Surrey | 4,800 | 5,596 |
| Huntingdon | 1,193 | 544 | Sussex | 5,064 | 2,494 |
| Isle of Guernsey | 444 | — | Warwickshire | 7,933 | 2,051 |
| Isle of Jersey | — | 372 | Westmoreland | 2,627 | 651 |
| Isle of Man | 828 | 197 | Wiltshire | 1,948 | 858 |
| Isle of Wight | 356 | 662 | Worcestershire | 3,871 | 903 |
| Kent | 5,359 | 5,437 | Yorkshire | 48,552 | 28,422 |
| WALES. | | | | | |
| Anglesea | 151 | — | Flint | 1,078 | 740 |
| Brecknock | 1,216 | 563 | Glamorgan | 13,528 | 2,655 |
| Cardigan | 242 | — | Merioneth | 641 | — |
| Carmarthen | 1,589 | 67 | Montgomery | 246 | 700 |
| Carnarvon | 977 | 291 | Pembroke | 881 | 227 |
| Denbigh | 2,263 | 418 | Radnor | 199 | — |

SCOTLAND.

| Place. | Odd Fellows. | Foresters. | Place. | Odd Fellows. | Foresters. |
|-----------------|-----------------|------------|-----------------|-----------------|------------|
| Aberdeen | 260 | — | Elgin | 10 | — |
| Ayr | 470 | — | Haddington..... | 292 | — |
| Berwick | 60 | — | Lanark..... | 351 | — |
| Dumbarton | 193 | — | Renfrew | 219 | 605 |
| Dumfries | 118 | — | Roxburgh | 231 | 81 |
| Edinburgh | 591 | — | Stirling | 482 | 139 |

IRELAND.

| | | | | | |
|--------------|-----|----|----------------|----|----|
| Antrim..... | 296 | — | Galway..... | — | 38 |
| Clare | 26 | — | Kilkenny | 16 | — |
| Cork..... | 194 | 87 | Limerick | 87 | — |
| Dublin | 365 | 39 | Tyrone..... | 29 | — |

ABROAD.

| | | | | | |
|-------------------|-----------|-------|--------------------|-----------|-----|
| Africa | 192 | — | Malta | no return | — |
| America | 71 | — | New Zealand | 1,028 | — |
| Australia | 7,796 | 1,912 | Tasmania | 500 | 26 |
| California..... | 19 | — | West Indies..... | 58 | 150 |
| Canada | 854 | — | H.C. Members... | — | 19 |
| East Indies | no return | — | | | |
| France | 48 | — | Totals... *305,261 | 168,576 | |

TOWNS AND CITIES IN COLONIAL POSSESSIONS.

| | | | | | |
|-------------------|-----|-----|------------------|-----|-----|
| Cape Town | 145 | — | Melbourne | 796 | 262 |
| Hamilton | 138 | — | Sydney | 820 | 269 |
| Montreal | 115 | — | Auckland..... | 191 | — |
| Toronto | 166 | — | Nelson | 184 | — |
| Adelaide | 804 | 282 | Wellington | 229 | — |
| Hobart Town | 266 | 26 | | | |

The following is a still further analyzation of the numbers of the two societies in the principal centres of home population, being chiefly compiled in reference to the electoral districts under the Reform Act.

VARIOUS PLACES AT HOME.

| | | | | | |
|-------------------|-------|-------|--------------------|-------|-------|
| Aberdare | 1,672 | 225 | Manchester | 1,786 | 3,460 |
| Ashton-under-Lyne | 655 | 525 | Merthyr Tydvil ... | 1,542 | 304 |
| Aylesbury | 73 | 40 | Monmouth | — | 49 |
| Barnstaple | 73 | 12 | Montgomery | 93 | — |
| Bath | 557 | 376 | Newark | 387 | 317 |
| Bedford | 346 | 237 | Newcastle-under- | | |
| Beverley | 455 | 263 | Lyne..... | — | 257 |
| Birmingham | 2,941 | 1,254 | Newcastle-upon- | | |
| Blackburn | 2,637 | 80 | Tyne..... | 448 | — |
| Bolton | 1,857 | 648 | Northampton | 713 | 285 |
| Boston | 268 | 67 | Norwich | 2,076 | 1,066 |
| Bradford | 2,154 | 845 | Nottingham | 1,331 | 375 |

* The List of Lodges says 305,214—the Port Natal District of forty-seven Members being omitted, perhaps in error.

| Place. | Odd Fellows. | Foresters. | Place. | Odd Fellows. | Foresters. |
|---|-----------------|------------|------------------------|-----------------|------------|
| Bridgewater | 201 | 115 | Oldham | 1,997 | 313 |
| Brighton | 1,625 | 1,075 | Oxford | 136 | 73 |
| Bristol | 1,369 | 1,931 | Pembroke | 411 | 227 |
| Burnley | 850 | 315 | Penzance | 161 | — |
| Bury | 1,615 | 419 | Plymouth | 603 | 152 |
| Bury St. Edmunds | 496 | — | Pontefract | 182 | 24 |
| Cambridge | 389 | 63 | Portsmouth | 421 | 455 |
| Canterbury | 143 | 185 | Preston | 2,401 | 571 |
| Cardiff | 675 | 365 | Reading | 103 | 98 |
| Carlisle | 433 | 164 | Rochdale | 1,521 | 922 |
| Carmarthen | 283 | — | Salford | 616 | 1,282 |
| Carnarvon | 360 | — | Salisbury | 188 | 21 |
| Chatham | 73 | 180 | Scarborough | 240 | 197 |
| Cheltenham | 323 | 189 | Sheffield | 1,405 | 926 |
| Chester | 428 | 354 | Shoreham | 194 | 40 |
| Clitheroe | 305 | 224 | Shrewsbury | 1,198 | 670 |
| Colchester | 64 | 192 | Southampton | 1,011 | 1,223 |
| Coventry | 457 | 52 | South Shields | 100 | 296 |
| Cricklade | 51 | — | Stafford | 361 | 121 |
| Denbigh | 126 | 138 | Stockport | 1,686 | 1,170 |
| Derby | 1,620 | 627 | Stoke-upon-Trent | — | 51 |
| Devonport | 296 | 126 | Stroud | 78 | 67 |
| Dover | 232 | 105 | Sunderland | 287 | 174 |
| Dudley | 273 | 86 | Swansea | 949 | 324 |
| Durham | 528 | 440 | Taunton | 70 | — |
| Exeter | 276 | 272 | Tiverton | — | 22 |
| Flint | 70 | — | Truro | 180 | — |
| Frome | 78 | 250 | Wakefield | 292 | 772 |
| Gateshead | 148 | 26 | Walsall | 211 | 56 |
| Gloucester | 768 | 312 | Warrington | 712 | 337 |
| Grantham | 180 | 89 | Warwick | 283 | 142 |
| Great Grimsby | 236 | 170 | Whitby | 26 | 412 |
| Halifax | 766 | 236 | Whitehaven | 403 | 176 |
| Hastings | 595 | 77 | Wigan | 589 | 276 |
| Hereford | 422 | 161 | Winchester | 83 | 83 |
| Huddersfield | 393 | 423 | Wolverhampton | 626 | 365 |
| Hull | 2,619 | 1,752 | Worcester | 409 | 237 |
| Hythe | 104 | — | Yarmouth, Great | 256 | 555 |
| Ipswich | 766 | 1,117 | York | 1,049 | 795 |
| Kendal | 771 | 115 | Aberdeen | 216 | — |
| Kidderminster | 108 | 65 | Edinburgh | 591 | — |
| King's Lynn | 512 | 414 | Falkirk | 165 | — |
| Lancaster | 932 | 88 | Glasgow | 351 | — |
| Leeds | 3,670 | 834 | Greenock | 101 | 605 |
| Leicester | 1,405 | 320 | Haddington | 244 | — |
| Lincoln | 781 | 286 | Paisley | 78 | — |
| London, Post Office 8 miles circle } | 11,186 | 18,614 | Stirling | 170 | — |
| Liverpool | 2,246 | 396 | Belfast | 270 | — |
| Macclesfield | 379 | 244 | Cork | 194 | 87 |
| Maidstone | 48 | 224 | Dublin | 338 | 39 |
| | | | Galway | — | 38 |

Well, what do we glean from a consideration of these figures? What but the great fact that the habits of prudence and foresight observed by Mr. Bright and others are gradually taking a firmer hold on the working classes—the people! The immense increase observable in our own Society during the past two years,—above 17,000 in 1859, and probably more last year,—must be attributable to the greater efforts that have of late been made, especially in the metropolis, in bringing the principles and practices of the Manchester Unity prominently before the world. The publication of Mr. Hardwick's valuable Manual, and the extensive employment of the London and provincial press, together with the excellent system of visits from Lodge to Lodge, have doubtless contributed to this end. Then, again, the public demonstrations of the two Societies, at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere, have also, doubtless, had incalculable influence on the public mind, and tended vastly to an increase of numbers. And here we may be allowed to remark that the old system of parade and show—the exhibition of banners, scarves, emblems, &c.—so much derided by some, has been a grand advertisement for both orders, and the members of Friendly Societies in general. It will be perceived that in the London district the Foresters exceed the numbers of the Manchester Unity by upwards of 7,000 members. Does it not strike the opponents of “gewgaw” and “finery,” “regalia” and “display,” that the use of flags and gay costume has had something to do with the matter? If the highest in the land esteem it an honour to wear the blue Ribbon of the Garter or the Cross of this, that, or the other knightly order, is it to be believed that working men are altogether uninfluenced by a love of display? Why, this desire for distinction is common to the whole human race, from the mightiest monarch on her throne to the painted savage in his wigwam. The same feeling which prompts brave soldiers to display the Victoria Cross and the Crimean medal on their breasts, causes members of Friendly Societies to take pride in the scarf or the emblem, the apron or the medal, presented in open Lodge or Court as a reward for services rendered, or as a recognition of personal worth and known integrity. In spite of all that may be said to the contrary, the greater degree of display exhibited by Foresters in their public processions, and the more prominent air of ceremony observed by them in their social and business meetings, has had much to do in popularizing their Society. We must not be always teaching: we must do something also to amuse. The great social principle of Friendly Societies attracts more members than even the fact of their sound financial condition. In the Foresters' Society, it is known that many Courts are founded upon unsafe calculations; but this fact does not prevent them increasing in numbers. We have heard of one Court in London which, for a subscription of 4d. per week, promises 14s. a week in sickness for twelve months, 14l. at the death of a member, and 7l. at the death of his wife; and this, too, without reference to the age at which an applicant joins the Society! It unfortunately happens that many even join a Society of this character with the idea that “it will last their time.” In the Manchester Unity, this discrepancy between payments and benefits cannot well occur; but does the financial safety of a Lodge or District prevent due regard being paid to the social tie which has so strong an attraction for most men? Does it render the abolition of all outward signs and ceremonials in private meetings and public assemblies highly desirable? The Freemasons have not found it necessary to discard their ceremonial observances,—why should we?

Much, too, is due to the personal activity of members. In Glamorganshire we possess 13,500 members, while the Foresters have only about 2,600. Again, in Yorkshire and Lancashire united, we possess about 100,000 members, while the Foresters have less than half that number. In Cheshire, Lincolnshire,

and some few other districts, the Foresters, on the contrary, exceed the Manchester Unity in numbers. But then, we must never forget that the former Society is whole and intact, and not, as with the Odd-Fellows, split up into half-a-dozen separate Unities. Moreover,—I do not speak without knowledge, for I have myself joined the Foresters as an honorary member, and have not wilfully closed my eyes to facts,—there is considerably less difficulty in opening a Foresters' Court than there is in inaugurating an Odd-Fellows' Lodge; and that is no small matter, whatever some of our members may think to the contrary.

On the whole, however, we have much on which to congratulate ourselves. What we have to do is to strive, by every legal and possible means, to increase our numbers, being careful always to admit no undesirable lives into Lodges, and to apportion the subscriptions of members to an approximation of the true value of promised benefits; and that the requisite knowledge may be possessed by those desirous of becoming practically acquainted with Odd Fellowship, I would earnestly recommend a careful study of Mr. Hardwick's book. Foresters and members of other Friendly Societies would also do well to study the Manual, if they would avoid the rock on which so many Benefit Societies have been shipwrecked. The success of a Friendly Society does not depend on social attraction alone, or on financial prosperity alone, but on a judicious welding together of both.

G. F. P.

THE HOMEWARD WATCH.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

THE sailor the deck is pacing,
And he hums a rough old song,
Bearing north from its southward whaling,
As the good ship drives along.
And his thoughts with hope are swelling,
For his watch it well may cheer,
To know that at last he speeds to her
He has left for many a year.

And she in the darkened chamber,
Where day is turned to night,
By the candle dimly lighted,
Lies cold in her shroud of white.
Closed eye, and cold, cold cheek—
The slumber of death sleeps she,
Of meeting with whom he's dreaming,
In his homeward watch at sea!

My First Tenants.

BY Y. S. N.

Not very long after I had located myself in my pretty little cottage at Freshlingford (the exact date is really of no manner of consequence, most inquisitive reader, any more than the precise whereabouts of the village to which I have given the above designation), not very long after I had established myself by myself "for good and all," a speculative builder thought proper to rear an edifice, the counterpart of mine, in closer proximity to it than I desired. However, as he had certainly as much right to build upon his own ground as I to live upon property which I had purchased, it was not for me to complain; so, after the necessary preliminary negotiations, I rented the house of him, with the intention of under-letting it, that I might thus have a voice in the selection of my next neighbours, and possibly some interest in them.

My friends thought that I was throwing money away, as few people would be likely to choose such an out-of-the-world place to reside in.

Fortunately, I had a very decided opinion of the attractions and salubrity of Freshlingford generally, and of the special beauties in the situation of Rosebank Cottages in particular, so I did all that I could to make the new tenement as much like the original model as possible. I had the garden similarly laid out, and even went so far as to remove some of my justly celebrated hepaticas and brilliant crocuses for the adornment of its beds.

I could not interfere with my beautiful hedge of roses, surrounding the kitchen garden, just across the road; but, with the assistance of my gardener and a nurseryman in Bath, I succeeded in procuring a good variety of cuttings, for a similar boundary, although I know it will be some little time before it can rival the first in abundance of bloom.

In spring and autumn I flatter myself that my miniature garden looks as gay and as varied in tint as any in the neighbourhood, and standing, as it does, on rather high ground, commands as pretty a view over meadow and woodland as you can wish to see. (My premises not being to let just now, this is not intended as an advertiser's puff.)

I am not much of a pedestrian now, but I know the time when a ramble through the far-stretching wood to the right of Rosebank, would have had far more attraction for me than a drive among the fashionables in the Park at the height of the season; why, then, should I despair of others having tastes equally simple?

These expectations were justified; my first speculation in house-property was not destined to be a failure. Scarcely had the board announced to passers-by that the cottage was "to let" than I had an application with which I soon closed.

My "first tenants" were a lady and gentleman from a distant country, who had been travelling for change of scene, and proposed trying the effects of Freshlingford air before proceeding to Bath, their final destination. The lady was very delicate, and needed quiet;—where could she be better suited than with us? I called upon my new tenants, as in duty bound; but the staid, respectable woman who opened the door informed me that her mistress was not well enough to receive any visitors, and had come to Freshlingford for perfect quiet; so she hoped that no offence would be taken if she made no exception to the rule in my case.

I asked if there was anything which I could do for them, or any neighbourly assistance needed.

"Thank you, ma'am, my mistress has every comfort that money can purchase, and a most devoted husband to take care of her."

There was nothing about the respectable dame to encourage me in further inquiries; and all that Elizabeth could elicit about them was that they had been married five years, and had as yet no children. Elizabeth thought the husband looked something like a clergyman, or may be a schoolmaster. Whatever his occupation, it seemed abandoned for the present, for he was almost invariably in attendance upon his wife. They went out together on Sundays, but I only once saw them at our church. Perhaps they went to an Independent chapel, which was rather nearer, and just then boasted of a celebrated preacher. In March my tenants came to me; April had nearly passed before I exchanged a word with them. It was in the pretty wood I have mentioned, whither I had gone in search of some white violets, to enclose to a sister-in-law living in London, whose tastes were as rural as my own, and who prized a few wild flowers more than the choicest bouquets from Covent Garden.

It was a lovely day, the air as warm and balmy, and the sky as cloudless as though it were June, and there, on my favourite resting place in the wood, were two who seemed to enjoy the scene as much as I.

The lady was carefully wrapped up in shawls, although it was so mild; her husband's arm was round her; her head rested on his shoulder, and he was looking down so tenderly and anxiously upon the pale face in the pretty peach-coloured bonnet. They did not see me, and perhaps it was wrong to watch them as I did, but the picture was so attractive I could not turn away from it directly. Her hair, which was dark and glossy, was banded over her forehead; her eyes were brown, with long fringed lashes. I never saw a more interesting face; but the interest lay rather in the animation and varied expression of the whole countenance than in the perfect formation of any one feature. His was a fair, almost an effeminate face; goodness rather than intellect shone out of those truthful blue eyes; but when the lips were not smiling there was a look of resolution about them too, which made one feel that firmness of character was by no means wanting.

An open book was beside them on the bench, but they seemed to prefer listening to the songs of the birds and the rippling of the stream which turned a water-mill in the meadow below, than to reading it; and truly I did not blame them.

As length her eye rested on a ruined building, which peeped picturesquely from behind the budding trees on a hill at no great distance, and both began speculating about it, indulging in very romantic notions respecting it.

"Well," she said at length, "I should really like to see some one who could tell us all about it."

There was a rustling among the bushes; both turned and saw me advancing towards them.

I told them it was only a ruined factory, which had been burnt a few years previously.

"Oh! what a prosaic termination to our romance!"

"And they talk of rebuilding it," I added.

"Indeed? What a pity! Why, with a little ivy, that would be quite an attractive object!"

"If you are fond of ruins, you should drive to Farleigh, at no great distance from here: there is ivy there. It is not an extensive building, but forms a pretty subject for an artist."

"We must go there," she said, turning to her husband; and then they asked

me to rest on the bench beside them ; but I would not be intrusive, and left them to the undisturbed enjoyment of the scene.

As spring gave place to summer, the walk in the wood was abandoned, and the invalid might be seen slowly pacing round the garden, leaning on her husband's arm, or resting upon a sofa under the verandah to inhale the fragrance of the flowers, which were more abundant on my side of the fence than theirs. A new garden is never very attractive ; but the shrubs I had put in were thriving, and the two large, well-filled flower-baskets made their grass-plot very gay. My beautiful standard roses were particularly flourishing that year, and many a choice bud found its way to the invalid's sitting-room.

I could not help watching my neighbours a good deal ; and, ensconced behind the curtains in my bow-window, could see them day by day without their being any the wiser ; for, indeed, it did my old heart good to witness the unmistakable affection existing between them. Then, when she could no longer accompany him in his rambles, she would, as I imagined, urge his going alone ; and at first he would shake his head and sit resolutely down by her side till the book was taken from his hands, and at last he would yield to her wishes and leave her, but not till he had placed fresh flowers on her table, with books and work, and the little hand-bell, that she might want for nothing during his absence. And she, wrapped in a magnificent Indian shawl, which she almost always wore now, would smile upon him so cheerfully as he left her !

And no sooner was he well out of the house than the little hand-bell was in requisition, and the elderly woman who had opened the door to me, answering the summons, would appear with a basketful of work—little caps, pretty little baby-nightdresses, and delicately-embroidered robes, which were soon exhibited on the table ; and the invalid's cheeks would gain a faint flush as she and her attendant worked away busily for a time that was drawing very near now. How cheerful she looked whilst thus occupied ! I could well understand what pleasure she had in the fabrication of those tiny garments.

Then our doctor's visits became more frequent ; and, somehow or other, I began to get quite anxious myself as the days wore away, and longed to be of use, or to show some sympathy in my tenant.

And at last an opportunity presented itself. She sent me in a message that her husband was called away unexpectedly for a short time, and that she would feel very grateful if I would go in and sit with her a little.

I went in at once, before her husband's departure. Both thanked me very warmly for my prompt compliance with their request, and made an apology, quite unnecessary, for having declined my visits previously ; and then, with many a promise of a speedy return, her husband most reluctantly consigned her to my keeping, and went off.

She was a little down-hearted and depressed, as was but natural, when he had gone ; but I soon got her to talk cheerfully, and she showed me the beautiful pattern, of her own design, which she was embroidering for her baby's christening robe ; and then she asked me so many questions about young children, that she led me on to tell her about my own favourite little niece, and how early she was called away from my care to the keeping of the holy angels ; and the tears filled her eyes as she said—

"Oh, I hope my baby will not die ! I do not think I could live if it were taken ; and, should I die, it will be a comfort to my husband : he loves children so dearly."

But I would not let her indulge in such thoughts ; and, to divert them, made free to admire her beautiful Indian shawl, and she told me it had been a

wedding present, made expressly for her, and given her by a very kind old friend. So she was induced to tell me a little of her early life; and thus I was not long in getting intimate with her.

From that time I saw her daily, and even continued my visits after her husband's safe return. Then came a morning when Elizabeth stood by my bedside with a troubled face, as though she had sore things of which she could not trust herself to speak.

"The baby has come, ma'am."

"Well," said I, breathlessly, "and the young mother?"

"Mother and child are at rest now, ma'am." And the good creature fairly burst into tears; and I do not mind owning that I did the same.

The little one had died an hour after its birth, and the mother had sunk beneath a blow she had not strength to bear.

How my heart bled for the poor widower! With the others it was well, but of his grief I could not bear to think. It was long before I saw him again. The burial took place amongst his own people; but everything in the house was left under my care, with a request that I would not seek fresh tenants till he had decided upon what to do for the future; and my rent was regularly transmitted to me that I might be no loser.

At length I had a letter begging that two rooms might be prepared for himself and his servant. They came for a few days, and I knew that they were packing and looking over everything; and a sad, dreary work it must have been, with a dull, cheerless winter sky without, and a void in every room within the little cottage which had once been such a happy dwelling-place to him and her.

Late on Christmas-eve he delivered up the key, and came to say good-bye. He intended returning to town by the night train. I tried to persuade him to stay till morning, for it was ugly weather to brave; but he was in haste to be gone.

He looked worn and very much aged since I had last seen him. His light hair was thin, and sprinkled with grey; the fresh colour on his cheeks had given place to a settled pallor; and the bones were not so well concealed as they were wont to be. There was no sparkle in his blue eyes, but they had still the same straightforward expression as when I first noticed them in the wood.

As he rose to leave me, he said—

"I believe I have taken everything from the house; if not, keep or destroy whatever you may find—it can be nothing of consequence. It would be useless sending anything after me. I am going to India, to a missionary station, and the boat sails in two days. This I leave with you purposely. It is a remembrance of one to whom you showed much kindness. She said you admired it, and wished you to have it in event of —"

He did not finish the sentence; but, shaking hands with me, breathed an earnest "God keep you," and left.

The parcel contained that magnificent Indian shawl I have mentioned before. I do not very often wear it, but I very often think of its original owner.

A few months afterwards, having a prospect of fresh tenants, I took courage to enter the desolate cottage, and looked over all the furniture which Elizabeth had heretofore inspected more closely than I. I had a faint hope of finding some relic of my late lodgers; but no, the respectable matron had done her work thoroughly, and everything was gone. Not quite everything though. Opening a drawer of the little work-table, which had been pushed out of its old place in the bow-window, I caught sight of something carefully folded away. It was the little robe, still unfinished, with the needle in it sadly

rusted—the robe which was to have been for “baby’s christening”—and beneath was a packet of discoloured yellow paper, carefully sealed, but without superscription. I took it home and read it, having been authorised to keep anything which I might find. The MS. is still in my possession. Some day, perhaps, when all those alluded to in those “Memorials” shall have gone home to their final rest, it may be no breach of trust to publish the pages from which I learned all that I am ever likely to learn of the antecedents of My First Tenants.

The Tongueless.

“For what use were our tongues given us?” demand we of our beloved readers.

“To speak with, to be sure,” will be the immediate and somewhat scornful reply of the hasty.

“True, to a certain extent,” say we; “we do not deny that this is *one* of the uses for which that member was formed, and for this it has deservedly been called an ‘unruly’ member. Have not all of us, alas! met with those who had ‘the poison of asps under their lips;’ who loved ‘to speak all words that may do hurt, and who cut with lies as with a sharp razor;’ who would not ‘keep their tongues from evil;’ and with those, too, whose ‘tongues were gentlemen-ushers to their wit, and still go before it.’ And could not most of us, in allusion to some of our acquaintance, when they begin to speak, repeat the saying of Theocritus respecting Anaximenes,—‘Here begins a river of words and a drop of sense.’”

We confess that the tongue is *usually* a very important instrument of speech, but it is not absolutely necessary for it. So startling an assertion should be proved; let us try to prove it.

On looking over certain old volumes of the “Philosophical Transactions” and of the *Gentleman’s Magazine*, we find accounts of a woman, Margaret Cutting by name, who, about the middle of the last century, was living at Wickham Market, a small place in Suffolk. When she was four years of age, we are informed that a “cancer ate off her tongue at the root, yet she never lost the power of speech, and could both read distinctly afterwards and sing;” in fact, could pronounce most of the vocal and musical tones of which the human voice is susceptible. Her speech was perfectly intelligible, but it had somewhat of a nasal twang, owing to the want of the uvula; and her voice was low. A new tongue had been formed, about an inch-and-half in length, and half-an-inch broad; but this did not grow until some years after the cure.

Upon the publication of this case, it was observed that some few instances of a like extraordinary nature had been recorded; and one in particular, by Tulpus, of a man whom he had himself examined; who, having had his tongue cut out by some roving Turks, could, after three years, speak distinctly.

One of the persons who wrote an account of Mrs. Cutting, saw several men whom the piratical Algerines had cruelly maltreated by cutting out their tongues. “One of them,” he says, “aged thirty-three, wrote a good hand, and by that means answered my questions. He informed me that he could not pronounce a syllable, though he had often observed that those who had suf-

ferred that treatment in early life, were some years after able to speak, and that their tongues might be observed to grow in proportion to the other parts of the body; but if they were adults at the time of the operation, they were never able to utter a syllable. The truth of this observation was confirmed to me by the two following cases:—Patrick Strainer and his son-in-law came to Harwich, on their way to Holland. I made it my business to see and examine them. The father told me he had his tongue cut out by the Algerines, when he was seven years of age; and that some time after he was able to pronounce many syllables, and can now speak most words tolerably clearly: his tongue, he said, was grown half-an-inch, at least. The son-in-law, who is about thirty years of age, was taken by the Turks, who cut out his tongue. He cannot pronounce a syllable, nor is his tongue grown at all since the operation; which was now more than five years ago."

Sir John Malcolm, in his "Sketches of Persia," tells us that in one of his visits to that country, he became acquainted with Zâl Khan, of Khist, who was long distinguished as one of the bravest and most attached followers of the Zend family. When the death of Looft Ali Khan terminated its powers, he, along with the other governors of provinces and districts in Fars, submitted to Aza Mahommed Khan. That monarch, dreading the ability, and doubtful of the allegiance of this chief, ordered his eyes to be put out. An appeal for the recall of the sentence being treated with disdain, Zâl Khan led the tyrant with curses, loud and deep.

"Cut out his tongue!" was the second brutal order.

The mandate was imperfectly performed by one of the myrmidons of Aza Mahommed, and the loss of half this member deprived Zâl Khan of speech. Being afterwards persuaded that its being cut close to the root would enable him to speak so as to be understood, he submitted to the painful operation; and the effect was, that his voice, though indistinct and thick, was yet intelligible to persons accustomed to converse with him. This, Sir John Malcolm asserts, he experienced from daily intercourse. "I am not an anatomist," he adds, "and cannot, therefore, give a reason why a man, who could not articulate with half a tongue, should speak when he had none at all. But the facts are as stated; and I had them from the very best authority—old Zâl Khan himself."

Southey, in the seventh volume of "The Doctor," informs us that Mr. Bruce was well acquainted at Shiraz with a person who had undergone the same cruel punishment. Being a wealthy man, he bribed the executioner to spare a considerable portion of the tongue; but finding that he could not articulate a word with the imperfect member, he had it entirely extracted—root and all; and he then spoke almost as intelligibly as before his punishment. This person was of some consequence, and was, years afterwards, received as such in the first circles at Calcutta. At a dinner-party in that city, on the question being warmly argued as to the possibility of articulation after the extraction of the tongue, he opened his mouth, and desired the company assembled to look into it, and so set their doubts on the matter for ever at rest.

Another case occurred in the household of Dr. Mark Duncan, whom James the First at one period wished to make his "physician in ordinary." A son of this gentleman's valet, in his thirteenth year, lost his tongue by the effects of the small-pox—the root being so consumed by the disease, that, in a fit of coughing, it came away. The boy's speech was no otherwise affected by the loss than that he found it difficult to pronounce the letter *r*. He was exhibited throughout Europe, and lived long afterwards.

In Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," we are told that the Catholics, inhabitants of Jipasa, a maritime colony of Mauritania, were, by command of King Hun-

neric, assembled on the forum, and there deprived of their right hands and their tongues. "But the holy confessors," he proceeds to say, "continued to speak without tongues; and this miracle is attested by Victor, an African bishop, who published a history of the persecution within two years after the event." Victor sums up his account thus:—"If any one should doubt of the truth, let him repair to Constantinople, and listen to the clear and perfect language of Restitutus, the sub-deacon, one of these glorious sufferers, who is now lodged in the palace of the Emperor Zeno."

Creas, of Gaza, a Platonic philosopher, has also described his own observations on these "African sufferers." "I saw them myself; I heard them speak; I diligently inquired by what means such an articulate voice could be formed without any organ of speech; I used my eyes to examine the report of my ears; I opened their mouths, and saw that the whole tongue had been completely torn away by the roots."

Have we proved our position, that it is possible, under certain circumstances, to speak without tongues?

THE NEW ARISTOCRACY.

BY J. BURHIDGE.

"I see a new and noble aristocracy appearing in shops and warehouses, at desks and behind the counter—in workshops and factories—the aristocracy of mind; ready to take 'the shine' out of the aristocracy of lineage and wealth that has preceded them."—*Rev. Dr. Cumming.*

A TITLE once could only show
The signs of noble birth,
And men of rank were years ago
The great ones of the earth.
They deemed it just the crowd should shrink
Before the cap and gown;
They thought it wrong the poor should think,
And right to keep them down.

These were the days when books were things
"The People" could not touch;
Made for the use of lords and kings,
And only meant for such.
To work the loom, to till the soil,
To cut the costly gem—
To tread the round of daily toil,
Was quite enough for them.

Time was when just to read and write
Were thought a wondrous deal,
For those who wake with morning light
To earn their daily meal.
The man a more submissive slave,
The less his head-piece knew;
And so *the mass* from habit gave
Their birthright to *the few*.

Now look abroad, the light of Truth
Is spreading far and wide,
And that which fills our English youth
Must shame our ancient pride.
'Tis mind alone can wield the sword,
In spite of wealth and rank ;
The artisan may face a lord,
With thousands in the bank.

We scorn not those of high degree,
For so 'twere wrong to do ;
But poorer men as rich can be,
And quite as noble too.
The prince may act a gayer part,
But he who works for bread
May have, perchance, a warmer heart,
And p'r'aps a clearer head.

Then grieve not for the "good old times,"
Behold a brighter day !
The causes of our fathers' crimes
Are wearing fast away.
Before the Pen, the Press, and Rail,
Must old opinions fall !
The mighty project cannot fail—
Then aid it one and all !



Triennial Alteration of Laws—An Imaginary Debate.

BY JOHN HARRIS.

"AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM."

The Affirmative.

A.—I RISE to move that the General Laws be not altered oftener than once in three years, commencing from the present A. M. C.

All present having had some experience as Officers in this great Unity, must be well aware how often members who have not been at their Lodges for some time, are astonished to find the General Laws altered since they last attended. It seems almost impossible for the bulk of the members to know the changes made, for they cannot be at the Lodge every night, and they naturally complain of the trouble and inconvenience they are put to by the frequent alterations, as new laws or amendments are made every year. I have no doubt that from this cause alone we lose many good members.

I believe these continual changes to be quite unnecessary, and I therefore propose to alter the laws only once in three years; for I am sure that as we have good laws, based, I think I may say, upon a sound foundation, some of

which have stood for many years, and are well understood by all the members, we may now try the experiment (which I take it will be a perfectly safe one) of working for three years without any change. All present members, and new ones initiated during that period, will thus have the opportunity of leisurely becoming acquainted with the laws in all their bearings, and be prepared to give proper and deliberate attention to any alterations which may then be proposed; at the same time mature consideration will be bestowed upon all propositions for alterations necessarily arising in the experience of the various Lodges and Districts. Indeed, I have a very strong suspicion that members generally will be less inclined to send in such numbers of propositions, as it is now our lot to discuss every year. Some really seem to be sent simply for the sake of having something to do, and to support which Delegates must be paid who would otherwise not have been appointed.

Delegates cause a large expense to some Districts, and it is time for us to consider whether we cannot save this great outlay. Beyond this there are expenses incurred for the Officers of the Order, rent of rooms, &c., at the lengthened sittings of each A. M. C., which would, on the new plan, be considerably lessened.

We should also save the expenses incurred in registering new laws and alterations, and having to print them as addendas, as well as the new issue of the complete laws to be sent to the various Lodges.

It is well known, too, at the present time, that we have too much to do at our A. M. C.'s to do the business well; the reception of the various reports, and the election of Officers and Directors take up so much time, that we cannot avoid hurrying over the alterations of laws, and it becomes mere chance if some insignificant proposition does not occupy a long time in discussion, whilst a most important one lower down on the sheet will be slurred over somewhat unfairly. It really seems that in consequence of hasty conclusions, any good and necessary attention must be before the A. M. C. for several years before it can become law.

I do not want it to be supposed that any other proposition hangs upon this which I have now the pleasure to move. Although I propose that the laws shall be altered triennially only, I would still maintain the Annual Committee of Delegates for the selection of Officers and Directors, and to proclaim to the world, and especially in the locality of our meeting, the vast moral and social benefits of the Manchester Unity, and its extraordinary progress, as well as to take any general public steps for the good of the Order. The A. M. C. would not thus occupy more than two, or, at the most, three days; for it is quite possible, as I have hinted before, that so many Delegates would not be sent, and there would be less speech-making. In this way my view is further enforced, that various Districts would be enabled to save the expenses of Delegates, and I am sure those not represented would feel satisfied with the choice of Officers and Directors by those Delegates amongst whom there could be no cliques or party views. The fear of the expression of disapprobation through the Order would prevent them doing anything unworthy of its reputation. I am aware that some Delegates attend at their own expense, but I presume they would not be less ambitious to do so, supposing the alteration of laws were only considered once in three years, and the Unity would thus have the benefit of their counsel and advice as at present. Before I conclude I would say that I do not wish to repeat what has been uttered in some Lodges, that there are too many of the old school elected to the A. M. C.'s who are too glad to have a week's holiday at the expense of their Districts, and who will never vote for triennial alterations of laws. I strongly repudiate that reckless assertion, for I do not believe any members of the Order would act so unfairly.

I venture to hope that the reasons I have given will be well considered by you all, and that you will come to a fair decision. I believe the annual alteration of the laws to be quite unnecessary, very expensive, and most annoyingly vexatious to the great mass of members who do not know what the laws are; for no sooner have they got the new ones and read them, than they are told some change is made.

I am sorry to have taken up your time so long, but this is a most important question. I trust after calm and serious deliberation, you will all vote in my favour for a "triennial alteration of the General Laws."

The Negative.

C.D.—I shall vote against the proposition moved for the alteration of the 10th General Law. Nothing whatever has been advanced to show us that the change proposed will be "beneficial to the Unity," and before that grave consideration all other minor matters of personal convenience must bow down.

Every member is supposed to attend his Lodge every meeting night; and every member is supposed to know the laws. If he does not, it is his own fault, and not that of the laws, or any Committee of Delegates. It is not only possible, but easy for him to know all the laws; he is aware when he is initiated that there is an A. M. C.; and he is bound to refer to his General Laws, which show him that it always meets on Whit-Monday to consider alterations of laws. Then, it is his duty to attend his Lodge, some time in July, and learn what has been done. This he can do without expense, by merely reading the Quarterly Report, or, if he wants to possess a copy of the alterations, he purchases them for one half-penny. If he lives twenty-four years, and repeats this process, he will have to spend the enormous sum of one shilling, and spare about one hour every year to peruse and learn the new laws! It is for the lazy, indifferent, and thoughtless few who *will not* take this trifling trouble that we are pressed to make the sweeping legislation proposed; for those, in fact, who, as some, not very elegantly, but forcibly, express it, are a "sleepy lot." Let us be consistent, if we mean to oblige them. Let us tell them they may not only have three but twenty-one years if they like to learn the new laws, but they shall not alter their District or Lodge laws for the same period, and probably by that time most of them will sleep the sleep of death. In that way, we may probably lose good members—not by an *annual* alteration of laws. Will any one give us proof that a single person has left the Unity from the latter cause alone? Is the Manchester Unity decaying? I ask the question because you sat so quietly to be told that the changes made annually are unnecessary. Who is to be the judge of the fact—the "sleepy lot," or the body of Delegates at each A. M. C., busy and active for the good of each absent member? I ask you by the majority of your votes to reject the proposition, and so proclaim *this* change is unnecessary. If you do so, who shall deny you did right?

The proposer says our General Laws are good ones, and we can safely leave them untouched for three years. Why not five, why not seven, or more? The laws of England are said to be the perfection of human reason, and yet, strange to say, no one proposes that the House of Commons shall meet triennially. There, the way is open to propose any alterations; and if the proposition

is good, a new law is made; if unnecessary, or radically bad, it is rejected. So in the Manchester Unity. We must have the way opened. No one knows what events may happen to necessitate alterations, and no one knows what injury the Unity may suffer if we agree to lock up our tongues, and so stultify ourselves for three years. Not the least curious fact is, that the changes annually made are administrative only, that is, such as it becomes officers to know. Since 1853, no laws of importance have been made which particularly affect members.

We are told to look to the question of expense, as Delegates cause the Districts an outlay. Granted: but who ever heard of any business being done without expense? Delegates do not come merely to support their own propositions, but to oppose others, either "unnecessary," or "bad," as they, in their judgment, may think proper to call them; and which, through no fault of theirs, must come before the A. M. C. Suppose some one suggested the propriety of taking away the right of representation from those Districts which do not habitually send Delegates, we should soon hear them offer to send the full number, and pay them without any croaking about expense. It is a pity *all* do not do so now.

But the proposer tells us he means to let Districts send Delegates or not, as at present; only, if the motion for triennial alteration of laws be carried, either Delegates will not be appointed, or those that are will not make such a long stay, and are therefore more likely to be sent, because the expense will be less. I will supply him with an estimate. Say 300 Delegates are sent each year, and they work three days less in each of two years, the Districts, if they paid 10s. per day, would be saved £900. In the *third* year, they would necessarily occupy a fortnight to legislate for the Unity, and the excess of six days over the usual A. M. C. would require exactly this £900 to pay them. What, then, is the difference, except in imagination? The same remark applies to officers of the Order and Directors, and to the printing of alterations and laws, for as there must necessarily be an arrear, there must in the third year be a greater quantity of alterations to print, whilst the General Laws supplied must, in numbers, be the same as now, to meet the wants of new members.

Surely, this gets rid of the bugbear "expense," and I think also of the notion, that because we have not time to do our business annually, we are sure to do it if we try once in three years instead. Was there ever such an argument?

And the Officers and Directors are to be chosen annually. Why? If the laws will last three years for the members, they will also do that time for the chiefs. And if the members sleep, why not the chiefs? The proposer should be honest, and tell us he wants triennial moveable committees, and that his aim is, if not intentionally, at least in effect, to destroy the Order.

And we must sleep while the world outside is busy, nervous, and full of life. The great universe is thorbbing, heaving, moving onward, and yet we must sleep, and perchance die out; the Manchester Unity being numbered with the things that were. "Beautiful is the dream of progression," but only to those who have gained the proper idea of life!

If, after reflection, any one of you can sanction triennial alterations of laws, do so. If I am alone, I vote against it.

E. F., G. H., I. K., and others, took part in the debate.

L. M.—I should like to discuss the whole matter from the beginning—(Divide, divide).

On the motion of N. O., seconded by P. Q., the debate was ultimately adjourned.

Poems for Recitation.

"WHILE THERE IS LIFE THERE'S HOPE."

BY JOHNSON BARKER.

Oh! say not hope's a fleeting dream,
 A passing of the breath—
 A bubble on the living stream,
 That vanisheth in death;
 For it bears a deeper meaning to the virtuously brave,
 Whose earthly leaning staff is hope—a hope beyond the grave.
 O, ye who sweat the livelong day,
 And half the livelong night,
 Move cheerily on your rugged way
 And work with main and might.
 Trudge on—trudge on, while yet ye may—
 Oh! struggle onward in the fray,
 And God will crown the right!
 Tho' lowly be your present task—keep heart and never fear;
 The loom of Time can wonders weave—keep heart and persevere!
 With faith and truth for guiding-stars, with kingdoms ye may cope,
 Then let your earnest motto be—"While there is Life there's Hope."

O, ye who by affliction's side,
 Wear out the sleepless hour,
 And watch the mouldering of pride—
 The pride of youthful flower;
 Watch on, watch on, whate'er betide;
 The very dying have not died
 When Hope had lost its power.
 Then let not frowning aspects daunt—watch on, and never fear;
 True-hearted hope will never flag—watch on, and persevere!
 Unfearing, not a moment stay, to sigh, or weep, or mope,
 But let your earnest motto be—"While there is Life there's Hope."

O, ye who 'neath oppression bend,
 Bow'd by a chastening rod;
 O, ye without an earthly friend,
 Condemned, despised, bestrod;
 Hope on, hope on, and well depend,
 Ye'll be befriended in the end,
 If ye but hope in God!
 Then onward wend your weary path—hope on, and never fear,
 A breath is all of earthly wrath—hope on, and persevere!
 Though bowed and bent your worldly way ye stumbling have to grope,
 The triumph will be yours at last, if ye but live in hope!

Then say not hope's a fleeting dream,
 A passing of the breath;
 A bubble on the living stream,
 That vanisheth in death;
 For it bears a deeper meaning to the virtuously brave,
 Whose earthly guiding star is hope—a hope beyond the grave.

A Year's Experience of Woman's Work.

BY BESSIE PARKES.

A PAPER READ AT THE ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROMOTION OF SOCIAL SCIENCE
AT GLASGOW, 1860.

NEARLY a year has now passed since, through the means of the last meeting of the Association for the Promotion of Social Science, public attention in England was largely drawn to the subject of female industry. Nor was it in England alone that this vexed question came under discussion; France also contributed her thoughts; and two elaborate articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and other papers in less important periodicals, testified that our difficulties are also felt, although under somewhat modified conditions, on the other side of the Channel.

My title to again introduce this topic to the notice of the association is simple and direct—that of having experience to communicate in regard to remedial measures undertaken against the evils which were deplored last year—experiments limited, it is true, to one circle of people, and, in the main, to one centre of action; yet none the less valuable, because they afford us certain definite lessons which a less concentrated sphere might less clearly bestow.

In November, 1859, the *English Woman's Journal* had already been dealing with the various questions of woman's industry for not quite two years. The Society for Promoting the Employment of Women was as yet inchoate, but maturing its plans, and asking for affiliation to this association. A reading-room for ladies, and a register for noting applications for the more intellectual and responsible departments of female labour, had just been brought into existence. Such was the beginning of our present organization a year ago. Last winter every department received a great accession of funds and of activity. The journal greatly increased in circulation; the society was absorbed into one created by and dependent on this association, with a committee of twelve ladies and twelve gentlemen, which immediately began to consider the formation of model industrial classes; the reading-room was removed to large and excellent premises in a central situation in the metropolis; and, as a natural consequence of these improvements, to which a wide publicity was given by the press, the register was literally deluged with applicants. We thought that by opening a register which should act merely among our subscribers, we might occasionally find opportunities of putting the right woman into the right place; that Mrs. A. might recommend an excellent matron or school teacher, and Mrs. B. hear of her through our simple plan, combining an entry in a register book and an advertisement in the journal for the current month. If in this way we got two really good and well-trained officials placed in a month, it would compensate for the little extra trouble. Being thus, as it were, a plan private to the circulation of the journal, it was not otherwise advertised, nor was any publicity then sought for it. But when the whole question started into life, the advertisements put forth by the society appear to have aroused the attention of women in all parts of the country; and as the society and the journal now had contiguous offices in the same house, no practical distinction could be made, and the secretaries of either were literally deluged with applications for employment. We had no sooner explained to the ladies who came that the formation by the society of model classes or businesses for a select number did not imply an ability on our part

to find remunerative work for indiscriminate applicants, than the same task had to be gone over again next day. Indeed, I remember one Friday in the month of March, when twenty women applied at our counter for work whereby they could gain a livelihood—all of them more or less educated—all of them with some claim to the title of lady.

Although not professing personally to enter into these applications, the replies to which devolved on the secretaries, I was very constantly in the office of the journal when they were made, and entered into conversation with the ladies; in many cases, indeed, they came with notes of introduction to me or to my co-editor, and I had to ask them what kind of work they wanted, and, indeed, a more important question—for what kind of work they were fitted. In this way we may certainly lay claim to have heard more of women's wants during the last year than any other people in the kingdom; and that just because the demands were so indefinite—the ladies did not want to be governesses; they wanted to be something else, and we were to advise them. In this way I have conversed with ladies of all ages and conditions, with young girls of seventeen finding it necessary to start in life, with single women who found teaching unendurable as life advanced, with married ladies whose husbands were invalided or not forthcoming, with widows who had children to support, with tradesmen's daughters, and with people of condition fallen into low estate.

To find them work through the journal register was a sheer impossibility. Not only were they far more numerous than one had ever contemplated, but they were of a different class. I had hoped to hear of and to supply a few well-trained picked women to places of trust among our subscribers; but here were literally hundreds of women, neither well trained nor picked, outnumbering any demand by 99 per cent. The Victoria Printing Press and the Law Copying Class got into work, and employed from ten to twenty girls and women each, but more could not be draughted into either establishment during the first year of its existence, without ruining the enterprise; while some time must be allowed to elapse before the idea involved in these model experiments could be expected to be seized by the commercial public, and an entrance be effected by women into either trade at large.

Since, therefore, we possessed but small power to aid numbers through the medium of our own organization, it remained to be seen whether we could form a link between our register and, firstly, the semi-mechanical occupations to which women have acquired, or might acquire, a title; and, secondly, the benevolent institutions of the country; so as to supply workers to the one, and matrons and female officials to the other.

To this end we adopted an idea struck out by a friend, and printed long slips for distribution, containing, besides the addresses of the Victoria Press and Law-Copying Class (in case any vacancy might occur, or more hands be wanted), the addresses of the two chief offices of the Electric Telegraph in London, in both of which women are largely employed; and also the addresses of the two chief institutions for training and employing nurses; also of Mrs. Lushington's cooking school, &c., intending to add to the list whenever we heard of any new institutions which would be regarded as centres of women's work. At the bottom of this list we notified that we ourselves kept a limited register for really competent matrons, clerks, and secretaries.

Now, in regard to what I have termed semi-mechanical occupations, I will dismiss them with a few remarks, to which I earnestly request consideration. I am considering the needs of educated women—of women who have been born and bred ladies;—it is a real distinction, from which, even in America, the most earnest democrats cannot escape, and which in England, however

much the strict edges of the line of demarcation between class and class may be rubbing off, still exists in full force. Looking at it from one point of view, we are sometimes tempted to regret the false notions of gentility which prevent women working bravely at whatever comes nearest to hand; but, in considering a whole class at large, an honest observer must feel that there is something noble—something beyond a mere effort after “gentility,” in the struggle to preserve the habits, the dress, and the countless moral and material associations of the rank to which they were born. A good and a refined education is a very valuable thing, and if educated women are to work at all for money—and I see no escape for a certain number being obliged in our country to do so—that education ought to secure them something more than a mere pittance.

Now, the semi-mechanical occupation of the telegraph—and I believe it will be found to be the same with all semi-mechanical occupations—does not (except in the department of overseers) supply the needs of an educated woman, unless she be quite alone in the world, having neither parent nor child to support; and even then, the wages hardly allow her to “look like a lady,” much less to live like one. I am quite aware that there are daily governesses who go out for less than £50 a-year; their proportion is roughly estimated by the matron of the Governesses Benevolent Institution as about one-third of the whole number of daily governesses. But many of these are not what we mean by ladies; they belong to and teach in tradesmen's families. Others, again, are quite young, and, living with their parents, can afford to go out and teach for any sum they fancy pays them, and at a much cheaper rate than they could do if they actually supported themselves on their earnings. Others, again, are inferior in education, and so are driven down to offer their services at a low rate, from being destitute of accomplishments. Custom does not shield the governess as it shields the physician, with his definite standard of acquirement guaranteed by diploma, and his one guinea as a fixed recognition thereof; and therefore women will be found classed under the general head of “daily governesses,” who are very unequal in their qualifications, and in the amount of salary they require and receive.

But it is none the less true that really educated women, possessed of a certain skill in music, drawing, and in modern languages—ladies such as teach in the professional and merchant classes—ask and get more than £50 a-year as a general rule. The conclusion, therefore, to which I have come is, that it is chiefly for young people living at home with their parents, and for single women not possessing a high stamp of education, and having only themselves to support, that the semi-mechanical arts—such as that of working the telegraph, printing, law-copying, managing sewing-machines, &c.—are profitable, and will supply with bread and meat and clothes; and that it is highly desirable to extend and encourage such occupation in every way, taking great care in the formation of model classes, or new businesses, to harmonise them as much as possible with the physical and moral conditions of female workers. The Society for Promoting the Employment of Women devotes its energies to increasing this kind of occupation, and deserves the active support of the public for its exertions, so that it may gradually be enabled to extend them in new directions, and offer fresh examples of the introduction of women into hitherto unaccustomed businesses and trades.

But for older and for highly-educated women—for those to whom the keeping up of a social position has become a moral necessity, and for those who have others dependent on them—we surely ought to seek some employment which will secure them a fair income, and not consign them to simple trades, which, let them be ever so extended over numbers, cannot be parallel to the professions

which gentlemen require, or to the commercial enterprise which they carry on on a large scale.

Now, there is work which really clever and energetic women are wanted to perform, and which people are everywhere beginning to say they ought to perform; all work involving moral superintendence over women and physical care of the sick and infirm of both sexes. Mrs. Jameson of late years dwelt constantly on this subject in her writings and private conversation; and Florence Nightingale has begun to organise the training of women for the latter purpose; nurses are also educated at several institutions under lay or church influence. But, as to placing educated women to act as officials in charitable, industrial, penal, or reformatory establishments, I really think I may say that nothing is done or doing. We keep reiterating the need of them in each and all; but I do not see that we are nearer the realization of our wish than we were five years ago.

Why is this? I can supply one part of the answer from our own experience of the last year; because the women who, from natural ability, might be disposed and competent to undertake such posts with advantage to themselves and others do not ask for them, have little idea of the kind of work and little desire for it; and would probably fail in doing it if they tried; because they have had no training.

Although I have seen many highly educated and refined women in want of employment during the last year, I have not seen half a dozen who were competent, by their own conviction, to take the responsibility of management on a large scale; the matronship of female emigrant ships, the control of a wild troop of reformatory girls, the overseership of female factory operatives, or the female wards of a workhouse.

Now, Sisters of Charity abroad do all these things. The popular notion of a Sister of Charity in England is, that she is always nursing the sick, or searching on a field of battle for wounded men with a vestige of life in them, or visiting the poor at their own houses—poetical and somewhat shadowy Evangelines, with baskets on their arms. But in good truth these are but a small part of their multifarious duties. They get through, in separate divisions, nearly all the work performed (or unperformed) in our workhouses;—they take, feed, clothe, and teach orphan and destitute children, and bring up the girls for service; they take bodily possession of old people and cripples, and tend them in other establishments—they distribute medicines and manage most of the casual relief funds of foreign cities. They also—and let me particularly draw attention to this point—undertake the care of criminal and vagrant children. I saw in the month of April last the great reformatory in the Rue de Vanguard, in Paris, where 100 girls of the lowest class—the majority actually prisoners, and consigned there by Government—are under the care of the Sisters of Marie-Joseph. This establishment was founded partly in consequence of the exertions of Madame de Lamartine, and it was shown to me by Madame Lechevalier, who actually holds the salaried post of Government inspectress of the female prisons of France. Why have not we also an inspectress for our female prisons? Madame Lechevalier has often knocked up a prison at eleven o'clock at night, when she suspected anything wrong; and I saw enough of her power of character, even during the few hours I spent with her, to convince me that she was a woman to hold a legion of female prisoners in awe.

Sisters of Charity are also now in France trying to make head against the evils of the factory system. In the *Révue des deux Mondes* for last February is to be found a very interesting account of three establishments where young girls are engaged in manufactures under the care of Sisters,—one at Jujurieux,

for taffetas; another at Tatare, for plush; and the third at La Seauve, for ribbands. Young girls on entering sign an engagement for three years, and a month's trial is also required. Workwomen are also received, who enter into an engagement for eighteen months.

But all these duties require something more for their wise fulfilment than love and patience; they require energy, foresight, prudence, economy, and the habit of working in concert and subordination; and, accordingly, we find the women who are to fulfil them subjected to a severe and methodical training. The *Maison Mère* of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, in the Rue de Bac at Paris, sends out 500 trained women every year to all parts of the world.

And we, if we wish to employ women successfully in works of benevolence and social economy, must find some way of training them for their duties, or we shall never achieve our wished-for results. Here and there we may find one specially gifted, to whom order and activity come by right divine; but if you take the few women who are even now filling marked positions of public importance, you will generally find they have received regular training in some way. Every one knows the severity of Miss Nightingale's preliminary studies, and the ordeal she passed through in hospitals abroad. Miss Carpenter had concluded a long and honourable career as a teacher before she devoted herself to criminal children. Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell* is hardly a case in point, as her possession of a degree involved her career as a student; and (I believe) Miss Dix and Mrs. Fry forced their way by unusual energy, graduated themselves, so to speak; but all the institutions for nurses pre-supposed preliminary training. Miss Dence, the mistress of one of the best private asylums in England, was regularly educated under the leading physician, who has devoted himself to ameliorating the condition of the insane; and there are now several establishments in which ladies are conducting refuges for their own sex, each undergoing a certain probationary discipline.

Thus we find in every department of benevolent exertions the want of efficient machinery for teaching those who are to help others. And this knowledge is necessarily of two kinds—intellectual and practical. Books alone will not give it, nor will books and oral instruction combined suffice. Not only must the mind of the worker be furnished with all necessary knowledge, but the habits of the worker must be trained in activity, prudence, and control. Such workers can only be trained in the works they are eventually to perform, just as the swimmer can only be taught in water. In religious communities this is effected by receiving beginners into the life of community; among us it can only be effected by receiving female pupil teachers, as it were, into all our institutions; and this can only be done by the consent and co-operation, in many cases of Government, in all cases of the men who control all our institutions in England.

The pressure may "come from without;" it has come from without, and it only needs to give it a right direction. Moreover, almost all the best men who are working in philanthropic reform say that they want female help to carry out their purposes properly; but it will be of little good to ourselves, or to them, or to the poor, the ignorant, the sick, or the criminal objects of their solicitude, if it be desultory and untrained. We must appeal to men to give us the necessary opportunity of learning—in fact, to help us to help them.

In enumerating the women who have achieved useful careers, Mrs. Chisholm must not be forgotten; and in this connexion she is doubly to be remembered. While endeavouring to relieve the strain of female necessities, we must not

* Sister to our contributor, author of "Lost and Found," &c., in last volume.—Ed.

forget that our colonies are eminently in want of women of every rank, and that they are the natural destination of the great surplus which exists in England. If it were possible to plant those who are suffering and struggling at home—with problems which at the best are very hard for most women to solve practically—in useful independence or happy marriage over the broad fields of Australia and New Zealand, who among us but would say that it was by far the best solution of our difficulty?

But before educated women will emigrate in any number the way must be made safe and respectable. They must find shelter and assistance on the other side of the ocean; a regular organization must be created, and competent female officials appointed to the emigrant ships in which they are to sail, and others be ready to receive them on landing. We have tried this year to induce several ladies to take advantage of the assisted passages granted to Canterbury, New Zealand, the only place to which assisted passages are granted for educated women; but we found none willing to start, even of those who would otherwise have liked to emigrate, because of the vague uncertainty which awaited them on the other side; no committees to put them into decent lodgings and assist them in looking out for situations such as are described by residents as actually vacant; nobody to whom to apply in case of illness; nobody to do what Mrs. Chisholm did, when she made herself the mother of the female emigrants of the working classes. In fact, no progress will be made in this most necessary exodus, until a few carefully-selected women, trained in all the necessary knowledge, are sent out, from England, with a small fund and the best introductions to our chief colonial ports, and there instructed how to form local committees and *dépôts* for the reception of governesses, or any other educated ladies who desire to try the fortunes of a new world. If such a plan were carefully inaugurated, I believe that a few years would see a very sensible diminution of the strain at home; and I believe that the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women might very wisely lay the foundation of such a plan, by selecting, instructing, and sending out the first officers if the necessary funds could be provided for that purpose.

To sum up, in a few words, the meaning of this paper, and the results of the past year's experience. All the semi-mechanical arts are eminently suited for young people, and it greatly behoves fathers to train their daughters to the possession of some such means of gaining independent bread in the morning of life, while health and spirits are, or ought to be, strong, so that while living under the parental roof they may secure themselves against a rainy day, when it may no longer shelter them. But there are many, many women to whom, by reason of age, health, or social responsibilities, the semi-mechanical arts are not applicable; women also whose capacities deserve and require a wider field of intellectual and moral exertion than the compositor's case or the law copyist's desk can afford; and seeing, as I do daily, how great is the comparative delicacy both in brain and in the bodily frames of women of the middle and upper class—of the bad effect upon many of them of long hours of sedentary toil, and the supreme difficulty of introducing them in great numbers into the fields of competitive employment, the more anxious I become to see the immense surplus of the sex in England lightened by judicious, well-conducted, and morally guarded emigration to our colonies, where the disproportion is equally enormous and where they are wanted in every social capacity; and to see a large number of those who remain, the single or otherwise self-dependent women, who must exist in every highly civilised and thickly populated country like ours, well and carefully trained in all those functions of administrative benevolence which are, in fact, but a development of household qualities; the larger, the more generous, and equally distinctive part of woman's work in the world.

THE POET'S MISSION.

BY THOMAS RUSSELL.

To make of Love a sacred thing,
 To rob it of its venom sting,
 To dry the floods that quench the flame,
 For this—for this the Poet came.

To gift the flowers with eloquence,
 To root out all the thorns from thence,
 To make their beauty looked upon
Not as a thing whose use is gone.

When they should droop, but symbols make
 Of hearts that on till they break;
 Of bosoms holding Love, when age
 Has vainly strove to blot the page.

To bind us, brothers, man to man,
 'Twas thus that his commission ran:
 To guide the wayward, help the weak:
 In ears long closed soft words to speak:

To cause the glad millenium,
 The reign of rapture, to become
 No fable, but reality,
 That all *may* feel, that all must see:

To herald in the time of Peace;
 Make War and all War's horrors cease;
 The ploughshare fashion from the sword;
 And blood no more in strife be pour'd:

To hallow Summer, welcome Spring;
 Oe'r Autumn's treasures fragrance fling;
 Old Winter's hoary brow to smoothe,
 His stormy wind and tempest soothe:

To wreath a chaplet for the year
 Waning away, to gild the tear
 Dropt in his grave; to usher in
 His follower—unknown to him!

Is not his Mission high indeed?
 The Poet's voice who will not heed?
 Who brand his craft with word of shame?
 Earth languished till the Poet came!

What Reading and Writing have Become.*

A LIVING philosopher has compared an uneducated people to one in which every man should have his right hand lamed. What a sad thing it would be, thinks this philosopher, to travel through a country where all the inhabitants had their hands lamed—incapable of working: even so it is, he thinks, with an uneducated people, a people that cannot read and write. There is much aptness in this comparison of the living philosopher's; but would there not have been more if he had compared an uneducated people to one in which every man should be deaf and dumb? The man who cannot read, what is his sense of hearing worth? The communications of business, the gossip of the household, the clink of guineas, and the whirr of spindles he can hear; but to the high and mighty voices which God has fashioned to edify him and all men, he is deaf. The man who cannot write, beyond some little temporary circle, he is dumb. While he who can read has an ear-trumpet that conveys to him the uttered thought of the remotest past and distance: he who can write has a speaking-trumpet that carries his messages over all the continents, and through the loudest storms of the ever-noisy sea of time. This is true, indeed, of all ages in which the art of writing has been practised; but of no age is it so widely true as of ours.

Before all written popular literature, there has existed in every country, even in inarticulate England, an oral popular literature of song. In the rudest ages the tragic, and pathetic, and notable incidents in which human life everywhere and everywhere abounds, moved unreading men of genius to embody them in simple song. "Chevy Chase" and the "Agitation," which Robin Hood conducted "under the greenwood tree," have had their laureates not less than Waterloo and the "Anti-corn-law Movement." Transmitted from the lips of parent to the lips of child, kept fresh and living by bands of wandering minstrels traversing the country, these songs were no doubt a chief element in the cultivation of the unreading people—they were its rhymed novels, and biographies, and histories. But as acts of parliament began to punish the wandering minstrels for a vagrant, song died out among the rural populations; and last century the Percies and Ritsons with difficulty rescued some few fragments of what had once been a whole world of music. And now remark what, even in this department of popular song, reading and writing have become for us. While the eighteenth century antiquaries were collecting their ancient reliques, and the like, a Scottish ploughboy, with the fiery and susceptible heart of an old minstrel in him, was driving his team afield. Had the lot of Robert Burns been cast in an unreading and unwriting age, the dumb ploughboy might have died a dumb ploughman; his melody might have fallen like rain upon the dry ground, refreshing it, but disappearing for ever. But Robert had been taught both to read and write, and a book or two lay in his pocket as he drove his team afield; so, instead of an anonymous minstrel, like one of the cattle on a thousand hills, he became a song-writer for Britain and the world. And already, in a single generation, wherever Anglo-Saxons meet, on the banks of the Mississippi or the Irwell, among the Himalayas or beside the Australian lagunes, his songs are heard; to perish only with the human soul, of which they celebrate the emotions.

* Read by Mr. Espinasse, at a meeting of the Lancashire Public School Association.

Next, in order of time, as a favoured helper in the culture of the people, comes the drama—a kind of composition which pre-supposes reading and writing in its creators, but by no means in its enjoyers. In order to get a hearing for his song, the minstrel had to please the ears of his rude auditors with a musical accompaniment of voice or fiddle; and so the dramatist had to please the eyes of his rude spectators with scenery and costume, and the pretended actual presence of the persons whose doings and sufferings he communicated in his dialogue. It is true that Shakspeare and his brethren were patronised by reading royalty and nobility; but his mainstay was the unreading multitude; hence the boldness with which he took his plots from current contemporary works. The scholar might study English History in Hollinshed—the educated man of the world could enjoy the pages of Boccacio; but to Shakspeare's unreading audiences these were all unknown. In a wider way than the old minstrel had been, the dramatist was now a novelist, historian, and biographer for the people. Very soon, too—witness Ben Jonson—he became its moralist and censor also.

Skip a century or so from the death of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson, and what a difference do we find! Obscenity struts upon the stage; profligacy applauds from the pit. It is not from wooden boards to a few, but from printed paper to the many, that the man of genius now gives instruction and delight. The satirists and moralists of the eighteenth century are not dramatists, but Addisons and Steeles, with their gay *Spectators* and *Tatlers*, Popes with their polished rhymes, Johnsons with their stately *Ramblers* and *Idlers*. In the hands of the Fieldings and Smolletts, the Richardsons and Sternes, the English novel arises, and British History in those of the Humes, and Robertsons, and Goldsmiths. Coming nearer to our own time, we find the actor a more important person than the dramatist, and writing for the stage abandoned to trifling dilettanteism. William Shakspeare found in English History matter capable of yielding poetic pleasure; he works it up into an historical play, and carries off the applause of a Globe Theatre audience. Walter Scott finds in European history similar matter: not into an historical play, but into an historical novel does he work it; and for audience, even in his lifetime, he has a whole reading Europe, and a colossal fortune for his profits. So many Englishmen can now read, that the man of talent finds a far surer and wider audience through the press than through the stage, and is at the same time freed from so many shackles which the latter imposed on him. That great engine of popular culture, the theatre, has been in the course of centuries degraded to what we see it now. The race of real dramatists has died out. We have no tragic writers and no tragic actors. Kean the tragedian has given place to Kean the spectacle-monger. To be sure the theatres fill, perhaps as well as ever; but audiences go to laugh at farce and burlesque, and witness bad adaptations of showy French melo-dramas. Only over the minds of the comparatively uneducated does the drama of human passion any longer assert its sway. Shakspeare is lord of the library and the closet, not of the stage. He who wishes the best instruction or delight his contemporaries can afford him, must look for it now in printed books.

It is curious to observe the means by which, mainly, this change has been produced. Just after that glorious flowering of the drama "which did so take Eliza and our James," Puritanism burst forth indignant, finally triumphant, bade the theatre manager shut up shop, and his establishment has never yet recovered the blow. You might have been tempted to say—here is a positive injury; one attractive means of educating the people is abolished. But see what Puritanism did for the education of the people in a merely mechanical way. It is seventeenth-century Puritanism, and eighteenth-century Methodism

that more than any other influences have bestowed on the English people what reading power they have. Before Puritanism, there was nothing in the English Church (whatever else of good it might contain) to make the English a reading people. Provision was made for the reading of the Bible to the people, not by the people. Puritanism started up, saying: "Interpret the Word of God for yourselves; this priesthood's interpretation of it is worth nothing." What an educating influence was this! All serious men now set their children to learn to read, that they might read the Bible. The man who could read the Bible could read other books; hence, in great part, our present multitude of readers. So true is it, that even the political economist may understand—that religion, of one kind or another, is the parent of all good things on this earth, small as well as great.

Not less important was the change which, in the matter of reading and writing also, the great revolt of Puritanism has introduced into our political procedure. The king and his parliament having both finally quarrelled, and resolved on settling that quarrel by arms, they both appealed to the people. Doubtless each had its settled and decided partisans, whom no appeal from any quarter could alter; but in that national dispute there were many independent or indifferent persons whose support was most valuable. And now began that appeal, through the press, to public opinion, which has continued ever since, and which forms so remarkable a feature in modern political history. In the old feudal time the great noblemen and churchmen were all important to secure; as the chiefs went, so went the vassals. But with the growth of an independent middle class, of yeomen, traders, merchants, each member of it ready to act on his own judgment, a conviction of the understanding was the one thing needful. Add to this the call for news, so natural in a time of civil war, and you have in the Puritan revolt the origin of the newspaper press and political writing. In the next century you find the men of talent who can write a class supremely important. The real political debate is carried on, not in Parliament, but in the press. Johnson's pamphlets were more important than any minister's speeches. It is admitted on all hands that Burke's one book did more than aught else to steady England for an attack on France and her revolution. In the present century William Cobbett wrestles for a few months with English grammar, and emerges into political literature—to become a power in the State. People speak of the Church in old times—how it furnished men of talent with the means of procuring authority and influence. But for the man who has talent and insight now, the arena of the press may well be an ample one; for power over the heads and hearts of his fellows is sure to him, in exact proportion (in the long run) to his merit; and what ambition could look for more?

For the great mass of mankind, the one sole avenue of amusement, instruction and edification, is reading; for the man of genius the one sole arena is writing. Brindley, the great engineer, his great works all finished, dropped into deep melancholy in his latter years, say the biographers; he had never been taught to read; his mind, engineering schemes once out of it, was a vacuum, which the amusing shows of things presented in books might have perhaps pleasingly filled. Shakspeare's father, it is pretty certain, could not write; luckily, there was a free grammar-school in Stratford—and now we have Shakspeare's works. Were it only for the sake of the few Shakspeares, and the few Brindleys, let schools everywhere be built in England, and the sounds of young instruction blend everywhere with those of labour, which rise there without ceasing up to the cope of heaven.

Beau Brummel.

BRUMMEL, whose career is one of the most extraordinary on record, must have exercised, during the period of his social reign, many qualities to conduct which rank among the highest endowments of our race. For an obscure individual, without fortune or rank, to have conceived the idea of placing himself at the head of society in a country the most thoroughly aristocratic in Europe, relying, too, upon no other weapon than well-directed insolence; for the same individual to have triumphed splendidly over the highest and the mightiest—to have maintained a contest with royalty itself, and to have come off victorious even in that struggle—for such an one no ordinary faculties must have been demanded. Of the sayings of Brummel which have been preserved, it is difficult to distinguish whether they contain real wit, or are only so sublimely and so absurdly impudent that they look witty.

When Brummel was at the height of his power, he was once in the company of some gentlemen, speaking of the Prince of Wales as a very good sort of man, who behaved himself very decently, *considering circumstances*; some one present offered a wager that he would not dare to give a direction to this very good sort of man. Brummel looked astonished at the remark, and declined accepting a wager upon such a point. They happened to be dining with the Regent the next day, and, after being pretty well fortified with wine, Brummel interrupted a remark of the Prince's by exclaiming, very mildly and naturally, "Wales, ring the bell!" His Royal Highness immediately obeyed the command, and when the servant entered said to him, with the utmost coolness and firmness, "Show Mr. Brummel to his carriage." The dandy was not in the least dejected by his expulsion; but meeting the Regent walking with a gentleman the next day in the street, he did not bow to him, but stopping the other, drew him aside, and said in a loud whisper, "Who is that FAT FRIEND of yours?" It must be remembered that the object of this sarcasm was at that time exceedingly annoyed by his increasing corpulency; so manifestly so that Sheridan remarked, that "though the Regent professed himself a Whig, he believed that in his heart he was no friend of *new measures*."

Shortly after this occurrence at Carlton-house, Brummel remarked to one of his friends, that "he had half a mind to cut the young one, and bring old George into fashion."

Brummel was once present at a party to which he had not been invited. After he had been some time in the room, the gentleman of the house, willing to mortify him, went up to him, and said that he believed there must be some mistake, as he did not recollect having the honour of sending him an invitation. "What is the name?" said the other, very drawlingly, at the same time affecting to feel in his waistcoat-pocket for a card. "Johnson," replied the gentleman. "Jauhnsen?" said Brummel, "Oh! I remember now, the name was Thauson (Thompson); and Jauhnsen and Thauson, Thauson and Jauhnsen, you know, are so much the same kind of thing."

Brummel was once asked how much a year he thought would be required to keep a single man in clothes. "Why, with tolerable economy," said he, "it might be done for eight hundred pounds."

He once went down to a gentleman's house in the country, without having been asked to do so. He was given to understand, the next morning, that his absence would be more agreeable, and he took his departure. Some one having heard of his discomfiture, asked him how he liked the accommodation there. He replied coolly, that "it was a very decent house to spend a single night in."

We have mentioned that this dreaded arbiter of modes had threatened that he would put the Prince Regent out of fashion. Alas for the peace of the British monarch, this was not an idle boast? His dangerous rival resolved, in the unfathomable recesses of a mind capable of such things, to commence and to carry on a war whose terror and grandeur should astound society, to administer to audacious royalty a lesson which should never be forgotten, and finally to retire, when retire he must, with mementoes of his tremendous power around him, and with the mightiest of the earth at his feet. With rapid and decisive energy, he concentrated all his powers for instantaneous action. He retired for a day to the seclusion of solitude, to summon and to spur the energies of the most self-reliant mind in Europe, as the lion draws back to gather courage for the leap. As, like the lion, he drew back, so, like the lion, did he spring forward upon his prey. At a ball given by the Duchess of Devonshire, when the whole assembly were conversing upon his supposed disgrace, and insulting by their malevolence one whom they had disgusted by their adulation, Brummel suddenly stood in the midst of them. Could it be indeed Brummel? Could it be mortal who thus appeared with such an encincture of radiant glory about his neck? Every eye was upon him, fixed in stupid admiration: every tongue, as it slowly recovered from its speechless paralysis, faltered forth, "What a cravat!" What a cravat indeed! Hundreds that had, a moment before, exulted in unwonted freedom, bowed before it with the homage of servile adoration. What a cravat! There it stood; there was no doubting its entity, no believing it an illusion. There it stood, smooth and stiff, yet light and almost transparent; delicate as the music of Ariel, yet firm as the spirit of Regulus; bending with the grace of Apollo's locks, yet erect, with the majesty of the Olympian Jove: without a wrinkle, without an indentation. What a cravat! The Regent "saw and shook;" and uttering a faint gurgle from beneath the wadded bag which surrounded his royal thorax, he was heard to whisper with dismay, "Dash him! what a cravat!" The triumph was complete.

It is stated, upon what authority we know not, that his Royal Highness, after passing a sleepless night in vain conjectures, despatched at an early hour one of his privy councillors to Brummel, offering *carte blanche* if he would disclose the secret of that mysterious cravat. But the "*atrox animus Calonis*" disdained the bribe. He preferred being supplicated to being bought by kings. "Go," said he to the messenger, with the spirit of Marius mantling in his veins—"Go, tell *your* master that you have seen *his* master."

When at length, yielding to that strong necessity which no man can control, Brummel was obliged, like Napoleon, to abdicate, the mystery of that mighty cravat was unfolded. There was found, after his departure to Calais, written on a sheet of paper upon his table, the following epigram of scorn: "STARCH IS THE MAN." The cravat of Brummel was merely—starched! Henceforth, for years, starch was introduced into every cravat in Europe.

This famous beau died at Caen, in France, where he had been consul. For the last few years of his life he had been *farmed out* by a few of his quondam fellow-dandies—or, in plainer language, a subscription was raised among his friends, and eighty pounds a year was given to an innkeeper at Caen to provide him with the necessaries of life. He is described by those who knew him to have been the best-made man of his day, and in the style of dress then prevalent (white top-boots and buckskin small clothes) his fine proportions showed to great advantage. He was gifted with the readiest wit, and in coolness and ease of manner, even in the presence of royalty, he was imitable. He died as he lived—a lover of the table—but expressed to the last a bitter disgust at the heartlessness of society.

The Editor to His Readers.

THE commencement of a Third Volume presents a fitting occasion to again address my very good friends, the readers of the *ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE*.

It is my constant endeavour to render this Magazine a worthy organ of our great and important Association, and to do all that lies in my power to oblige as many readers as the space at my command will allow. It will cause no surprise, however, when I say that I am not always entirely successful. A single instance of non-success will suffice to show in what a difficult position I am sometimes placed. A letter from Mr. Quigley, the worthy C.S. of the Dublin District, lies before me, in which he complains of a notice of an anniversary being omitted and of another being reduced in length, while at the same time three pages are devoted to the doings of our London brethren. Now, if Mr. Quigley, and those readers who may have been placed in a similar position, will just consider for a moment, the injustice of such a complaint will be immediately manifest. The Dublin District consists of seven Lodges, two of which are situated beyond the boundaries of the city, and, contain fewer than 400 members; while within the Metropolitan Districts there are 150 Lodges with certainly not less than 16,000 members—one Lodge alone, the *Duchess of Kent*, near Cavendish-square, containing—according to the last returns—as many members, within about 50, as the whole of the Dublin Lodges. If, therefore, a report of a single Dublin anniversary occupies eight lines of space, a similar report of a London meeting ought, if we are to judge by numbers, to fill four pages; and yet only three pages are devoted to the whole of the London anniversaries and presentations. My friends should remember, also, how often it happens that their reports arrive late in the quarter, when the bulk of the Magazine is in type and printed; and that to devote a page to any single anniversary must necessarily cause the omission of one or more similar notices. Nor need I remind my readers that the principles of Odd-Fellowship teach us to rejoice in the success of our brethren no less than in our own prosperity. It is my desire that *all* anniversaries and presentations should be recorded in these pages; but, in order to accomplish that object, brevity should be strictly observed. Although a column or two of a local newspaper may be well and profitably employed in reporting an anniversary, and so disseminating the principles of Odd-Fellowship, a similar employment of space in this Magazine is clearly impossible. Let me only possess the earnest co-operation of my readers, and success must be achieved.

Again, some one or two correspondents complain of their letters sometimes remaining unanswered; but when I tell them that I reply, on an average, to

300 letters every quarter, on all manner of subjects connected with Odd-Fellowship, they will easily find excuse for me, if one or two have been mislaid and forgotten.

What is necessary, in order to fully accomplish the design of this Magazine, is that all its readers should endeavour to strengthen my hands rather than to encumber them: to increase its circulation and consequent usefulness, rather than make complaints and angry remonstrances: to determine that no personal matter shall be allowed to interfere with the full and free distribution of useful intelligence: to do all in their power to advance the interests of the Manchester Unity, and to consider this the proper organ through which that advance may be best advocated. A glance at the pages of this present number will show that I, at least, am earnest in the cause; and I have only to request of my readers all the assistance they can, consistently with their own occupations, afford to render; begging them also to recollect that the prosperity of the Unity does not depend on an increase of members in this or that particular locality, but on the general progress which it should be the business of every good Odd-Fellow to encourage to the best of his means and ability.

Just another sentence. The *facts* which it is important to promulgate are not always contained in speeches and addresses, however eloquent, but most frequently lie in those few lines of *figures* which tell of increase in members and funds, and general attention to Lodge business. Take Mr. Hardwick's lectures as a test. In them history and anecdote are subordinate to the dry figures, about which there can be no cavil or misunderstanding.

Beaumont Square, London, E.,
January 1st, 1861.

The Press and Friendly Societies.

(From the *Friendly Society's Journal* for December.)

THE power of the Press increases. The machinery which was first used as the means for multiplying works of amusement and fiction, is now applied to those of education and instruction. The broad-sheet flies daily in all directions through the land, and the citizen in London, as well as his brother passing through Dublin, are equally informed of what is doing in the wide world. Shall a despotic ruler, though master of half-a-million bayonets, affright us, and disturb the peace of other nations? No; he shall be criticised by the public Press, his secret ambition discovered, and nefarious plans laid bare before us all: he shall yield to that public opinion which condemns his acts; and, whilst abandoning his designs, shall apologise, through that same public press, for the violence done.

Shall the cry of an oppressed people be smothered? No; the wail shall be

heard in every remote hamlet of the civilized world, where the spirit of liberty is cherished, and the tyrant shall hear the people's protest by their public guardian, and the sufferers receive our passive condolence, which shall swell into active sympathy if occasion needs it.

Shall politicians play fast and loose with the best interests of the nation, and talk of the growing intelligence of the masses only to practically ignore such matters, and always keep the busy working bees in a state of semi-bondage? No; they must make their appeal to the public through the columns of the press.

Then it comes to this, that the vigorous combative spirit of Britons must be turned in another direction; instead of fighting, it must be mentally employed in self-education and conquering difficulties, and, at the same time, the mainly strength of our race must be maintained by drilling as volunteers.

Ten years since who would have dreamt that a great Earl should hospitably entertain 14,000 volunteers? Ten years since who would have believed that a noble and learned lord should appear at a Glasgow Social Congress to talk to working men, and that they should make a grand ovation in his honour, as the modern champion of release from intellectual thralldom. Ten years since would a man have been considered sane had he prophesied that a merchant prince should give to Liverpool a free library, and that working men should gratefully present him with a testimonial; and that the public Press should report these things? Its power, we repeat, increases, and for good.

Yet much remains to be done with the Press as regards those Societies whose interests we represent. Frequent remarks have been lately made that the London daily and weekly Press attends to the excursions, anniversaries, and other events of the Odd-Fellows, Foresters, &c. This is what should be; but who would have expected it two or three years since? The assemblies at the Crystal Palace first compelled the writers in London newspapers to take notice of these Societies; and we hear it openly stated that the publicity given to the Manchester Unity of Odd-Fellows is principally owing to the exertions and influence of Mr. G. F. Pardon, the editor of their Magazine. Here is an instance of what every man may do, strive in his own way to do all the good he can for his Order; and in doing so it is plain he does not so much benefit himself as society, by spreading abroad the great principles of philanthropy and self-dependence. We are glad to find the Press of the Imperial City is really alive to its own interests in this matter. The humblest member of a village club knows how the little annual "affair" he takes part in is duly recorded in the local paper. But the intelligence ceases to interest the public if carried abroad from the little village. Not so with the affiliated Orders, for, being one huge partnership, an Odd-Fellow in Paisley, as one partner, reads with pleasure what has been doing at Brighton by his brothers, some of the other partners. This can only be effected by the public Press, for it is idle to talk of a class paper.* Odd-Fellows' Chronicles and Foresters' Miscellanies have had their day, and returned to dust. The quarterly organs of those Societies are of a different and better character, and well deserve the support of the members, for the reason that there must always be some accredited medium in the Societies to proclaim the truth, if the *Times*, and such like specimens of literature, are against us. More than this, we venture to say, the general public would rather know something of Friendly Societies, than read an interesting account of a child burnt to death, a drunken gentleman fined 5s., or the defeat of some

* I cannot agree with this remark. Friendly Societies, as well as the Railway Interest, the Total Abstinence Movement, &c., should be possessed of a well-conducted public mouthpiece. The *Weekly Chronicle*, an old-established newspaper, has determined to devote several columns to Friendly Society intelligence. Members of the several Orders should support that paper.—G. F. P.

noted eleven at cricket. And we must correct a great mistake made by the managers of some of our contemporaries, who suppose a notice is an indirect advertisement of a Society. A Society gains nothing financially by the notice. It may rapidly increase in numbers, but not one member pockets a farthing by way of profit. Here, then, is the distinction between such intelligence and a trade advertisement. An Assurance Company wants profit to pay its directors and build large offices; a Friendly Society is simply and inexpensively managed by working men for mutual benefit. We confess that if we had room we would, in reporting the opening of any Lodge, give in full its table of payments and benefits, and the names and addresses of its officers, noting at the same time any peculiarities in the rules adopted. We would do the same for every Society. We will tell our brethren of the Press the reason why. We want all working men to be warned against joining any Society which has stamped on its brow, "A rotten scheme," or is managed by persons with suspicious names, for we are tired of the eternal twaddle about Friendly Societies being a puzzle, and of finding all the members branded as rogues, because here and there there may be some persons who will persist in travelling in the old path of error. The surest way to have sound Friendly Societies is to give them all publicity, and let the chaff be winnowed from the wheat by correspondents in the Press. Who can measure the good done by the exposure at the Thames Police Court of the "United Kingdom" jobbing, made public by the press? What the influence of the press is, let us note from the fact that a Christian priest prosecutes his fellow-creatures for singing a hymn in a churchyard, but when the Press speaks out, he wisely thinks better of it, and consents that the conviction shall be quashed. Its power, we say, increases daily; and, moreover, who can say into what minute details it shall not enter as the chief guardian of the public good?

"It is a power," as we remember to have heard Wm. Fox, of Oldham, say, "which all men know, and all in some degree reverence; a power of which all feel the vengeance, all covet something of its sheltering protection—something of its approving voice. No country can be otherwise than free, noble, and prosperous, so long as it has a free and truthful Press."



The Volunteer Movement and Friendly Societies.

MANY enthusiastic correspondents desire that some pages may be devoted to an account of the great modern national movement, with some comparison of what was done "when George the Third was King." The subject has been somewhat overdone in other periodicals: nevertheless we shall be happy to offer some curious and useful information in an early number, that our readers may properly appreciate the necessity and value of Britain's volunteer forces. For the present we shall only touch upon a few prominent points. It must be gratifying to know that whilst others are talking of what they intend to attempt, the Manchester Unity men have been *doing*. We are credibly assured that in all quarters our Society has not been behindhand in the movement; but that everywhere there is a goodly sprinkling of Odd-Fellows in nearly every volunteer regiment. We need not vaunt, but go on as we have done; and we hope soon to get, not only an exact return of the number of Odd-Fellow volunteers, but also to have the satisfaction of telling our readers that

every member who has the time and means has joined the movement. Indeed it would be an admirable plan for Lodge secretaries to furnish the necessary information to their District officers, who would doubtless put the figures into shape, and send them to C. S. Ratcliffe. Only think how much it would redound to the credit of the Unity, if Grand Master Buck could publicly state at the Bolton A.M.C. on Whit-Monday, that among the enrolled corps there were 15,000 Odd-Fellows, or about 5 per cent. of the Order. The timid fear of "secret societies," still prevalent in the higher circles, would presently vanish, and our Members would be looked upon as good conservers of the constitution, as in truth they are. We regret to perceive that, through the ill-advised proceedings of some Friendly Society Members, the reputation of our Order has been, to a certain small extent, endangered; and we must take care to put ourselves right in the matter. At the same time, there must be no double dealing on the part of the Government, nor any exceptional concessions to other Societies. From the first stage of the Volunteer movement, the powers that be have set their faces against class combinations. The Manchester Unity has not desired to question this resolution of the authorities, which was doubtless dictated by good policy, but very properly submitted to it. Our Members will do well to go on as they have begun; let every one select the corps he may think it best to join, convenient to his home, and let him stick closely to his duty—earnestly, but modestly, as a true volunteer should. In a little time it is quite probable that in each locality Odd-Fellows may agree to meet for battalion drill, or a march-out on the occasion of fêtes or celebrations, and it cannot be supposed that any superior officer who understands us will hesitate to take the command. It must be no political assemblage, but such a fraternal gathering as takes place among old schoolmates resolved to be happy together. As to our Members wearing some distinctive mark, the question is hardly ripe for discussion. They may have to wait some years, but the time must come when they will be allowed the privilege. A very slight badge would answer the purpose, if it was generally adopted by Odd-Fellows of the Manchester Unity. A narrow strip of scarlet ribbon, worn round the left arm, or a distinctive facing on the tunic, would be sufficient. It is not true that there is any such mark at present in use anywhere in the country, though we have heard it has been attempted. The War-Office has a stereotyped answer for all applicants—"the regulations of the service do not allow the formation of Volunteer corps composed of members of secret societies." In the face of this, it is rather strange that some officers commanding in the metropolitan districts sent a letter to the newspapers to the effect, that having observed numerous schemes had been published purporting to be Volunteer Friendly Societies, they declined to promise their support to any Society for the present. "A general scheme for Great Britain, under the patronage of the Secretary of State for War, is under consideration, which the public and the volunteers will be invited to join." This may mean anything or nothing. Now there is nothing to prevent fifty Odd-Fellows joining *en masse*, to form a company of an established corps (as our members did at Cheltenham, for example), and calling themselves the Odd-Fellows' Company. No one can question their right to do so. About the phrase, "Secret Societies," there is evidently some misconception. The Secret Societies' Acts of 1796 and 1799 were directed against unlawful political confederacies, not Friendly Society combinations. The Freemasons were exempted from the provisions of the Acts for the reason that their Lodge meetings "have been in great measure devoted to charitable purposes." For a similar reason the certified Friendly Societies are also exempted by the Act of 1855. The Manchester Unity of Odd-Fellows is not, therefore, a Secret Society in the sense implied by the

War-Office circular. However, if the Freemasons have the same answer given them, we cannot complain. At present a Freemasons' corps has not been heard of. But what is this general scheme spoken of? Under whose consideration is it? We shall be glad to know something about it.

The Lodge Room.

ANNIVERSARIES, PRESENTATIONS, &c.

BANNINGHAM.—A Harvest Home was, under Odd-Fellows' principles, celebrated at the Crown Inn, Banningham, on Tuesday, September 25th, where an excellent dinner was served up by Host Elden. P. G. James Watson presided, and Secretary Philip Elden in the vice-chair. A bountiful tea was provided for the women and children, and the party, over one hundred in number, enjoyed a very pleasant evening, being enlivened by the Tuddenham sax-horn band, and Mr. Rush's comic singing. Dancing was kept up with great spirit till an early hour, when the company returned to their homes, having spent a most pleasant and convivial evening. Last year, Lord Albemarle, our opponent, attempted a Harvest Home on a gigantic scale, but it proved a failure, and ended in drunkenness and disturbance. The plan of Odd-Fellows' Harvest Homes might be advantageously followed in many agricultural districts.

BELFAST, IRELAND.—On Friday, Nov. 30, the annual *soirée* and ball in connection with the Belfast District took place in the Victoria Hall, which was handsomely decorated for the occasion with evergreens, flags, and banners bearing appropriate mottoes. The attendance was large and respectable, and the *réunion* altogether was of a happy and an agreeable character. After tea, Mr. Samuel Acheson, Prov. Grand Master, was called to the chair. The usual loyal toasts having been given, the chairman proposed "The Lord Lieutenant and Prosperity to Ireland." Mr. Henry, in a few appropriate remarks, responded to the toast. The Chairman then proposed "The Independent Order of Odd-Fellows." Mr. J. Downing, C.S. of the District, in an effective speech, responded. He entered into a history of the Society, stating its objects, and quoting statistics to show its present state of prosperity. He concluded by giving a lucid description of the Order, and a detailed account of the operations of the Society in the different parts of the world. "The Ladies" and "The Press" were also given and duly responded to. The proceedings were greatly enlivened by several songs, which were rendered with taste and effect.

BIRMINGHAM.—Testimonial to G.M. Buck.—On Monday, Dec. 10, our worthy Grand Master was presented with a valuable testimonial. A card of admission to the dinner was forwarded to the Editor, who regrets he was unable to attend. The presentation took place at the Odd Fellows' Hall, Temple-street, but at the time of this sheet going to press we were not furnished with particulars.

BRADFORD DISTRICT.—ESSAY ON ODD-FELLOWSHIP.—P.G. James Hillan, of the Loyal Sovereign Lodge, has written a very interesting essay on the rise, progress, and present condition of the Manchester Unity of Odd-Fellows. We

regret that the pressure on our space will not allow us to insert it entire; but, though a building cannot be estimated by a specimen brick, the nature of our friend's essay may be seen by a short extract. "Odd-Fellowship," he says, "plants its roots in almost all parts of our sea-girt isle, and throws its branches to the distant homes of civilization in America, India, and Australia, without distinction or difference of kindred, race, or creed. It extends its brawny arms to hard-handed industry, and receives with open embrace men of all traits and turns of mind, both the gay and the grave, the young and the old, the literary and the unlettered, the professor of science and the man of skill, the philosopher and the poet; and whatever shade of political opinion may distinguish each from each, whatever religious persuasions may actuate them, these peculiarities are modified, and thereby become united. Faith is the polar star of Odd-Fellowship, which illuminates our paths by its benign rays, cheers the weary traveller on his journey through the vicissitudes of life to the wished-for haven, and smooths and guides the rugged and uneven paths of his weary pilgrimage to heaven."

BRIGHTON.—The members of the Beulah Lodge held their anniversary at the Odd-Fellows' Hall, on Wednesday evening, October 31st. The celebration comprised a dinner and convivial meeting. The viands, which were of the first quality, were supplied by P.P.G.M. John Nunn, and gave the highest satisfaction. P.G.M. William Hill presided, D.P.G.M. Palmer being in the vice-chair; these gentlemen being supported by P.C.S. James Curtis, Surgeon D. Richards, P.P.G.M. Thomas Aucock, P.P.G.M. Lockyer, &c., &c. One hundred and four guests sat down to dinner; and, after the repast was concluded, the usual loyal toasts were given. A pleasant evening was spent, the proceedings being enlivened by the strains of the splendid brass band of the Railway. On the toast of the "Beulah Lodge" being proposed, the Secretary, P.G. John Newcombe, stated that during the six years the Lodge had occupied the Odd-Fellows' Hall it had increased its members to 194, and in the same time it had increased its funds from £181 0s. 2d. to £502 11s. 9½d. It had also paid out £582 19s. 3d. for sickness, and at the present time was more prosperous and healthy than at any period of its existence. The toast of the "Odd-Fellows' Hall" produced a spirited response from P.P.G.M. Nunn, who spoke of its great value as a place of meeting, and the efforts which had been made to render the building worthy its name. It had been raised without taxing any one a fraction. The income derived from it was gradually and surely clearing it from debt; and, in a few years hence, it would be solely the property of the Lodges meeting under its roof. The meeting was brought to a close with votes of thanks to the chair and vice-chair, after spending a truly successful and pleasant Odd-Fellows' Anniversary.

BURY ST. EDMUNDS.—On Monday, September 24th, the Members of the West Suffolk Social Design Lodge celebrated their 20th anniversary. The Brethren attended Divine Service at St. Mary's Church, where a very excellent and appropriate discourse was preached by the Rev. J. Richardson, Incumbent, from Romans xiv. 7—"No man liveth to himself." At the close of the service, a large number of the Members proceeded to the Abbey Grounds, kindly thrown open by N. S. Hodson, Esq., where various amusements were indulged in (principally dancing to the music of the Militia band), until the hour fixed for the dinner. This took place in the Corn Exchange, the use of which was granted by the Town Council. The excellent repast was served by host Brother Baker, of the Castle. The Mayor of Bury (G. P. Clay, Esq.) presided, and was supported by J. A. Hardcastle, Esq., M.P., Rev. J. Richardson, G. Creed, Esq., T. Collins, Esq., J. Kilner, Esq., T. Bridgman, Esq., and a number of the principal tradesmen of the town. The vice-chair

was occupied by Brother Freeman, in the unavoidable absence of Brother Banvard, the C.S. of the District. The usual loyal and patriotic toasts were duly given and responded to; when, in reply to the toast of the evening, Brother Copeland stated that the Lodge now numbered 298 Members, and the Sick Pay during the year had amounted to £181 19s. 8d., or about 5½ days per man per year. They had been rather unfortunate in deaths, four Members having gone to that "bourne whence no traveller returns." Still, on the whole, it had been a prosperous year. Their excess of income over expenditure had been much more than in any year since they had existed as a benefit society, viz., £239 0s. 4d., being £41 5s. above that of last year. The Lodge had now an accumulated capital of £2,340, giving a saving of more than £100 a-year during the time they had been in existence. They had been going on prosperously for the last 20 years, but he trusted that before another anniversary they would have the pleasure of initiating many more into the mysteries of Odd-Fellowship.

CRYSTAL PALACE DEMONSTRATION.—The last meeting of the Committee took place at the Black Bull, Upper Thames-street, on Wednesday evening, December 12, when the Auditors' Report was read and the final settlement made. The excursion on the 7th of August last, resulted in a gross profit of £281 3s. 11d., which sum was divided *pro rata* between the North and South London and Fimlico Districts. Complimentary votes of thanks were passed to the Chairman and Vice-Chairman, the Treasurer, the Auditors, the Deputations, the Crystal Palace Company, and the Press. The success achieved will, it is to be hoped, prove an incentive to redoubled exertions during the present year.

FENTON.—The Members of the Alfred Lodge celebrated their anniversary on Monday, November 12th. Early in the morning the Members met at the Lodge-room, and, headed by the brass band of the Stoke Rifle Volunteers, moved in procession through the principal parts of the town and neighbourhood. After dinner R. S. Skerratt, Esq., Chief Bailiff of Fenton, was called to the chair, supported by P. Prov. G. M. Thos. Hulse, Chief Bailiff of Longton; and P. G. Geo. Garnham, superintendent of police, Longton. A number of loyal and other toasts were given, and responded to, interspersed with songs and recitations. The Lodge is in a very prosperous state, having saved upwards of £200 during the last five years.

GLOSSOP.—On the evening of Wednesday, Oct. 10, Mr. Hardwick, P.G.M., delivered a lecture on "Friendly Societies; their present position and social importance: with an exposition of financial laws necessary to ensure their future stability." The lecture was illustrated by diagrams showing the average amounts of sickness at various periods of life, and also the rates of mortality. It was given in a very lucid manner, by one who was evidently thoroughly master of the subject. Mr. Harrop, P.P.G.M., occupied the chair, and briefly opened the meeting. [Mr. Hardwick has, during the last six months, been labouring hard in the cause of Friendly Societies, and too much praise cannot be awarded him for his untiring exertions. He has, on an average, delivered five lectures a month.—Ed.]

GUERNSEY.—In June last, the members and friends of the Lodges in this island gave a fête for the benefit of the Widow and Orphan and Distress Funds, in a spacious field belonging to Mr. De Jersey. The grounds were tastefully decorated with a profusion of flags, and presented a very gay appearance. At the appointed hour for opening the gates to the public, the road was thronged with persons who were anxious to join in the various sports. Great praise is due to P.P.G.M. Nicholas J. Bott, for the efficient manner in which he has acquitted himself of the arduous duties entrusted to him by the

committee. The unbroken harmony which prevailed among the thousand persons who thronged the grounds was not the least admirable feature. The proceedings began and ended with the utmost decorum.

HANLEY.—The Members of the St. Andrew's Lodge celebrated their 25th anniversary on Monday, November 12th, when about 36 sat down to an excellent dinner. On the removal of the cloth, P.G. Thomas Platt was called to the chair, and P. Prov. G. M. Brain officiated as vice. A number of toasts and sentiments were proposed and duly honoured, interspersed with songs, recitations, &c. The Lodge seems to be in a very satisfactory condition; the number of its Members is 40, and the funds, which are steadily increasing every year, amount to £300.

HUDDERSFIELD.—The Wellington Lodge held its 45th anniversary on Monday, July 30, at the Wellington Inn; P.P.G.M. Schofield in the chair, and Br. Garrett in the vice-chair. This Lodge is in a prosperous condition, as proved by the statements then given—the annual balance-sheet showing the funds to be more than £7 per member.

IPSWICH.—The Members of the Loyal Orwell Lodge celebrated the commencement of their 18th year on Monday, Nov. 19. About 80 sat down to a very excellent dinner. The chair was taken by W. Elliston, Esq., surgeon to the Lodge, supported by Messrs. H. Luff, J. Gilbert, M. E. Kindred, R. A. Cook, J. Bloomfield, and others; and the vice-chair by Mr. John Crispin, C.S. of the district. The Lodge now numbers 360 members; and from the commencement to the present time they have expended for Sick Gifts, £2,360 10s.; Funerals, £602; Gratuities to charitable purposes, £100; Medical aid to Members, £752 19s.; total, £3,815 9s. And they now have a Reserve Fund, invested at good interest upon good security, of £4,521 16s., being upwards of £12 10s. per Member.

ISLE OF WIGHT.—The members and friends of the Earl of Yarborough Lodge celebrated their sixteenth anniversary at Carisbrooke Castle, on Tuesday, July 17. About 200 dined in the old banqueting-room of this noble historical ruin. The chair was occupied by J. Pumock, Esq., and many excellent speeches and songs were spoken and sung during the evening.

LEEDS.—On Saturday evening, October 6th, 1860, it was unanimously agreed by the officers and a few of the members of the Earl Grey Lodge, that the long-tried and faithful services of their Treasurer, P.P.G.M. Robert Dean, were highly deserving of a tribute of the estimation in which he is held by his Lodge. A committee was at once appointed to carry out the object in view, and it was decided that the offering should be a spontaneous one, thus giving every member an opportunity of contributing. At the close of their labours they felt proud that the amount collected would enable them to present Mr. Dean with his portrait. The presentation took place after a tea-meeting of the members, their wives and sweethearts. P.G. David Armitage presided, and called upon P.G. Stephen Greyson and P.G. George Bentley to present the testimonial, P.G. John Robinson to read the address (which is written on vellum and inclosed in a neat gilt frame, and P.G. Samuel Thackray to present the same. Mr. Dean acknowledged the testimonial in a highly appropriate speech. The portrait is in oil of the kit-kat size, well executed by Mr. William Ruthmell, of Leeds. On a shield at the bottom of the frame (elaborate gilt frame) is the following inscription:—"Presented to P.P.G.M. Robert Dean by the members of the Earl Grey Lodge of Odd-Fellows, M.U., held at the Red Lion Inn, Woodhouse Moor, Leeds, in acknowledgment of his faithful services as Treasurer of the above Lodge, during a period of twenty years. 10th November, 1860." After the presentation, a very pleasant and convivial evening was spent.

LEICESTER.—This town and District is now reaping the benefit of the Annual Moveable Committee of 1859. Most of the Resident Lodge are initiating many young and respectable men as Subscribing Members, besides Honorary Members. Several members of the Town Council have lately joined. On August 6th, the Rev. William Barber, Vicar of St. John's, was initiated in the Heart of Oak Lodge. On August 13th, the Rev. David Vaughan, Vicar of St. Martin's, Leicester, joined the Lily of the Valley Lodge; and on the following Lodge Night of the St. Martin's Lodge paid a guinea and became an Honorary Member of that Lodge also. On Tuesday, September 11th, the Rev. John Waltham Fletcher, Chaplain of the Leicester County Jail, was initiated in the Lord Brougham Lodge, on which occasion the Members were honoured with visitors from nearly every Lodge in the town, and several from the country. On each of the above events, the rev. gentlemen expressed themselves highly pleased with the Order, assuring the Members that they had entered under the impression that it was their duty to do so, thereby giving countenance and support to such a noble institution; and that they should at all times be most happy to assist them in every possible manner.

LINCOLN.—**OPENING A NEW LODGE.**—A new Lodge, under the title of the *Loyal Napier Lodge*, was opened on Tuesday evening, July 31st, at the house of Mr. James Rayner, the Sloop Inn, Newland, Lincoln, when twenty highly respectable persons were initiated. Among them were—Charles Ward, Esq. (the Worshipful the Mayor), Charles Seely, Esq. (of Brook House, Isle of Wight, and Heighington Hall, Lincolnshire, High Sheriff of Hants), George Hartley, Esq., J. M. Smith, Esq., John Hartley, Esq., and Edward Hartley, Esq. The election of officers was then proceeded with: P.G. George Kent, of the City Lodge, was chosen N.G., P.V. Smithson V.G., and Thomas East Secretary.—The event was celebrated by a supper, which was attended by about seventy persons; the Mayor of Lincoln in the chair, and J. Medcalf Smith, Esq., in the vice-chair.

LUTON.—**ODD-FELLOWS' AND FORESTERS' DEMONSTRATION.**—On Wednesday, July 27th, a grand united demonstration of the Odd-Fellows' and Foresters' took place at Luton, Bedfordshire. About 600 members, in full regalia, formed in procession, and marched through the principal streets of the town, and thence to a field, kindly lent for the occasion by a benevolent gentleman of Luton, where a sumptuous dinner was awaiting them, under a booth nearly 200 feet in length. Reuben Ginn, Esq., P.P.G.M., of St. Ives, took the chair; and Wm. Medland, Esq., of Dunstable, occupied the vice-chair. The chairman was supported by a number of gentlemen of Luton, Dunstable, St. Albans, Leighton Buzzard, Bedford, and other places.

MACCOLESFIELD.—The most numerous gathering of the Wakes Week was the large tea-party held in October, in the Maccolesfield Sunday School, under the auspices of the Manchester Unity, of which in this town there are seven Lodges, containing nearly 400 members, the majority of which are in a very flourishing condition. In one instance, however,—that of the St. George's Lodge—the members have for some time laboured under the pressure of unusual demands (some of them of long standing) upon the funds, consequent upon a large amount of sickness and other causes. Though a deficiency in the funds of any Lodge entitles such Lodge to assistance from the general Order, in this instance the united executive resolved upon submitting the case of the Lodge of St. George to the sympathy of the public, and resolved upon holding a tea-meeting, which should be thrown open to public patronage. The plan answered their expectation, and by the proceeds of the gathering, together with several liberal donations received from gentlemen unable to give their personal presence to the undertaking, a sum will be handed over to the

over-burthened Lodge sufficient to place it in a state equal with other Lodges in the town. The large room of the Macclesfield Sunday School was filled to overflowing, and several of the class-rooms were converted into tea-drinking saloons. The room having been re-arranged, after the tea-drinking, preparations were made for the other portion of the evening's proceedings. The Mayor, the Rev. C. O'N. Pratt, the Rev. T. Sutton, J. Cooke, Esq., J. Firth, Esq., C. Hardwick, Esq., Mrs. Ainsworth, R. Harlow, and G. Tipping were on the platform. The band of the Macclesfield Volunteers gave their services on the occasion, and a glee party from the same corps, accompanied on the piano by Br. Massey, sang a selection of favourite pieces, in one of which, "Where art thou, beam of light?" they were justly rewarded with an encore. The Mayor occupied the chair, and opened the proceedings by adverting to the beneficial results that had followed the establishment of Friendly Societies.—Mr. Hardwick, P.G.M., commenced the lecture that had been announced. He spoke for nearly an hour and a half, and imparted much valuable information on the very important subject of Friendly Societies, supporting his arguments by statistical tables and calculations, that our space will not allow to detail. The lecture was delivered in Mr. Hardwick's usual argumentative, lucid, and eloquent manner, and was listened to throughout with marked attention.—Various vocal and instrumental performances followed.—Mr. Hardwick moved a vote of thanks to his Worship for his kindness in presiding over the meeting, which the Mayor briskly acknowledged, and the proceedings terminated with the National Anthem.

MARKET DEEPIING.—On Wednesday evening, Oct. 24, the Members of the Good Samaritan, and other Lodges of this District, assembled at the Black Horse Inn, to present a testimonial to Mr. John A. Wyles, P.P.G.M. P.C.S. Strickson opened the proceedings by remarking that they had met for the purpose of presenting a testimonial to P.P.G.M. Wyles in acknowledgment of many years' services rendered by him to the Lodge and District. Br. James Kelly, Esq., one of the Lodge Surgeons, then rose and said, he had been deputed to perform a pleasant duty, that of offering a small tribute of respect to a Member, and one who was most justly entitled to it. P.P.G.M. Wyles was one of the first to assist in forming the Lodge, and had always been ready to defend it when any attack had been made upon it. He had been an excellent officer, and had always rendered all the assistance in his power to promote its welfare, and indeed, to him alone was due the credit of managing the financial part of the Society's affairs. He then, in a few appropriate words, presented the testimonial, which consisted of an elegant skeleton clock, bearing the following inscription:—"Presented to P.P.G.M. Wyles, by the Members of the Good Samaritan Lodge, M.U., Market Deeping District, in acknowledgment of many years' eminent services as acting trustee and treasurer, Oct. 24, 1860." The clock was supplied by Past Secretary Stanton, the cost being £18 5s. 6d. Mr. Wyles acknowledged the presentation in a speech of much feeling. The interesting meeting was enlivened by some excellent vocal and instrumental music.

NANTWICH.—On Thursday, September the 6th, the members of the Loyal Poor Man's Friend Lodge celebrated their anniversary with a dinner and procession, and with an unusual degree of splendour. For this occasion the magnificent silver regalia belonging to the Liverpool District was engaged. The procession, headed by the Nantwich brass band, paraded through the principal streets of the town, which were lined on each side by an eager public. On returning from church, where an excellent sermon was preached by the Rector, the Rev. A. F. Chater, the members dined together at the Lodge house. Dinner service having been removed, and grace said by the Rector, the Rev.

A. F. Chater, P.P.G.M. Thomas Pierce took the chair, and P.P.G.M. George Lewis the vice-chair. The Chairman was supported on the right by Dr. W. G. Bower, W. G. Minge, Esq., C. Bower, Esq., and Br. Robinson; on the left by the Rev. A. F. Chater, M.A., N.G. Wm. Church, Mr. John Morris, and other influential gentlemen and members. In answer to "The Manchester Unity," P.P.G.M. Thomas Pierce gave an account of the funds and the present condition of the Unity. G.M. Thomas Lovatt proposed, and C.S. Thomas Jones acknowledged the toast of "Nantwich District and Widow and Orphans' Fund." V.G. A. Fillerga proposed "Prosperity to the Loyal Poor Man's Friend Lodge."—In reply, P.P.G.M. George Walke stated that during the last year ten members had been initiated, whose average ages were not 22; that the contributions during the same period were £127; the amount paid for sick being £62 2s. 4d., which left a clear balance of £64 19s. 8d. The amount of funds were £980 2s. 10d., independent of the share of the Widow and Orphans' Fund of the District, which was not less than £120, making a total of £1,050 2s. 10d.; and that the number of members was 125.—Other toasts followed, and a most pleasant evening was spent by the brethren.

NEWPORT, MONMOUTHSHIRE.—The members and friends of the Temple of Peace Lodge celebrated their anniversary at the Town-Hall on Wednesday, August 22nd. Charles Lyne, Esq., R.N., presided; the vice-chair being occupied by E. Wells, Esq. The Lodge has 273 members, of whom 11 are honorary; with a capital of £2,444—the increase during its past financial year being £273.

NEWTON HEATH.—On Saturday, November 3rd, the members of the Rock of Truth Lodge celebrated their anniversary. About eighty members and friends attended. After dinner the chair was taken by P.G.M. Wm. Ogden, supported by P.D.G.M. Thomas Collier and P.C.S. Ashton Ashton. The chairman having opened the proceedings, P.P.G.M. James Shepherd gave an interesting account of the rise and progress of the Lodge, the establishment of the Widow and Orphans' Fund in connection with the District, and the good effected by the relief of distressed widows and orphans of deceased members.

NORTH LONDON DISTRICT.—On Monday evening, September 17th, the members and friends of the Great Western Lodge presented R. Smith, P.G., with a very handsome silver medal, "as a mark of respect for his energetic services" in the interest of the Lodge.

NORTH LONDON DISTRICT.—The Members of the Hope of Finsbury Lodge celebrated their sixteenth anniversary at the Bald-faced Stag, Buckhurst-hill, on Tuesday, September 18th. The unfavourable state of the weather prevented so large an assemblage as could have been wished; but a most pleasant evening was spent by the brethren and friends. The Lodge consists of fifty-two Members, with a surplus capital of £720, or nearly £14 per Member.

NORTH LONDON DISTRICT.—The members of the Napier Lodge celebrated their 14th anniversary at their new Lodge-house, the Block Tavern, Ashley Crescent, City-road, on the 18th of September, P.P.G.M. Filsell in the chair, and P.G. John Jones in the vice-chair. The Lodge is in a very prosperous condition, both as to numbers and funds. P.G. Pardon acknowledged the toast of the G.M. and Board of Directors, and the evening was enlivened by some excellent glee-singing under the direction of P.G. Thomas Harris, leader of the Bow and Bromley Glee Club.

NORTH LONDON DISTRICT.—The anniversary of the Amicable Lodge was held on the 11th of September. About fifty members sat down to a substantial repast. P.G. Slade officiated as chairman in a satisfactory manner. The Secretary, Mr. Steel, said that during the past year the Lodge had received for the Sick and Funeral Fund £157; had paid in funeral levies £22, and

£107 for sick allowances: that the increase in funds was £28 since their last anniversary. P.G.M. Roe gave a pleasing account of the progress of the Unity.

NORTH LONDON DISTRICT.—The members of the Duke of Sussex Lodge met on Tuesday evening, Nov. 21, at the Lodge-house, King's Arms, Mayfair, at a supper, and to make a presentation to an old and meritorious officer. P.P.G.M. Stocker presided, and after the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, "Prosperity to the Manchester Unity of Odd-Fellows" was cordially given, and responded to by Br. G.M. Jones, of Pimlico. The chairman then addressed the meeting upon the importance of the occasion which had called them together, and, presenting a handsome silver teapot and goblet to P.G. Henry Jones, requested his acceptance of them, and dilated upon his excellent services. Both presents bore the inscription, "Presented by the Duke of Sussex Lodge, M.U., as a mark of respect to P.G. Henry Jones, and appreciation of valuable services rendered to the Lodge as Secretary for twenty years past; Nov. 20, 1860." They had been purchased by the voluntary contributions of the members. Mr. Jones returned thanks, and said it afforded him heartfelt pleasure to know that the Sick and Funeral, and Widow and Orphans' Funds, had not been touched to buy them. The Lodge was in a highly prosperous state.

NORTH LONDON DISTRICT.—The Countess of Darlington Lodge celebrated its 17th anniversary at a dinner at Anderton's Hotel, Fleet-street, on Monday October 15th; P.G. Vaughan taking the chair, and P.G. Rogers the vice-chair. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, Mr. G. F. Pardon returned thanks for the M.U. and Board of Directors. Prov. D.G.M. Harris responded on behalf of the North London District, which, he said, consisted of 8,000 Members, with £55,000 capital, averaging £7 per Member. The chairman then presented to P.G. Parncutt, the late secretary, a testimonial, consisting of a gold watch and chain, bought by 152 Members of the Countess of Darlington Lodge, in recognition of his valuable services during ten years of office, and as a token of esteem for his zeal on all occasions. Mr. Parncutt returned thanks in a few brief but touching words. Other toasts followed, including "The Press," and the meeting retired after spending a pleasant evening.

NORTH LONDON DISTRICT.—The Members of the Craven Lodge celebrated their 19th anniversary by a dinner at Rye House, Herts, on Monday, August 27th, when about 100 Brethren and friends assembled. P. G. Melbourne in the chair. In giving the toast of the evening, the chairman stated that 19 years since the Craven Lodge was opened with 11 Members, eight of whom, were now living and Members of the Lodge; four of them had never been on the funds. Since the opening, 433 Members had joined, of whom 192 had left; 156 by clearances and other causes, and 36 by death. There were now 241 on the books, averaging 34 years of age. The total amount of Sick and Funeral money paid for the 36 that have died was £1,161 14s., averaging near £32 6s. each; the average length of time they belonged to the Lodge was 9 years and 2 months each, and they left 25 Widows and 36 Children, of whom 10 took the bonus; 2 have died, and 2 married; leaving now on the funds 11 Widows, 10 Children, and 3 parentless. This time last year the Lodge consisted of 231 Members, with a fund of £960 12s. 1½d.; during the year, 29 Members have joined; 2 have died, and 17 left by other causes, leaving an addition of 10 Members. The funds now amount to £1,100 0s. 3½d., being a net gain during the year of £139 8s. 2d.; the funds averaging about £5 per Member. The Secretary said he was of opinion the Lodge was in a very good position. There had been a steady increase of Members and funds from the commencement to the present time.

NORTH WOOLWICH.—**PRIDE OF ESSEX LODGE, STEPNEY DISTRICT.**—At the

half-yearly committee of the above Lodge, held on Monday, June 18th, 1860, a handsome silver watch was presented to P.P.G.M. W. A. Hunt, as a mark of respect for his valuable services as secretary for the past seven years.

NORWICH.—On Wednesday, September 19th, a very large party assembled at the Crown and Angel Inn, St. Stephen's, for the purpose of making a presentation to Mr. S. Clarke, Provincial Grand Master of the Norwich District. The dinner, which seemed to give complete satisfaction, having been disposed of, the Chairman, Captain E. Bellairs, of Mulbarton, who was supported by the district officers and many gentlemen of the city and county, gave the usual loyal and patriotic toasts. "The Manchester Unity and the Norwich District" having been duly responded to, Mr. Daynes rose to make the presentation to Mr. Clarke, and in doing so, justly eulogized the energy he had displayed in advocating the claims of the Order, and the industry with which he had fulfilled the duties of the offices he had held. Then, addressing Mr. Clarke in suitable terms, he presented him with a handsome purse containing fifty guineas, with a richly ornamented gold medallion, bearing an appropriate inscription; and he concluded by proposing "Health and Happiness to the Grand Master." Mr. Clarke briefly expressed his gratitude for the kindness he had always received at the hands of his brother Members, and his thanks for the handsome gift he had then received. Other toasts followed.

PIMLICO.—The members and friends of the several Lodges in this District got up a fête at Cremorne Gardens on Tuesday, August 28th, in aid of the Widow and Orphan and Distress Funds. Although a large number of tickets were sold, the unpropitious state of the weather prevented a large attendance. We have not been informed as to the monetary result of the fête.

STEPNEY DISTRICT.—This district was visited on Monday evening, Dec. 10th, by the North London officers and various members of different Lodges, when a full meeting of Members assembled at the Star of the East Lodge, Mile-end. In the course of the proceedings, David Love, Prov. C. S., said that in January, 1859, the District had £12,027 in hand on the sick and funeral fund; and during the year the receipts were:—Contributions, £1,905; entrance fees, £70; interest, £321—and the payments, sick allowance, £1,014; and funeral levies, £270, making a net interest of £1,012; and the capital of the District, at the beginning of 1860, £13,089, with 1,594 Members, whose average age was thirty-three years. They had since been making sure progress, and he had no doubt this year's return (soon to be prepared) would gratify all the Members. Prov. G. M. Rough proposed the "Stepney District," which was well received. Pro. Deputy G. M. Harris spoke in behalf of the Widow and Orphan Funds, which was proposed by P. G. Squires, of the Star in the East Lodge. Various other speeches and toasts followed. "The Press" was proposed by the Secretary, and responded to by the Editor of the Magazine.

TWYCKESBURY.—On the evening of September 10th the members of the Loyal White Rose Lodge presented their Honorary Secretary, J. M. Wall, with a handsome patent silver lever watch, bearing the following inscription:—"Presented by the brothers of the L.W.R.L.I.O. of O.F.M.U., 4,416, Twyckesbury, to Br. J. M. Wall, for his valuable services as Hon. Sec., Sep. 10th, 1860.

TENBRIDGE.—On the 8th of August, F. D. Goldsmid, Esq., of Somer Hill (son of the late Baron Goldsmid, the millionaire), was initiated an honorary member of the Town of Tenbridge Lodge.

WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.—May, the 24th, the anniversary of Her Majesty's birthday was selected by the brethren of the different Lodges in Wellington as the most appropriate day on which to open their new Hall. It will be a day long remembered in New Zealand. Twelve months previously, Colonel Thomas Gore Browne, Her Majesty's representative in these islands,

laid the first stone, and on this day the representatives of the Church, the State, the Law, and the Press, were present to inaugurate the completion of the structure. Of course there was a grand banquet, after the good old English fashion, at which there was much hearty speech-making and jovial music, and at which more than 300 persons assisted. The Hall is mainly constructed of wood, the principal exceptions being that the ceilings are plastered, and the roofs covered with galvanized iron. The total cost is about £2,500. The whole of the work has been executed in Wellington, by Wellington artists.

WOOLWICH DISTRICT.—The officers of the North London District visited Woolwich on Friday Dec. 8, the large room of the Crown and Anchor Hotel, High-street, being engaged for the occasion. After the usual business, the visitors were entertained with an account of the progress of the district, which, with nine Lodges, now has 1,460 Members, and more than £5,000 saved capital. The G.M. of the Woolwich District said it must be pleasing to all to hear this statement, and agreed with the D.G.M. that to further spread the usefulness of the Order new branches should be opened; there could not be too many provident men.

AGGREGATE MEETING OF LONDON MEMBERS.

THE officers of the South London, Pimlico, Stepney, Woolwich, and Waltham Abbey Districts visited the North London District Lodges, at the Eagle Tavern, City-road, on Monday evening, Dec. 17. There were some 700 Members of the Order present, including a considerable number of the Royal Artillery and Engineers from the Woolwich garrison, most of them non-commissioned officers. Several Members of both the visiting and visited Lodges appeared in Volunteer uniforms; Prov. G.M. Rough presided. The usual tributes to royalty having been paid in the healths of Her Majesty, the Prince Consort, and the Royal Family, Mr. G. F. Pardon, editor of the *Odd-Fellows' Magazine*, gave "The Army, Navy, and Volunteers," availing himself of the opportunity to point out that the Odd-Fellows were not of those secret societies in respect to which some jealousy was entertained by the authorities against their enrolment as Volunteers. They were simply a benefit society whose proceedings were open to the press and to the world, and he suggested the advisability of forming an Odd-Fellows' Volunteer Corps. Mr. Hughes, sergeant of the Royal Artillery; the vice-chairman, Prov. D.G.M. Harris; and a Brother, who stated that he had served in the Navy during the first Chinese war, responded for the three services respectively.—In responding to the toast "The Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows," coupled with the Widows and Orphan's Fund, the P.G.M. Roe entered at length into a detail of the principles upon which the Order is based, and the advantages it confers upon its Members. He moved the following resolution:—"That Friendly Societies are calculated to promote the best interests and comfort of the industrial classes, and inducing as they do habits of prudence and self-dependence, are entitled to the sympathy and support of every person who wishes well to his fellow-men." C.S. Burgess, a Director of the Unity, seconded the resolution, and called especial attention to the progress made by the Society since 1846, when the separation of the management fund from the sick and funeral funds had introduced greater economy and established its solvency on a still firmer basis. The resolution was carried by acclamation. Other toasts and addresses germane to the occasion followed. The statistical position of the

District at the commencement of the present year was reported as follows :—

| | No. of Members. | Average Age. | Sick and Funeral Funds. |
|--------------------|--------------------|--------------------|----------------------------|
| North London | 7,611 | 34 years 7 months | £50,241 10 3 |
| South London | 4,130 | 35 years 10 months | 29,476 4 11 |
| Pimlico | 1,628 | 35 years | 5,277 9 3 |
| Stepney..... | 1,594 | 33 years 1 month | 13,309 18 3 |
| Woolwich..... | 1,340 | 32 years 5 months | 4,402 19 9 |
| Waltham Abbey ... | 727 | 35 years | 4,200 0 0 |

Total.....17,030 (£6 5s. per member) £106,638 2 5

Mean average age, 34 years 6 months.

Obituary.

On October 12th, 1859, at Madras, India, William J. Ostell, a contributor to this Magazine, in the 33rd year of his age. Mr. Ostell was a literary man in the highest sense of the term, for whatever he wrote was written *con amore*. He left London, in January last, to take an important official post on the *Madras Gazette*. He had scarcely got well into harness, when he was attacked by fever, so fatal to Europeans, and, after about three weeks' suffering, sunk under it and died. As one of his dearest friends, the Editor can scarcely trust himself to speak of his great merits. His loss is deeply deplored by his family and a large circle of admirers. Mr. Ostell was comparatively unknown to the public, but in what is called the literary world he was universally recognised as a rising man. In all relations of life he was true and faithful, and by the readers of this Magazine his last contribution—"Left till called for at Cairo," inserted in the October number—will be evidence, but perhaps not the best, of his skill and talent as a writer. His *memento mori* remains in the hearts of those who were near and dear to him.

P.P.G.M. Joseph Scrivener died at Nuneaton on the 8th of July, 1860, aged 45. He belonged to the Howard Lodge, and, out of respect, forty of his brethren preceded him in procession on the 12th of July, 1860, to the grave. This brother had been on the funds for nearly ten months, and the Lodge had, on the 26th of the previous month, presented him with an appropriate address and £5. He was presented with a watch and guard about twelve years ago, for his services.

Died on the 7th of November, 1860, and buried on the following Sunday in Willesden Cemetery, P.G. Sartain, of the Craven Lodge, aged 58 years. His funeral was attended by many Brethren of the Order, the service being very impressively read over the grave by P.G. Hatfield, Secretary of the Lodge. The late P.G. Sartain was one of the few members initiated on the opening of the Lodge in 1841, and the third of that number who has died; the remaining seven are still Members of the Lodge.

On the 19th of August, 1860, Charles Armstrong, Corresponding Secretary of the Bradford District, aged 49, greatly respected by all the members of his Lodge and the District. His remains were followed to the grave by a large number of brethren and friends.

Brother M. Sandle, of the Amicable Lodge, North London District, who was accidentally killed on the 23rd of October, 1860, while in the performance of his duty as foreman in the employment of Messrs. Chaplin and Horne, railway agents. His remains were followed to the grave in Finchley Cemetery by friends and brethren to the number of upwards of two hundred, an address being read by the D.G.M. of the District.



yours truly
Bryant Allen

THE
ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1861.

Bryant Allen, P.P.G.M.

PERHAPS there is no task more grateful or more difficult than endeavouring to sketch the history of a personal friend. It has been, however, the custom to make our Unity acquainted with a general outline of the principal incidents in the lives of those who have been considered worthy of having their portraits grace our MAGAZINE. Mr. Allen having been selected by the Shrewsbury A.M.C., from amongst twenty-nine candidates for that honour—receiving the highest number of votes—we have now the pleasure of presenting a very brief sketch of his career.

Born of respectable parents, in the parish of St. Clement, in the city of Norwich, on the 23rd of October, 1806, he, at an early age, obtained a presentation to the Blue Coat, or Hospital School, an excellent foundation school in that city.

Upon quitting school he became apprenticed to Mr. Hitchen, a member of the Society of Friends, carrying on a large business as a dyer in Norwich. At the expiration of his apprenticeship his master gave him the freedom of his native city; a proof that he had been a faithful apprentice. Upon becoming an elector he immediately became a supporter of the Liberal party, and has remained steadfast to these views, taking an active part in the many contests which have gained for Norwich a wide-spread notoriety. Very early in life Mr. Allen became a member of a local benefit society. A misunderstanding arose; the difficulty was solved in the usual manner—by the breaking up of the club and the division of the funds. Mr. Allen, with many of the younger members, immediately attached themselves to the Manchester Unity;—the subject of our remarks being admitted a member of the "Amicable Lodge" on the 17th of January, 1842, the Lodge having only been opened by the Norwich District on the 30th August, 1841. It will be seen that Mr. Allen's career as an Odd-Fellow dates almost from the commencement of his own Lodge, to which he has rendered most important services from the first, taking an active part in its management. In order to protect the funds, he successfully

advocated a proposition that no sum exceeding twenty shillings should be voted by way of gift without the sanction of a summoned Lodge.

His next step was to urge the necessity of passing a rule, calling upon every Member to clear himself on the Lodge Books on the last night of each sitting; this became the law, and has proved admirable in practice. Arrears which, under the old system, had amounted to £50 or £60, are now reduced to as many shillings. Mr. Allen, at a later period, undertook the difficult task of establishing a Superannuated Fund; and, after a struggle extending over four years, he succeeded in inducing the Members of his Lodge to increase the contributions from 5d. to 6d. per week for that purpose; the practical result is that the Members of his Lodge will cease to pay contributions at the age of sixty, as the equivalent for the increased rate of 1d. per week contribution.


Mr. Allen has been thrice Noble Grand of his Lodge. For fifteen years he has held the office of Sick Steward, and as a Trustee for many years he has been the chief instrument in investing the Funds of his Lodge at a higher rate of interest than is received by any other Lodge in the District—£2,000 being invested at rates averaging more than 4½ per cent.

In 1847, Mr. Allen was elected D.G.M. of the Norwich District; in 1848, he succeeded to the office of Prov. G.M., and was also appointed to represent the District, in conjunction with Mr. Kitton and Mr. Daynes, at the Southampton A.M.C. He has subsequently attended the A.M.C.'s held at London, Durham, Lincoln, Norwich, Swansea, Leicester, and Shrewsbury.

Mr. Allen has for many years been indefatigable in his attendance at the meetings of the country Lodges in the Norwich District, of which there are at this time 42 situated nearly 50 miles apart, some being as far distant as 30 miles from Norwich. Doubtless this devotedness has won for him the golden opinion of those who have thus benefitted by his counsels.

At the last annual meeting, Mr. Allen was, for the second time, elected D.G.M. of the Norwich District; and, since the Shrewsbury A.M.C., his friends determined to present him with his Portrait, in oil, which has been completed by Mr. Sands, a very eminent artist, and will be presented on the 9th April, at a complimentary dinner—the Sheriff of Norwich having consented to preside on the occasion.

Mr. Allen has for many years carried on a highly respectable business as a dyer in Norwich, and has brought up a numerous family in the most creditable manner. Those who know him best, earnestly hope he may long be spared to continue a life of usefulness amongst his brother Odd-Fellows, and that those best of graces, "Health, Peace, and Competence," will be attendants on his affairs, dance round his home, and strew his path with flowers."



Friendly Societies' Statute Law.

THE following is an enumeration of the various Acts of Parliament passed for the regulation of or affecting Friendly Societies, with the dates when they came into operation. The progressive numbers are prefixed for convenience of reference:—

| | | | | | |
|--------|-------------------|-----|---------|-----------|---------------|
| 1 ... | 33 Geo. 3, c. 54 | ... | ... | ... | 21 June, 1793 |
| 2 ... | 35 " 111 | ... | ... | ... | 26 June, 1795 |
| 3 ... | 36 " 58 | ... | ... | (Ireland) | 1796 |
| 4 ... | 43 " 111 | ... | ... | ... | 27 July, 1803 |
| 5 ... | 49 " 58 | ... | ... | ... | 3 June, 1809 |
| 6 ... | 49 " 125 | ... | ... | ... | 20 June, 1809 |
| 7 ... | 59 " 128 | ... | ... | ... | 12 July, 1819 |
| 8 ... | 6 Geo. 4, c. 74 | ... | Sec. 11 | ... | 27 June, 1825 |
| 9 ... | 9 " 92 | ... | Sec. 28 | ... | 28 July, 1828 |
| 10 ... | 10 " 56 | ... | ... | ... | 19 June, 1829 |
| 11 ... | 2 Will. 4, c. 37 | ... | ... | ... | 23 May, 1832 |
| 12 ... | 4 & 5 " 40 | ... | ... | ... | 30 July, 1834 |
| 13 ... | 3 & 4 Vic., c. 73 | ... | ... | ... | 7 Aug., 1840 |
| 14 ... | 9 & 10 " 27 | ... | ... | ... | 3 July, 1846 |
| 15 ... | 13 & 14 " 115 | ... | ... | ... | 15 Aug., 1850 |
| 16 ... | 15 & 16 " 65 | ... | ... | ... | 30 June, 1852 |
| 17 ... | 16 & 17 " 34 | ... | Sec. 49 | ... | 28 June, 1853 |
| 18 ... | 16 & 17 " 123 | ... | ... | ... | 20 Aug., 1853 |
| 19 ... | 17 & 18 " 50 | ... | ... | ... | 24 July, 1854 |
| 20 ... | 17 & 18 " 101 | ... | ... | ... | 10 Aug., 1854 |
| 21 ... | 17 & 18 " 105 | ... | Sec. 44 | ... | 11 Aug., 1854 |
| 22 ... | 18 & 19 " 35 | ... | ... | ... | 26 June, 1855 |
| 23 ... | 18 & 19 " 63 | ... | ... | ... | 1 Aug., 1855 |
| 24 ... | 21 & 22 " 90 | ... | Sec. 36 | ... | 2 Aug., 1858 |
| 25 ... | 21 & 22 " 101 | ... | ... | ... | 2 Aug., 1858 |
| 26 ... | 22 & 23 " 40 | ... | Sec. 23 | ... | 13 Aug., 1859 |
| 27 ... | 23 & 24 " 13 | ... | Sec. 1 | ... | 31 Mar., 1860 |
| 28 ... | 23 & 24 " 58 | ... | ... | ... | 6 Aug., 1860 |

By No. 28 it is provided that Nos. 23, 25, and 28 shall be construed as one Act, and may be cited together for all purposes as the Friendly Societies' Acts.

Section 9 of the principal Act—No. 23—makes it lawful for any number of persons to form and establish a Friendly Society, for the purpose of raising, by voluntary subscriptions of the members, with or without the aid of donations, a fund for any of the following objects:—

1. For insuring a sum of money to be paid on the birth of a member's child, or on the death of a member, or for the funeral expenses of the wife or child of a member.

2. For the relief or maintenance of the members, their husbands, wives, children, brothers or sisters, nephews or nieces, in old age, sickness, or widowhood, or the endowment of members, or nominees of members, at any age.

3. For any purpose which shall be authorised by one of Her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, or in Scotland by the Lord Advocate, as a purpose to which the powers or facilities of this Act ought to be extended.

Provided that no member shall subscribe or contract for an annuity exceeding £30 per annum, or on any other contingency exceeding £200.

If such persons intending to form and establish a society transmit rules to the Registrar, and obtain his certificate that the same are in conformity to law, the society is deemed to be fully formed and established.

Sec. 25 provides that the persons intending to establish a society shall agree upon and frame a set of rules for the regulation, government, and management of the society, which rules shall set forth:—

1. The name of the society and place of meeting for business.
2. The whole of the objects of the society, the purposes for which the funds shall be applicable, and the conditions under which any member may become entitled to any benefit assured, and the fines and forfeitures to be imposed on any member.
3. The manner of making, altering, amending, and rescinding rules.
4. A provision for the appointment and removal of a general committee of management, of a trustee or trustees, treasurer, and other officers.
5. A provision for the investment of the funds, and for an annual or periodical audit of accounts.
6. The manner in which disputes between the Society and any of its members, or any person claiming by or through any member, or under the rules, shall be settled.

Two printed or written copies of the rules, signed by three of the intended members and the Secretary or other officer, are required to be sent to the Registrar; one he returns to the Society and the other he keeps. An actuary's certificate is also required from any Society providing benefits by way of annuity or superannuation.

Registrar for England—John Tidd Pratt Esq., 19 Old Jewry, London, E.C.

Registrar for Scotland—A. Carnegie Ritchie, Esq., 10 Albany-street, Edinburgh.

Registrar for Ireland—Edward Lysaght Griffin, Esq., Dublin.

AFTER a glance at the above list of Friendly Society Acts, our readers may readily surmise that the Societies, like other things, must have suffered from over-nursing. We shall have occasion to touch upon this subject by-and-by; but, for the present, merely offer a running sketch of the several Acts, to show the variety of schemes offered for Friendly Society encouragement, and confusion.

No. 1 recited "that the protection and encouragement of Friendly Societies in this kingdom for securing, by voluntary subscriptions of the members thereof, separate funds for the mutual relief and maintenance of the members in sickness, old age, and infirmity, is likely to be attended with very beneficial effects, by promoting the happiness of individuals, and at the same time diminishing the public burthens;" and provided that any number of persons might form themselves into Societies of GOOD FELLOWSHIP for raising, by subscriptions and voluntary contributions, a stock or fund for the mutual relief and maintenance of all and every the members thereof in old age, sickness, and infirmity, or for the relief of widows and children of deceased members. It can cause no surprise that the Act contains a clause evincing the jealousy of those who had the charge of the poor against any infringement of the grand old question of "settlement," which has cost parishes nearly as much in law as they have spent in relieving the helpless and houseless wanderer; yet the Legislature resolved to confer a sort of privilege on those who should join Societies, and accordingly declared that a member of any Society under the Act, inhabiting or residing in any place, and not having a legal settlement

there, and producing a certificate of membership, should not be removable to the place of last legal settlement under the Poor-law until he should become actually chargeable to the place in which he resided, or should be forced to ask relief for himself or family. This of itself shows that it was supposed the members would consist of the humbler classes; and further on, a very doubtful compliment was paid them by a clause which enacts, that every child born a bastard during the mother's residence in any place under the authority of the Act should be deemed to have the same settlement which the mother had at the time of the birth.

In No. 2 the preamble shows that the benefit of the first Act was considered worth obtaining by the higher classes; for it is recited that "several benevolent and charitable institutions and societies are formed in this kingdom for the purposes of relieving, by voluntary subscriptions and benefactions, widows, orphans, and families of the clergy and others in distressed circumstances, and such institutions have, or may have, funds which they may wish to place out in public securities, under the management of the treasurer; and in order to give stability to such institutions, it is necessary that their property should be secured under the authority of Parliament." This was to be effected by such societies having their rules approved under the first Act.

No. 3 is an Act of the Irish Parliament, before the Union, for the regulation of societies in that country in a manner similar to those of Great Britain.

No. 4 was passed for the express purpose of enabling societies to rectify mistakes made in the registry of their rules—a proof that attention had been seriously awakened to the importance of legislation.

No. 5 was passed simply to render more effectual No. 3.

No. 6 recited that great advantage had been derived as well to the public as to individuals by the establishment of societies under former Acts, and that it was expedient to make further provision for the attainment of the good purposes intended thereby. Power was given to enforce the rules of societies, and levy for arrears of contributions by orders of justices.

No. 7 recites that "the habitual reliance of poor persons upon parochial relief rather than upon their own industry tends to the moral deterioration of the people, and to the accumulation of heavy burdens upon parishes; and it is desirable, with a view as well to the reduction of the assessments made for the relief of the poor as to the improvement of the habits of the people, that encouragement should be afforded to persons desirous of making provisions for themselves or their families out of the fruits of their own industry; and by the contributions of the savings of many persons to one common fund the most effectual provision may be made for the casualties effecting all the contributors." The rules and tables of societies were to be submitted to general quarter sessions, and were to be such as had "been approved by two persons, at the least, known to be professional actuaries, or persons skilled in calculation, as fit and proper according to the most correct calculation of which the nature of the case will admit;" and were "to provide by contributions, on the principle of mutual insurance," for the purposes defined by previous Acts, "or any other natural state or contingency whereof the occurrence is susceptible of calculation by way of average." Trustees were to be appointed; and

By the next Act, No. 8, the powers of the Court of Chancery were extended to control them and the funds and property in their possession.

No. 9 particularly related to savings banks. Societies were authorised to invest their surplus funds in those institutions, but not to an amount exceeding £200.

No. 10 recites, that it is expedient to amend the laws relating to Friendly

Societies, and to consolidate the same into one Act, and to make other provisions for them. The rules of societies were to declare the purposes for which they were established, which were to be submitted to the barrister for savings banks for his certificate that they were in conformity to law and to the provisions of that Act, and were to be deposited with the Clerk of the Peace. The death money was to be under £20. The Act also expressed in plain terms that it was desirable for the better security of societies that correct calculations of tables of payments and allowances dependent on the duration of sickness and the probabilities of human life should be constructed for their assistance, and the then existing data (it is stated) had been found imperfect and insufficient. To effect this object, it was provided that to December, 1835, quinquennial returns should be sent from each Society of the rate of sickness and mortality experienced; and those returns were to be transmitted to a Secretary of State and laid before Parliament.

No. 11 states that many societies existing and enrolled before the passing of the last Act had not conformed to the provisions therein contained, and the time was extended for them to do so, to Michaelmas, 1834.

No. 12 repealed the principal part of No. 10, which it recited it was expedient to alter and amend, and also that it was expedient to extend the object or purpose for which a society might be established; and societies were permitted to provide for the mutual relief and maintenance of the members thereof, their wives, children, relations, or nominees, in sickness, infancy, advanced age, widowhood, or any other natural state or contingency whereof the occurrence was susceptible of calculation by way of average, or for any other purpose which was not illegal. Separate accounts were to be kept, and for the first time, the business correspondence of societies was to be postage free.

No. 13 related principally to exemption from stamp duties, but its provisions were not to extend to societies where the sum assured to be paid exceeded £200, nor were such societies to invest their moneys in savings banks or with the National Debt Commissioners.

No. 14 states that doubts had been entertained for what purposes a society might be established, and it was expedient that such purposes should be better defined. It was, therefore, provided that societies might be established for any of the following purposes:—

For the lawful insurance of money to be paid on the death of the members to their husbands, wives, or children, kindred or nominees, or for defraying the expenses of the burial of the members, the husbands, wives, or children, provided that no person under the age of six should be allowed to become a member of such society, and that no insurance should be effected on the life of any child under six years. For the relief, maintenance, or endowment of the members, their husbands, wives, children, kindred, or nominees in infancy, old age, sickness, widowhood, or any other natural state to which the probability might be calculated by way of average. Towards making good any loss sustained by the members by fire, flood, or shipwreck, or by any contingency of which the probability might be calculated by way of average whereby they should have sustained any loss or damage of their live or dead stock, or goods or stock in trade, or of the tools or implements of their trade or calling. For the frugal investment of the savings of the members, for better enabling them to purchase food, firing, clothes, or other necessities, or the tools or implements of their trade or calling, or to provide for the education of their children or kindred, with or without the assistance of charitable donations. The shares were not to be transferable, and the investments were to accumulate for the benefit of the members investing, or the husbands, wives, children, or kindred of such members. For any other purpose which should be certified to be legal

and allowed by one of her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State. The amount of the sum or value of the benefit to be received was not to exceed £200. As to arrears of contributions, the second section of the Act provided that members should be allowed to withdraw on giving written notice and on payment of all arrears due. Quinquennial returns were to be sent in to the Registrar, and £5 penalty was imposed for default. An important part of this Act was the provision that the "Secret Societies' Act" should not extend to Friendly Societies duly established, or the meetings thereof; and rules for benefits depending on sickness and mortality were not to be certified unless the society adopted tables approved by the Actuary of the National Debt Office, or some person at least five years an actuary.

No. 15 was only to be in force for a limited period. It recited that it was expedient to amend the laws and to make further provision for the protection of the members against fraud and misapplication of their funds, and to consolidate the laws in one Act. Beyond the objects of Societies defined by previous Acts, permission was given to provide for the emigration of members. The Act was limited to Societies not assuring above £100, or an annuity of £30, or 20s. per week in sickness; this was the first time a limit was put upon the amount of sick pay to be secured. Societies without tables were to be called "Certified," and those with tables "Registered." Annuity tables were to be certified by an actuary. New provisions were made as to the investment of the funds, extending the description of property to be selected. For the first time annual returns were to be sent to the registrar, and, in default, the trustees were incapable of bringing any action. Fraud, or imposition on the funds, justices were to decide upon, award money, levy distress, and send the offender to prison.

No. 16 amended and extended the last, and afterwards No. 20 was passed for the same purpose.

No. 17 exempted the income of invested funds of Societies from any deduction on account of Income-tax.

No. 18 made further provisions as to the investments of the funds, by providing that they might be made with certain companies and on life policies.

No. 19 made provision for the investment of Society funds in savings' banks, without restriction as to the amount.

No. 21 provided that enrolment in the militia was not to cause forfeiture of any interest of a member in any Friendly or Benefit Society.

By No. 22 provision was made, entitling members of Societies to abatement of Income-tax on account of premiums paid or payable. This, however, ceased on the 6th of July, 1856.

No. 23 was shortly noticed in our last number as the principal Act regulating Friendly Societies, all previous Acts being repealed, except as to offences committed, &c., before the passing of this. By it the restriction on the amount of sick pay is repealed, and now members may receive any amount they can afford to subscribe for. The other main provisions of the scheme were shown before, but for convenience we now repeat them, and on a future occasion shall enter into the details of the administrative parts of the Act. All provident or other societies which effect insurances for more than £200 in one sum, or grant annuities for more than £30 per annum, are by this Act excluded from the regulations relating to Friendly Societies. Any society may be established, under certain conditions, for insuring sums of money to be paid on the birth of a member's child, or on the death of a member, or for the funeral expenses of his wife or child; for the relief of members or their relatives in case of sickness or old age; for the endowment of members or their relatives at any defined period; and for any other purpose which shall be

authorised by the Home Secretary, as being within the scope and intention of the statute. Soon after the Act came into operation, the Secretary of State for the Home Department exercised the power delegated to him, by increasing the number of benevolent or provident arrangements brought within the scope of the Act—as follows:—"First, for assisting members when they are compelled to travel in search of employment; second, for granting temporary relief to members in distressed circumstances; third, for the relief and maintenance of the members in case of lameness, blindness, or bodily hurt through accident; fourth, for the purchase of coals and other necessities to be supplied to the members; fifth, for assuring the members against loss by disease or death of cattle employed in trade or agriculture; and, sixth, for accumulating at interest, for the use of the members, any surplus fund remaining from their assurances."

No. 24 enacts that after the 1st of January, 1859, no person shall hold the post of medical officer to any society, unless he be registered under the Medical Practitioners' Act.

No. 25 became notorious as a piece of official meddling for a particular purpose, which gave one-fourth of the members of any society power to break it up, and contained provisions for suing any officer of societies instead of the trustees.

No. 26 and No. 27 declare that a member shall not by reason of enrolment or service in the Reserve Volunteer Force of Seamen, or in any corps of Yeomanry or Volunteers, lose or forfeit his interest in any Friendly or Benefit Society.

No. 28 and the last, repealed No. 25, and made it necessary for five-eighths of the members of a society to agree in writing before the machinery can be put in motion to dissolve a society, and dissolutions are to be advertised in the *London Gazette*. The Act also contains powers for better enforcing the delivery of annual and quinquennial returns.

SMALL KINDNESSES.

Oh! do not wait for time or place,
Nor circumstance of swelling state;
The smallest kindness shows the trace
Of will to do the deed that's great.

High may your aspirations be,
Though they to Heaven's summit reach;
Yet you are not so great as he
Whose smaller acts a lesson teach.

Sweeter than melodies of birds—
More beautiful than angel's fair—
To the broken-heart are kindly words,
Which find an echo everywhere.

F. P. C.

Odd-Fellows all over the World.

IN our last we gave the comparative numbers of members in the two great orders—Odd-Fellows and Foresters. But the Odd-Fellows in our list was comprised entirely of members of our Manchester Unity. In analysing the various centres of population, the electoral boundaries of towns were adopted. Thus the town of Leeds we said contained 3,670 Odd-Fellows (M.U.), while the actual numbers returned for the district is 5,570. So also with other towns. This distinction of localities does not in the least alter the gross numbers that form the Unity, as will be seen by reference to the totals given at page 20. Since our last we have obtained some interesting information with regard to other orders of Odd-Fellows, but the statistics are still incomplete, some few societies refusing to furnish the figures necessary to our object. For instance, we are unable to give the numbers of the Salford Unity and the Nottingham Independent Order. There is, also, we understand, another Society of Odd-Fellows in the metropolis. We should be glad to receive any information on these subjects that it may begin the power of our readers to render. As it is, we can only publish the following:—

Ancient Noble Order of United Odd-Fellows, Bolton Unity.—This is a secession from the old Sheffield Union, and was established in 1832. The number of members in July, 1860, was 10,471, distributed in lodges in Lancashire, Yorkshire, Cheshire, and Durham. Capital not known. Entrance fee, 18 to 21, 2s. 6d. Benefits varying in each locality.

Grand United Order of Odd-Fellows.—Formerly the Sheffield Order. Instituted 12th September, 1837. Number of members, May, 1860, 48,328, in England, Wales, America, East and West Indies, and Australia. Entrance fee, 5s.; contributions, 4d. to 6d. weekly. Benefits—in sickness, 10s., 5s.; at death, £10; wife or widow, £6 to £10. Capital not known.

Improved Independent Order of Odd Fellows, London Unity.—176 lodges; nearly 10,000 members, in London, Essex, Kent, Cheshire, Derby, Gloucester, Leicester, Nottingham, Warwick, and Worcestershire. Entrance fee, at 18, 5s., rising in sickness to £1 at 45; contribution, 5d. weekly; benefits, 12s., 9s., and 6s.; £12 at death of member, £6 wife, and £5 widow. Capital not known.

National Independent Order of Odd-Fellows.—An offshoot of the Manchester Unity; established 1845. At the beginning of 1860 had 22,189 members, in Manchester and the neighbourhood. Capital not known. Benefits various.

The Sheffield Economical Independent Order of Odd-Fellows.—Established 1839. In January, 1860, composed of 9 lodges, 760 members (in Sheffield), having £3,438 capital. Benefits, 10s. during the first 26 weeks' sickness, 5s. per week afterwards; £10 at death of member, £5 member's wife. Entrance fee, to 30 years of age 5s., rising to £3 at age 40. Contributions, 4½d. weekly.

SUMMARY OF ODD-FELLOWS, APRIL, 1861.

| | | | | |
|---|-----|-----|-----|---------|
| Manchester Unity, Jan. 1861 | ... | ... | ... | 305,261 |
| Bolton Unity, July, 1860 | ... | ... | ... | 10,741 |
| Grand United Order, May, 1860 | ... | ... | ... | 48,328 |
| London Unity... | ... | ... | ... | 10,000 |
| National Order, Jan., 1860 | ... | ... | ... | 22,189 |
| Sheffield Order, Jan., 1860 | ... | ... | ... | 960 |
| Salford Unity and Nottingham Order (say) | ... | ... | ... | 5,000 |
| Total Odd-Fellows | ... | ... | ... | 402,279 |
| Total Foresters, Jan., 1861 | ... | ... | ... | 168,576 |
| Excess of Odd-Fellows according to latest returns | ... | ... | ... | 233,703 |

In 1859, the Manchester Unity added about 17,000 members to the Order; and we have it stated that the Foresters added about 12,000 to their numbers. If, then, we take this for a basis on which to calculate the increase in all the Orders, we may fairly assume that at the present moment there are in the world about 420,000 Odd-Fellows, of which number the Manchester Unity may claim 310,000. The calculation will then stand thus:—

| | | | | | |
|-----------------------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|---------------|
| Manchester Unity | ... | ... | ... | ... | 310,000 |
| Odd-Fellows of other Orders | ... | ... | ... | ... | 110,000 |
| | | | | | <hr/> 420,000 |
| Foresters | ... | ... | ... | ... | 172,000 |
| | | | | | <hr/> 248,000 |
| Majority of Odd-Fellows | ... | ... | ... | ... | 248,000 |

One fact must, however, never be forgotten—that it becomes all Friendly Societies to court publicity. Many friends of the working classes desire to procure reliable information of the progress of societies. Every society should be in a position to publish its gross numbers and *funds*; and if any society has been unfortunate, let its officers plainly say so. There is no harm, but the possibility of much good being done by making known the truth. A society which is ashamed to give, or will not publish the results of its experience, must not be surprised if it be unjustly suspected, its instability assumed, its officers set down as designing knaves, and its members as dupes.

Progress of Provident Habits amongst the People.

BY CHARLES HARDWICK, F.G.M.

WE Britons are a somewhat paradoxical and incongruous variety of the genus homo. Our egotism as a nation is absolutely sublime, from its frank and manly simplicity. The vanity of the French, and the bluster and bunkam of Cousin Jonathan, are peurile in comparison. A thorough-bred Briton honestly believes in, and therefore frankly asserts, the superiority of his countrymen, in each and every respect, over the entire human race located outside the boundary of his insular domain. And yet, singularly enough, in no other country in the world do the various classes of which society is composed so heartily abuse and denounce each other as they do in this our justly well-beloved island home. Of course, much of this mutual recrimination is a result and a portion of the legitimate price of the venerated bulwarks to our civil rights—freedom of speech, and the liberty of the press. And yet, startling as the paradox may appear at first sight, from these very conflicting elements, each mutually abusive and condemnatory, is fashioned a nationality imbued with a patriotism unparalleled in the history of the world. The members of John Bull's family immensely enjoy, amongst themselves, an occasional domestic *fracas*; but woe unto the unlucky foreign wight who, whatever may be his purpose or motive, presumes to intermeddle therein. Aristocratic John, when his temper is ruffled, may denounce his plebeian compatriot as an idle and refractory scapegrace; but he will launch forth the direst

anathemas against any intruding cosmopolitan who merely presumes to endorse his own opinion on such a subject.

If we were to believe a tithe of the flippant denunciation which has latterly been vomited forth from the throats of "respectable parties" against the operative portions of the British community, we should be compelled to conclude that we, as a nation, were hurrying on pell-mell to utter destruction. It is, however, a most excellent thing that Nature has ruled there should always be at least two sides to any given question. It is a very easy matter to "pick a hole" in anybody's coat, if such alone be the object, and not a desire to arrive at a knowledge of the entire truth with reference to the conduct or character of the party subjected to criticism. It is only a few days ago that a philanthropic gentleman was lamenting, in my presence, the utter failure of recent attempts to provide better house and lodging accommodation for the industrial classes in the metropolis. "They are incorrigible; they will have a deal of their own stubborn way; they cling to their old habits"—(by-the-bye, Englishmen are generally rather proud of boasting of this peculiarity)—"they, in fact, prefer to live in filthy, overcrowded hovels, fetid cellars, or dingy and dilapidated attics, to the occupancy of a clean, comfortable, well-drained, and well-ventilated house, although the rental in each case amounted to about the same sum." As the party referred to seemed to possess reliable information on the subject, even if it were only of a partial character, I felt somewhat sorry to hear of the at least partial miscarriage of one of the most praiseworthy efforts of practical benevolence of the present day. But I did not despair. I knew that every great advance in civilization, to be permanent, must be of gradual growth. The collapse of many grand schemes, by means of which mankind were to leap at one bound into some department of the great social Utopia, never disturbed my philosophy. My faith was shortly afterwards rewarded by a furtive glimpse at the "sunny side of the hedge" of this interesting social problem. The following paragraph in a newspaper seems to have been penned by an observer whose optic nerve had a stronger predilection for the brighter than the darker side of things mundane:—

"DWELLINGS FOR THE POOR.—Miss Burdett Coutts, a lady who is foremost in every benevolent undertaking, has erected in the metropolis a number of dwellings for the poor. These houses are large and convenient, while the rents are fixed at a sum which will yield 3 per cent. on the outlay. Up to the present time the results have been most satisfactory; the buildings are always tenanted, while the tenants are orderly in conduct and regular in payment of their rents."

The improvidence of the working population of Britain has latterly been so loudly asserted, that some of the best and sincerest friends of social advancement appear to have arrived at the melancholy conclusion, that just in proportion as the necessity for provident forethought arises amongst our population it ceases to be regarded; or, in other words, rich people are economical and saving in their habits, while poor people are just the reverse. An able writer in the *Leeds Mercury* says, "more in sorrow than in anger:"—"It is too true the working classes of England are not a saving people. * * * In these days, saving is such an exceptional thing among the working-classes that those who do save have no knowledge what to do with their money, and everybody is aware how much is lost through bad investments, through foolish loans, and through the still greater folly of becoming security for men of straw."

It appears to me that there is a trifling inconsistency in this statement. If the working classes of England are not relatively a saving people, where does the capital come from, that sustains the great losses referred to from bad in-

vestment, &c. ? And, again, is loss through bad investment, &c. a disease that exclusively attacks the saving portion of the operative population ? A very limited acquaintance with the contents of the official gazette, and the records of the courts of bankruptcy, aye, and some other courts, together with a cursory glance at the history of railway speculation, will scarcely induce the candid inquirer to answer the question in the affirmative. It is a singular fact, that such sentiments should be so ordinarily on the lips of really well meaning men, in this age of progression and social advancement. From whom have sprung the numerous manufacturing and mercantile class, that within the past three-quarters of a century has added so enormously to the wealth of this country, and the members of which now make their influence felt with singular potency in every department of social and political life ? Not from the aristocracy, certainly. This body, notwithstanding its respectability, has never been remarkable for provident habits. On the contrary, it has generally contributed its fair share towards the national per centage of spendthrifts and reckless livers. No, a large proportion of the enormous commercially acquired wealth of England is held by men who either were in their youth themselves working men, or whose immediate progenitors earned their bread by direct manual labour. But certain gentlemen, who find agreeable employment in depreciating nearly every self-sustained effort of the provident operative to improve his condition, have a very convenient method of absorbing into their own class all the provident working men, who by industry and forethought raise themselves to the position of capitalists. They, in their nomenclature, cease to be working men when they become pecuniarily respectable, and they reflect their virtues, not upon the class from which they sprung, but upon the class to the level of which they have risen. Most excellent, and most equitable logic, certainly ; yet it is a species of logic that is daily and hourly practically exhibited and believed in nevertheless. And this is not all ; nor is it the worst portion of this mendacious division of the classes of which modern society is composed. All the scapegraces, and idle good-for-nothings, who, after breaking the patrician or middle class parents' hearts, and lightening their purses by a long course of debauchery, folly, or crime, are expelled from their homes, and reduced to live on "their wits," are together with their offspring, legitimate or illegitimate, by this class of social statist quietly handed over to swell the ranks and tarnish the fair name of industrious provident men.

Not content with this amount of injustice, many social reformers and philanthropists, in their strictures on society, habitually include the entire criminal portion of the community amongst the operative classes. They obtain returns from prison chaplains, and other officials connected with the administration of the law, and then, filled with virtuous indignation, they soundly rate the working classes on their terrible immorality, and its enormous cost to the national purse. For my own part, I know of no social distinction of a more marked character, than that which separates honest industry from professional pilfering ; and if any section be entitled to the honour or otherwise of being set apart as a distinct class, it is that which comprises the rogues and vagabonds who infest and prey upon every other section. This class is by no means unimportant, with regard to numbers, or in point of expense to the community, as will appear from the following extract :—"There are in England and Wales 39,338 known thieves and depredators, of whom 5,928 are ascertained to be under 16 years of age ; 4,407 receivers of stolen goods, of whom 113 are under 16 years of age ; 30,780 fallen women, of whom 2,037 are under 16 years of age ; 37,688 suspected persons, of whom 5,248 are under 16 years of age ; and 23,353 vagrants, &c., of whom 5,446 are under 16 years of age ; thus exhibiting a total criminal population of no fewer than 135,766 recognised

persons, some of them stationary, some of migratory habits, but all at large and preying upon society. To this number must be added those legions who assume some nominal occupation, as a cloak under which to conceal illegal pursuits. It must be obvious that the prodigious number of what may be described as our criminal and vagrant classes levy the charge of their maintenance upon the community, and that, too, at double the amount it would cost were they subsisted in a less fashionable manner. To the cost of maintaining thieves, vagrants, &c., at liberty, must be added that of those in confinement, with the expenses of prosecutions, prisons, and police, together with other large items of expenditure which crime and its consequences impose upon the country, probably equal, in the aggregate amount, to no less a sum than £9,000,000 annually."

No doubt, the working classes have contributed a fair share to this Bohemian or outlawed section of society; but so likewise have their more respectable compeers of every class. But, in this instance as in many others, we surely may justly exclaim with Emerson, that "the multitude of sick shall not make us deny the existence of health."

Let us turn our eyes away for a moment from the sickly and crippled aspect of this social problem, and gaze upon its more healthy and stalwart development. In the early part of this century it was calculated that one in every seven persons in England and Wales was a pauper. Recently the rate was much less than one in twenty. The present Poor Law Act came into operation in 1834. During the previous twenty-two years the average annual expenditure upon the pauper population amounted to six and a-half millions sterling. Since that period, notwithstanding the large increase in the population of the country, the average annual expenditure has only amounted to five millions and a quarter; a very significant fact, and one well worthy of complete digestion by those who believed in the stagnant or retrograde instincts of the industrial population of Britain. I am aware much of this improvement will be attributed to the operation of the Poor Law Amendment Act, and perhaps with justice; but other potent influences have been at work as well as repressive legislation. During the period referred to, the people themselves by the establishment of Friendly and other Provident Societies, and by co-operative action in matters of commerce and domestic economy, have themselves largely contributed, and in the most healthy and permanent form, to their own social and physical advancement.

A large amount of provident effort on the part of the industrious classes is indicated by the relatively recent introduction and rapid extension of building and freehold land societies, and more especially by the gradually increasing popularity of savings banks. Mr. Arthur Scratchley, in his valuable treatise on this important subject, after separating the truly industrious section of the population from the idle and profligate on the one hand, and the rich and prosperous on the other, says,—“The members of this working class are the persons for whom savings banks were originated, and to whose requirements they are adapted; and their increasing providence may be measured by the fact of their having advanced their savings bank deposits from fourteen millions in 1828 to forty-one millions at the present time.” This sum includes the amount invested with the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt by Friendly Societies. This item forms, however, but a small portion of the accumulated capital of these institutions. It is difficult to arrive at even a satisfactory approximation to the truth with respect to the amount of accumulated capital possessed by Friendly Societies of every class, enrolled and unenrolled; but if the statement of Lord Beaumont in the House of Peers in 1850 is to be relied upon, it may be set down at the present time as not very

far from twenty millions sterling. It has been doubted by some whether the working classes, as a rule, form the bulk of the depositors in savings banks. A glance at Mr. J. Tidd Pratt's analysis, however, will quickly dissipate such an impression. It must not be forgotten, either, that a large proportion of small shopkeepers and others who may be regarded as minor capitalists, have risen from the position of working men by their industry and providence, and must therefore, in the present inquiry, be regarded as belonging to the operative classes. Mr. Pratt's analysis exhibits so much instructive fact on this subject, that it cannot be too widely circulated. He says:—

“The number and classification of Depositors in the several Savings' Banks in the United Kingdom, and the amount of deposits for the year ending 20th November, 1859, were as follows:—

| | No. of Depositors. | Amount of Deposit. | Average. | | |
|---|--------------------|--------------------|-----------|-----------|----------|
| | | £ | £ | s. | d. |
| Not exceeding.....£1 | 213,473 | 64,542 | 0 | 6 | 0 |
| Above £1 and not exdng. 5 | 294,739 | 744,746 | 2 | 10 | 6 |
| " 5 " " 10 | 194,133 | 1,352,686 | 6 | 15 | 4 |
| " 10 " " 15 | 140,032 | 1,676,224 | 11 | 19 | 3 |
| " 15 " " 20 | 86,250 | 1,479,124 | 17 | 3 | 0 |
| " 20 " " 30 | 148,575 | 3,548,350 | 23 | 17 | 8 |
| " 30 " " 40 | 121,501 | 4,034,070 | 33 | 4 | 0 |
| " 40 " " 50 | 58,032 | 2,571,250 | 44 | 6 | 2 |
| " 50 " " 75 | 98,380 | 5,963,681 | 60 | 12 | 4 |
| " 75 " " 100 | 45,580 | 3,948,860 | 86 | 12 | 6 |
| " 100 " " 125 | 30,700 | 3,403,506 | 110 | 17 | 3 |
| " 125 " " 150 | 18,134 | 2,481,651 | 136 | 17 | 0 |
| " 150 " " 200 | 28,482 | 4,838,800 | 169 | 17 | 5 |
| Exceeding.....200 | 1,652 | 355,950 | 215 | 9 | 4 |
| Total..... | 1,479,723 | 36,462,440 | 24 | 12 | 0 |
| Charitable Societies | 16,315 | 802,341 | | | |
| Friendly Societies | 10,738 | 1,731,095 | | | |
| " " investing with Commissioners | 580 | 2,001,754 | | | |
| Total No. of Accounts | 1,507,356 | 40,997,630 | | | |

“Showing an *increase* since 20th November, 1858, of 96,365 depositors, and of £2,535,860 of money belonging to depositors.”

Thus it is shown that by far the greater number of depositors are poor men whose savings vary from a few shillings to £15 each. Out of nearly a million and a half of these provident men, only 1,652 have accumulated more than £200 each. It must not be forgotten, likewise, that savings banks have not yet been established in every town and village in the country. On the contrary, according to Mr. Tidd Pratt, the number of these institutions in the United Kingdom is only 624, of which 330 are only open *one day in the week* for two or three hours. Commenting on these facts, Mr. Pratt justly observes:—“There is no doubt but that the number of depositors, and amount deposited, would be considerably increased if greater facilities were given to enable the working classes to make deposits by increasing the number of

places as well as the days and hours at which deposits could be made." Mr. Pratt suggests that as "there are more than 2,200 post offices in the kingdom at which money orders are issued and paid," greater facility might be given to depositors, if the business of local savings banks were superadded to the ordinary postal duties of the employes. The suggestion has been endorsed by Mr. Sykes, of Huddersfield, and it is by no means improbable that government may be induced to act, to some extent at least, upon the suggestion. Mr. Frank Crossby, M.P. for Halifax, in a recent debate on the subject, stated that there are many large towns containing from 10,000 to 20,000 inhabitants without savings banks, and that thirteen counties in England and Wales are in a similar state of economic destitution. It is proposed to give "*the security of the State* for the amount deposited," and of course, that the institution should be self-supporting. Consequently the rate of interest allowed would not be quite so high as in the savings banks at present established. It is suggested that two and a half per cent. should be granted in the first instance, and that the rate be afterwards increased if it be found that the cost of management will permit of such a course without entailing loss to the Government. This is unquestionably a movement in the right direction. Provident working men must not rely on charity to eke out large interest as a reward for their forethought and self-reliance. The interest, however, is not the chief object to depositors of this class. Security of the principal is to them of infinitely more moment, and doubtless the prospect of Government security will tend to revive confidence in many whose faith in savings banks has been sadly damaged of late in certain localities. The scheme is a large and comprehensive one, and if carried out with efficient practical machinery and economy, will confer a boon upon the provident section of the industrial population, and advance the best interests of the country at large.

It appears that owing to some species of official bungling that a deficiency of four millions and a quarter appears in the savings banks account with the Commissioners for the reduction of the National Debt. This, of course, will entail no loss upon the depositors, but the adoption of some more satisfactory method of conducting the investment portion of the business of this department has been for some time loudly called for, and after much opposition, on the 6th of August last, an act was passed, which Mr. Scatchley says "carries into effect at the end of ten years the recommendation he made in 1850." One element in this official mismanagement which will in future be avoided, and which entailed a considerable annual loss upon the consolidated fund, was justly animadverted upon in March, 1860, by the *Saturday Review*. If the "highest wisdom" of the nation contrives to "manage its affairs" in such an unsatisfactory a manner for so lengthy a period, and requires such a vast amount of external intellectual pressure to induce it to amend its business habits, surely some little consideration may be justly claimed for well disposed but inexperienced working men, when their early attempts at financial legislation in connection with provident institutions are subjected to the ordeal of fair and manly criticism. The following extract from the article referred to shows how admirably the central management of savings bank funds has hitherto been conducted:—

"The Bank of England receives a commission of £300 a year on every million of the National Debt, in return for the trouble of paying dividends and regulating transfers. Something like twelve thousand a year is therefore paid to the bank for the management of a portion of the debt, which being in the hands of the State itself *might just as well* be cancelled at once. The absurdity of this management becomes palpable enough if it is translated into an exact

parallel in private life. A man with a large amount of obligations afloat may be supposed to employ an agent on commission to settle accounts every half-year with his creditors. If such a debtor, by setting up a banking business, came into possession of large funds for investment, it might be reasonable enough for him to pay off some portion of his debt; but in order to parallel the conduct of the Government, he must be supposed to buy in his own bonds, and instead of tearing them up, to present them every half year to *his own agent to receive dividends out of his own money, and to pay a handsome per centage for this idle transfer of cash from himself to himself.*"

WHAT IS NOBLE?

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

What is noble to inherit?
Wealth, estate, and proud degree?
There must be some greater merit
Higher yet than these for me!
Something greater far must enter
Into life's majestic span;
Fitted to create and centre
True nobility in man!

What is noble? 'Tis the finer
Portion of our mind and heart;
Linked to something yet diviner
Than mere language can impart;
Ever prompting—ever seeing
Some improvement yet to plan;
To uplift our fellow-being—
And, like man, to feel for man!

'Mid the dust, and speed, and clamor,
Of the loom-shed and the mill;
'Midst the clink of wheel and hammer,
Great results are growing still!
Though too oft by Fashion's creatures
Work and workers may be blamed;
Commerce need not hide its features!
Industry is not ashamed.

What is noble? That which places
Truth in its enfranchised will!
Leaving steps—like angel traces—
That mankind may follow still!
E'en though Scorn's malignant glances
Prove him *poorest* of his clan,
He's the *Noble*—who advances
Freedom and the cause of man!

Our Dress-Maker.

BY Y. S. N.

"SACRED to the Memory of Lavinia Cropper, who died March 31st, 18—." These words I came upon quite unexpectedly, a short time ago, in an old country churchyard, in which I was willing away the hour that must elapse ere "my train" was due. Lavinia Cropper! There could be but one owner to that somewhat singular designation.

"Poor Lavoy," or "Old Cropper," as we children were wont, years ago, very irreverently perhaps, but not unkindly, to call her! But how was it that Lavinia Cropper, "Our Dress-Maker," my mother's, sisters', and mine, too, till I was handed over to masculine fingers,—how was it that Lavinia Cropper should have left our neighbourhood, and have died away from the old place which she loved so dearly?

On these points the sexton, to whom I applied, could give me but little information. "Miss Cropper," as he called little lame Lavoy, had only recently been a resident in G—; indeed, he thought she had been there merely as a visitor up at the mill, just outside the village. She was taken ill very soon after she came amongst them, died, and then he buried her; and that was all my informant knew about her, excepting that she was very good to the miller's children, and to his own little one, who went to school with them, and for whom she had dressed a pretty doll, quite a "moral of the miller's Lucy." "If I had time to walk to the mill, Mrs. Dale would, maybe, tell me more about her." But I had not time to walk to the mill; indeed, as it proved, when my gossip with the sexton was ended, I had barely ten minutes to get my ticket, see to my luggage, and secure my place, before the train started.

I was the solitary occupant of my carriage; and having neither newspaper nor book to beguile the tedium of my somewhat lengthy journey, my thoughts were busy with the past, and, above all, with memories of that past associated so intimately with Lavinia Cropper's name. Twenty years had elapsed since I had bidden farewell to the owner of it—twenty years since I had seen the "old house at home," towards which the train was bearing me. That house had passed into other hands; but a welcome awaited me from its present inhabitant—the only welcome upon which I could with certainty calculate in Elmswell. Elmswell—pretty, secluded Elmswell—would doubtless be very different from the village to which my thoughts had so often fondly reverted, during the years of my wanderings in that far-off land where I had amassed a competence, if not the fortune of a millionaire.

But what would my native place be like without Lavinia Cropper? True, she was "only a dress-maker," and not a very first-rate one either; but she was a very part and parcel of Elmswell, with all her peculiarities and shortcomings. There was no age specified upon the headstone; but, after a little calculation, I arrived at the conclusion that she must have been considerably "past work" when at length released from the sorrows of mortality, and doubtless death was to her no unwelcome visitor. She had been more or less of a sufferer as long as I could recollect, and always a hard-working woman—not one who had known any "better days" to look back upon with gratitude, or, as is more generally the case, with repining. But Lavoy was the last to complain of her sufferings or her sorrows—the first to dilate upon the many mercies she enjoyed, the many friends to whom she owed a debt of gratitude

which she could never repay, "no, not if she lived till she was a hundred." It must not be supposed that "Our Dress-Maker," although to myself the suggestor of many happy and some sorrowful memories, is at all a subject for a biography, a sermon, or even a "tract;" she was not "an example to her parish," or anything at all remarkable, excepting, perhaps, for her kindness of nature, and her unpretending, unobtrusive, Christian—or I would rather say Christ-like—feeling. The term Christian has so lost its original signification, is so often applied to things and subjects so utterly *un-Christ-like*, that there is some need for a distinction between terms no longer synonymous.

Of Lavinia's friends, none were more staunch and efficient than my dear mother, through whose benevolence and persistency it was that the little lame woman enjoyed the dignified position of "dress-maker in ordinary," and sometimes extraordinary, "to our family." That family is now as scattered and dismembered as were hers, when she fairly "set up for herself," with a new brass-plate, in the village, as "successor to Mrs. Tibbs;" the said Mrs. Tibbs having re-married and departed from amongst us, with her newest fashions and "sweet fits" to boot.

Mrs. Tibbs, the original "Miss Cropper," was the founder of the family greatness in the matter of dress-making, and really was, what she considered herself, "an acquisition to the neighbourhood;" but her talents were unfortunately not inherited by other members of her family, who endeavoured unsuccessfully to follow in her steps, with regard to customers and cash. Lavinia used to spend days—I might almost say weeks—in our family circle, cutting out, making, and, above all, altering my sisters' dresses. Oh, dear! that altering! How angry it made them, and everybody, but my patient mother and the no less patient, hard-working, but unskilful Lavinia Cropper—the "altering" being always a necessary sequence to Lavinia's handiwork. In vain her protestations that the *next* dress should be a "perfect fit," if she might only take a "fresh pattern." But the fresh patterns—their name was legion—never produced the perfect fit, in my childish days, at any rate; and our more fashionably-dressed neighbours often expressed astonishment, wondering why "dear, good Mrs. Buller *would* go on with that stupid Cropper!" The reason was that my benevolent mother, who cared very little for dress, or what other people thought of hers in particular, could not bear to desert one whose sole support was her needle—one, too, who had laboured under many disadvantages, and was a very excellent, kindly little body, although no genius.

Lavinia had been, nay, still was the "plain one" and domestic drudge of her family—there always is a "plain one" where the family is large and feminine, serving as a foil to "the pretty one," and a something to be snubbed and put upon by others; and the "pretty one" in the Cropper family was really a lovely girl; all the boys in our school were in turn her "devoted admirers," throwing apples, sweeties, and other schoolboy treasures, in at the open window, by which smiling Nelly Cropper sat working.

That window looked out into our playground, and we of the first form could not help looking up at it; and Nelly, I suppose, liked the fun of looking down at us and laughing at our boyish pranks.

We never called her otherwise than "Miss Helen" to her face, but she was always spoken of as "pretty Nelly." She was not a frequent visitor at our house, for she worked for grander people than we had any pretensions to being, and "took orders" from some of the county folks who patronized the "pretty one," and almost ignored the existence of my mother's *protégée*.

But a day came when Lavinia was the sole occupant of the tumble-down house, the sole representative of the Cropper firm; her deaf and dumb sister

Alice, Lavinia's chief charge and solace, died; "a happy release," most people said; but to Lavinia, whose earnings had nearly all been devoted to the comfort and support of that afflicted girl, her "release" was a sore trial and a real loss. Her death made a greater blank in the little dress-maker's daily life than the marriage of pretty Nelly, an event which took a great many people by surprise, and plunged Mr. Brumble's first form into the lowest depths of despair.

The "happy man" was an odious young surgeon (how we boys hated the sight of his elaborate whiskers and the perfume of his tobacco), who, in hopes of a practice, emigrated to some distant region, taking Helen with him, never, as it proved, to come back to Elmswell again.

We could scarcely bear to look up at that familiar window afterwards, or if we did, it was with very different feelings. Indeed, there were some young urchins disposed in their thoughtlessness to jeer at the poor lame dress-maker, whom they called "Hopper," in mockery of her awkward gait, or "Old umbrella," in consequence of the ancient article which she used in lieu of a stick when the roads were slippery or uneven.

How well I remember that cumbersome, awkward-looking umbrella, so often to be seen in our "stand," and sometimes, for so many hours together, that "little Claire," our "pretty one," used to fear lest it should take root and grow there. If it were in existence I think I would buy that old umbrella now, in memory of those happy days when Claire and I were playfellows; and I, so proud of her pretty curls and sunny looks, and more than all of the love she lavished upon me, her junior by—ah! well, never mind, for the number of years.

How valuable such a relic would be to the Antiquarian Societies of a future generation.

But having introduced Claire into these reminiscences of "our dress-maker," I cannot avoid some mention of the day of her "coming-out" party, and the day on which she "came out," that dress being Lavinia's handwork, her *chef-d'œuvre*, too, it was then considered; the only dress, that after unpicking and altering was, very nearly, a "perfect fit." How proud both maker and wearer were of it, too; and how pretty my pet sister looked in it. She tried it on for the benefit of the family circle, and for the satisfaction of Lavoy, whose final amendments were completed barely in time ere it was put away in the box, addressed to the "Hospital, Greenwich," where she and I were to spend a week of my Christmas holidays.

It was our first visit from home together, and we were both rather nervous about the result of the expedition, although anticipating immense enjoyment at the party, for which we had been specially invited.

Our anticipations of pleasure were, for a wonder, most fully realised; the party proved a merry Christmas gathering of old and young; our host was the then Governor of Greenwich Hospital, kind Sir Jalheel Brenton (that Christian name always was a puzzle to me, and I will not even now vouch for the spelling of it). There was plenty of fun for the young-hearted of all ages, the chief attraction being the then "striking novelty" of a Christmas tree, which, if not actually the first *naturalised* in this country, was, at any rate, one of the earliest specimens of the tribe, and altogether an unknown thing to the company for whose amusement it had been provided.

And capital fun we found it, for the plan pursued was different to that now in vogue, sweets and edibles were alone suspended from its illuminated branches, for which, after we had sufficiently admired and longed for them at a distance, a general scramble took place, every taper being previously extinguished. Such a riotous proceeding could scarcely be tolerated amongst the

little ladies and gentlemen of the present genteeler age; but there were "boys and girls" in those times who most thoroughly enjoyed the unexpected eclipse, and entered heartily into the scramble.

I think Claire's pretty white dress escaped all serious damage, as a devoted cavalier insisted upon being her champion in the fray. My greatest misfortune was finding my teeth glued to a wax taper, which I had put into my mouth before the candles were re-introduced, under the impression that it was the piece of barley-sugar which had looked so particularly tempting on the tree.

That taper I preserved for Lavinia, to "wax her thread" with, and duly presented to her with the marks of my teeth plainly visible upon it when she next dropped in for a morning's alteration of her latest misfit.

How many questions she asked me that morning, and how Claire had to dilate upon the London fashions for her benefit! For in those days I was not too proud to sit with the girls in their work-room; it was anything but a boudoir, but it was the favourite resort for their morning hours, when they wanted to be busy and not particularly tidy; and Claire and I sometimes took it in turns to read out to the industrious ones, when our own personal occupations were not of a very engrossing nature. I delighted in ghost-stories when Cropper was there, because they frightened her so; but Claire always took the poetic-line, knowing that that poor, unpoetical-looking little dressmaker was "so fond of it." Moreover Claire used to teach her pretty short pieces, which she said she liked repeating when she was all by herself, helping her to keep pleasant thoughts in her head, instead of sad or foolish ones; and my mother used to lend her sermons and good books for Sunday reading, for which she was equally grateful.

One day poor Lavinia came to us with a very mournful, melancholy face, and sad, tearful eyes, begging to see my mother alone. My mother was a very long time with her, and we wondered what could be the matter; and Hester, my eldest sister, who had come to the resolution of taking away her custom, in favour of Madame La Mode, because Cropper's last trimmings were "no match," began to relent, and think she would try her again, and defer the lecture she had already composed for her benefit. We younger ones were only anxious to know what was the cause of the prolonged conference, and to hear "all about it." But the all that we did hear was that poor Lavinia was in sad trouble, and having to leave home for some weeks, could attend to no "orders" for the present.

When she did at last come back, it was in deep mourning, with a pale, delicate-looking girl as a companion; and then we learnt that she had just lost a brother, and this was his orphan daughter, whom Lavinia had taken home to her heart. But it was a deeper trouble than the death of her brother which had so saddened the poor dressmaker—something connected with that timid, frightened-looking niece of hers. What it was, we young ones could never satisfactorily ascertain; for if we did try to draw Cropper out upon the subject; she was silent, or turned the conversation into a totally different channel. My mother knew whatever there was to know; but she was equally reserved upon the point, and bade us not be inquisitive about other people's affairs.

Lavinia was a greater stay-at-home now, and worked, if possible, harder than ever; for although she spoke of her niece as an assistant to her, my mother seemed to put little faith in these assertions; and if we did chance to catch sight of that pale, drooping figure at the window, where pretty, merry, Helen Cropper had been wont to sit and sing over her work, she was generally seated listlessly, with her work on her lap, and her eyes gazing out far away towards the distant hills. A dreadfully dull, moody companion I thought her,

for our lively, cheery-hearted Lavinia; poor girl! I did not then know what lasting cause she had for sadness and depression; neither did I know what a work of mercy it had been on the part of the poor, despised dressmaker, to offer her the shelter of a home, and the protection of her companionship. Lavinia Cropper made no profession of over-righteousness—no parade of her religious convictions; but I think she was justified in her reply to an honourable lady, the most energetic *Tract* distributor of our neighbourhood. This well-meaning, but somewhat meddlesome monitress, took upon her to reprove poor Lavoy, for having such an addition to her establishment, concluding with—

"You should consider the example you set, Cropper; you should remember that believers are called the 'salt of the earth,' and are commanded to be 'separate from sinners.'"

"Very true, my lady," broke in Lavinia, impatient of further admonition from that source, "very true; but is it not well to try also and remember the example of Him who 'quenched not the smoking flax, broke not the bruised reed,' and who coming not to 'call the *righteous*, but *sinners* to repentance,' bade us 'go and do likewise?' Oh! lady, even were she not my own flesh and blood, it would not be for me to cast the first stone at her."

From that day, I believe the *Tract* distributor's carriage stopped no more at the lame dressmaker's door; within that door the noble owner of the coroneted vehicle had never stepped; but Lavinia's work of charity was not done to be seen of men; and, verily, even here on earth she had her reward.

I went away from Elmswell a few months after the arrival of Lavinia's niece; three years elapsed ere I again returned thither, to find many additional inmates in the old churchyard. One rested 'neath the shadow of the crumbling belfry tower; and the inscription on the simple headstone, "To whom much is forgiven, the same loveth much," told me that the erring and penitent one had been rescued from this world of probation and suffering; and that Lavinia's work had not been "in vain in the Lord."

I cannot dwell much upon the days when Lavinia Cropper was again a frequenter of our morning room; it was indeed too sad a time in our home-circle. She had that work-room all to herself then, for there was no one who had the heart to assist in her sad occupation. Mourning for our mother was Lavinia's employment then, for that kind mother who had been so good a friend to the little workwoman, who had, even on her death-bed, begged my sisters not to put on expensive, *fashionable* mourning, but let poor Lavinia make all that she could for them—"it would be such a charity."

Lavinia, after that, did no work for our family for a long time; she was taken seriously ill, poor thing, and went away for change of air, to her elder married sister in London. When she at length returned, willingly enough as it seemed, to quiet, old-fashioned Elmswell, she found Claire no longer "little Claire," but a slim elegant-figured woman, about to be married; and most anxious for her "dear old Cropper" to take a leading part in the preparation for that interesting event.

Sister Hester had been married long ago, and had employed a first-rate Parisian *modeste* when she changed her name; but Hester was the fashionable one of our family, had had a rich godmother, and had moreover made what is called in mundane phraseology "a good match," having married a carriage and an opera box, and still "greater expectations." Little Claire's was not pronounced "a good match;" but I knew that there was every earthly probability of its proving a very happy one. The courtship had been short and sunny, and the headstrong lady, bent on having her will in all minor matters, was determined, notwithstanding the protestations of the Honourable *Tract*

dispenser before mentioned, that no one but Lavoy should make her wedding-dress. I and some others were of opinion that it was partly to spite that high-born dame, that our Claire was so resolute on the point.

She had her way, having, however, at the same time, secured some first-rate patterns, of unexceptionable make and style, for Miss Cropper's guidance, together with such minute instructions, and efficient personal help into the bargain, that the result even eclipsed that famous "coming out" dress of auld lang syne.

But from the day on which my childhood's playfellow left us, for her far-off Indian home, and the new, untried life awaiting her there, Lavinia Cropper's working days were virtually at an end. Illness and suffering were to be, from henceforth, her daily, almost hourly portion. Yet there was neither plaint nor murmur from the patient lips of our old dress-maker.

I often went to sit with her, and to read to her, and she called me her "dear boy," and "Master Francis" to the last; and when she bade me "God speed," on my farewell visit, ere I quitted Elmswell, for that distant shore from which I have but now returned, I felt that I had not a warmer well-wisher than poor Lavoy Cropper.

As I have said, it is twenty years since then, and knocking about in the world as I have been, there has been little time for me to sit down sentimentalizing over the past; the *present*, the "*living present*," has had too many claims upon both thought and action for that, and so the memory of that once familiar form had well-nigh faded from my unthankful heart, till the sight of her grass-covered grave, in so unexpected a locality, brought back in vivid colouring this picture of the past, and a thousand pleasant recollections, more or less connected with our old dress-maker.

* * * *

Since the above was written, I have once more set foot in my native village; but yesterday I was the solitary occupant of that well-remembered pew, once the exclusive property of the Buller family. Our venerable ancestor, the "Crusader," whose effigy reposes in the chancel, looks a little more mutilated, and, if possible, more begrimed with the dust of ages than when I last saw him; also, he has lost another finger besides that which I amputated, by way of practice, when resolved upon rivalling Nelly Cropper's surgeon in his profession. Other names, our Claire's amongst them, are added to the obituary on the monumental tablet of our family, and Elmswell is altogether a changed and different place from the Elmswell of my boyish days. New houses have sprung up, and old ones have been pulled down; there is no brass-plate now bearing the name of "Miss Cropper, dress-maker," and in place of the picturesque, tumble-down house, is a grand, unpicturesque looking vestry-hall, in which at this moment such violent altercation is taking place, that I wonder the belligerents are not afraid of disturbing the repose of the peace-loving, peace-making Lavoy Cropper.



Poems for Recitation.

THE ANGEL'S VISIT.

It was about the feast of Christmas-tide,
When gentle love should tread on human pride,
That Alfred, our great Saxon hero, lay
Conceal'd within the isle of Athelney.

The island was a lonely spot of ground,
By quaking marshes and dark bogs shut round;
A grudging piece of earth, which only bore
Fang'd briars, and moss, and grasses lank and poor.
Look where you would, no sight could you descry
But the black fens, and the void wastes of sky,
And the dull river, always loitering by.

Alfred,—constrain'd by fate himself to hide
From the Dane's legions, thick on every side,—
In this bare isle, and in as bare a hut,
With a few comrades, and his Queen, was shut.
The iron winter stabb'd them with his sword :
Coarse were their robes, and meagre was their board,—
Bread, and the flesh of fowls, bitter and harsh,
Caught with sore travail in the reedy marsh.

The King, in this poor dwelling, sat one night
Intently reading by a feeble light.
His friends had all gone forth, seeking for prey,
Like hunted beasts that dare not walk by day;
And there was quiet all about the isle.—
In sacred peace sat Alfred for awhile,
Until a knocking at the door, at last,
Snapp'd short the silence. The King rose, and pass'd
Straight to the threshold, and behold an old
And ragged Pilgrim standing in the cold,
Who said,—“Lo, here upon this ground I die
For very hunger, unless presently
Thou giv'st me food ! It is a grievous way
That I have footed since the dawn of day ;
And now I stagger, like a man in drink,
For weariness, and I must shortly sink.
The stinging marsh-dews clasp me round like Death,
And my brain darkens, and I lose my breath.”

“Now, God be thank'd !” cried Alfred, “that He sends
To one poor man a poorer ! Want makes friends
Of its own fellows, when the alien rich
Fear its accusing rags, and in some ditch
Huddle it blindly.—I have little bread,—
One loaf for many months ; but He who fed
With five loaves and two fishes five thousand men
Will not leave us to perish in this den.”

And with these words he brought the loaf which lay
Alone between them and a slow decay ;
All that might save them in that desert place,
From the white Famine that makes blank the face ;—
And, breaking it, gave half to the old man.

Lo, ere the sharpest eye could difference scan
'Twixt light and dark, the Pilgrim standing there
Vanish'd,—and seemed to empty all the air
From earth to heaven. But the bread was left ;
And Alfred, of his reason nigh bereft,
Rush'd out, and stared across the level fen.
No human shape was there, nor trace of men ;
But, smooth, and void, and dark, burdening the eye,
The great blank marsh answered the great blank sky.
The ghostly bittern clang'd among the reeds,
And stirr'd, unseen, the ever-drowsy weeds
Of the morass ; but all beside was dead,—
And a dull stupor fell on Alfred's head.

He stumbled to the house,—and sleep was strong
And dark upon his eyelids ; but, ere long,
An Angel, with a face placid and bright,
Fill'd all the caverns of his brain with light.
"I am the Pilgrim," said this shape. "I came
To try thy heart, and found it free from blame :
Wherefore, I'll make thee great above thy foes,
And like a planet that still speeds and glows,
Dancing along the centuries for ever.
But thou must aid me with all hard endeavour ;
And when thou hast regain'd thy crown and state,
Make them no objects of a nation's hate.
Let men behold, within thy sheltering bower,
The tranquil aspects of benignant Power,—
Love arm'd with strength ; and lop thou, with firm hand,
That many-headed Hunger in thy land,
Which casts its shadow on the golden walls
Of the too prosperous, feasting in their halls.
Make God thy God—not pleasure lightly flown ;
And love thy people better than thy throne.
So shall all men forget their ravening maws,
Under the even music of thy laws."

The vision faded, like a subtle bloom,
As the still dawn was whitening all the room :
And Alfred, starting up, with staring eyes,
Saw his friends round him, laden with supplies ;—
Who told him that the Danes had fallen back
Before the vigour of a firm attack ;
And that the people, gathering up their heart,
Call'd loudly for their King to act his part,
And take his sceptre and his throne again,—
Now doubly his through wisdom born of pain.

E. O.

Sharp Points of Law Touching Friendly Societies.

OUR readers are, we dare say, tolerably familiar with the statute law relating to Friendly Societies; or, if they be not, the explanatory article in another part of this number will give them all necessary information. But comparatively few of them understand the decisions of judges which interpret and modify the provisions of the legislature on their behalf. This is to be regretted. The want of such information—that in a few short articles we shall endeavour to supply—has heretofore, and may hereafter, lead to difficulties. There is no reason why the few reported cases, or the principles therein laid down, should not be as familiar to the members of Provident Societies as the Acts of Parliament regulating their proceedings.

In the first place, let us briefly explain the law as it stands with regard to money in the hands of officers who may become bankrupt or insolvent, or who may make assignments for the benefit of creditors, or who may have their worldly possessions seized by the sheriff, or a bailiff. The 23rd section of the Consolidated Act provides that, if any person appointed or employed in any office, in any Friendly Society, shall become thus unfortunate, or die while he has in his hands or possession, *by virtue of his office*, any money or property, deeds or securities, belonging to such society, his assignees or trustees, or the sheriff or bailiff, or executor, or administrator, shall satisfy the claim of such society before a creditor, or legatee, or next of kin receives a penny. Nothing appears to be more clear and precise, and, at the same time, more comprehensive than this enactment; but the judges have given it a rather more limited construction than upon a cursory perusal of the clause would seem to be justifiable. It has over and over again been laid down that, if any cash should happen to be in the care or custody of a treasurer, secretary, or other person, not strictly or technically “by virtue of his office,” at a crisis in his affairs, that money is not protected by the statute. Some of these judgments which have, we need hardly say, all the force of legislative enactments, and the circumstances out of which they arose, are worth recital. It may also be necessary to state, that although some of the precedents are rather older than the most venerable statute affecting Friendly Societies, now unrepealed, they have the same force and effect as if they had only been delivered yesterday; because, the 23rd section of the 18th and 19th Victoria, cap. 63, is identical with that of the 33rd Geo. III., cap. 54.

The first decision we shall quote is that given by the Master of the Rolls upon the petition of Mr. John Careless, on behalf of the Amicable Society of Lancaster, against the widow and administratrix of James Parkinson, who died, owing more than he could pay; and had, or ought to have had, in his possession, when called to render his final account, the sum of £100 belonging to that society. Some time before his death—but probably after the money had been spent—he gave a bond to Careless (whose name should have been Careful), as trustee for himself and fellow-members, and a Court of Equity was asked to order that the Amicable should take precedence over other claimants. The Master of the Rolls refused this petition. He laid down a principle that “the debts to be preferred are not debts due to the society, but only debts due from an officer or trustee of the society; and that if a society trusts any person upon his private security, those debts have no preference.” The acceptance of the bond was considered proof that the money was not, at the time of Parkinson's death, then in his hands, or owing by him as an officer of the society, and the Amicable ranking with other unprotected creditors, we imagine, got nothing in the pound, because he owed money to the crown,

and the revenue officers levied, under a writ appropriately entitled "an extent in chief," upon both his personal and real estate.

A second case decided by the Court of Chancery, is that of an old Shropshire benefit society, which had no regularly appointed treasurer, but used to let its funds remain in the hands of its stewards, until they accumulated sufficiently to make it worth the while of two lawyers, in partnership, to receive and lend out the money on behalf of the contributors. These respectable gentlemen gave acknowledgements for the cash as they received it, in the form of promissory notes, bearing interest, and the transactions went on, to the mutual satisfaction of the parties, for some time; but, at length, one of "the firm" died, and his partner became bankrupt. The society appealed to the Lord Chancellor, and claimed the usual preference. Their counsel, very learned in the law, argued with much ingenuity, that the dead and bankrupt attorney stood to the society "in the nature of treasurers, although not formally appointed," and his Lordship thought they were in equity, and in fact, treasurers. The case, however, came on again by way of appeal, in the shape of a petition, that the former order should be discharged, and Lord Eldon gave the final decision. He delivered a very long judgment, in which, among other things, he said that the money had not been received or retained by virtue of any office, and that a treasurer, or officer, within the meaning of the Act, must be elected and accept the office to which he was appointed. The former decision was therefore reversed, and the Society got only such a dividend as the insolvent estate would pay.

There is a third case, in which money was deposited in the hands of a steward of a Society, which had no treasurer, upon promissory notes bearing interest, and it was held that this money was not protected by the then existing Friendly Society's Act. The steward proved unfaithful. He was made bankrupt while he held the Society's cash; and upon hearing a petition that his assignees should pay over £334 to the society, Lord Eldon uttered some strong language, that has found many echoes in Westminster Hall and Lincoln's Inn since his day. He said, "that if Friendly Societies expected the benefit of that very liberal, and perhaps more liberal than just provision of the legislature in their favour, that all creditors, however meritorious, shall be sacrificed to their demands; it is their business to take the protection given them in the mode in which it is directed, by appointing a treasurer, and making him give security according to the Act." The Chancellor made an order, directing the Commissioners to inquire "whether any and what sums were in the hands of the bankrupt, by virtue of his office, at the date of the fiat, belonging to the Society," but expressed a strong opinion, that "if the money was lent by the consent of the Society upon a promissory note carrying interest, it was not money in his hands by virtue of his office."

It is to be observed that the doctrine laid down in the case first quoted, has never been relaxed, but on the other hand, each succeeding decision has widened the application of the principle therein enunciated. The next decision established that when a sum of money was left with a treasurer who had been duly appointed, upon his promissory note, bearing interest, and payable on demand, and that officer becoming bankrupt, the Society had waived its precedence over general creditors. In another still more recent case, a Benefit Society set up a preference claim, under the bankruptcy of one of its officers, for a sum of money which had been improperly received by him. The Vice-Chancellor dismissed the petition on the ground that the bankrupt was not the proper man to receive the money in question, and the Society got no more than other creditors. There is another case that arose under the administration of the Bankrupt Law Consolidation Act of 1849, which goes a little

further in the adverse direction than any which occurred before in other courts. A Friendly Society at Oldswinford deposited its funds in the bank of Messrs. Rufford and Wragge, whose failure caused so much painful excitement in that neighbourhood a short time ago. A rule of this Society provided that the treasurer should not be a member of the Society, and that he should hold all monies until they could be placed out at interest upon satisfactory securities. Another rule went on to say that "as soon as a sufficient sum of money shall be collected, the same shall (after leaving a sufficient sum in the club box to pay the sick, and other expenses of the society) be deposited in the hands of the treasurer or treasurers of the Society, and that the clerk and two stewards shall take the same to the bank." The money was taken, after the manner directed, to the unfortunate bank, but its proprietors were never formally appointed to, or formally accepted the office of treasurers. When they stopped payment, they had in hand a good round sum, which represented the accumulated thrift of their humble neighbours. The Society presented a petition for payment in full, as not only provided for in the Friendly Societies' Act of 1855, but also in the Bankrupt Act of 1849. The latter statute gave to Friendly Societies a preference claim whenever a bankrupt had been "appointed to, or been employed in, an office in the Society." Upon this narrow and fine point the Society endeavoured to get paid in full. Their very astute counsel admitted that Rufford and Wragge had not been *appointed to*, but contended that they had virtually been *employed in* that office. In plain words, the Society argued that the money was left in the hands of the bankrupts, not as bankers of the Society and in the ordinary way of their business, but only as treasurers of the Society. Before the days of Lord Eldon that argument would, in all probability, have succeeded, but it was treated by the modern Court of Bankruptcy with little respect. This court held that the bankrupts were not *employed in* any office within the provisions of the Act. Worse than all, the Society was ordered to pay the costs of the assignees in opposing the petition. The Bankruptcy Commissioners dislike this provision by which the Legislature has sheltered frugal investments from the recklessness and dishonesty of men in whom confidence may be reposed. Mr. Commissioner Goulbourn, of the London Bankruptcy Court, has given it as his opinion that a Society which does not take security from its officers cannot obtain a preference over other creditors under any circumstances.

We have traced the development of the common law in this matter with such minuteness, because, as must be obvious to our readers, there can be nothing more important, in connection with the management of Friendly Societies, than the wise and safe investment of their funds. The judges, who have limited the operation of statute law, framed for the benefit of thrifty men in the ranks of labour, have avowed their unwillingness to discuss the policy of legislation in this case. We regret they have not given to this aspect of the matter ampler consideration; but it is impossible to vary, alter, or evade the culminating prejudice of horsehair and ermine. The law, as it is written in "Barnewell and Cresswell," "Adolphus and Ellis," "The Exchequer Reports," "The Common Bench Reports," and innumerable tomes which our readers never saw, and for their reputations' sake be it said, are never likely to study, is, withal, a law as potent to make and unmake, set up and destroy human institutions, as that embodied in the Statutes at large. A glance over the short *résumé* of cases quoted, and we trust made readable, in the previous page or two, will, it is therefore hoped, convince the Members of Friendly Societies that when they lend money to an officer upon a specific contract, or allow him to convert his relationship into that of a debtor, they abandon one of the most important rights conferred upon them by the legislature.

SPRING.

Beautiful spring! beautiful spring!

Season expectant to all!

When winter his mantle so chilly doth fling,

And nature her gifts doth recal,

Pleasant the pictures the fancy doth weave

Of a time that thou art the forerunner;

For the sunniest days we are willing to leave

To the reign of the radiant summer.

Oh! I love thy sweet breeze, for it whispers of trust

In the power of omnipotent love;

I love the bright flow'rets fast springing from dust,

As if called by a voice from above;

I love the blithe songsters of woodland and glade,

That pour forth, in their melody's glee,

The joy-thrilling tones, which their Maker has made

The earth's sweetest music to be.

I see the young buds bursting forth from the tree,

The leaves their green beauty unfold;

I hear the soft hum of the insect and bee,

And the lamb's bleating low in the fold;

I smell the sweet incense of hawthorn and flower,

With rapture I gaze on their bloom;

The embryo roses entwine round the bower,

Giving promise of richest perfume.

Beautiful spring! beautiful spring!

By the banks of the rivulet clear,

The pale yellow blossoms their loveliness fling,

Where wild flowers lay clustering there.

The orchards a picture present to the eye,

While the ground is with fair petals strewn;

The fresh'ning dew descends from the sky,

Like a gentle one granting a boon.

Beautiful spring! beautiful spring!

We shall soon say a *present* farewell

To thy fresh flow'ry meads and the verdure they bring.

For summer a change will soon tell;

Yet we *love* thy successor—'tis fertile in gifts

That show forth the glory of Him

Who, in goodness, his curtain of beauty uplifts,

Tho' clouds oft its brilliancy dim.

Beautiful spring! beautiful spring!

'Tis a season when hearts should be given

To pleasing emotions, and tunelessly sing,

In strains of thanksgiving, to Heaven;

If the spring time of life be with piety blest,

Its summer will show forth in bloom,

Its autumn yield fruit of the fairest and best,

Gathered oft to the verge of the tomb.

ELLA.

What makes a Gentleman.

BY GEORGE FREDERICK PARDON.

"When Adam dived and Eve Span,
Who was *then* the gentleman?"

THE conventional idea of gentility is so intimately connected with birth and riches that we, some of us, find it difficult to think of mere virtue, honour, education, and good breeding, without wealth, as the proper attributes of a gentleman.

It is easier to say what is *not* gentlemanly than to discover what *is*, and we commonly find the vulgar acceptation of the word *gentleman* admitted by the world in preference to a higher standard of honesty and honour; and into this error we have been led unconsciously by what Theodore Hook calls the six-and-eightpenny feeling of society—though his own notions of a gentleman were vague and loose enough, in all conscience. With the author of "*Sayings and Doings*," it was "*genteel*" to express horror and disgust at trade and traders of all kinds; and to dine before six, or live east of Temple Bar, was vulgar in the extreme. Fortunately, the Hook school is going fast out of fashion.

For merely genteel people—folks who live beyond their means, and boast of their acquaintance with Sir "Harry" and Lord "Thingum"—we have the greatest possible horror; and would rather clasp the horny fist of an honest man in friendship than take the cool, white-kidded fingers of your very "*genteel*" people from a carriage in Rotten Row or a box at the opera. Genteel people do and say things every day at which they would blush "*interestingly*" if they were called by their right names. For instance, if you were to tell Mrs. Match-maker and her fair daughters that they were acting a lie when they said "*not at home*" to their servant, they would be quite astonished; and if you ventured to hint to young Fastman that ordering clothes without intending to pay the tailor was a dishonest swindle, he would most likely "*cut your acquaintance*" immediately. In fact, there is a great deal of humbug in the world, and the "*genteel*" humbug is the most unbearable—at least to all right-thinking people.

The idea that money makes the gentleman is exemplified every day of our lives, and in all manner of ways. Try it by a cheap experiment: give a half-penny to the beggar who waylays you in the streets with a professional drawl about hunger and cold, and you are overwhelmed with a torrent of thanks; refuse it, and you go home with a curse upon your head: assist an infirm old lady into an omnibus—"You are a gentleman, sir," says she, in a grateful whisper; offer the legal fare to the conductor when you get out, and you are told by that individual "*you are no gentleman* to dispute about three-pence:" give up your seat in the front box at a pantomime to a couple of noisy children—"Sir, you are a gentleman," says the gratified father; refuse the customary extortion of a penny to the waiter at a cheap dining-room, and you are told by that hitherto obsequious person that he "*is sure you are no gentleman*;" and if you ever go to that establishment again, make up your mind to an inferior cut of the beef or mutton, and a cold potato left from somebody else's dinner.

Somebody has cleverly said that in every block of marble is concealed an un-

hewn statue; and so we earnestly believe that in every true and noble nature lies the germ and spirit of nobility, no matter what the merely worldly condition of that nature be: mark, in every block of *marble*; but for one specimen of the true Carrara there are half-a-dozen counterfeit imitations in mere chalk and rubble. Your true gentleman is not a thing of purchase and sale, and can no more be manufactured than the diamond. It is a hard thing to say but half your gentlemanly jewels—bright, and polished, and well-set in gold and silver though they be—are paste, sir, mere paste! “A king can mak’ a belted knight,” sang Burns, “a marquis, duke, and a’ that;”—what a poor notion of manufactured nobility the unpensioned exciseman must have had when he wrote that song. But there’s no bitterness in it, not a morsel; he merely felt, as all true natures feel, whether clothed in velvet or fustian, that “a man’s a man for a’ that.”

As we said, it is easy to say what a gentleman is *not*, though my friend Heavytop thinks that the essence of nobility lies in a good round income, first-rate dinners, and a handsome balance at your banker’s. Heavytop is a highly respectable man; has a stake in the country—a pretty large one, too—and has some very fair notions on the subject, especially with regard to the “balance.” But these are, if anything, the mere *addenda*, and not the *essence* of gentility: they don’t constitute the “raal thing,” as Sam Slick says; but when Heavytop backs his pretensions by an oath over his cups, and his friends (not my friends) applaud vociferously—of course, he is a gentleman. Not a bit of it. It won’t do, Heavytop; that last dinner betrayed you—gentlemen *very* seldom swear, and *never* drink to excess.

Then, again, there’s little Jack Holiday, he is a gentleman entirely, in his own opinion. He is a member of a good family, well-looking, easy-tempered, high-spirited, liberal, kind to his sisters, and knows how to conciliate those below him without making them feel as if they compromised their independence. He rides the best horses, keeps a good table, is quite up to the mark in the literature and politics of the day, esteems himself a tolerable judge of pictures, always makes a point of visiting the Academy on the first Monday in May, is something of a musician, and is altogether the neatest dresser you ever saw. Jack Holiday is what is called, in certain circles, “a devilish gentlemanly fellow;” but he is not altogether a gentleman, I’m sorry to say, for he is so devoted to cards, that he would cheat his own mother at *écarté*, if he could get that dear old sixteen stone of good-nature and dress to sit down and play with him.

No man need despair, if he be in the mind, of being thought a gentleman; for, if a high standard of morality, an unflinching love and practice of truth, honesty unimpeachable, and virtue and justice untainted, constitute, as I believe they do, the true signs by which a gentleman may be known, then is there hope for every one of us; and if we possess not these attributes, we must strive to gain them. “Princes have but their titles for their glories,” Shakespeare tells us, and without the innate nobility of soul which distinguishes the true nobleman from the churl,

—“Between their titles and low name
There’s nothing differs but the outward fame.”

There is erected in society an invisible standard of gentility; and, if we possess it not ourselves, we have within us a secret talisman by which to try the true from the false. Everybody knows a gentleman when he is encountered—though a black coat and kid gloves go but short way in making one, and many a “Paris nap” covers a snob.

"For best in good-breeding and highest in rank,
 Though lowly or poor in the land,
 Is Nature's own nobleman, friendly and frank,
The man with his heart in his hand ?"

"What is it ?" asks Thackeray—gentlest of critics, tenderest of satirists, sharpest of cynics, hardest of moralists, just as the mood takes him—"What is it to be a gentleman ? Is it to have lofty aims, to lead a pure life, to keep your honour virgin, to have the esteem of your fellow-citizens, and the love of your fireside ; to bear good fortune meekly ; to suffer evil with constancy, and through evil or good to maintain truth always ? Show me the happy man whose life exhibits these qualities, and him we will salute as gentleman, whatever his rank may be ; show me the prince who possesses them, and he may be sure of our love and loyalty."

But, lest any of my readers should be in doubt as to the true gentlemanly metal, it may be as well to say, that though a gentleman may possibly be a rake, he is neither a liar, a cheat, a scoffer at other men's religion, a loud talker, a showy dresser, a boaster, a trader upon philanthropy, a drunkard, a swindler, a hanger-on at taverns, a frequenter of gambling-houses, a maker of accommodation-bills, a pimp, a bully, or an uncertificated attorney. Whenever you are in doubt, ascertain if your acquaintance be any of these ; and if he be, then you may conclude he is NOT A GENTLEMAN.

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"RIGHT CAN NEVER DIE."

THE MOTTO OF THE DORMERS.

Right cannot die, so give the lie
 To each who dares to doubt it ;
 The right shall live, and triumph too,
 No matter who may scout it ;
 For the right can never die, thank God
 The right can never die !

Frail heart may quail, weak hand may fail,
 When both are sorest needed ;
 But other hearts shall aid the cause,
 And other hands shall speed it ;
 For the right must live for aye, my friends,
 The right must live for aye !

False lips may sneer, false tongues may jeer,
 And coward hearts may taunt us,
 But though a legion foes assail,
 Not one of all shall daunt us ;
 For the right shall win the day, my friends,
 The right shall win the day !

To old and young, in ev'ry tongue,
 Free be our watchword spoken ;
 And, brothers, let our pledge go round,
 To keep this faith unbroken,—
 That the right can never die, thank God !
 The right can never die !

Y. S. N.

The Seven Sisters of Sleep.*

THIS world of ours is divided in a very arbitrary manner : geographically, politically, religiously, socially, morally, physically, and fashionably. Let us see what we can make of it, if we divide it narcotically. If we take a map of the world, on Mercator's Projection, and colour it according to the production and consumption of narcotics, we shall find that Tobacco asserts dominion over all Europe and the southern parts of Asia, the United States and Canada, South America, Australia and Algeria, the Cape of Good Hope, and most of the islands of the tropical seas ; that Opium disputes with it the possession of Turkey and parts of India, China, and Africa ; that Hemp reigns paramount in Central Africa, and parts of Arabia and Brazil ; that Hops claim sovereignty among the Red Indians of the Far West ; while Amanita is supreme in Siberia ; and Coca, Thorn-apple, and Betel-nuts have each their devotees among the true subjects of Tobacco and Opium. In fact, in no country are the people absolutely unacquainted with some methods of multiplying their intellectual and animal enjoyments by means of narcotics. Savage and civilized tribes, says the late Professor Johnson, in his "Chemistry of Common Life," the houseless barbarian wanderer, the settled peasant, and the skilled citizen, have all found out, by some common and instinctive process, the art of procuring for themselves the enjoyments and miseries of intoxication. So also have mankind universally had recourse to narcotic herbs. The aborigines of Central America rolled up the Tobacco-leaf, and dreamed away their lives in smoky reveries, ages before Columbus was born, or the colonists of Sir Walter Raleigh brought it within the precincts of the Elizabethan court. The Coca-leaf, now the comfort and strength of the Peruvian muleteer, was chewed, as *he* does it, in far remote times, and among the Oran Mountains, by the Indian natives whose blood he inherits. The use of Opium, of Hemp, and of the Betel-nut among Eastern Asiatics, mounts up to the times of the most fabulous antiquity. The same probably is true of the Pepper-plants among the natives of the South Sea Islands and the Indian Archipelago, and of the Thorn-apples used by the natives of the Andes and on the slopes of the Himalayas ; while in Northern Europe the Ledum and the Hop, and in Siberia the Narcotic Fungus (*Amanita muscaria*), have been in use from time immemorial.

Mr. Cooke, in his rather fantastically-named volume, goes learnedly and pleasantly into the history of the seven principal narcotics with which mankind are acquainted. Tobacco, he tells us, is indulged by eight hundred millions of people ; opium by four hundred millions ; hemp by about two hundred millions and a half ; betel-nut by a hundred millions ; coca by ten millions ; and thorn-apple and amanita by unascertained myriads. He starts his subject by an apology, in which he introduces the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus and Rip Van Winkle ; and, by a natural process, passes on to the consideration of the Seven Narcotic Herbs in their relation to civilized and barbaric nations.

The "wondrous weed," tobacco, notwithstanding medical opinions as to its hurtfulness, and King James's "Counterblast," has steadily progressed in popular favour from the moment of its introduction into Europe, till in this present year of grace its consumption, in the form of cigars, cut-tobacco, and snuff, in these islands has reached to about sixteen ounces per head per annum ;

* "The Seven Sisters of Sleep. A Popular History of the Seven Prevailing Narcotics of the World." By M. C. COOKE, Director of the Metropolitan Scholastic Museum. 8vo. 372pp. 7s. 6d. London: James Blackwood.

while in the United States the consumption is not less than fifty-six ounces. Or, to put the matter in a somewhat more practicable shape, the consumption of tobacco in the United Kingdom is at this moment not less than 36,000,000 lbs. (thirty-six millions of pounds avoirdupois!); which, at a duty of 3s. per lb., yields a revenue of upwards of £5,000,000. The high rate of duty imposed on the herb in this country doubtless restricts its consumption; for we find that in France the average consumption is nineteen ounces; in Denmark, seventy ounces; in Belgium, seventy-four ounces; and in some Eastern countries even more. In Australia, where tobacco is admitted entirely free of duty, the average consumption is said to be not less than fourteen pounds' weight for every man, woman, and child in the island! thrice the quantity smoked and snuffed in Belgium! Nevertheless, says Professor Johnson—the authority quoted invariably by our author for the statistics of his subject—it is doubtful if there are anywhere now spent upon this indulgence such large sums as were expended in England in the time of King James the First, who tells us that “some of the gentry bestowed three or four hundred pounds a yeere upon this precious stink.” Mr. Crawford, in the “Journal of the Statistical Society,” takes a very high estimate indeed of the consumption of tobacco; for, reckoning the whole human race at a hundred millions, he gives seventy ounces as the average. If we test these figures by analogy, we may well lift up our hands in astonishment; for we find that to grow the two millions of tons necessary to give us the average seventy ounces per head, we must have five-and-a-half millions of rich land under cultivation—a quantity and space equal to the weight of all the wheat and the space it occupies in growing, consumed by ten millions of Englishmen. And reckoning it at only double the market value (or 2½d. per lb.), it is worth in money as much as all the wheat eaten in England!

Tobacco, it must be recollected, is but one of the Seven Sisters of Sleep; and, though perhaps the most frequently invoked, is certainly not so potent as opium. The influence of this drug, whether smoked or chewed, is well known; but just now, as we are talking of figures, we may mention that in the year previous to the rebellion in India, the Company exported from Hindostan to China 69,000 chests, each weighing about 140 lbs., and realized from the sale of opium a revenue of nearly six millions (£5,918,375). Next to opium as a narcotic comes hemp, which is smoked or chewed in various parts of Africa by the natives, and is highly esteemed. With this knowledge, we can understand the anecdote of the Buckinghamshire parson (quoted by Mr. Cooke, from “Lilly's History of His Life and Times”), who was such an inveterate smoker and “so given over to drink and tobacco, that, when he ran short of the precious weed, he would cut up the bell-ropes and smoke them!”

The fourth Sister of Sleep is Betel, of which there are known seven true botanical varieties and various substitutes, more or less prized. The betel-nut is chewed, principally by the natives of the Malay peninsula, and the inhabitants of Singapore, Ceylon, and the Philippine Islands. The fifth is Coca, the leaves of which plant are masticated by the Peruvians. The sixth is the Thorn-apple, which is either smoked as an opiate, chewed, drank in infusion, mixed with opium, or in its native (im)purity. The seventh Sister of immortal Sleep is the Siberian fungus *Amanita*, which is swallowed as an alleviator of pain by the natives of the bleak north, and the victims of imperial Russia's implacable revenge.

Besides these, we are made acquainted, through Mr. Cooke's entertaining volume, with many minor narcotics; such as Hops, Holly (from which is extracted the Paraguay tea); the Deadly Nightshade (*Atropa belladonna*), now seldom employed; Henbane (*Hyoscyamus niger*); the Bearded Darnel (*Lolium temu-*

lentum), which is sometimes malted in error with barley, and produces intoxication, and sometimes, though rarely, used as an adulteration for beer; Sweet Gall (*Myrica galls*), used by the northern nations to give bitterness and apparent strength to Swedish beer; together with the expressed juices of the rhododendron and the azalea. The leaves of the former plant are eaten as a narcotic by the hill-tribes of India, and taken, when dried and crushed, as snuff; and the flowers of the latter are used, we are told, to give the narcotic quality to the famous Trebizond honey! Nor is the list complete even now, for to it must be added the Laurel and various kinds of garden shrubs and flowers. According to Dr. Bird, the odour of Vanilla intoxicates the labourer who gathers it; and if we may take the authority of the great chemist Orfila, even the perfume of the rose, the pink, and other common sweet-smelling flowers, act on some persons as narcotic poisons. The vapours arising from large quantities of saffron are also said to produce headache, apoplexy, and sometimes even death. So much, observes Johnson, does the constitution of the individual exalt and increase the physiological action of substances which, to the mass of mankind, are not only harmless but refined sources of enjoyment.

Who would suppose there was so much learning in a pipe! *Quæ regis in berris nostri non plena vaporis?* We need not quote Raleigh, Sir Isaac Newton, the great Parr, Cromwell, Porson, and Robert Hall—all smokers, and all clever men—to refute the hypothesis of Messrs. Solly, Lizars, Elliotson, and other opponents of the fragrant weed; the practice of smoking and snuffing is too universal, and too much liked, to fear disenthronement by any amount of scientific talk. However, it is neither our business to encourage nor discourage the use of tobacco; all that we intend to accomplish is a fair digest of a very entertaining volume.

To return to our pipe. In 1858 there were entered for home consumption 78,217,483 lbs. of tea, and 34,110,850 lbs. of tobacco! The men and boys, therefore, smoked nearly half as much in quantity in their pipes as men, women, and children put in their teapots. If all the tobacco consumed in the British islands during the last nine years was worked up into "pigtail" a quarter of an inch thick—the usual size—it would form a rope a hundred and ninety-nine thousand miles long—enough to form a fourfold girdle for this old earth of ours, and some thousands of miles to spare. Or, if the same quantity was placed in one scale, and St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey in the other, the ecclesiastical triumphs of English architecture would go up with the beam!

Next to salt, tobacco is the article in most universal consumption by mankind; though, as we have seen, tea, in particular districts, more than doubles it, weight for weight. In the United States all the males, and many of the females, smoke, snuff, and chew; and to our cousins over the Atlantic might be applied, with more justice than to any other people, the description of its use by King Jamie:—"A custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black stinking fumes thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless." But it must not be supposed that in the United States alone the fair sex indulge in tobacco. The Turkish Sultana puffs her cigarette; the French and Spanish belles blow a cloud in private; the Peruvian Hebe chews; the Irish applemoan enjoys her short, black dhudeen; and the Lancashire and Yorkshire farm-wife thinks it no sin to take her long clay pipe after dinner and supper. In fact, the majority of people—certainly the males—consider with Salvation Yeo, in "Westward Ho!" that tobacco is the lone man's companion, the bachelor's friend, the hungry man's food, the sad man's cordial, the wakeful man's sleep, the chilly man's fire; while, for the stanching of

wounds, the purging of rheum, and the settling of the stomach, there is no herb like it under the canopy of heaven!

There are more than forty varieties of tobacco grown in various parts of the world—all possessing similar characteristics; but the leaves of eight or ten species of the plant are those in most common use. Of these, the Virginian tobacco (*N. tabacum*) is the most popular; while that of Cuba (of which the finest Havana cigars are made) is the most choice and delicate. The mercantile value of tobaccos differ very greatly in the English market, as may be seen in the following list:—

| | per lb. | | per lb. |
|-------------|---------|-----------|---------|
| Canada | 4d. | Turkey | 9d. |
| Kentucky | 6d. | Columbian | 10d. |
| Virginian | 7d. | Cuba | 1s. 6d. |
| St. Domingo | 8d. | | |
| Maryland | 9d. | Havana | 3s. 6d. |

The English duty upon all these is the same, irrespective of prime cost; namely, 3s. 2d. upon unmanufactured, and 9s. 6d. upon manufactured tobacco, cigars, &c.

In all countries tobacco is used in the three several forms of smoking, snuffing, and chewing—the last generally considered rather disgusting, though very common among British sailors and United States senators, editors, rowdies, and other people of somewhat amphibological reputation!

Poets, painters, historians, divines, warriors, and even kings—certainly one king who was worthy of his ermine, Frederick the Great—have written and spoken in praise of tobacco. Hear what Byron ("The Island," canto ii., stanza xix.) says of the famous narcotic:—

"Sublime Tobacco! which from east to west
Cheers the tar's labour or the Turkman's rest;
Which on the Moslem's ottoman divides
His hours, and rivals opium and his brides;
Magnificent in Stamboul, but less grand,
Though not less loved, in Wapping or the Strand;
Divine in hookas, glorious in a pipe,
When tipp'd with amber, yellow, rich and ripe;
Like other charmers wooing the caress
More dazzlingly when daring in full dress;
Yet thy true lovers most admire by far
Thy naked beauties—Give me a cigar!"

Charles Lamb exclaims, "For thy sake, Tobacco! I would do anything but die!" But the enthusiasm of Elia for the Indian weed was nothing, absolutely nothing, to that displayed by De Quincy for opium. The fascinating influence of this drug so completely overcame this celebrated writer, that for many years he was a complete slave to the pipe and the laudanum bottle. His "Confessions" are so well known, that it is not necessary to refer more particularly to them. The great home of "Mash Allah," the Gift, is China. "Just, subtle, and mighty opium," is not, we are credibly informed, so mischievous in its tendency as has been represented. Though constant indulgence in the use of the drug has doubtless brought many hundreds to the grave, there is reason to believe that brandy-drinking in China is far more destructive than opium smoking.

The two great varieties of opium are the black and the white—a circumstance known to the world even in the days of Hippocrates. Both are obtained

from the capsules of a certain kind of poppy, but, like tobacco and bitter beer, it is grievously adulterated. Mr. Cooke goes at considerable length into the processes of preparing opium for the market. Our space will not permit us to follow him, though we may be allowed to transfer one or two "curiosities." Opium-eaters generally begin with doses of half-a-grain a day, till in the end they are enabled to take as much as a hundred and seventy grains—enough to kill half-a-dozen ordinary Englishmen! The vapour of opium is taken directly into the lungs, and not expelled, like tobacco-smoke, from the mouth merely. Opium possesses a wonderful power of sustaining the physical strength, and the stimulant is not followed, as with alcoholic drinks, by disagreeable depression. Coleridge suffered severely in his attempts to alleviate pain by the use of opium; but he lived to conquer not only the pain, but the evil habit. De Quincy also, after seventeen years' use, and eight years' abuse, of the drug, shook off his chains. In actual domestic life in England opium is much used, and in various forms, from the infamous Godfrey's Cordial to the pill and the laudanum draught. In 1858 there were imported into this country no fewer than 82,085 lbs. of opium, of which quantity 77,639 lbs. were professedly for home consumption!

We are sorely tempted to dilate on the properties and peculiarities of hemp—the *Haschisch* of the Saracens, the *Nepenthes* of France the *Gunja* of India, the *Dacha* of the Zoolu Caffirs. We feel much inclined to have a long talk about Betel, Coca, Thorn-apple, Amanita, and the other narcotics. We would willingly draw a moral—if it be not already drawn—from the interesting facts furnished by the "Seven Sisters of Sleep;" but we feel that we have already transgressed our allotted space, and so *Vale!*

G. F. P.

PERSEVERANCE.

BY JAMES WALKER.

Few things are possible to listless indolence;
 But unto him whose soul is in his task
 (Who scorns 'mid ease or sloth to bask
 Till it's accomplished), there is no chance;
 No prison which long in durance
 Can keep success: the unconquerable will
 Bends all before it; pierces through each maze
 Impenetrable to superficial gaze,
 Encounters every obstacle, and still
 Bears off from each the palm. Then, human soul,
 If for some noble object thou dost strive,
 And would'st triumphant reach the final goal,
 Swerve not aside ere yet thou dost arrive;
 Be patient, faithful, firm, and even fate shall not control.

The Lesson of the Winter.

BY JAMES EWING RITCHIE.

A GREAT shock has been given this winter to the provident habits of working men. I fear it will be some time before we recover from the effects of it. The decent pride and proper self-respect of many classes of workmen have been most materially tampered with, and, in many cases, broken down. For weeks the police-offices and the charitable institutions of the metropolis have been thronged with hungry crowds. Wherever a crust of bread, or a scuttlefull of coals, or a ticket for soup, or a yard of flannel was to be given away, there were men, women, children, thick as flies in summer time, and ravenous as wolves. For weeks strong able-bodied men were to be seen lingering in our streets. For weeks the poor-law institutions were set aside as unable to grapple with the want in our midst, and the charities of the rich or the compassionate were freely invoked and freely given. In the provinces, as in London, the same thing prevailed. In the one as well as in the other we heard of distress appealing to charity, and charity responding to the appeal. It is to be feared that, though the occasion has happily passed away, a spirit has been created which will long yield disastrous fruits. All evil things grow fast, but of all evil things none grow so fast as poverty. The spirit of independence and self-respect once broken down is very difficult to restore. And let the improvident feel that in certain contingencies it is the duty of others to help them, and they will soon cease to attempt to take care of themselves. Beggary is such an easy trade, it will always be sure to have plenty of followers. Many of the recipients of this year's charity will only be too ready to appeal to the public when Christmas comes again. They have, for the most part, done as well, if not better, than if they had been hard at work; and, as must be the case, at any rate as always is the case when promiscuous charities are freely lavished, the most worthless and least deserving generally come off best. We have reason to believe that most of the persons relieved were in distress, owing chiefly to their own improvidence. They threw dull care away, and took no thought for the morrow. As to practising self-denial, and saving up a little money, the idea never seems to have entered their heads; they knew that winter was coming, yet they would not prepare for it. They knew that provisions would be dear—that employment would be scarce—that the cold would be intense, yet they lived as if we lived in a land of perpetual sunshine. Like the lotus eaters they sang—

“Ah! why
Should life all labour be?
Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast;
And in a little while our lips are dumb;
Let us alone. What is it that will last?”

No other classes are thus improvident—thus given to waste their substance in riotous living—thus reckless of the future. Small tradesmen, curates, lawyers, and merchants' clerks; physicians, poor authors, and schoolmasters have often less income than the classes of whom we write, yet they live without sending the hat round, and maintain a far more respectable appearance. Yet no sooner does a frost set in than gardeners, navvies, bricklayers, dock-

labourers (the last, I admit, are very badly remunerated), perambulate the streets, in doleful chorus singing,—“We’ve got no work to do-o-o.” Well, they knew they would have no work to do when the frost set in. There is no novelty about a frost. It generally arrives once a year—it would indeed be a miracle if it did not. I was very recently in a town a few miles from the Post-office, in company with the Inspector of Police and one of the Magistrates. I thoroughly explored every part of it. The evidences of poverty on every side were of the most unmitigated and unmistakable character; the women and children were all dirty, and tattered, and torn. In one house I found a little fellow by himself. I asked him to show me his dinner; it consisted merely of raw potatoes. I went into other houses—all were alike—dirty, undrained, unventilated, fever-breeding apartments, in which a man would not put his horse or dog. Of course, you tell me the people were wretchedly poor. The real contrary was the case. In the whole district labour was in real demand; and no man made less than twenty shillings a-week, and most of them much more; a great deal of money was paid away in wages, yet the labourers who earned it all lived in a state of filth at home. We asked the inspector of the police how the money was spent? how, with such wages, there could be such an appearance of poverty? The answer was, it was all spent on Saturdays and Sundays in the beer-shops. The clergyman of the parish told us the same. The magistrate gave us a similar reply. Well, these are the people who, in a severe frost like that we have just experienced, are thrown on the charity of the sympathetic; and often we scarce know which most to wonder at, the generosity of the public or the improvidence of the poor. A gentleman-engaged during the recent severe frost in the distribution of charity, in one of the parishes in the East of London, says: “The manager of a public company which employs most of the labour there, attended and cross-questioned each applicant; and I assure you it was sickening, not to see so much distress, as to have the conviction forced on you that nineteen twentieths of all that misery was owing wholly to the improvidence of the people themselves. Knowing nearly all the persons, there was no chance for them to deceive this gentleman; so the truth came out, and that truth was in scores of cases that the husbands of these women had been till very lately, when stopped by the frost, regularly earning from twenty-five to forty shillings per week, some of them more. I myself have known my own men, who have been earning thirty-three shillings for months, asking charity after having stopped a few weeks. I have known one man, to whom I was paying twenty-eight shillings a week, pay twelve shillings of it for one week’s beer.” A stern logic would leave such to their fate; that is how nature punishes the bees who won’t lay up honey, or the dormice that won’t accumulate a fair share of winter fat. But people who are well off are soon touched by tales of distress; and when we see poverty bleeding and in rags, and gasping for very life, our first impulse is to relieve it; and very rightly, for improvident and reckless people are flesh and blood, and have claims on our sympathy and aid. We must deal in mercy to others, as we hope for mercy for ourselves. But there is a mischief arising from this state of things, and that mischief we have seen abundantly illustrated this winter. We laugh at the friend of humanity who would not give the needy knife-grinder a sixpence, who, instead of confessing that he had been badly treated by squire, or parson, or lawyer, was candid enough to declare:—

“Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir.

Only, last night, a-drinking at the ‘Chequers,’

This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were torn in a scuffle.

Constables came up for to take me into Custody. They took me before the justice. Justice, old mixen, put me into the parish stocks for a vagrant."

But, at any rate, the friend of humanity, by his refusal, was a better friend to the working classes than those who inconsiderately relieved, not the most meritorious, but the most clamorous. Before the New Poor Law came into operation, the demoralization of the working classes had reached its climax; men and women seemed to think that they had a right to live as merrily and to breed as gaily as they liked, and to leave to the ratepayer—who had enough burdens of his own—the cost of their maintenance. During the late frost we heard of big fellows making their eight or nine shillings a morning by begging, often from people poorer than themselves; and then carousing gaily in gin-palaces, and public-houses, and beer-shops. I myself saw more than one begging who was really too drunk to be able to stand, and the bread and meat given were often exchanged for more drink; thus making it clear that the real cause of the evil was not want of work, or the severity of the weather, or the dearthness of provisions, but the improvidence of the beggars themselves. Of course, such people have their difficulties—it would be most remarkable if they had not; the law of human life is inexorable—he that will not work, neither shall he eat, is the rule. All nature, all history, all reason and revelation, alike teach us this; but these people forget this. We are obliged to do somewhat, and we do this, although we feel that the same fellows we have relieved this year will be sure to turn up again next winter, unless in the meantime they have drunk themselves into the workhouse, or died of *delirium tremens*. How are we to prevent this? What is the remedy for this ill? How is society to protect itself against this evil? Clearly there is little remedy to be got out of Acts of Parliament. We cannot put it down by force. Let the policeman be ever so energetic—let the Poor-law relieving-officer be ever so lynx-eyed—let the magistrate or parochial clergyman be ever so active in the discharge of their duties—the beggar will turn up in our streets and highways; and, however reckless and improvident he may have been, we cannot let him lie down and die. Here, in this Christian land, religion and humanity alike forbid our suffering man or woman to die of starvation. But we can do this: we can appeal to the working-classes to reform themselves, and thus put down the mendicancy resulting from their improvident habits. They must take the initiative. Instead of declaiming against masters, let them be better masters to themselves; let them become capitalists, instead of denouncing capitalists. Instead of calling themselves slaves, and blustering about their rights, let them abandon the habits which in many cases have made them lead lives little better than those of slaves. Very often the workmen who earn the most money are the worst off. I heard of an old man, now in Bristol workhouse, who states that for sixty years he spent sixpence a day in drink. A gentleman who heard this statement began to calculate how much this sixpence per day, put by every year at five per cent. compound interest, would amount to in sixty years. By a process not very difficult to follow, he discovered that in the sixtieth year this sixpence a day reached the startling sum of £3,225 16s. 8d. Judge of the old man's surprise when told that if, instead of spending this sum in drink, he might by that time have had a house of his own costing £700, and fifty acres of land worth £50 an acre, and have left the same as a legacy amongst his children and grand-children. This old man never needed to have been in Bristol workhouse; and working men come to that often because they are like him. Such facts as these often make men say that the more money operatives earn the worse off they are. No one can, however, grudge them their wages;

they have as much right to them as the lawyer or physician to his fee. They work hard—harder than any other work-people in the world; and by steady, well-regulated, energetic industry, have placed England in her present proud position among the nations of the earth. Let us do them all honour, the men of the fustian jacket and hard hands; but I wish them better political economists. I wish that they would feel that political reform, however it may be required, is of little avail compared with reform at home; that no amount of charity can compensate for improvident and careless habits; that no help is so sweet, and genuine, and ennobling as self-help; such as the Co-operative Societies, which are the glory of our land. By means of them a workman may make provision for the calamities to which he is exposed; by means of them he may guard himself against every contingency; and by means of them, when the dark hour of distress arrives, instead of whining for alms as a beggar, he may claim as a right sufficient for the wants of the day. This last winter men, who might have done this—instead, depended on the charities of the public. Better had it been for them to have avoided this degradation. Far different is the relief given by a Friendly Society. Theirs is a charity that blesseth him that gives and him that takes. *A man takes relief from them as a matter of right*; he makes his application, and receives his relief without a sense of shame; he is a shareholder, not a beggar, and he expects to be treated with respect; his society gives him relief in sickness, and supplies his family with money at his death. If the society from which he requires aid is flourishing, he feels that it owes his success to such as he; no man has a right to charge him with improvidence; and the feeling that he has made some provision for himself and his family—that in case of sickness or misfortune he would not be thrown penniless on the bleak charities of the world—is one very pleasant to a well-regulated mind. This last winter we have seen the advantages resulting from such societies—no member of them had to go whining for charity. A subscriber can look forward to the future with well-founded hope; and if he is involved in calamity, he at any rate can feel that, as far as human foresight could avail, he had done his best to prepare for it. Surely such a man's reflections must be of pleasanter character than those of him who thoughtlessly squanders every farthing he earns, and who finds himself, after years of honest labour, as poor as when first he commenced his useful career. Such a one, though not a sluggard, I would bid in the language of Scripture: "Go to the ant, and learn to be wise."

FRIENDSHIP.

Plant of bright celestial soil!
 Bestowed on man below
 To sweeten life, to soften toil,
 And rapture teach to flow.

Raise thy altar in my breast!
 Fill it with thy sacred fire!
 Give to life a higher zest;
 With higher pleasures life inspire!

THE INCAS OF PERU.

BY THE LATE ROBERT BROUGH.

THERE'S no excuse for ignorance, now Baronets and Earls
Have taken, from the lecture-room, to pelting us with pearls.
A grateful pig, I've humbly scrap'd to pick up one or two,
And learnt a few statistics of the Incas of Peru.

No doubt a many in this room may glean a hint or two,
From what I have just been reading of the Incas of Peru.

Peru is in America—(you see how I've got on!)
Producing gold in hundredweights, and silver by the ton;
With burning plains, but grassy dells, where cooling breezes lurk;
The place, in fact, to live—with some one else to do the work.

No doubt a many in this room, the self-same point of view
Would take of it, precisely, as the Incas of Peru.

The Incas were a Royal Race, descended from the Sun,
In person quite distinguish'd from the folks of common run:
They'd smaller hands, and cleaner teeth, a finer type of nose;
They had no chilblains on their heels, no corns upon their toes.

No doubt a many in this room, with marks of birth in view
Like those, would kiss the shoe-strings of the Incas of Peru.

In right of their divine descent, they own'd Peruvia's soil;
Of course, such dainty finger tips were never made to toil—
In fact, 'twas 'gainst the laws they should—except to bring in pails
Of water, for the monarch's bath, or cut the royal nails.

No doubt a many in this room would swagger if they knew
Gold-Shaving-Pot-in-Waiting to the Incas of Peru.

Now, something like a ruling class were they; beneath their rule,
No common person's children were allowed to go to school;
And none, to hold an office or command, could e'er expect—
Save those of Inca families, which kept the thing select.

No doubt a many in this room know younger sons who rue
Not having such connections as the Incas of Peru.

Their priests the people taught, the greatest crime was shirking toil;
And next to that, begrudging to their lieges all its spoil.
The cottar as he dived the mine, or reaped the golden maize,
Was made to sing war songs in his indulgent master's praise.

No doubt a many in this room had earned a pound or two
By writing flunkey ballads for the Incas of Peru.

The Incas had their game preserves—vast flocks of Llama goats,
That fattened on the workman's corn, like pheasants on our oats.
An annual bunch (say one per cent.) of fleece each serf might pull
At shearing time, mid dance and song—much cry and little wool!

No doubt a many in this room will this concession view
As rather feeble-minded in the Incas of Peru.

They'd Poor Laws too, well organiz'd—a man his work who'd done,
 (That is, the Incas') might not to his own poor garden run,
 Until his neighbours, old and sick, he'd help'd with might and main;
 Which sav'd relieving officers—from vagrants clear'd the plain.

No doubt a many in this room, as dastard traitors view
 Abuse paternal rulers, like the Incas of Peru.

The people were contented then, like hounds or rabbits tame;
 But, well-a-day! one morning fine, Pizarro's cut-throats came:—
 "Peruvians arm!" the Incas cry, "Your plains and cities fair
 Invaders threaten!" but the people didn't seem to care.

No doubt a many in this room, as dastard traitors view
 The hinds who would'nt rally round the Incas of Peru.

The Spaniards cut the Incas' throats; the people calm look'd on:
 Slaves like a change of masters—they submitted to the Don;
 He paid as well, allowed them drink: four cent'ries have gone round,
 The Indians of Peru are still the slaves the Spaniards found.

No doubt a many in this room, in this recital true,
 Can weep but for the downfall of the Incas of Peru.

[The above is one of those trenchant lyrics for which my friend Robert Brough was so famous. It was published, with others of a like character, in a little volume under the title of "Songs of the Governing Classes," and may be sung to a popular tune that will immediately suggest itself to the reader. As a bit of poetical satire, it is perhaps unequalled in the range of modern comic writing.—Ed.]

A M O M E N T.

BY R. DUTHIE.

A MOMENT! what art thou? the briefest space
 Of time, immeasurable, undefined;
 'Twere vain for mortal man of finite mind
 Thy indivisibility to trace.

Yet such as thee compose the circling year—
 Our threescore years and ten, that narrow span,
 Prescribed by Heaven to bound the life of man;
 That gone, how short indeed it doth appear!

How soon a moment's swallowed in the vast
 Unfathomable ocean of the past!

Quick, as the quickest twinkle of the eye,
 'Tis lost for ever in immensity;
 Yet in a moment's space, to endless day,
 The vital spark starts from the still warm clay.

The Touchy Lady.

ONE of the most unhappy persons whom it has been my fortune to encounter is a pretty woman of thirty or thereabouts, healthy, wealthy, and of good repute, with a fine house, a fine family, and a really excellent husband. A solitary calamity renders all these blessings of no avail;—the gentlewoman is touchy! This affliction has given a colour to her whole life. Her biography has a certain martial dignity; like the history of a nation, she dates from battle to battle, and passes her days in an interminable civil war.

The first person who, long before she could speak, had the misfortune to offend the young lady, was her nurse; then four nursery maids, who were turned away in quick succession, poor things! because Miss Anne could not endure them; then her brother Harry by being born, and diminishing her importance; then three governesses; then two writing masters; then one music mistress; and eventually a whole school. On leaving school, affronts multiplied, of course; and she has been in a constant miff with servants, trades-people, relations, and friends ever since; so that, although really pretty (at least she would be so if it were not for a standing frown, and a certain watchful, defiant look in her eyes), decidedly clever and accomplished, and particularly charitable as far as giving money goes (your ill-tempered people have often that redeeming grace), she is known only by her one absorbing quality of touchiness, and is dreaded and hated accordingly by every one who has the honour of her acquaintance.

Paying her a visit is one of the most formidable things that can be imagined; one of the trials which in a small way demand the greatest resolution. It is so difficult to find what to say. You must make up your mind to the affair, as you would do when going to a shower bath. Differing from her is obviously pulling the string; and agreeing with her too often or too pointedly is nearly as bad; she then suspects you of humouring her infirmity, of which she has herself a glimmering consciousness, and treats you with a sharp touch of it accordingly. But what is there that she will not suspect? Admire the colours of a new carpet, and she thinks you are looking at some invisible hole; praise the pattern of a morning cap, and she accuses you of thinking it too gay. She has an ingenuity of perverseness, which brings all subjects nearly to a level. The mention of her neighbours is evidently *taboo*, since it is at least twenty to one but she is in a state of affront with nine-tenths of them; her own family are also *taboo*, for the same reason. Books are particularly unsafe. She stands vibrating on the pinnacle where two fears meet, ready to be suspected of blue stockingism on the one hand or of ignorance and frivolity on the other, just as the work you may chance to name happens to be recondite and popular; nay, sometimes the same production shall excite both feelings, thus cutting off her Majesty's lieges from the most approved topic of discussion among civilised people—a neutral ground as open and various as the weather, and far more delightful. But what did I say? The very weather is with her no safe subject of conversation. She pretends to skill in that science of guesses commonly called weather-wisdom; and a fog or a shower, or a thunder-storm, or the blessed sun himself may have been rash enough to contradict her bodements, and put her out of humour for the day!

Her own name, too, has all her life long been a fertile source of misery to this unfortunate lady.

Her maiden name was Smythe—Ann Smythe. Now Smythe, although perfectly genteel and unexceptionable to look at, a pattern appellation on paper, is, in speaking, no way distinguished from the thousand common Smiths who cumber the world. She never heard that “word of fear,” especially when introduced

to a new acquaintance, without looking as if she longed to spell it. Anne was bad enough; people had housemaids of that name, as if to make a confusion; and her grandmamma insisted on omitting the final "e," in which important vowel was seated all it could boast of dignity; and once a brother of fifteen, the identical brother Harry, an Etonian, a pickle, one of that order of clever boys who seem born for the torment of their female relatives, "foredoomed their *sister's* soul to cross," actually went so far as to call her—Nancy! She did not box his ears, although how near her tingling fingers' ends approached to that consummation it is not my business to tell.

Having suffered so much from the perplexity of her equivocal maiden name, she thought herself most lucky in pitching on the thoroughly well-looking and well-sounding appellation of Morley for the rest of her life. Mrs. Morley!—nothing could be better. For once there was a word that did not affront her. The first alloy to this satisfaction was her perceiving on the bridal cards, Mr. and Mrs. B. Morley, and hearing that close to their residence lived a rich bachelor uncle, till whose death that fearful diminution of her consequence, the Mrs. B., must be endured. Mrs. B.! her brow began to wrinkle—but it was the night before the wedding. The uncle had made some compensation for the crime of being born thirty years before his nephew, in the shape of a superb set of emeralds; and by a fortunate mistake she had taken it into her head that B. in the present case stood for Basil, so that the loss of dignity being compensated by the increase of elegance, she bore the shock pretty well. It was not till the next morning, during the ceremony, that the full extent of her misery burst upon her, and she found that B. stood, not for Basil, but for Benjamin! Then the veil fell off; then the full horror of her situation, the affront of being a Mrs. Benjamin, stared her in the face; and certainly, but for the accident of her being struck dumb by indignation, she never would have married a man so ignobly christened.

Her fate has been even worse than then appeared probable, for her husband, an exceedingly popular and convivial person, was known all over his own county by the familiar diminutive of his ill-omened appellation; so that she found herself not merely a Mrs. Benjamin, but a Mrs. Ben, the wife of a Ben Morley, junior, Esq. (for the peccant uncle was godfather and namesake), the future mother of a Ben Morley the third. Oh! the Miss Smith, the Ann, even the Nancy, shrank into nothing when compared with that short word.

Neither is she altogether free from misfortunes on her side of the house. There is a terrible *mesalliance* in her own family. Her favourite aunt, the widow of an officer with five portionless children, became, one fair morning, the wife of a rich mercer in Cheapside; thus, at a stroke, gaining comfort and losing caste. The manner in which this affected poor Mrs. Ben Morley is inconceivable. She talked of the unhappy connexion, as aunts are wont to talk when nieces get paired at Gretna Green; wrote a formal renunciation of the culprit, and has considered herself insulted ever since if any one mentions a silk gown in her presence. Another affliction, brought on by her own family, is the production of a farce by her brother Henry (born for a plague) at the Olympic. The farce was —! as the author (a very young Templar), declares most deservedly. He bore the catastrophe with great heroism; and celebrated its downfall by venturing sundry bad puns, and drinking an extra bottle of claret: leaving to Anne, sweet sister Anne, the pleasant employment of fuming over his discomfort—a task which she performed *con amore*. Actors, manager, audience, and author, seventeen newspapers and three magazines, had the misfortune to displease her on this occasion; in short, the whole town. Theatres and newspapers, critics and the drama, have been banished from her conversation ever since. She would as soon talk to her most fashionable visitor of a silk mercer!

Next, after her visitors, her correspondents are to be pitied; they had need

look at their P's and Q's, their spelling and their stationery. If you write a note to her, be sure that the paper is the best double post, hot pressed and gilt-edged; that your pen is in good order; that your "Dear Madams" have a proper mixture of regard and respect; and that your foldings and sealings are unexceptionable. She almost faints at the absence of an envelope, and would die of a wafer! Note, above all, that your address be perfect; that your initials in the left-hand corner, neatly written and without a flourish be not forgotten; that the offending Benjamin be omitted; and that the style and title of her mansion, Shawford Manor House, be set forth in full glory. And when this is achieved, make up your mind to her taking some inexplicable affront, after all. Thrice fortunate would be he who could put twenty words together without affronting her. Besides, she is great at a scornful reply, and will keep up a quarrelling correspondence with any lady in Great Britain. Her letters are like challenges; and, but for the protection of her sex, she would have fought fifty duels, and been either killed or thoroughly quieted long ago.

If her husband had been of her temper, she would have brought him into twenty scrapes; but he is as unlike her as possible; a good-humoured, rattling creature, with a perpetual festivity of temper, and a propensity to motion, and laughter, and all sorts of merry mischief, like a school-boy in the holidays—which felicitous personage he resembles bodily, in his round, ruddy, handsome face, his sparkling black eyes, curling hair, and light, active figure—the youngest man that ever saw forty! His pursuits have the same happy juvenility. In the summer he fishes and plays cricket; in the winter he hunts and carouses; and what with grouse and partridges, pheasants and wood-cocks, wood-pigeons and sea-gulls, he contrives to shoot pretty well all the year round. Moreover, he attends revels, races, assizes, and quarter sessions: drives stage-coaches, patronises plays, is steward to concerts, goes to every dance within forty miles, and talks of standing for the county; so that he has no time to quarrel with his wife, or for her, and affronts her twenty times in an hour, simply by giving her her own way.

To the popularity of this universal favourite, for the restless sociability of his temper is invaluable in a dull country neighbourhood, his wife certainly owes the toleration which bids fair to render her incorrigible. She is fast approaching to the melancholy condition of a privileged person, one put out of the pale of civilised society: people have left off being angry with her, and begin to shrug up their shoulders, and say it is *her way*, a species of placability which only provokes her the more. For my part, I have too great a desire to obtain her good opinion to think of treating her in so shabby a manner; and as it is morally certain that we shall never be friends whilst we visit, I intend to try the effect of non-intercourse, and to break with her outright. If she reads this article, which is very likely, for she is addicted to clever publications, and thinks herself injured if a book be put into her hands with the leaves cut—if she reads only half a page, she will inevitably have done with me for ever; if not, there can hardly be any lack of a sufficient quarrel in her company—and then, when we have ceased to speak or to bow, and fairly sent each other to Coventry, there can be no reason why we should not be on as civil terms as if she tiffed at Calcutta and I smoked my cigar in New York.

Valentines.

In ancient Rome, certain festivals in honour of Lupercus, the god of fertility, were celebrated every February. Mark Antony, during his consulship, was, it appears, one of the Luperci, or priests of that deity. A strange sort of lottery drawing was a distinguishing feature of those festivals. The names of young women were written down on separate billets, placed in a box, shaken up together, and then drawn forth by the young men. This mode of providing the young men of Rome with sweethearts was grappled with by the dignitaries of the Christian Church. The lottery drawing, however, was not abolished, but the names of "saints and martyrs hairy" were substituted for the names of young women. As the Festival of Lupercus used to commence about the middle of February, the 14th of February, or St. Valentine's day, was selected for the celebration of the new feast.

But the remembrance of the ancient custom survived; and at length we meet with specimens of that species of amorous poetry now so well known to old and young, great and small, gentle and simple, to the blooming maid who listened eagerly for the postman's knock on the morning of Thursday, February the fourteenth, in this year of grace eighteen hundred and sixty-one; and the poor postman who, groaning and perspiring under his great sack of love-letters, tapped feebly or vociferously, according to his temper, at the doors of mansions and cottages.

The earliest known writer of valentines is no less a person than that Charles, Duke of Orleans, who was taken prisoner by our Henry V., at the battle of Agincourt, in 1415. His valentines, poor fellow, were written within iron bars, his study being no less uncongenial a locality than a chamber in the Tower of London. These valentines, which exhibit considerable poetic merit, together with a vast number of songs and ballads composed by the Duke during his captivity, are contained in a large and finely illuminated manuscript volume now in the British Museum.

A few years later we find John Lydgate, the poetic monk of Bury, addressing a valentine to Queen Catherine, the wife of Henry V. Here is a verse, full of Platonic love, from this curious production—

"*Scynte Valentine.* Of custome yeere by yeere
Men have an usaunce in this region,
To loke and serche Cupides kalendere
And chose theyr choyse by grete affeccoun,
Such as ben move with Cupides mocoun,
Takyng theyre choyse as theyre sort doth falle,
But I love oon whiche excellith alle."

Shakespeare makes Ophelia allude to the custom of choosing valentines:—

"Good morrow! 'Tis St. Valentine's Day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window
To be your Valentine."

Menage tells us that Madame Royale, a daughter of Henry IV., of France, built a palace near Turin in honour of St. Valentine, and ordered that the ladies

of her court should receive their lovers for the year by lots. This custom, he says, occasioned the parties to be called Valentines.

Immediately after the Restoration, we find that the custom of selecting valentines was very common amongst the upper classes in England. The attachment, however, was usually of a Platonic description, and the custom was not confined to unmarried people; and on those occasions handsome presents were not unfrequently made by the gentlemen to the ladies. In the glorious and immortal diary of the incomparable Pepys, we find sundry entries corroborative of our assertion. Mrs. Stuart seems to have fared sumptuously:—

“The Duke of York being once her valentine, did give her a jewel of about £800; and my Lord Mandeville, her valentine this year, a ring of about £300.”

Mrs. Pepys, too, had a valentine, “little Will Mercer,” who “brought her name, written upon blue paper in gold letters, done by himself very pretty; and we were both well pleased with it.”

The diarist closes with this curiously-characteristic sentence:—

“But I am also this year my wife’s valentine, and it will cost me £5; but that I must have laid out if we had not been valentines.”

Further on we are told of another of Mrs. Pepys’ valentines, one Sir W. Batten, who had presented the lady with “half-a-dozen pair of gloves, and a pair of silk stockings and garters, for her valentines.”

Mr. Pepys obliges us with a glimpse of other presents obtained by his wife, and of his own joy thereat:—

“This evening my wife did with great pleasure show me her stock of jewels, increased by the ring she hath made lately as my valentine’s gift this year, a turkey-stone set with diamonds: with this and what she had, she reckons that she hath above £150 worth of jewels of one kind or other; and I am glad of it, for it is fit the wretch should have something to content herself with.”

In “Poor Robin’s Almanac” for 1676, this drawing of valentines is thus referred to:—

“Now Andrew, Antho-
ny, and William,
For Valentines draw
Prue, Kate, Jilian.”

Mission, who travelled in England in 1720, gives an interesting circumstantial account of the ceremonies glanced at in “Poor Robin’s Almanac.” On the eve of the 14th of February an equal number of smart young bachelors and nice young maidens met by appointment. Each of the merry company wrote his or her name upon a separate billet. Those billets were then rolled up together, and afterwards drawn forth by lot, the lads taking the lasses’ billets, while the lasses appropriated those of the lads, so that, in the words of the traveller,—

“Each of the young men lights upon a girl that he calls his valentine, and each of the girls upon a young man whom she calls hers. By this means each has two valentines, but the man sticks faster to the valentine that is fallen to him than to the valentine to whom he is fallen.”

In a chronicle of valentine customs a few years later, we find it stated, that “in some places the lad’s valentine is the first lass he meets in the morning who is not an inmate of the house: the lass’s valentine is the first youth she sees.” In allusion to this mode of obtaining a valentine, John Gay makes a countrywoman remind her husband—

"I early rose just at the break of day,
 Before the sun had chased the stars away.
 A field I went, amid the morning dew
 To milk my kine (for so should housewives do),
 Thee first I spied, and the first swain we see,
 In spite of fortune, shall our true love be."

In 1775 we find a young lady correspondent of the *Connoisseur*, informing the editor of that publication, that on St. Valentine's Eve she pinned five bay-leaves to her pillow, adding, "and then if I dreamt of my sweetheart, Betty said we should be married before the year was out."

The fair lady, however, was not quite satisfied with the bay-leaves, and resorted to an additional spell.

"But to make it more sure I boiled an egg hard, and took out the yolk, and filled it with salt, and when I went to bed, ate it, shell and all, without speaking or drinking after it."

This resolute damsel does not acquaint us with the effect of her salt and egg-shell eating. As a set-off, however, she gives us the particulars of another device resorted to by her on the night in question. Several bits of paper, each containing a young man's name, were plunged into water, "and the first that rose up was to be my valentine." The result is thus pleasantly given:—

"Would you think it, Mr. Blossom was my man? I lay a-bed, and shut my eyes all the morning till he came to our house; for I would not have seen another man before him for all the world."

Of the valentines of our own day—valentines on embroidered paper, and valentines of flesh and blood—we need say little. The annual display of hearts and darts, doves and loves, Cupids and stupids, in our stationers' windows, is surely of the most gorgeously resplendent and stupendous kind; and that the demand is fully equal to the supply, is it not written in the yearly reports of the Postmaster-General?

The following is a favourable specimen of the modern valentine:—

Awake, my love, awake!
 Wilt thou hear the wild bird's lay?
 Wilt thou visit the dewy drops which break,
 Like pearls, from the jasmine spray?

I bring no withering wreath,
 With its colours as brief as gay;
 I would not have aught so near to death
 On thy sunny brow to day.

There are dreams that mar repose,
 There are waves on the stillest sea,
 And the dew that glows in the queenly rose,
 Is a banquet for the bee.

Thou wilt not smile the less—
 And thou wilt not look less fair,
 Though something there be of thoughtfulness,
 In the tale that awaits thee here.

The Uses of Regalia.

SUGGESTED BY A VISIT TO MR. TUTILL'S STUDIO.

To the uninitiated—that is, all who are unacquainted with the mysteries of Freemasonry, Odd-Fellowship, Forestry, &c., and who recognise no inner meaning in the words Friendly Societies—to the outside world, “the mere public,” the term “regalia” conveys but one idea, the definition given in the dictionaries, the “insignia of royalty.” But to the minds of those who have been allowed to lift the veil and penetrate into the secrets of Secret Societies, the term is understood to include all the paraphernalia that has for centuries been familiar to Freemasons—banners, and aprons, and scarves, and crosses, and stars, and jewels; swords, and sashes, and girdles, and tassels, and collars; emblematic pictures, rods, wands, and other signs of state and ceremony which have been adopted by the members of Benefit Societies, in a greater or lesser degree, all over the world. Doubtless the Freemasons, the knights of various ancient orders, and the members of the old trade guilds and corporations, borrowed their trappings of distinction from royalty itself; and royalty, even in these enlightened days, has by no means abandoned them. On the contrary, the glittering pageantry of courts is as attractive as ever, and the highest, the noblest, the bravest, the wisest, and the best among men are not above the vanities of masquerade when a king or a queen condescends to lead the revels. The bit of blue ribbon and the star on the breast, the collar of S.S., the garter, and the belt, the spurs, the swords, and the mantle of knighthood—what are they but emblems of valour and loyalty, honourable to the wearer, and eagerly sought after through danger and fierce contention on battle-fields, and given as rewards, ample and all-sufficing, by right royal hands? What were all the braveries of heraldry—the banners, arms, and achievements, the swords, truncheons, emblazonments of knights and esquires, the scarlet and gold, the statutes and ordinances, the prizes and estimations of chivalry and tournamental conflict—what were they but so many incentives to gallantry and good order in the gone-by days of semi-civilization? And what are now these distinctions, so untiringly sought and so highly prized? What above and beyond the “regalia” of the Odd-Fellows’ Lodge or the Foresters’ Court? It has been a fashion with certain writers and speakers to decry these things as vanities and tinsel nonsense. But are they altogether without useful purpose and good end? Do not these same self-sufficient writers and talkers see that if badges of distinction possess high value with men of education—warriors and statesmen, nobles and divines—that they are no less prized by the humble members of Benefit Societies? How is it they fail to observe that human nature is the same whether clothed in velvet or fustian?—that the same desire of distinction actuates Tom Brown in his Lodge or Court to attain to the honour of a green or scarlet scarf as prompts my lord of seven quarterings on his coat of arms to seek, by years of earnest labour and devotion, the dignity of the Garter or the Bath? These things are not puerilities. Men’s longings after fame and power must be satisfied. To one man a bit of ribbon placed round his neck by the hands of a queen; to another a similar investment in open Court or Lodge, in the presence of his fellows, by his superior officer. Where is the difference? It exists only in degree. Then, why should the honourable ambition of the earl be esteemed greater than that of Brother Jones, Tyler of Court Loyalty, or Past Secretary Brown, who aspires to take the degree of Vice-Grand or Sub Chief Ranger?

We are not of those who look coldly on these things. We honour the man

who seeks to distinguish himself among his brethren, what station soever he may happen to fill in this busy and beautiful world of ours. Why? Because the very desire for distinction is a guarantee for sobriety of behaviour, nobility of soul, and a purpose steadier, higher, and better than is afforded him in his ordinary intercourse and avocations. Because we believe that a love of show and finery is inherent in man's nature; and however much hard utilitarians may deride processions and regalia as part and parcel of the machinery of Friendly Societies, we do not for an instant doubt that this same show has been one of the greatest helps such societies ever possessed. The Queen does not go to open Parliament riding in a private carriage; Charles Louis Napoleon, Emperor of the French by the grace of God and the will of the people, knows that his fellow-countrymen admire him most when he comes among them surrounded by the pride and glory of Imperial state. The Lord Mayor of London cannot consent to abolish the show on his one great festival day in November. Why should Odd-Fellows or Foresters, Druids or Old Friends, Ancient Shepherds, Loyal Mechanics, Original Rechabites, or youthful Bands of Hope, be ashamed to parade the streets, on Whit-Mondays and other holiday times, with banners carried aloft and streamers waving in the wind, music sounding merrily in front, and a thousand brothers, with scarves and ribbons, and stars and aprons, decorating their Sunday suits, marching after in orderly procession? Say what the hardheads will, these processions are immensely attractive; and we give full credit to a friend who lately informed us that, after every *al fresco* display of this character, his society greatly increased in numbers. These out-of-door demonstrations are to be encouraged rather than condemned; and when we come to recollect how Friendly Societies have spread themselves over all the land till every third man in Great Britain is a member of one or other of them, we cannot but believe that the men who organised these processions, and who still believe in the virtue of "regalia," are wiser than the advocates of their abolition. Nobody who knows him would accuse Mr. Charles Hardwick, the author of the "Manual for Friendly Societies"—an excellent book, well written—of any particular leaning towards finery and show. And yet what says he on this subject? Listen:—"Public processions and glittering regalia have proved the most cheap and effective method of 'advertising' Friendly Societies. All classes of the community, from the Sovereign to the mayor of a corporate town, know the value of a little state and ceremony. The almost marvellous extent to which Benefit Societies have spread justify the opinion that, in this respect at least, the promoters have not failed in the accomplishment of the purpose proposed." To be sure, Mr. Hardwick slightly qualifies his praise of show and regalia; but anybody who claims to know men and women as they are, must admit that "pomp and circumstance" have no slight influence in leading their minds from low and grovelling desires. The eye must be pleased, the ear must be charmed, the imagination must be warmed, ere the heart be reached, even in matters that most nearly concern the temporal welfare of the people. This being the case, then—and none can altogether deny the fact—we incline rather to encourage than to deter members of Friendly Societies in making all the show they can, consistently with a due regard to prudence and economy, and a proper expenditure of money subscribed for the day of sickness and want. In most well-managed societies the funds for sickness and death-demands are kept entirely separate from the incidental or management fund, and out of this latter only, aided by the voluntary subscriptions of the members, should come all payments for regalia and other bravery.

It is the custom of most societies, especially in the provinces, to make a public display by processions, accompanied by bands of music, banners, and

so forth, on at least one day in the year, which is generally Whit-Monday, or the anniversary of their formation. On these occasions it is that the regalia possessed by the members is brought forth. The procession is commonly followed by a dinner, at which speeches are made and toasts drank, as is well known to all our readers. The regalia that charmed the eyes of the public is then usually employed in decorating the room in which the company assemble; and we know of few sights more pleasing than is presented by a full room hung with flags and banners, and filled with happy and industrious members. A very large proportion of this regalia is supplied by Mr. Tutill, of 83 City-road, in the good city of London.

On the morning of our visit to this gentleman's studio we found him engaged in painting a large banner for the brethren of the Manchester Unity of Odd-Fellows, and presently afterwards we were allowed to inspect a large stock of finished and properly-seasoned banners adapted for all sorts of demonstrations by members of a vast number of Friendly Societies. The great amount of artistic skill displayed in the designs impresses us greatly as we gaze upon banner after banner suspended from poles running across the rooms just under the ceiling. Our memory of certain processions, in which banners formed attractive features, had rather inclined us in their favour; but here, when we are enabled to examine the pictures closely, we confess to a much higher opinion of Mr. Tutill's skill than we had previously formed. Our readers will scarcely need to be told that the designs are all more or less emblematical of the objects sought to be carried out by members of the several societies. Take an instance:—Here is a banner for Odd-Fellows. In the centre we have the British Lion supporting the arms of the Order—symbolic of the protection afforded by the State to the Unity. Under the All-seeing eye, Britannia, impersonated by our beloved Queen, explains to the representatives of the four quarters of the world the advantages of Odd-Fellowship. With her sceptre she points to the dove and olive-branch that surmount the arms, bearing the well-known symbols—the horn of plenty, the hour-glass, the beehive, and the cross-keys, supported by figures representing Faith with the cross, Hope with the anchor, and Charity with the crest of the Order, the Heart and Hand. Beneath are Friendship, Love, and Truth, severally represented by semi-nude figures of children, with the leopard and lamb, the dove and the looking-glass, grouped about the design of the Lodge, in this case the Good Samaritan.

In other banners we have emblematic designs for Foresters, Druids, Shepherds, Gardeners, Mechanics, Old Friends, and other Orders known to the Registrar-General, as coming within the designation of Friendly Societies,—designs in which ancient and modern mythology is drawn upon pretty freely, and illustrated by a warm imagination and a free pencil. We should mention that each banner bears two distinct and separate designs, the picture on both sides occupying precisely the same space, though differing altogether in composition. Another immense advantage possessed by the flags and banners produced by Mr. Tutill lies in the fact that the paintings are produced in a medium that never cracks or suffers from the weather. Each banner is painted on rich silk, trimmed with fringe and streamers, with gilt cross pole and two bearing poles, so arranged with regard to the flags they support as to incur no danger from swaying in the wind, and fitted with brass knobs, straps, and sockets. So great is the variety of banners kept in stock by Mr. Tutill, that an order, however large, can be completed at six hours' notice. Each design is really a fine picture, exquisitely painted.—*Weekly Chronicle*, March 16.

The Lodge Room.

SECRET ORDERS.—The following important communication has been addressed to the *Norfolk News*. The "Secret Orders" alluded to in Acts of Parliament are Odd-Fellows, or Foresters, or Friendly Societies, as at present constituted:—

"Diss, Norfolk, Feb. 20th, 1861.

"SIR,—Allow me, through your valuable journal, to inform any of the working classes who may be Roman Catholics, and at the same time inclined to become members of any 'Odd-Fellows,' Foresters,' 'Freemasons,' or any other secret society, that by so doing they will run a very serious risk.

"In a Lenten pastoral, which was read in the Roman Catholic churches in Dublin on the Sunday before last, Dr. Cullen says:—'As secret societies are the cause of the greatest evils to religion, tending to promote impiety and incredulity, and most hostile to the public good, the Roman pontiffs Benedict XIV., Pius VII., and Leo XII., have solemnly excommunicated all the children of the Church who engage in them. Hence no Catholic can be absolved who is a Freemason, Ribbonman, or enrolled in any other secret society.'

"After this, surely no man who values absolution more than medical aid and attention when sick, food when hungry, the means of travelling when out of employ, a respectable funeral when he is dead, and assistance to his widow and orphans should he be taken from them, will offer himself as a member to any of these societies, now declared to be under the Papal law.

"Ought not secret societies to examine themselves as to their 'tendencies to promote impiety and incredulity,' and especially as to their 'hostility to the public good,' and 'their causing the greatest evils to religion?' Having always had an opinion of secret societies contrary to this, I feel in duty bound to call upon secret societies to defend themselves from such serious charges, made by such dignified personages, and to be followed by such awful consequences.

"Faithfully yours,

"JOHN ELLIS."

[We have received a most able letter in respect to this subject, but before publishing it should like to see whether any of our readers feel inclined to accept Mr. Ellis's challenge.]

NORTH LONDON DISTRICT MEETING.—On Dec. 31 the Annual Committee of the North London District assembled at Auderton's Hotel, fifty-five delegates from Lodges being present. Prov. G.M. Rough presided, and, after a few opening remarks, P.G. Pelton (St. John's Lodge) read the Auditor's report. The mortality experienced during the year was seventy-seven members and sixty-six wives. The number of members good upon the books, according to the October returns, was seven thousand six hundred and sixty-one, and there is little doubt that now the district has about eight thousand one hundred members, with surplus capital amounting to £56,000 on the sick and funeral account. The election of officers was then proceeded with, when John Harris, of the Volunteer Lodge, was chosen Provincial Grand Master for 1861; and Br. Diprose (Lord Portman) his deputy. P.P.G.M. Stocker (Duke of Sussex Lodge) was elected examining officer; P.P.G.M. Ewart (St. Thomas's Lodge), district warden; and P.G. Masters (St. Martin's), and P.G. Stephens (Cambridge), as examiners of lodge-books. P.G. Pelton and P.P.G.M. Leftly (Island Queen Lodge) being next in rotation if their services are required. Permission was given to ask the A.M.C. for an alteration enabling Lodges to initiate honorary members for "not less than 10s. 6d." The election of delegates to

the Annual Movable Committee at Bolton was proceeded with, and P.G.M. Roe, P.P.G.M. Rough, P.P.G.M. Dansie, P.G. Masters, P.P.G.M. Leftly, Prov. G.M. Harris, and P.G. Pardon were chosen. On the recommendation of the retiring district officers the meeting then adopted the following resolutions:—

“That the district officers be empowered to issue subscription sheets to Lodges for voluntary gifts towards the expenses of appropriating a burial-ground at Woking, or elsewhere, for this district; and that they have power to confer with the Pimlico District officers to arrange, if possible, for a joint ground of the Metropolitan Districts.”

“That each Lodge be requested to furnish the district officers with a return of the names of members belonging to volunteer rifle corps, and the regiments to which they belong.”

Dispensations to open two new Lodges were granted—the “Provident” Lodge, at the Lord Nelson, Victoria-road, Kentish Town; and the “Philanthropic” Lodge, at the Sutherland Arms, Great May’s-buildings, St. Martin’s-lane.

A proposition was submitted from the South London District for taking a joint benefit with the Metropolitan Districts in the forthcoming summer. After some discussion, this was agreed to, and a committee appointed to work out the resolution. No place was named, so that the Committee might be enabled to make their own choice, failing to get good terms at the Crystal Palace. The net profit realised last year was £282.

SOUTH LONDON DISTRICT MEETING.—This district, which consists of forty Lodges and four thousand one hundred members, held its quarterly meeting on Monday, Dec. 31, at the Horselydown Tavern, Fair-street, Horselydown.

The accounts submitted by C. S. Burgess showed the district to be in a very flourishing condition, the capital of the Funeral Fund being £3,052 6s. 2d.; the Widow and Orphan Fund, £5,315 7s. 6d.; the Distress Fund, £170 16s. 3½d.; and Management Fund, £32 5s.; total, £8,570 14s. 11½d., legally invested, in addition to the funds of the several Lodges, amounting to upwards of £28,000. Acting upon its own experience, and that of the Unity generally, this district effected considerable financial alterations in 1854, placing its various funds in a position to guarantee to every member the benefits subscribed for whenever required. Since that period its progress has been remarkable.

After the several applications for assistance in distress were disposed of, and the ordinary business, the elections took place, when P.G. Bell, Flower of Lambeth Lodge, was appointed auditor. P.P.G.M. Bruty, P.P.G.M. Emmett, and P.G. Presland, were appointed members of the Financial Committee for 1861. Pro. D.G.M. Burton was elected Prov. G.M. for the ensuing year. P.G. Wm. Holmes, Prov. D.G.M.; and J. J. Holmes, P.P.G.M., examining officer.

The following, with the district officers, compose the Widow and Orphan Fund Committee for 1861:—P.P.G.M. Bruty, P.P.G.M. W. Fisher, P.P.G.M. J. J. Holmes, P.P.G.M. Hazell, P.G. Mann, P.P.G.M. Middlemiss, and P.G.C.S. Burgess. To the consideration of this Committee this important resolution was committed:—“That the Widow and Orphan Committee of 1861 be instructed to obtain full information as to the cost of clothing, maintenance, and education of twelve orphan children—six boys and six girls—and to draw up a code of laws for the government of an Orphan Institution; and that the result of their deliberations be submitted to the district meeting in December of that year, until which time no alteration be made in the Widow and Orphan Fund benefits.”

The meeting nominated John Gale, D.G.M., Liverpool district, for G.M., and V. R. Burgess, P.C.S., South London District, for D.G.M. of the Order for the ensuing year.

STEPNEY DISTRICT MEETING.—The District Committee was held at the Elder Tree Tavern, Elder-street, Norton Folgate, on Monday, Dec. 31. Prov. G.M. Harvey, Prov. D.G.M. Pitt, Pro. C. S. Love, and twenty delegates were present.

The auditors gave a favourable report of the experience of the half-year. The number of deaths of members was six, and of wives, six. Adding the numbers in the previous half-year, namely, eight males and four females, the total number of deaths in the year was, fourteen males and ten females—not a large number in a District of about sixteen hundred members good on the books. One hundred and ninety-two members were initiated during the past year. Having carefully examined all books, vouchers, and accounts of the District, the auditors had great pleasure in testifying to their accuracy.

The usual financial business was then proceeded with, after which

D.G.M. Pitt was duly elected Grand Master of the district; P.G. McClelland was elected Prov. Deputy Grand Master for the ensuing year; P.G. Perry was elected as examining officer; Host Poole was elected relieving officer.

Prov. C. S. Burgess, of the South London District, was nominated by the district for Deputy Grand Master of the Order.

Two delegates were nominated to attend the A.M.C. at Bolton. Prov. C.S. Love and P.G. Alfred Harvey were elected.

PRESTON DISTRICT QUARTERLY MEETING.—The quarterly meeting of the Preston District was held at the Bee-Hive Inn, Marsh-lane, on Dec. 31. P.G.M. Thomas Summersgill presided, there being also present the D.P.G.M. John Fletcher, C.S. John Dobson, and a representative from each of the twenty Lodges in the District. The balance-sheet submitted by the auditors was read and passed. A levy of a shilling a member was ordered for the Funeral Fund of the District, and a penny a member for the Management Fund. Mr. Jabez Ward and Mr. P. Eckersley were appointed auditors for the ensuing quarter. Mr. John Fletcher was appointed P.G.M. for the ensuing year; Mr. W. Dobson, D.P.G.M.; Mr. John Coward, Examining Officer; Mr. Robert Dixon, Relieving Officer; and Mr. G. Ward, Warden. A circular was read from the Bolton district, stating that it was intended to celebrate the holding of the A.M.C. there with great *clat* at Whitsuntide.

SOUTHAMPTON DISTRICT MEETING. PRESENTATION TO P.P.G.M. GLASSE.—The quarterly meeting of delegates for the Southampton District of the M.U. was held at the lodge-room of the Loyal York Lodge, Southampton, on Dec 31. Twenty lodges out of twenty-seven were represented. D.P.G.M. Arnold was elected P.G.M. P.G. Walker (York Lodge), with four other past officers, stood for the office of D.P.G.M.; and after several divisions P.G. Walker was chosen. P.P.G.M. Glasse, of Horndean, C.S. of the district, was unanimously re-elected. P.P.G.M. Moon was also unanimously re-elected District Treasurer, as well as Treasurer to the Widows' and Orphans' Fund. P.P.G.M. Jones was re-appointed examining officer, and Br. Trill relieving officer; and P.G. Harle was elected auditor for the ensuing six months. The District and Widows' and Orphans' accounts were produced and passed unanimously, they being of a very satisfactory character. After paying the District funeral and other expenses for the quarter, there was a balance in hand of nearly £150, and therefore it was not considered necessary to make a funeral levy for the current quarter, as that sum would in all probability leave a large balance in favour of the District in March next. A levy of 3d. (which is not charged extra to the members' payments) was made to meet the incidental expenses for the ensuing quarter. That valuable addition to this society, the Widows' and Orphans' Fund, it will be seen is also progressing favourably. The nett worth of the fund last quarter was £2,898 17s. 8d.; this quarter it has reached the sum of £2,999 6s. 3d.; being

an increase in favour of the fund, after discharging the claims upon it up to the present, of £100 8s. 7d.

The delegates and friends then sat down to an excellent dinner. Mr. H. Arnold, the newly elected P.G.M. of the district, presided; and the vice-chairman was Mr. Walker, D.P.G.M.

After the usual loyal and appropriate toasts, the Chairman proposed "The health of Past Provincial Grand Master and Corresponding Secretary Glasse," a toast which was received with cordial cheers and lodge honours. He then presented the testimonial, which consisted of four elegant and large silver cups, each of which had this inscription engraved:—"Presented to P.P.G.M. Glasse, Jan. 7th, 1861, by the Southampton District of Odd Fellows, M.U., as a mark of esteem, and in acknowledgement of eminent and much-valued services rendered by him as District Secretary."

MANCHESTER DISTRICT WIDOW AND ORPHAN FUND.—The meeting of the members took place at the Countess of Wilton Lodge on the 4th Jan., when the auditors' report was read, and the following resolutions passed unanimously:—That P. Prov. G.M. John Read, of the Prince Llewellyn Lodge, be President for the next twelve months. That P.G. John Carswell, of the Victory Lodge, be Vice-President for the next twelve months, and act as Treasurer. That the Secretary's salary for the next twelve months be £4. That P.G. Thomas Derbyshire, of the Earl of Durham Lodge, be the Secretary for the year. That the following remain Trustees—P. Prov. G.M. Wynne, of the Shakspeare; P. Prov. G.M. Crawshaw, of the Countess of Wilton; P. Prov. G.M. Rowe, of the Sir Walter Scott; P.G. Smethurst, of the Rose of Cumberland; P.G. McCowen, of the Nelson Lodge. That the meetings of this committee for the next twelve months be held at the Countess of Wilton Lodge House, Olympic Tavern, Stevenson-square.

Eight widows received during the year various sums, and a balance of £61 10s. remains in the hands of the treasurer.

PRESTON DISTRICT SICK UNION.—In the year 1848, some of the members of the Preston District, considering that many of the Lodges, from having so few members, scarcely afforded a sufficiently large basis to meet the claims of sickness, suggested that there should be a Sick Union formed, so that the payments of each lodge on account of sickness should be met from a common fund, as is the case with the charges for funerals, which are defrayed by the whole District. The effort was so far successful, that, with only two or three exceptions, the whole of the Lodges joined it. The Sick Union then established was in operation between twelve and thirteen years, when some of the Lodges which had been favoured by its members enjoying good health, appeared unwilling to pay to the common fund more than their own members had cost, and so withdrew. In consequence of these withdrawals, the operations of the Union were suspended about six months; and since, at a meeting of the officers of the Preston District, and of delegates from several other Lodges in January last, the Union was formally dissolved. The experience of the lodges during the existence of the Union has been tabulated, a portion of it having been prepared by Mr. Charles Hardwick, and a portion by Mr J. Dobson, the Secretary of the Sick Union. From this statement, we learn that one Lodge, the Duke of York, received £501 11s. from the Union, its proportion of sickness being to that extent more than the average of all the Union, while the Lodge was in it. This Lodge is the oldest in the Preston District, and has consequently many old members. On the contrary, the Pleasant Retreat Lodge had to pay to the Union £447 8s. 4d. more than the sickness of its own members cost; this being a younger Lodge, its members being also younger, and it having, moreover, a considerable number of persons of the middle class enrolled, who in case of

sickness made no claim on its funds. The next highest receipt of funds in aid of its sickness was the Bee Hive Lodge, which received £160 12s. 6d.; the next the Union Stars, which received £132 10s. 8½d. Four others received respectively £97, £65, £35, and £23. The highest payers to the fund, next to the Pleasant Retreat Lodge, were the Prince Albert Lodge, which, for the same cause, had to pay £150; the Glorious Apollo, £118; the Windsor Castle, £150; and three others, £88, £55, and £34. The sickness of three other Lodges was so near that of the average of the whole Union during the whole period of their connection with it, that they had only demands upon them of £10 11s. 2d., £3 12s., and £3 3s. During the operations of the Union, in three instances two Lodges amalgamated, and the result given is that of the united Lodges. The publication of these figures will be of great service, not merely in the District, but also throughout the country, to all who feel an interest in the subject of vital statistics, and will some day or other, no doubt, form the basis of legislation among the members of benefit societies, for spreading their risks from sickness over a larger basis. No doubt, when this is done, the defect of the Preston experiment, for such it may be called, can be avoided, that defect having been the admission into the Union of all Lodges on an equal footing, irrespective of the ages, and, consequently, the liabilities, of the members, and irrespective of the reserved fund each had.

MANCHESTER DISTRICT.—The annual reunion of the office bearers and friends of the Widow and Orphans' Fund was held on Thursday evening, January 10th. P.P.G.M. Read (President of the Fund) was voted to the chair, who nominated for Vice-Chairman P.G. John Carswell (Vice-President). Speeches were given by the Chairman, P. Prov. G.M. Richmond, P. Prov. G.M. Crawshaw, and P. Prov. G.M. Meredith (ex-President), who gave a very interesting statement of the benefits derived by the widows and orphans from the reliefs granted during the past two years.

IPSWICH.—ORWELL LODGE.—We have been favoured with a sight of the seventeenth annual report of this Lodge for the past year, from January to December inclusive, and, with their Auditors, beg to congratulate the members on its continued prosperity. The amount paid to sick members was £187 2s. 9d., and the interest on the capital invested amounted to £173 16s. 10d., showing that the interest alone has paid the sick relief, with the exception of £13 5s. 11d.—the fund saving on the year the sum of £373 10s. 3½d. The Lodge consists of 860 members good on the books, 280 of whom are under forty years of age; the total average sickness was seven days (nearly) per member; six members died, and ten left the Lodge from non-payment of contributions and other causes. The capital of the Lodge is £4,459—or £12 per member.

CRYSTAL PALACE DEMONSTRATION.—The metropolitan excursion of Manchester Unity members and their friends to the Crystal Palace, on the 7th of August last, resulted in a direct profit to the Society of £281 3s. 11d. In the report the Committee congratulate the Districts on the marked success attending the deputation throughout the country, which resulted in obtaining a direct profit of fifty guineas on the trains alone; if to this is added that nearly two thousand tickets were sold on the day of the excursion, the majority of which were doubtless to the country friends, it will be seen that at least the sum of £150 was realised on this portion of their transactions. "Our warmest thanks are due to our country friends for their valuable co-operation, and likewise to the members of the various metropolitan Districts, and we trust the marked success realised this year will be an inducement to them to continue their exertions on future occasions." Arrangements are now in progress for a similar demonstration in August, when it is hoped that sufficient numbers may be present to fully represent our great Society.

ANNIVERSARIES AND PRESENTATIONS.

ABBOT'S LANGLEY.—On Thursday evening, January 17th, the Loyal Home Park Lodge held their seventeenth anniversary at the Bell Inn, when about fifty members and friends sat down to a good and substantial dinner. The chair was taken by P.G. John Batchelor, Treasurer of the Lodge, the vice-chair being filled by N.G. Major Freeman. On the 17th of January, 1844, twenty-four members were initiated into the bonds of Odd Fellowship to form this Lodge. Of that number nine are now subscribing members, four have died, the remainder either removed to other Lodges or discontinued. But they have steadily increased in number and in funds. The Lodge has paid to its members for sickness alone, £985 15s. During the seventeen years, £242 had been paid for funerals of deceased members or their wives, and £399 to widows and orphans of deceased members of the Lodge, making a total of £1,626 15s.

BRADFORD.—At the quarterly lecture of this District, January 19th, P. Prov. G.M. Sam. Watson was presented with a coloured certificate of merit, handsomely framed and glazed, for his unwearied exertions on behalf of the District during the past two years. The presentation was made by P.G.M. John Schofield, who truly stated the sentiments of the members when he said that the intrinsic value of the emblem was nothing compared to the high esteem entertained by the whole District for its late G.M. Watson, as upright and warm-hearted an Odd-Fellow as ever breathed, and who had the honour of representing it at Leicester and Shrewsbury A.M.C.'s. P.P.G.M. Watson replied in very feeling terms, thanking the members for their kindness towards him, and hoping that his exertions would stimulate others to follow his example.

DURHAM.—ANNIVERSARY, AND PRESENTATION TO P.P.G.M. JACK.—The nineteenth anniversary of the Poor Man's Friend Lodge was celebrated by the usual annual dinner at host John Robson's, Wearmouth Bridge Inn, Claypath, Durham, on Monday, the 19th of November. William Boyd, Esq., Mayor of Durham, presided, and Mr. Joseph Thackeray, N.G. of the Lodge, discharged the duties of the vice chair. The principal and most interesting feature of the meeting was the presentation of a handsome testimonial to Mr. David Jack, P.P.G.M., and one of the present Board of Directors. The testimonial consisted of two emblems of the Order, with a past officer's certificate of merit, in rich gilt frames, and were presented to Mr. Jack by the officers and brethren of the Lodge as a token of the high esteem and regard which they entertained for him, and particularly as a mark of their approbation for the unremitting exertions and assiduity displayed by him in advocating the principles and labouring for the welfare of the Order in the city of Durham and neighbourhood. During the past year the Lodge invested £60, and yet had a handsome balance in the Treasurer's hands. The Lodge is now worth upwards of £300, or about £6 per member.

GLASGOW.—Upwards of sixty members and friends of the Loyal Robert Burns Lodge celebrated the twenty-second anniversary of the Lodge, upon Friday, 25th of January. Mr. John Small, P.G., in the chair, supported by P.P.G.M. George Peebles, P.G. Archd. Johnston, Past C.S. Dr. Johnston, P.G. Alex. Smith, and Brother Duncan Mc Kerracher. N.G. William Stevenson ably discharged the duties of Crouper, supported by P.P.G.M. Andrew Bannerman and Prov. G.M. William Crawford. In the room we observed P.P.G.M. Alexander Salton, P.P.G.M. William Smith, of the City of Glasgow Lodge, and Prov. D.G.M. John Hood, of the Vale of Clyde

Lodge. After a most substantial dinner, served up in P.G. George Cranston's usual first-rate style, the cloth being removed, the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were given from the chair and heartily responded to. Past C.S. Dr. Johnston on rising to give the toast of the evening—Prosperity to the Loyal Robert Burns Lodge—was received with great applause. Prov. G.M. Wm. Crawford, Managing Secretary of the Lodge, responded by saying, "It afforded him much pleasure in replying to the toast of the evening. The Robert Burns Lodge was opened in Cowcaddens, in the year 1839, by a few hard-working members, of whom we can only count two upon our roll who were initiated upon the opening night. During the last twenty-two years we have had our seasons of adversity as well as of prosperity. Since he joined the Society he had had many opportunities of knowing the good results derived from being connected with such a Society, by coming in contact with those who have been laid upon beds of sickness and distress. As an instance of this he would only refer to one case, that of a member who has been in receipt of the sick gift for the last nineteen years, and has received during that time close upon £300, to show the prosperous state of the Lodge. He would take last year as a sample. At the end of 1859 the balance in Lodge funds was £1,239 7s. 5d. During the year 1860 there were twenty-eight members initiated, whose average ages were twenty-three. That the contributions received during the same period were £192 17s. 2½d., entry-money, interest, &c. £87 5s. 3d., in all £250 2s. 5½d. We have paid for sick gift £90 11s. 1d., funeral money £28 5s. 6d., incidental expenses and money remitted to sister Lodges £64 9s. 10d., in all £183 6s. 4d., leaving a balance at the end of the year £1,334 3s. 6d., or a profit upon the year of £94 16s. 1d., or a sum equal to 12s. 7d½. per member." The Chairman, in an appropriate address, in which he eulogised the services of one of the ablest of their brother members, P.P.G.M. George Peebles, presented that brother with a handsome pair of gold spectacles, writing desk, and silver-mounted walking stick; upon the writing desk was inscribed the following:—"Presented to Mr. George Peebles, P.P.G.M., with gold spectacles and silver-mounted walking stick, by the officers and brothers of the Loyal Robert Burns Lodge of Odd-Fellows, M.U., as a mark of esteem for the deep interest he has for many years taken in the welfare of the Society. Glasgow, 25th Jan., 1861." P.P.G.M. Peebles acknowledging said, he could scarcely express the emotions that were then agitating his bosom. Reference had kindly been made by the Chairman to the part he had taken in the cause of Odd-Fellowship, but he was not aware he had done anything more than his duty. It afforded him great pleasure to think that he had not laboured in vain, and that his transactions had met with the approval of a majority of his brethren. The following toasts were given and responded to with the greatest enthusiasm.—The Past and Present Officers of the Lodge. The G.M. and Officers of the Glasgow District. The Independent Order of Odd-Fellows and Board of Directors. Members of Sister Lodges present, &c.

LEEDS.—On Wednesday, the 16th of January, a few of the members of the Lord Grantham Lodge, in company with the District Officers and Trustees, sat down to a most excellent supper at the Three Legs Inn, Lowerhead-row, which was served up in Mrs. Norbury's usual style, and of which all present partook most heartily; the supper being in honour of P.G. James Ellis, of the Lord Grantham Lodge, being elected G.M. of the District. After supper, P.G.M. William Alexander was called to the chair, and P.D.G.M. William Boyes to the vice-chair. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, Mr. Alexander, P.G.M., reviewed his acquaintance for the period of twenty-seven years with P.G.M. James Ellis, presenting him at the same time with a testimonial of a watch, gold guard, and appendage, in the name of the members of

the Bank of Avon Lodge, Warwickshire, and a few of the members of the Lord Grantham Lodge, as a token of esteem for services rendered by him to both Lodges. Mr. Ellis returned thanks, and gave a very interesting account of his career as an Odd-Fellow, after which the health of the District Officers, with the honours of the Order, was given, to which P.D.G.M. Boyes duly replied. Other toasts followed, and the company did not break up till after the witching hour of night.

LYNN, NORFOLK.—TESTIMONIAL TO MR. COLLINS.—On Thursday evening, Feb. 21, a meeting of the several Lodges was held at the Sun Inn, for the purpose of presenting to Brother Collins, of the Ouze Lodge, a handsome electro-plated tea service, for the disinterested and voluntary services he had rendered to the Unity during the space of twenty-nine years, in the performance of the duties of Relieving Officer of the Lodge. About one hundred persons sat down to an excellent supper, the chair being occupied by Brother Morton. The Chairman, in a few words, presented the handsome testimonial in the name of the Brethren of the Ouze Lodge, and then called on Mr. Boulding to read the address, which was neatly written and was very complimentary. The health of Mr. Collins was then drank with honours. Mr. Collins acknowledged the compliment in an excellent and feeling speech, in which, after thanking his brethren of the Lodge for their kind present, he gave a lengthened sketch of the rise of the Lodge, the parties who had aided in its establishment, and its present success. A variety of toasts followed, and the evening was spent happily.

NORTH LONDON.—MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.—The members of the Northampton and Pride of Islington Lodges had a most pleasant and profitable entertainment on Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 19 and 20, at the Philharmonic Hall, Islington. There was an aggregate attendance of upwards of three thousand persons.

NORTH LONDON.—KING EDWARD LODGE.—The City of London Lodge having been lately visited by the members of this Lodge, determined to return the compliment. Prov. D.G.M. Holmes, one of the City of London members, being also a District Officer, prevailed upon Prov. G.M. Burton to accompany him. A goodly muster of the South London members were also present, and were received very cordially by visitors from the Hand-in-Hand, Earl of Shaftesbury, Oliver Cromwell, Northampton, and Marc Antony Lodges, and Prov. G.M. Harris and D.G.M. Diprose. The N.G. having proposed "The Manchester Unity and Board of Directors," called upon P.G. Pardon, Editor of the ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE, to respond. Mr. Pardon dwelt at some length on the importance and advantages of the Order, and on the value of the social principles of Friendly Societies. Though there was plenty of good singing, time was found to speak of matters of interest. Prov. G.M. Burton suggested that the establishment of juvenile branches of the Order having proved successful in the provinces, should be at once attempted in the metropolis. He believed much good would follow. Prov. G.M. Harris agreed with him, and thought that forming cadet corps of Odd-Fellows' boys in every locality where there was a volunteer rifle regiment would effect two very good objects at one and the same time. P.G. Rowley, of the Oliver Cromwell, touched upon the matter of almshouses for Odd-Fellows, and elicited the remark that there was already one institution which deserved support—the Metropolitan Benefit Societies' Asylum. The usual complimentary toasts to the officers and visitors were given with good spirit and well responded to.

NORTH LONDON.—ST. THOMAS'S ANNIVERSARY.—The members and friends of the St. Thomas's Lodge—the oldest in the North London District—celebrated their thirty-eighth anniversary on the 26th February; P.P.G.M. Ewart

presided in the absence of P.G. Dunn; P.G. Grosch, sen., occupied the vice-chair. The toast of the evening, "Prosperity to the St. Thomas's Lodge," was acknowledged by the Vice-Chairman, as Secretary of the Lodge, which office he has filled for many years past with much credit; he entered into an elaborate statement of figures taken from the Lodge-books. The District returns showed that at the beginning of 1856 the Lodge had sick and funeral money, £1,462 6s. 2d. Since then £37 11s. 6d. had been received for entrance fees, £1,754 8s. 7d. for contributions, and £284 10s. 2d. for interest, whilst the payments for sickness have amounted to £1,805 10s. 10d., and the funeral and sick levies £321 15s. 4d., showing a net increase during the five years of £413 4s. 2d., and making the present capital (with 325 members) £1,875 10s. 4d.

NORTH LONDON.—OPENING OF A NEW LODGE.—At the last District Committee P. G. Masters made application for two dispensations to open new lodges, which was acceded to. There was a large assemblage of members at the Lord Nelson, Victoria-road, Kentish-town, on Wednesday, 30th Jan., to witness the birth of the "Provident" Lodge; the St. Martin's, Amicable, Marc Antony, Jolly Buffers, Craven, Britannia, Carlisle, Duke of St. Alban's, Volunteer, Lord Portman, and St. Thomas's being well represented. In accordance with the usual practice on such an occasion, the P.D.G.M. Diprose took the chair, and as N.G. opened a supposed lodge. New members were then initiated by P.G.M. Harris, and immediately afterwards he, assisted by P.P.G.M. Rough (acting for P.G.M. Roe, C.S.), delivered to the members of the Provident Lodge their dispensation, declaring the branch to be finally established. The election of officers was then proceeded with:—P. G. Jacobs, of the Britannia Lodge, being chosen N.G., P.V. Laventure, Victoria Lodge, V.G., Brother W. J. Hewett, Provident Lodge, Secretary, and P. G. Gardiner, St. Martin's Lodge, Grand Master and Lecture Master. The monies paid into the St. Martin's Lodge were handed over, the usual bill of charges for dispensation and case complete, account books, copies of laws for members, and district officers' attendance, just four guineas, was then voted, and the lodge being fairly on its legs, enjoyment and harmony for the evening followed the necessary business, the proceedings closing in a very quiet and orderly manner, notwithstanding the meeting took place at a public-house. The three past officers' names on the dispensation were P.P.G.M.s Filsell, Dunsie, and Rough, the two latter being present.

NORTH LONDON.—OPENING OF A NEW LODGE.—The Philanthropic Lodge, North London District, was opened on Friday, Feb. 8th., at the Sutherland Arms, Great May's Buildings, St. Martin's Lane, in presence of a large assemblage of members of the various neighbouring lodges; and P.G. Holmes, of the Aberystwith District, a very active and zealous officer, was amongst the company. After the lodge had been formally opened by the district officers, the usual toasts and speeches followed. A return of the North London District shows that during the last year the number of members who have died is 77, and the number of deaths of members' wives is 66. The sum paid for funeral allowance to the survivors is £1,320. The number of new members admitted into the District during the year is 930.

NORTH LONDON.—LOYAL CALEDONIA LODGE.—The members and friends of this lodge dined together at the Guildford Arms, Guildford-street, Bedford-square, on Wednesday evening, January 2. There were present Mr. Rough, Past Grand Master of the district, Mr. John Harris, the Deputy Grand Master, Mr. Roe, Corresponding Secretary, P.P.G.M. Ewart, and several influential members of the order. About forty gentlemen sat down to an excellent dinner, Mr. James Rough, P.P.G.M., in the chair, and P.G. Thistleton, of the

Pride of Islington Lodge, in the vice chair. Secretary Gore, in responding to the toast of the evening, stated that the lodge was much indebted to their excellent chairman, who, with indefatigable perseverance, had assisted the members in getting out of the slough in which they, at one time, seemed likely to sink. The present condition of the lodge was satisfactory, for though their numbers were small, their subscribed capital was nearly £8 per member, and they were continually initiating new members. In consequence of the temporary inability of Mr. Roe, the excellent C. S. of the North London District, to respond to the toast of the "G. M. and Board of Directors," Mr. George F. Pardon briefly returned thanks, and bore testimony to the great abilities and unceasing care displayed by the gentlemen who acted as the executive of the society. Mr. John Harris, D.G.M., entered into a long and interesting account of the present state of the district. P. G. Thistleton proposed the Widow and Orphan Fund, to which the chairman, as one of the committee, responded in an able and highly interesting speech, in which he detailed the steps that had been taken to raise the subscriptions of the members to an amount commensurate to all the benefits promised, and spoke in high terms of the efforts that had been made to increase the fund by means of excursions, benefits, and gifts. Since the fund had been established, no less than £22,000 had been expended in providing for the widows and orphans of deceased members; and there were now on the fund 400 widows and 270 orphans, many of whom had lost both parents. Other toasts followed. Mr. Pardon, for the "Press," spoke at some length on the benefits that must accrue to Friendly Societies from greater publicity being given to their proceedings.

NUNEATON TRADESMAN'S HOPE LODGE.—The above Lodge held their anniversary dinner on the 28th Jan., when sixty of the brethren and friends sat down to an excellent dinner. In the absence of the surgeon, the chair was filled by P.G. George Edmunds, supported by T. S. Bourne, Esq., surgeon; P.P.G.M. Wagstaffe, of the Howard Lodge; P.P.G.M. Taverner; the vice-chair by N.G. Williams, supported by the officers of the Order. This Lodge has set a good example for other Lodges in the District to follow—that of becoming subscribers from their incidental fund of £3 3s. to that noble institution, the General Hospital, Birmingham.

SHREWSBURY.—A social meeting of the Members of the Loyal Friend in Need Lodge took place in the Lodge Room, at the Elephant and Castle, on Wednesday, Feb. 27th, under the Presidency of N.G. John Roberts, ably supported by V.G. Thos. Jones and P.V. Edmund Taylor in the Vice-Chairs, on which occasion a most beautiful and powerful microscope, subscribed for by the members, was presented by P.S. Edward Elkes (who has proposed upwards of 200 members in this Lodge) to Brother Chas. Thomas Hughes Clarke, Esq., on his retirement from the office of Surgeon, as a token of their gratitude for his zealous attention to their interests during the last 19 years. The usual loyal and patriotic toasts were given in true Odd-Fellows style, and the health of Mr. Clarke was very feelingly and eloquently responded to by that gentleman. The evening was delightfully spent, the singing and musical accompaniment adding much to the pleasantness of the proceedings, and the hearty cheers on the toast of "The Queen" being proposed, coupled with the statements of Permanent Secretary George Jones as to the vast amount of relief granted to members during the past year were enough to convince anyone that this Lodge really is "The Loyal Friend in Need." On the box which contained the microscope was artistically engraved the following inscription:—"Presented to C. T. Hughes Clarke, Esq., by the members of the Friend in Need Lodge, 2707 M. U., as a memorial of their esteem for 19 years professional services rendered to the Lodge. Feb. 27th, 1861."

SOUTH LONDON DISTRICT.—TRAVELLERS' REST LODGE.—The twenty-first

anniversary of the Travellers' Rest Lodge was celebrated on Monday, Nov. 5, 1860, on which occasion fifty-four persons sat down to an excellent repast provided by host Trew. P.G. Mason occupied the chair, P.G. Martin the vice-chair, supported by E. Morse, Esq., Surgeon to the Lodge, P.G.s Worster, Brightwell, Ball, Andrew, and several other influential members of the Lodge. The toast of the "Travellers' Rest Lodge" was responded to by P.G. J. Martin, who made a lengthened statement as to the financial position of the Lodge. The increase in the Lodge funds for the last twelve months was £104.

SOUTH LONDON.—CROWN OF ENGLAND LODGE.—On Tuesday, Feb. 19, the members of the Crown of England Lodge, South London District, held their anniversary at the Crown, Blackfriars Road, when about seventy members of the order sat down to dinner. The Chairman, Mr. Steuart, the tragedian, after the usual loyal toasts, drew attention to the claims and merits of the Manchester Unity, proposing in conclusion, the "South London District and its Officers," to which toast Mr. H. L. Burton responded. The District G.M. then presented a gold watch and chain to the Lodge Secretary, Mr. Henry Presland, together with an appropriate address. In presenting this testimonial Mr. Burton stated that it had been purchased with the voluntary subscriptions of the members, as a mark of the high opinion they entertained of his ability and integrity, and which, as an expression of their regard, was alike honourable to the contributors and to the recipient. The Secretary, having returned thanks, laid the accounts of the Lodge before the Meeting. The proceedings of the evening were of a very agreeable character.

SALFORD, MANCHESTER.—On Saturday, February the 23rd, 1861, the members of the Loyal Waterloo Lodge commemorated their forty-fifth anniversary, when about 130 sat down to a substantial repast at the house of hostess Mrs. Armitage. After the cloth was drawn, Mr. John Johnson, Grand Master of the District, was called upon to preside, supported by Thos. Whiteley, of Pendleton, D.G.M., Geo. Pettinger, Esq., M.D., and many influential members of the Order. The Chairman stated the pleasure he had at presiding, having been a member of the Lodge thirty-five years, and was proud to see everything going on so prosperously; and he had great pleasure in proposing "Prosperity to the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows," and called upon Mr. Thos. Whiteley, the D.G.M., to respond.

—Mr. Whiteley did not expect to be called upon to acknowledge the principal toast of the evening, but he nevertheless felt some degree of pride that the Odd-Fellows in his District had promoted him to that position in the Order which enabled him to take so prominent a part. He could say with sincerity that one of the best things a man could do was to join this formidable army, which now numbers near 325,000 strong, as it brings together in harmony men of the most opposite and conflicting opinions. P.G. Hibbs then rose to give "Success to the Salford District," which was responded to by P.P.G.M. Wm. H. Beesley.

Mr. Isaac Jackson rose to propose "Prosperity to the Loyal Waterloo Lodge," which was responded to by Mr. Emanuel Howarth, C.S. of the District, who gave a cheering account not only of the Lodge but the District generally; the Lodge, he stated, had made during the past year thirty-two young members, and had upwards of £500.

The chairman then rose and stated that he had a very pleasing duty to perform, that of presenting a testimonial to their esteemed friend and brother P.P.G.M. Emanuel Howarth, as an acknowledgment of his great exertions on behalf of that Lodge. I have (said the Chairman) worked long with our friend, and when this lodge was in difficulties, such as perhaps few men would have fought with, he was there when needed, and I only have to draw your atten-

tion to the fact mentioned by our worthy friend, in responding to the last toast, as to the result of those exertions.

Mr. Howarth was here escorted up the room to the Chairman, who in a feeling manner proceeded to present the testimonial, which consisted of a beautiful coloured emblem of the widow and orphans, suitably mounted, framed, and engrossed, together with a purse of gold, the gift of the members of the Lodge.

The testimonial bore the following inscription :—"Presented by the Officers and Brothers of the Loyal Waterloo Lodge, No. 16, of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, M. U., to P.P.G.M. Emanuel Howarth, C.S. of the Salford District, together with a Purse of Gold, as a memento of their esteem, and as a token of respect for his many services rendered to his Lodge.

Mr. Howarth, who was deeply affected, gratefully acknowledged the gift, and assured the members that if his humble endeavours had been the means of benefiting his fellow-creatures, that he was amply repaid; Mr. H. then pointed out the duties of each Odd-Fellow, and the great benefits we may do to each other by a very little sacrifice. The remainder of the evening was agreeably interspersed with singing, dancing, and recitations.

STOCKPORT.—PRACTICAL ODD-FELLOWSHIP.—In the quarter ending the 12th of March, the Stockport District expended, in funerals alone, the extraordinary sum of £213. In the absence of any known fatal epidemic, the rate of mortality is remarkably great, being the largest known for many years past; in fact, the past quarter has been the heaviest, with one exception, since the establishment of the society. Within the same period, 30 travellers were relieved in this district, 20 of whom were accommodated with beds in addition to the stipulated amount of pecuniary aid. These facts speak volumes. [We notice in the *Stockport Advertiser* an extract from our last number, in which the writer assumes that we understate the number of Odd-Fellows in Stockport. In our analysis of members severally belonging to the M.U. and the Foresters, we gave the numbers in each town not *district*. This will explain the apparent discrepancy between our figures and theirs in the list of lodges.—Ed.]

TROWBRIDGE.—The annual festival of the Loyal Mount Ararat Lodge took place at the Woolpacks Hotel, on Wednesday, September 19th. A sumptuous dinner was placed on the tables by Host Ingerson. The large room was tastefully decorated for the occasion with flowers and evergreens. Mr. J. G. Foley occupied the chair, and the vice-chair was ably occupied by G. M. Sylvester, Esq. The Lodge is in a most prosperous condition, having upwards of £700 surplus capital among 95 members. In the course of the evening the Chairman, in the name of the Lodge, presented Secretary Tabor with a silver cruet-stand, bearing the following inscription :—"Presented to Mr. J. H. Tabor, by the Loyal Mount Ararat Lodge of Odd-Fellows, as a testimonial of esteem for the faithful discharge of his duties as the Secretary for 6 years. Trowbridge, September 19th, 1860."

WALTHAM ABBEY AND THE NORTH LONDON DISTRICT.—The officers of the Waltham Abbey District, with about 50 members, visited the North London officers and members at the Marc Antony Lodge, on Tuesday, March 12th—the majority of the visitors appearing in their volunteer uniforms, the Enfield and Waltham Companies being well represented. Amongst the North Londoners were members from the Lord Portman, St. John's Convent, Caledonia, Pride of Islington, and St. Thomas's Lodges; and many complimentary speeches and toasts enlivened the evening's proceedings. Mr. James Judd, of the firm of Judd and Glass, printers and publishers, was proposed by P. G. Pardon, and enrolled an honorary member of the Order. He presented a

donation of a guinea, in addition to his initiation fee, to be equally divided between the Incidental and the Widow and Orphan Funds.

WINDSOR.—The Manchester Unity, as represented in the "Loyal King of England" and "Etonian" Lodges, had a night set apart at the Theatre Royal, Windsor, on Wednesday, January 23rd, in aid of the Widow and Orphans' Fund of the Order, and we are glad to have it to record that a more noble response to an appeal of the kind never occurred in the history of Odd-Fellowship. Between the pieces the curtain arose, and discovered a number of the brethren of the "Loyal King of England" and "Etonian" Lodges decked out in the various insignia of the Order, viz., Messrs. John Sharp, Webb, Hall, and C. A. Clarke, of the "Loyal King of England," and Messrs. H. Harding, R. Smith, Haycock, Bradley, Sen., and J. New, of the "Etonian." The applause which greeted them having subsided, brother Robert Smith stepped forward, and delivered an appropriate address, written for the occasion by Mr. G. Linnæus Banks.

WOOLWICH DISTRICT.—**MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT AND ADDRESS.**—On Wednesday evening, February the 20th, a musical entertainment was given under the auspices of the Woolwich district, at the large Lecture-hall, Nelson-street, Woolwich, when there was a full attendance of members, accompanied by their wives, families, and friends. Mrs. Avery and the members of the Woolwich Vocal Union very kindly gave their gratuitous services for the musical part of the entertainment, which gave great pleasure to the audience, and was much applauded, and between the parts of it an address was given by P.P.G.M. Wilson, on the rise and progress of Odd-Fellowship. The Woolwich district commenced in 1850, with 547 members and no capital, and in 1860 had increased its members to 1,460, and has a capital of £5,000, and is daily increasing, both in members and capital.

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Obituary.

On Thursday, 7th March, died Mr. James Collins, P.G. and Trustee of the Marc Anthony Lodge, North London District. He was initiated in the Rose of Lancaster Lodge on the 25th December, 1844, and passed through all the offices of the Lodge with great credit, and on the amalgamation of that Lodge with the Marc Anthony in 1847, was soon chosen Trustee. He continued to work until the time of his death as an active and useful member of the Order; and as the Lodge held him in very great respect, N. G. Wilding, P. G. Scott, Price, Nott, Vennall, Watson, and G. F. Pardon, with Messrs. Harris and Deprose, District Officers, and about 100 members of various Lodges, followed his remains to the grave in Woking Cemetery, on Sunday, the 17th March.



Yours Respectfully
Henry Williams. Prov. C. J.

THE
ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1861.

Henry Williams.

WE present our readers with a very brief sketch of the life of C. S. Henry Williams, whose portrait appears in the present number. He was born in Shrewsbury, in the year 1820, and from early life had the advantage of parents of well-tried integrity and honour.

Mr. Williams commenced his business life as a joiner, and to this occupation, and with the same employer, he devoted fifteen years of his early manhood. Here it was that he became acquainted with the principles of Odd Fellowship; and, owing to the good offices of the late much respected and beloved C. S. Joseph Clinton, he was proposed as a member of the "Salopians' Friend" Lodge, April 24th, 1843. When initiated, he at once took a lively interest in the welfare of the Order, and on the 12th of August, 1844, was elected to the office of Assistant Secretary, and subsequently served as Secretary, V. G., and N. G., all of which posts he filled with uniform zeal and ability. On the 19th March, 1849, he was appointed by a large majority to the office of Permanent Secretary, which he continues to hold with credit to himself and advantage to the Lodge. It may be mentioned that at each successive audit of the accounts, a vote of thanks is passed for his uniform uprightness, and manly conduct in the discharge of duty. A further honour is conferred upon Mr. Williams. By a unanimous vote of his brethren he was elected Treasurer, which important office he now fills; but finding the responsibility increasing, he deems it prudent to resign.

It is not merely in connection with the "Salopians' Friend" Lodge that the subject of this sketch has distinguished himself: his voice and influence have extended far and wide. On the 4th of January, 1853, he was elected to the office of G. M. of the District, and on the removal by death of C. S. Joseph Clinton, he was chosen as his successor. This occurred Feb. 18th, 1856; and, as proof of his eminent services, he represented the District at the Swansea A. M. C. A further honour awaited Mr. Williams, that of being the representative of Shrewsbury at the Leicester A. M. C. He was there chosen on the Relief Committee, and succeeded, in conjunction with his colleague, P. P. G. M. Piplin, in obtaining the long-coveted honour

of holding the A. M. C. in his native town. As Secretary of the Committee of Management for carrying out the above, his conduct was beyond praise, and it remains on record with what devotedness and singleness of purpose arrangements were made for the comfort and convenience of brethren attending the Conference. Here again our brother was elected to represent his District, and only lost a seat on the Directory by a majority of two. He received the appointment of Auditor of the Accounts of the Order, as will be seen by referring to the Balance Sheet submitted to the Bolton A.M.C. In private life Mr. Williams' career will bear close inspection. For a long period he has laboured in the important field of Sabbath Schools, and for seven years has been Superintendent. In this capacity it is well known that he has the respect of teachers and scholars. He is engaged in active business pursuits, and, being a family man, is diligent to provide for "his own household." This important claim, however, does not quench his ardour for the advancement and prosperity of Odd Fellowship; which the foregoing remarks will amply justify.

The Census.

Just at the moment of our going to press, the general results of the late Census have been published. We propose to give a few of the figures in as brief a form as may be for the information of our readers.

Since the close of the first decade of the present century, each recurring census has exhibited an absolute and constantly increasing growth of population as compared with the one preceding; but, at the same time, the rates of increase on each period have been constantly diminishing. This is a general law observable in all communities after they have attained a certain degree of development; and probably there does now not exist any country of the Old World in which such a vigorous growth of population is to be found as in the United Kingdom.

In the year 1811 the population of England and Wales stood at 10,454,529; this year it amounted to 20,223,746; that is to say, in the course of the half century it has almost doubled. But the internal movement of the population is not less interesting than its general growth. A steady change in the distribution of the people is discernible. The figures confirm, with a high degree of certainty, what has been already inferred from the known progress of manufacturing and commercial industry as compared with the state of the agricultural populations. The towns and cities which depend on manufactures and trade for their existence show vigorous growth, while agricultural towns are for the most part stunted and decaying. Every county in England and Wales save seven, exhibits an increase on the period; these are Cambridge, Norfolk, Rutland, Suffolk, Wilts, Anglesey, and Montgomery. Huntingdon, Oxford, Somerset, Becon, Merioneth, and Radnor have been little better than stationary. On the other hand, the counties which exhibit the greatest absolute increase are Lancaster, Staffordshire, Middlesex, the West Riding of Yorkshire, Surrey, Durham, Kent, and Glamorgan. A very slight acquaintance with the distribution of the two great departments of industrial occupation enables us from this to see at a glance that the agricultural population is diminishing, and the manufacturing increasing. This takes place chiefly by the removal of the rural populations into the great towns. The ratio of

natural increase has varied upon the period in various districts; but in all of them, without exception—and England and Wales are divided into 623 such districts—there has been an excess of registered births over registered deaths within the ten years. Thus, in Cambridgeshire, the county in which the largest absolute decrease (9,455) of population is noted, there were 25,582 persons born in excess of those who died; so that from that one county an emigration amounting 35,000 must have taken place. On the other hand, Lancashire stands at the head of the counties which have increased in population. The excess of births over deaths in that county during the period was 254,189; but the total absolute increase of the population amounted 397,508, so that Lancashire not only kept its own natural increase, but attracted from other places an immigration of 143,319 persons. Taking the metropolis in the same way: The population within the metropolitan district is now 2,803,034; ten years ago it amounted to 2,362,236; the increase is, therefore, equal to 440,798. Now, whence comes this increase? Contrary to general belief, by far the larger portion of it is due to natural increase—the proportion of it represented by immigration being only 164,591, as against 273,177, arising from excess of births over deaths. Some few districts of the metropolis have absolutely lost in population, but in all of them the births exceed the deaths. Among these the most notable is London City itself, in which the resident population has fallen from 55,932 to 45,550, or nearly 20 per cent.; yet there occurred nearly three thousand births more than deaths in the City during the period. East London and West London, St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Holborn, the Strand, St. James Westminster, Whitechapel, and St. Giles, also exhibit an absolute loss of population. Kensington, Islington, St. Pancras, and Poplar are the districts which have gained most. The reason of this is obvious, and has long been noticed. The central districts of the metropolis, of which the City is the heart, have steadily been becoming more and more places of business, less and less places of residence, dwelling-houses giving way to warehouses and shops: this itself arising from the vast increase of business and trade. The population is therefore more and more domiciling itself in the suburbs, of which the Western and Northern seem to be preferred.

Of the provincial cities and towns Liverpool now stands at the head. Its population is now 443,874. Ten years ago it numbered 375,955. Next to it stands Manchester, with 357,604; then Leeds, 207,153; then Sheffield, 185,157; Bristol, 154,073; and a long list of others, centres of manufacturing or commercial activity. In all these the increment during the period has been of course far above the general increase of twelve per cent. The metropolitan boroughs have all largely increased, the Tower Hamlets topping every Parliamentary borough in the kingdom—its population being 647,585—as many people as are contained in some not inconsiderable principalities. On the other hand, the small Parliamentary boroughs, which are in the hands of one or two territorial proprietors, go on steadily decaying. Arundel, Ashburton, Beccles, Bewdley, Bideford, Boston, Buckingham, Calne, Chichester, Clitheroe, Dartmouth, Droitwich, Gloucester, Grantham, Great Marlow, Honiton, Huntingdon, and so on to the end of the alphabetical list, all show a falling off in population. Could we discuss politics in these pages, we think it might be said that the census tables possess a remarkable degree of political suggestiveness. Numbers, wealth, and intellectual activity must more and more govern the country, and the tables show what changes are to be made in the distribution of representation in order to correspond with the distribution of those three great elements of power. As soon as the quinquennial returns are published we shall see in what way Friendly Societies have kept pace with the general increase in the population.

Illustrations of Friendly Societies' Law.

MEN who hold situations of trust in Friendly Societies are circumscribed by responsibility. This fact need not, however, alarm any such "officer, member, or any other person whatsoever" * who does not wish to abuse the confidence reposed in him by his brethren. There are privileges and immunities to shield and encourage the honest Secretary, Treasurer, Trustee, and that "other person whatsoever" in the faithful discharge of their duties. Fraud, misrepresentation, and deceit, are easily overtaken and summarily dealt with, as the law directs, by rigid processes. Robbery is punished by a strong hand, as we agree with the legislature in thinking it should be, when the criminal plunders his thrifty, perhaps aged, fellow workmen, or their widows and orphans. It is sometimes urged that the law as it stands, or the gentlemen entrusted with its administration, hamper and restrain the free exercise of prudent local management. This, if true, is an evil; but no one complains that the law is too severe upon real delinquencies which affect provident institutions. Let us, however, illustrate the operation of the law as it is, by reference to one or two cases.

Mr. Bumptious was a member of the "Independent Teetotal Widow and Orphans' Protection Society," in Bethnal Green, London, and by excess of a good quality—perseverance—he had become an oracle among his associates. As will happen sometimes in the best conducted societies, a misunderstanding arose among these Independent Teetotalers of Bethnal Green. What the latent cause may have been we do not know, but the ostensible one was that much abused commodity—money. Mr. Bumptious accused the Secretary of "irregularities," and hinted at a collusion between that officer, the Treasurer, and the Trustees to rob the society. The assailant—as he said, when asked to put his charge into a definite shape—was a cautious man. He wasn't going to be trapped—not he. He was in the situation of King Cole's fiddler. Something was wrong somewhere—that he knew—but he could not find out, unless he had an opportunity of carefully inspecting the books, what that something might be. The opportunity was granted. By common consent he was allowed to take the books home with him for a week. He was accounted a highly respectable man in his sphere of life, and nobody thought (we are quite sure that Mr. Bumptious did not then think) of doing wrong to any body or with the books. Seven days afterwards the Independent Teetotalers mustered in force to hear the terrible accusations. Secretary, Treasurer, and Trustees, were there to meet the accuser. Mr. Bumptious was not present. A note from him explained that he had not been able to complete the investigation, and that he thought it inexpedient to meet his fellow members until he "either established his charges, or stood branded as a calumniator" before them. The poor man had drifted into a false position, as many consequential and rash people have done before, and will, we dare say, again. A manly avowal that there were no grounds for the accusation, a frank apology, and a general expression of confidence in the accused, would have comfortably terminated this little affair. Mr. Bumptious, however, adopted another course. He demanded further time for the scrutiny, and as one of the outraged Temperance men said, tried to "bounce them" so extensively that they went to a lawyer, and stood upon their rights. The case came on before one of those patient stipendiary magistrates who sits in a police court at the East-end of

* Friendly Societies' Act, 18 and 19 Vic., cap. 63, sec. 24.

the Metropolis, and it caused a sensation in the neighbourhood. There were two lawyers engaged, and a vast amount of eloquence, if not of learning, poured forth on either side. The attorney for Mr. Bumptious discoursed about his client's motives, good intentions, and respectable character, and we are sorry to add sneered at the Independent Teetotalers, and their "club." The Society's advocate, with unnecessary vehemence, but laudable firmness—after a gratuitous forensic display—rested his case upon the Act. The worthy magistrate, after hearing all that was said about the altercation in the society, declared he had nothing to do with that, and read the twenty-fourth section of the Statute. He then said it was clear that although Mr. Bumptious had not become possessed of the books and papers of the Society, "by false representations or imposition" and there was no evidence to show that he had "misapplied" the same; but it was proved that he "withheld" them from the society, in a manner wholly unjustifiable. The offender was therefore ordered to deliver up forthwith all such books and papers, or other effects of the society as he then withheld, and to pay the costs, and a penalty of 20s. Mr. Bumptious murmured, handed over the books and papers, paid the costs and the penalty, and retired from the court crestfallen. He did not care to avail himself of the further means of vindicating his dignity, or—an appeal being out of the question—he would have declined to obey the magistrate's order, and suffered a committal to "the common gaol or house of correction, with or without hard labour, for any time not exceeding three months," at the discretion of that excellent functionary.

A second case of nearly the same kind is worth narrating. A person, not a member, somehow got hold of the cash box and properties of a small Society, which existed, or perhaps we ought to say flourished, in a Midland town, under the title of "Jolly Buffalos." The case wore a very felonious aspect; but perhaps it was mercifully laid under the 24th section of the Friendly Societies' Act, instead of being made the subject of an indictment; as the defrauded but still "Jolly Buffalos," wanted to get back their money and not to punish the offender. The fact of possession of the cash, about £20, was proved, and the attorney employed by the defendant then raised objections (which, if a lawyer he must have known were untenable), that his rascally client was not a Buffalo—that is to say not a member of the Jolly Buffalos' Society—and that the Society had not been duly registered. The first objection was answered by reference to the 24th section of the Act under which the summons had been issued, which embraced "any person whatsoever;" and the second objection was disposed of by reference to the 44th section of the same statute, which extends the protection against fraud enjoyed by certified societies, to "any friendly society" established for any purpose that is not illegal, provided such uncertified society deposits a copy of its rules with the registrar. The "Jolly Buffalos," being an independent little society, wanted to avoid Mr. Tidd Pratt's supervision; but while content to give up the exemption from Stamp Duty for this independence, they took the precautions against dishonesty, fraud, and misconduct by their officers, and "any other person whatsoever."

There is another case to which we should like to call the attention of certain schemers who are drawing large sums of money out of the pockets of the thrifty working classes by a gross and impudent violation of the law. Mr. Knafe (somebody suggested as an amendment in the orthography of his name, the substitution of *v* for *f*.) is a genius although unacquainted with Lindley Murray, and not very intimate with Tidd Pratt or Finlaison. He is ostensibly Secretary and Manager of the "Grand United Kingdom Associated Brethren and Sisters' Sickness, Death, Accident, and Casualty Assurance, and Annuity Company;" he is really Secretary, Manager, Treasurer, Auditor, sole Trustee,

and entire Committee of this pompous Institution. This concern purports to be registered, and we believe is registered, under the Friendly Societies' Act, but it transacts business not included in the categories of the ninth clause of that statute, and not sanctioned by the Registrar or the Home Secretary. There are mysteries in the head quarters of this widely ramified Society, more recondite than any which prejudice a few years ago attributed to Odd Fellowship, and far surpassing those of Masonry. We should like to test the returns submitted (as we venture to presume they are submitted) annually to Mr. Tidd Pratt, in accordance with the 45th section of the Act. We should like to know many other things about this Institution, which has agencies all over England, Scotland, and Wales, and draws, as we have said, an enormous annual income from the working classes. Mr. Knafe is, we dare say, not very learned in the law, but by an inconvenient fiction, all men are presumed to know the contents of the stupendous statute book, all the precedents made by judges, and all usages and customs which together form the code of Great Britain. The gentlemen who thrive upon the revenue of the "Grand United Kingdom Associated Brethren and Sisters' Sickness, Death, Accident, and Casualty, Assurance and Annuity Company," have no right to complain if they fall into trouble, by violation of the Act of Parliament, under which they live, move, and have their being—personal as well as official—as they may each procure a copy of that wholesome statute from Her Majesty's printer, or from our Secretary, Mr. Ratcliffe, for a few pence. They had better get copies, and attentively peruse the 29th section, which enacts that any person shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanour who shall induce any other person to join a Friendly Society, by giving to such other person "a copy of any rules, or of any alterations, or amendments of the same, other than those respectively, which have been enrolled with any Clerk of the Peace, or certified by the Registrar, with a copy of his certificate appended thereto, under colour that the same are binding upon the members of such Society, or shall make any alterations in, or additions to, any of the rules of, or tables of such Society, after they shall have been respectively enrolled, or certified by the Registrar, and shall circulate the same, purporting that they have been duly enrolled, or certified" under any of the Friendly Societies' Acts now in force, or repealed, "when they have not been so duly enrolled or certified." It will be quite clear to any officer, or agent of the Institution we refer to, upon perusing this extract from the statute, that he has been guilty of a misdemeanour. Now, a learned and modern author says that "the punishment of misdemeanour is transportation for life, or shorter period—fine or imprisonment, or both—to which last hard labour, solitary confinement, or whipping, may in cases be added." The judges have a wide latitude of discretion. They may be tender or severe, as the relative merits or demerits of a case require or justify; and we may assure Mr. Knafe, for his comfort, that if any body takes the trouble to prosecute him, or one of his confederates or puppets, the sentence will probably be a happy medium between the extremes of transportation for life and two months' solitary confinement, with corporal punishment. Mr. Tidd Pratt, in his work on the law of Friendly Societies, quotes a precedent from the Crown cases reserved, which is particularly worth the notice of Mr. Knafe, and his fellows, and may be remembered with advantage by many other persons who fill offices resembling that of Mr. Wellman. In this case "upon an indictment for obtaining money under false pretences, it appeared that in the month of July the prisoner (Wellman) asked the prosecutrix to belong to a burial club, which he praised as strong and respectable, and said had £7,000 in a bank. He did not then induce the prosecutrix to become a member. A month afterwards he went again, and 'still praised the club,'

but said nothing of the £7,000. The prosecutrix then subscribed. Held that the jury might connect the two statements; and the statement as to the £7,000 being false, they found that the prisoner had obtained the money by that false pretence." This case is only another illustration of the extreme care and jealousy with which the operations of Friendly Societies are watched, the severity with which abuses are hunted down, and the determination of judges to insist upon good faith being kept between the officers of such Institutions and the public.

This case of Mr. Bumptious, we need hardly say, is a precedent applicable to any excessively obstinate Secretary, Treasurer, Trustee, or other officer of a Friendly Society. In cases of palpable dishonesty the delinquent would, of course, be proceeded against by indictment, and punished with such a degree of severity as an impartial judge should order. We may hereafter give another illustration or two of the disposition and temper of criminal courts when such offenders are brought to trial. The ordinary mutual relations of a Treasurer and a Society may perhaps be most advantageously pointed out on this occasion. This may be done by an illustration. Mr. Holdfast was Treasurer to a Friendly Society entitled "the Fraternal Gardeners," who held their meetings at a very humble hostelry in the pretty village of Ruralbliss, in the West of England. For many years Holdfast was a model of punctuality. At every committee meeting he produced his books, and the auditors were always able to inspect and vouch his well-kept accounts. At length he became somewhat remiss and unpunctual. One or two Fraternal Gardeners also observed that he now did not always, as of old, produce the books, and when he brought them to the club-room he hugged them with extraordinary affection or anxiety, so that, without being guilty of rudeness, no fraternal eye could examine their contents. The day for an annual meeting was at hand. Auditors were as usual appointed, but Mr. Holdfast, under various pretences, delayed producing his accounts. They were, he said, not posted up,—he had been ill—when he got better he was busy. Then he grew uncivil, and declared that his own business was of more importance to him than that of the club, and said he should attend to his own business first. During one of the conversations at this stage of the business, a Fraternal Gardener lost his temper, and the reader will not, we dare say, wonder at that circumstance. The irritated clubbist expressed an opinion not complimentary to the Treasurer, and said something about a lawyer, a magistrate, and a prison. Mr. Holdfast thought discretion was not the better part of valour, and had great faith in what is called "bounce." He vapoured and threatened in return, until his fellow members, who had a salutary horror of law, who knew nothing of its dark passages, subtle windings, and tortuous processes, began to fear that, deeply injured as they undoubtedly were, they might get into incalculable trouble through the assertion of their rights. At last they carried out their threat of going to a solicitor, and as the adviser they selected happened to be a lawyer also, and a gentleman not alone by act of Parliament, he knew how to act, under the circumstances. He issued a writ in one of Her Majesty's Superior Courts, for the balance which appeared to be due from him (the Treasurer) on the last account he had rendered, and in addition to such balance, for all the money which the Secretary's book showed he had handed over to the unaccounting officer, and for the effects of the Society in his hands.* Mr. Holdfast defended the action. He had the onus of proving what money he had expended for the society since the last balance-sheet was audited, and a judgment was obtained against him for the balance then really due. We

* Friendly Societies' Act, 18 and 19 Vic., cap. 63, sec. 22.

ought to add that the costs of the Trustees who sued on behalf of the "Fraternal Gardeners" were allowed "as between attorney and client," and not "as between party and party;" a very important distinction, as all our readers, who have been concerned in litigation, know. Mr. Holdfast now began to reflect over his situation. Whether he came to the conclusion that his game was played out, that nothing could really save him from bankruptcy, or whether a futile desire to inflict injury upon his old associates wholly or partially influenced him we cannot say; but it is written down, or to speak more accurately, it is printed in the *London Gazette* that Mr. Holdfast immediately afterwards became bankrupt on his own petition. This act did the society no harm. They had not converted the Treasurer's trust into a debt, so they got every farthing to which they were entitled out of the hands of Holdfast's assignees, while his general creditors got somewhere about two-pence farthing in the pound.

J. J. M.

TWENTY YEARS.

SHE nears the land—the boat that brings

My wand'ring boy again to me!

The sturdy rowers lend her wings,
And now each sun-burnt face I see.

Among them all I mark not him;

It is not that, with rising tears,

My watchful eyes are wet and dim,—

It is the change of twenty years.

He left me when a little lad—

A lad? A babe! I see him now;

I hear his voice, so frank and glad;

I stroke the curls upon his brow.

My son returns across the main,

But brings not back the time that's fled;

I shall not hear the tones again;

I shall not pat the childish head.

Perhaps a trace I yet may find

Of boyhood, in his look and ~~tone~~ ^{line},

A glance, an accent, to remind

Me still of happy visions flown.

His mother's look may greet me when

We hold each other hand-in-hand;

His mother's voice may murmur, ~~then~~ ^{then},

An echo from the spirit-land.

The boat comes on! A minute more,

She'll grate along the beach; and see!

Who rises now to spring on shore?

Who waves his cap aloft? 'Tis he!

No more I look in wistful doubt,

As in the man the child appears;

His earnest gaze, his joyful shout,

Have bridged that lapse of twenty years.—G. T.

"Our Jerry ;"

A TRAGICAL-COMICAL HISTORY, SKETCHED FROM THE LIFE.

BY CHARLES HARDWICK, P.G.M.

My old friend, Anthony Vandyke Brown, artist, and Michael Weal Thunder, a celebrated local poet and humourist, were once invited, along with myself, to spend a few days amongst the romantic scenery of the High Peak, in Derbyshire. Brown, or Tony, as I always affectionately styled him, was a kind-hearted fellow, full of generous enthusiasm, amongst which were set, gem-like, a few striking but harmless eccentricities. These eccentricities, with the exception of one, partook more of the nature of condiments, which added additional relish to his otherwise striking individuality, rather than of diseased intellectual coruscations. He was a kind of universal genius in his slender way. He had written verse in his time (he never dared himself, however, to style it poetry). He had written books, and pamphlets, and articles, on all manner of subjects. He had danced, acted Hamlet, made fire-works, delivered lectures, and played the fiddle,—in *public*, be it understood! Nay, after gaining a prize for a drawing of the Venus de Medici, or the Apollo Belvidere, I forget which, he studied agriculture for a season, and actually won a copper tea-kettle by the exhibition of a very small crop of enormous kemp or kidney potatoes. He was, indeed, a perfect jewel of a boy, but for his one occasional failing. And what do you, gentle reader, think that failing could possibly be? The truth must be spoken, you know, however unpleasant that truth may prove. Whenever he once got fairly embarked on one of his favourite subjects—the site of the battle of Bungaroo, to wit, where the great-grandpapa of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, lost a large portion of his brains, his great toe nail, and the whole of his front teeth,—he galloped away at such a pace, and rode his oratorical or archaeological galloway so tremendously long a race, that the stoutest or most favourably-disposed listener was "doubled up" long before the main feature, or the principle plot of the story, had been half developed. Michael Weal Thunder sometimes audibly compared this vocal race-running to the rush of an express railway train; when Tony would good humouredly put the break on, slacken pace, and parenthetically observe that the American similie, compounded chiefly of lightning and hog's lard, and accompanied by a certain bellowing, with which his poetic friend had genealogical reasons for something more than a passing acquaintance, was a much superior, because a more truthful illustration.

I, in my youth, earned a somewhat unenviable reputation in this line of art myself, as many of my best friends, to their cost, know full well. But I was a mere baby in the presence of Tony. My star quickly "paled its ineffectual fire," when his sun peeped above the horizon. He boasted he had never been beaten in a talking match in his life. On the contrary, I had to lament several signal disasters of this class, and especially one, in which I was completely "snuffed out" in a few minutes, by the very incarnation of volubility clothed in petticoats, that accidentally crossed my path in the officers' quarters of a certain barracks, which, for obvious reasons, shall be nameless.

Well; we had wandered, one fine autumn day, over the wild moor of Kinder, and had climbed the famous "scout," or perpendicular precipice, whose ragged front looks eternally towards Hayfield and the setting sun. Martin, as became a true poet, had duly commented on the wild forms of the huge rocky terraces

covered with fern, heather, moss, lichen, and other mountain verdure, glowing beneath the rich mellow light of a lovely evening. We had dragged our weary limbs over the mountain roads which lead beneath Colne Edge to the picturesque vale of Glossop. Here our worthy host introduced us to a select party of friends, whom he had specially invited to sup with us. The viands were excellent; the wine was even better. The host was kind, courteous, and hospitable; but—oh! confound the buts and ifs—but, notwithstanding all our efforts, neither I, Tony, nor Michael, could lead or support a conversation which had the power to excite continued interest in any one person present. The fact is, the walking, the talking, the mountain air, its sequent appetite, and the good supper, had, like Macbeth's treason, "done its worst." The demand of the stomach on the fagged vital energy was so great, that the intellect was perforce constrained to hold a very unsatisfactory colloquy with that great enemy to all intellectual things, wit and wisdom included, called classically, by the ancients, "Morpheus," and vulgarly, by the moderns, "Sleep." Tony's oratorical steeple-chaser was fairly blown. Martin nodded, startled, yawned, made a joke, at which the company laughed—politely, but not heartily. I nodded, startled, yawned, made a joke, in which even friendly courtesy could detect no fun, and duly nodded again. The case was getting desperate. What was to be done? To fall asleep at supper-table was out of the question. Etiquette and substantial comfort conjointly, protested against such an expedient. Tony looked very ridiculous, as he sat staring with all his might whilst indulging in an abortive attempt to counteract the effect of the leaden somnolency that weighed down his fagged eyelids. All were anxious, nay, despairing, when a ray of genuine humour suddenly flashed over Martin Wear Thunder's blank-cartridge looking countenance.

"Stop! stop!" said he, "don't go to sleep. I have it—all right! We'll make a night of it, yet! Tony, talk about *that monkey*. You've been pulling such a queer face just now, that I thought the soul of the defunct Jeremiah had been suddenly translated into your corporeal structure. You know you are the only man in the world who can *talk under any and all* circumstances. Too much talking is certainly very bad, *very!*" continued he, shaking his head slowly and sorrowfully; "but no talk at all, *in company*, is not to be endured, except occasionally, and in meetings of the most *friendly* character. Now as our friendship has not yet blossomed into absolute Quakerism, I pray thee, Tony, my dear boy, let the spirit of Jeremiah move thee to some profitable discourse."

Tony was wide awake in an instant. He could never resist the temptation to spin a yarn. Besides, he perceived that as everybody else were determined not to talk, the opportunity was a most excellent one for the pleasurable indulgence of his special propensity. A quaint smile stole over his face, then a sly grin,—then a broader grin, which ushered in a peal of hearty laughter, that instantly lifted the bed curtains from off the drowsy eyes of the whole party.

"Well, I don't care if I do," he frankly exclaimed; "but I say, Thunder, don't you come down on me so very heavy about what you call my *eternal* talking. You see it has its use as well as other things."

"I believe you, my boy," responded Thunder. "It's not the use, but the abuse of anything that becomes a nuisance. 'Brevity is the soul of wit,' we know on the highest authority, and, what is better, from our own experience. Therefore, at once, lift your anchor, and set sail."

Tony complied, and in a few minutes the whole company were as "merry as grigs." Each individual eventually found it necessary to press firmly both hands against his ribs, with the laudable view of preventing serious corporeal derangement; the probability of which the rapid utterance of sundry alarming

cachinnatory spasms seemed to indicate. This resulted more from the manner and gesture of the narrator, than from the mere words of the stories he told, humorous and interesting though they were. I consequently feel that the greater portion of their effect will be lost in this, my feeble attempt to reproduce them in a written form. However, as my friend Tony is so fond of talking, I will press him on this occasion into my service, and let him spin the yarn himself. It will be sufficient for me, within brackets, occasionally to describe a few of his peculiarities of manner, in order that the reader may realize in some degree, the scene I have referred to. Permit me, therefore, to introduce Mr. Anthony Vandyke Brown, in *propria persona*. Well, I declare, he's off already! Heaven knows when he will stop.

ANTHONY VANDYKE BROWN, LOQUITOR.

"Well, you see, my friend Jerry was rather an astonishing sort of fellow in his way. The reason why I don't style him a *man* of genius simply results from the fact that he was a *monkey* of genius, a species of animal that some philosophers think, and in my opinion truly too, occasionally crosses the boundary line, which divides the domain of humanity from baboon land. Yes, our Jerry certainly was a genius, and I have seen many, especially self-styled geniuses, with quite as much monkey in their composition as our Jerry. He had a large number of acquaintances, many friends, and a few, a very few, but certainly well-earned, enemies. Some years ago, he contrived to get on rather too intimate terms with the families and furniture of several respectable tradesmen, who lived, loved, and had their being, on the north side of the High Street, in the good old borough (rotten, of course,) of Spindleton. The patience of the said tradesmen was sometimes sorely taxed, in consequence of his cunning tricks and destructive propensities. More than one fowling piece has been levelled at him, while sporting on the roofs of the houses; for he, like 'other people,' occasionally broke his chain, but to return again into bondage. On these occasions he was in the habit of amusing himself with the distribution of tiles, and even articles of furniture, into the streets or areas below. The lucky rascal, however, always contrived to escape without serious injury. He died at last, as I shall show, entirely of his own free will, of a broken heart; yes, I say a broken heart! Has not my friend described his life as a 'tragical-comical history?' Well, why should not a real monkey die of a broken heart? I firmly believe he had as much heart in him as nine out of ten of the young beardless monkeys, or puppies, whichever you choose, who talk about blowing their brains out because mountains of crinoline are not to be softened by their sighs. Yes, Jerry *did* commit suicide, and for love too, as you shall see anon. He was buried quietly in a strawberry bed, between two cherry trees. He was a vast deal more sincerely lamented by a large circle of admiring friends, than certain newspaper and monumental-bepraised bipeds that I wot of; and a memoir of him, a column long, appeared in the *Spindleton Chronicle*, which, or portions of which at the least, went, as we say, 'the round of the press.' It's a fact! I wrote it myself, read the proofs, and can therefore vouch for its correctness.

"There is something rather interesting in his history, even to an educated intellectual man. Many years ago, my uncle Benjamin received from a waggish relative, in lieu of a ten-pound note which he had indiscreetly lent to him, 'a young monkey,' typical I suppose of his sentiments, as well as an exposition of his gratitude, towards his benefactor. His introduction to our family you will perceive was by no means of the most auspicious kind. In fact, I did not think his neck worth an hour's purchase, during the first day of his sojourn amongst us. However, my uncle's indignation gradually cooled, and he at

last determined, if possible to rear the animal. After some patient labour, and sundry snappings, snarlings, and 'battles royal,' he prevailed upon a fine white, rough-haired, thorough-bred English terrier bitch, named 'Fan,' to 'fraternize' with Jerry, and undertake the duties of step-mother. They were for several years chained to the same kennel in the yard of the 'Flying Horse Hotel,' in the High Street of the aforesaid borough of Spindleton. Now this Fan, this terrier of the gentler sex, was notorious throughout the neighbourhood for the relish with which she enjoyed such pastime as the worrying of cats, rats, ducks, and fowls, and even the calves of human legs. Nevertheless, strange though it may seem, they lived together in as much harmony as most other couples, varied occasionally, of course, by a little harmless domestic squabbling in imitation of 'their betters.' Jerry was unquestionably the master-spirit in point of intelligence. He often gazed with evident pity on some of Fan's courageous but foolhardy performances; but he, nevertheless, entertained a most profound respect for his companion's physical prowess. I have witnessed many of his antics, and I have heard many singular anecdotes about him, which would seem to indicate a greater amount of purpose, mental calculation, and sound judgment, than can well be understood to proceed from simple unassisted instinct. He had an excellent memory, and was seldom cheated twice by one individual in a similar manner. I remember two or three good stories illustrative of this. Perceiving Jerry's partiality for lettuces, a mischievous fellow sprinkled a quantity of cayenne pepper upon a large leaf of his favourite esculent, and gave it to him. Jerry soon found the seasoning somewhat too fiery for his unsophisticated palate. He grinned, sneezed, coughed, and danced his dissatisfaction in the most grotesque manner, to the infinite amusement of the educated rogue who had cheated him. But he never afterwards eat a lettuce leaf without first examining it on both sides, and carefully wiping away with his paw everything that bore the slightest resemblance to the well-remembered fiery condiment."

[Here I feel the loss which Tony's narrative sustains when not accompanied by his mimicry and gesticulation. In relating this story he twisted his face into a dozen ludicrous forms; nay, he chattered so like an ape, and imitated the grotesque contortions he described with such truth and minuteness, that Thunder fairly bellowed outright with laughter. However, we will let him proceed.]

"Jerry's kennel, you must know, was formed in the recess beneath a flight of stone steps, the only practical entrance to which, for him, was over the top of a door about five feet in height. Above this door were some railings and a high pole, upon which he daily performed sundry gymnastic exercises for his own amusement or that of others, as the case might be. Many of his auditors delighted in teasing and cheating him, proud of course, of their superior intelligence. Some of them, nevertheless, had but precious little of the commodity referred to, to brag about, even in the presence of a monkey. Jerry, after burning his fingers once or twice, and having his hide pretty well pelted with apples, nuts, and less acceptable missiles, would sometimes wisely beat a retreat and get out of the way of further annoyance. On one occasion some mischievous wags from whom he had escaped, before their appetite for 'fun' was satisfied, fixed several large nails on the front of his kennel door. When they next caught his monkeyship basking in the sun on the top of his pole, they recommenced pelting him with the view to induce a second retreat. Jerry anticipating further rough usage, leapt instantly on to the top of the door of his stronghold, grinned a most grotesque defiance"—[The kind reader will not forget that Tony is himself grinning the said grin while he narrates

the story]—"grinned a most grotesque defiance, and threw himself head-over-heels like Mr. Merryman in the pantomime, into what he thought a friendly citadel. Alas, for monkey as well as human confidence! Both are indeed liable to sore trials. Jerry's summersault had a most ignoble termination. The links of his chain having become entangled amongst the treacherous nails, he was suddenly checked in his acrobatic feat, and suspended head downwards in mid air, to the evident chargin of Madame Fan, who loudly barked from the interior, her disapprobation of the bungling performance." [By-the-by, Tony's imitation of Fan's snappish bark is quite as faithful if less funny than his translation of Jerry's voice and gestures into their human equivalents.] "But even this trick succeeded no more than once. The discomfited, but not disheartened, Jerry quickly re-appeared on the top of the door. After scratching his head, to collect together his somewhat scattered ideas, he carefully investigated the cause of his novel detention, and proceeded to apply a remedy in the coolest and most business-like manner. He descended amidst the pelting and hooting of his tormenters, to the spot where the chain had become entangled, released the link, and quickly remounted. He then hauled up the chain like an experienced seaman, carefully avoiding its further contact with the nails, and 'payed it off,' as Jack would express it, gradually into the interior. When this was completed, he stared his tormenters directly in the face, uttered a peculiar crackling kind of chatter [click click] indicative of triumphant satisfaction, and concluded his share of the performance by placing the point of his thumb in near contiguity to his nasal promontory, and flourishing his outspread fingers at the discomfited enemy. This done, he threw a back summersault into the centre of his domestic fortress, and did not condescend to re-appear in public for some hours afterwards."

[I have written "click click" with a view to indicate the sharp snapping cry which Tony used with inordinate profusion in describing this scene; but "chuck" or "kuk," or any other similar word would answer quite as well, for it is utterly unwritable. The sound itself, indeed, I never heard except from Tony's own lips.]

"I remember well, after I had been spending a few months in your neighbourhood, Thunder, in '52, you recollect, I returned to Spindleton and stayed a short time with Uncle Benjamin. One of my first inquiries was after the health and general reputation of friend Jerry. I learned that, in a sanatory sense, the monkey stood A 1 at any insurance office or Odd-Fellows' Society in the kingdom; but that his moral health had suffered more than a trifle during my absence. He had, indeed, not been actually expelled from our lodge, but this, for him, satisfactory state of things, arose simply from the fact that, although more than once proposed both as an honorary and a financial member, owing to some unaccountable prejudice on the part of the officers, he had never been fully initiated. I had a shrewd suspicion that if Jerry had possessed the power of speech, he would have been able to bring many a counter charge by way of set-off against some of his human persecutors. I found this suspicion justified on my arrival before the door of his castle, towards which I had directed my steps with the view of paying my respects to him, as one gentleman attached to the family ought in politeness to do to another, although the latter may occupy a somewhat more dependent position. Jeremiah had evidently imbibed an unpleasant suspicion as to the motives of mankind in general, and of visitors to his kennel in particular. 'Well, Jerry my boy, how are you?' I exclaimed; 'Come shake hands with your old friend.' But to my surprise, Mr. Jeremiah, instead of accepting my courtesy in his usual polite manner, coolly 'took stock of me' in the most provoking manner possible. With his thumb and finger he played gracefully

with what, to him, answered the purpose of a beard. After gazing at my features with exemplary patience for a full minute, he introduced a slight variation into his scrutinizing process. He raised his hand to the back of his head, and scratched lustily, as though in quick chace of some errant idea of importance to the present momentous inquiry. He seemed to say, 'Let me see; if I shake hands with him, will he punish me in any way.' Visions of half-broken knuckles, treacherously-heated copper coins, and marbles, and stinging nettles fledted vaguely through his perplexed imagination. At length, after taking my measure with the greatest accuracy, from the crown of the head to my travel-soiled Wellington boots, he gave an extra and more deliberate scratch on the fore part of his cranium, and finding no actual indictment or adverse memorandum on the tablet of his memory, he, like a gentleman, cast aside at once the base suspicion, and frankly advanced, extended his hand, and accepted my proffered salute. A rich repast of apples and hazel nuts rewarded this confidence, and Jerry in return went through some of his favourite gymnastic evolutions for my especial amusement."

[The monkey's evolutions no doubt were very funny in their way; but I should fancy they were relatively commonplace when contrasted with Tony's humorous translation. The mock gravity with which he personated Jerry's "brown study," especially the scratching process which often so mysteriously accompanies the advent of much small as well as large and profound thought into the world, was so ludicrous and suggestive at the same time, that Thunder's ribs showed signs of distress, and he roared out for a truce, or, at least, a cessation of hostilities for a limited period. But Tony was now firmly in his saddle, and, when once there, Zantippe herself would have failed to unhorse him.]

"Stop; I have not done yet. Jerry really had been committing himself in a strange manner, and had deservedly forfeited some of his reputation for politeness as well as honesty. The rogue had contrived to slip his chain a few weeks previously, and indulge himself in a voyage of pleasure and discovery combined, over the roofs of the neighbouring houses. He entered one old maiden lady's bed-room through the open window, and immediately commenced throwing the contents of the dressing-table into the street, to the astonishment of the passers-by. He paused suddenly, however in this wanton mischief, and for a moment appeared to possess a conscience awakened to some sense of the value and importance to ladies, maiden or married, of such things as scented soap, combs and brushes, bear's grease, carmine powder, patchouli, and *eau de Cologne*, artificial flowers, and gems, and powder for the teeth—artificial or otherwise, as the case may be. Jerry was sorely perplexed, certainly; but surprise, not compunction, had temporarily suspended his destructive efforts. He had seized the looking-glass in both hands, and was gazing for the first time since he was a blessed baby, or a puppy, which you will, on what appeared to him to be an interloper of his own species. He grinned, and the interloper grinned; he nodded, and the interloper nodded; he advanced nearer, the interloper did the same." [Don't forget, gentle reader, that Tony is performing as well as talking.] "Jerry looked pleasant and confidential; interloper looked equally pleasant and equally confidential. Jerry stretched forth his paw, as inviting confidence; interloper was not a whit in arrear in politeness, but the crystal surface prevented actual hand shaking. Jerry imagined this a trick of interloper's, and frowned suggestively. Interloper was equally impressed and equally suggestive. Jerry frowned defiantly, but not a jot more defiantly than interloper; Jerry 'grinned horribly, a ghastly smile,' and screamed and chattered with rage. There was no falling off in point of horror in interloper's grin; but, to Jerry's astonishment, the stranger

appeared dumb to all intents and purposes, and was perhaps deaf. It was evidently of no use either asking questions for information, or hurling verbal defiance, even in the purest monkey idiom. Interloper merely did the pantomime, but he did it so well that Jerry's courage began to get shaky. At length a brilliant thought struck him. He peeped behind the glass. Interloper had vanished. He looked in front again. There he was, as prying and curious as ever. Vague notions of ghosts, spectres, and phantoms, for the first time shook the heart of the gallant Jerry. He tried rapidity of action; he gazed alternately at the back and front of the mirror, and ran his finger as quickly as he was able, after the fleeting shadow; but still even his active paw failed to touch a substantial brother ape. At length, utterly bewildered and terrified, he hurled the glass into the street, which of course was smashed into ten thousand pieces—a species of exorcism that instantly dissolved the spell. But the avenger, in the shape of the fair proprietor of the unfortunate toilette requisites, was on him a couple of minutes afterwards with a horsewhip. One cut, however, was sufficient for Mr. Jerry. He, with due discretion, beat a retreat instantly; and, as a more cleanly route did not present itself to him at the moment, he despised not the security offered by the sooty vault of the bed-room chimney. But neither his troubles nor the troubles of the serving maids and maiden ladies of that establishment, were brought to an end so summarily as Jeremiah anticipated. Hester Ladyman was the younger of two sisters. The elder had been 'jilted' by a very handsome officer in the blues, or greens, I forget which. The younger, on the contrary, had 'jilted' some half-dozen suitors in turn, and, consequently, at the age of fifty-nine, found herself in the pleasant predicament of being without a sweetheart, and with a very strong desire to 'settle herself in life.' In her youth she was really a splendid looking woman. She was not ill-looking at fifty-nine; and Hester Ladyman knew well the exact moral and marketable value of every item that made up an unmarried lady's toilette. Under these circumstances, imagine her rage at the affront put upon her. She surveyed the wreck with some dismay; but the laughter from her quizzing neighbours in the street drove her frantic. One of them, an ungallant old sweetheart of hers, jocosely inquired, if she had in despair married a monkey, because she could not procure a husband of the genus *homo*. She seized a bundle of old rags, placed them in the grate, and deliberately set fire to them, muttering between her clenched teeth, that death alone in its most hideous form was an adequate penalty for so heinous a transgression. Jerry never was particularly partial to smoke. He failed to appreciate the aroma of the finest Havanah cigar. He was not, therefore, very likely to rejoice in that which exhales from the combustion of dilapidated old linen. He, accordingly, ascended to the chimney-top, and was gazing quietly around him, cogitating upon the best course of future action, when the smart crack of a fowling-piece startled him. A small shot or two passed through his left ear, but did him no serious injury. The sudden fright, however, seemed to paralyze his limbs. He fell backwards, fortunately for him, down a neighbouring flue, otherwise Miss Hester's fiery vengeance would have been soon consummated to her heart's most complete content. In a sitting-room in the same mansion, the elder Miss Ladyman, an invalid for nearly half-a-century, was sighing over an ancient well-thumbed letter from the officer whose heart had proved so fickle some forty years previously, when Hester entered, followed by the maid-servant and some of the neighbours, in a state of the greatest agitation. Miss Ladyman begged in the most piteous manner that they would not annoy her, in her then sad condition, with such silly stories about a simple monkey. She had her own cross to carry. And in her delicate state of health, it was a serious burthen, doubtless. Hester was,

however, in no vein for sympathy. She gloried, she said, in the rascally monkey's fiery exit from this world. She contended that to slay in such a case, was neither murder nor manslaughter; that monkeys had no souls; 'or,' she added thoughtfully, after a pause, 'if they have souls, they must be the souls of fiends sent by Beelzebub himself from the nether regions, to torment and tempt to sin poor frail humanity.' Miss Ladyman was 'shocked,' at least she said so. The maid declared most solemnly she had heard an old 'wise woman' in the country where she was born, say that 'fiends was devils, and monkeys was fiends, and she firmly believed it.' At this very instant poor Jeremiah, in a terrible 'state of stew,' came rolling down the chimney, covered, of course, with soot. He gathered himself up on the Brussels hearth-rug, stared about him in the utmost bewilderment, exhibited his ivories to great advantage, and almost piteously pleaded for mercy. But the room was emptied of its human tenantry in a twinkling. Miss Ladyman, in her horror, forgot both her serious indisposition, and the officer whose falsehood had created it. Hester really believed it was Jerry's ghost, so firmly was she assured that she had terminated his corporeal existence, and was horrified accordingly. The servant-maid, although scared out of her wits, screamed at the top of her voice her approval of the 'wise woman's' theory, that 'fiends was devils, and monkeys was fiends,' and that both the shape and colour of the ghost that had just frightened them from their propriety was a proof of its correctness. Nay, she went so far as to assert her conviction that the special mission of the said ghost was the removal of Miss Ladyman's scepticism on the subject. Uncle Benjamin arrived a few minutes after Jeremiah's inopportune descent on the hearth-rug, and succeeding in pacifying the terrified inmates, by securing the supposed fiend, and promising not only to pay the cost of the damage done, but to keep the ladies' secret in the bargain. The former portion of the compact he faithfully performed; but he unfortunately made me a confidant in the affair, and, of course, in one of my talking fits, I blabbed it out, simply because as you know, Thunder, I never could keep a secret."

[Tony's acting in this story was superb. I had previously treasured in my mind a tolerably clear line of demarcation which separated my species from the monkey tribe; but I fear, for the time at least, the said line was almost, if not entirely, obliterated. The laughter had become so positively outrageous, and the company's ribs so frightfully sore, and Tony was palpably exhausted as well as the monkey, and needed repose, that I insisted on the postponement of the narration of any further exploits of the redoubtable Jeremiah the Great until a more fitting opportunity. Our host and Thunder declared they would have it out the following evening, to which proposition Tony was compelled to yield, though not without a struggle. He regarded it as an instance of great want of consideration on our parts, to stop a man from talking just as he was getting into something like the proper condition to talk well. Thunder put an end to the debate, however, by intimating that too much, even good talking, was to him as much a nuisance as three umbrellas in a shower of rain, or bigamy, or trigamy, or any other thing in which the agony is piled up so very high.]

Phalon's.

BY GODFREY TURNER.

It is certainly a very odd circumstance, all the other circumstances considered, that the first white face on which my eyes fell when I went to Phalon's, should have been the face of Mr. Thomas Carlyle. I don't mean his own actual visage, but a physiognomy bearing so close a resemblance to the best-known portrait of the great writer, that any one of his intimate friends, with whom time had stood still for a period of ten or fifteen years, would have started, if not have gone so far as to seize the drooping right hand, and to look in the stern yet kindly countenance, and to say, "My dear sir, this is indeed a meeting! Who would have thought of seeing you?"

But it is not about Mr. Carlyle that I am going to discourse, or rather to gossip. It is chiefly about Phalon's; not Phalon, mind, but Phalon's; not about him, the man, but it, the barber's shop, in a cellar, under a store, at the corner of a block in Broadway, New York.

I have called this luxurious and noted establishment a barber's shop, and I have indicated that its locality is a cellar. But then, you know, *il y a fagots et fagots*. There are cellars and cellars—from an underground lodging in Seven Dials to the bacchanalian shades of the London Tavern. So are there likewise barbers' shops and barbers' shops. To one of these categories belongeth Phalon's.

You enter by a flight of steps, which, if my memory serves me well, is not unlike such a flight as you would expect to lead you into an ordinary cellar. But when you get to the bottom, you are at the entrance of a noble saloon, not very high, to be sure, but exceedingly spacious, and sumptuously furnished. A spacious, noble saloon, and sumptuously furnished, and yet a cellar! A wide, carpeted apartment, with gilding, and mirrors, and sofas, and ottomans, and yet a barber's shop! I have had little or no practice in computing the numbers of an assemblage, or body of individuals; and I recollect that on an occasion of my trying to guess how many there were in a crowd of what afterwards turned out to have been about seven or eight hundred men, I did not come within two thousand of the mark. My impression, however, is, that there must be fifty, or, at the least, forty coloured attendants operating at Phalon's. Perhaps it may be only twenty or thirty. It can't be less than twenty, though, and indeed I am prepared to stake a trifle on twenty-five as being the very lowest number of niggers who trim, and cut, and shave, at Phalon's. Patiently waiting his turn to be shaved, or trimmed, near the entrance of the subterranean saloon, sat the Yankee double of the Latter-day pamphleteer, with his ponderous brow stooping forward, his arm poised horizontally on the padded elbow of the chair in which he sat, and his hand hanging supinely, just as in Mr. Samuel Lawrence's admirable drawing of the illustrious English prototype.

"Naow, jest some o' you critturs look spry," he said, at last, in accents that strangely jarred with the impression his aspect had made upon my mind. "Guess I ha'n't no time to lose in these 'tarnal clearins. Ef I don't get streaked down right away, I shall con-clude to start, eend on, that's a fact."

"D'rec'y sar; 'mose about ready for you sar," cries a sable Figaro, throwing additional activity into the movement of his hands about the head of a customer. And how those hands fly round and round and round the object,

lightly touching here a curl and there a curl, till the task is done, the effect achieved, and the chintz wrapper is whisked off with a rapid and scarcely perceptible action! "Now sar, if you please, sar," says darkie; and Pseudo T. C. takes the vacant chair.

It has been plaintively declared by the author of "Vanity Fair," that you do not travel in these days; that you do not like as a substitute for that extinct species of enjoyment, the being whirled along on a railway; that you endure it *as you endure having your hair cut*, but that you don't like it. Now I am not habitually a caviller, and least of all times am I disposed to cavil when a man like Mr. Thackeray speaks his thought; but I must say that I like travelling by rail, especially backwards in a *coupé*, and at the rear of the train, so that the whole country we are leaving behind lingers lovingly in sight, and, as it recedes, gives place to fresher beauties. And I like having my hair cut. Of all minor sensations, I like having my hair cut; more especially do I like having it cut by a negro artist. There is none like him, none. In personal attendance of all kinds your negro is unsurpassed, wherever you may find him; and I heartily wish that he were oftener to be found in this quarter of the globe. Belike he may be, if events should lead to his enfranchisement on the other side of the Atlantic.

You have places now in London, in Glasgow, Dublin, Birmingham, Liverpool—in every city and large town of the United Kingdom, in fact—where they pretend to "shampoo" your hair in the American manner. Generally, it is the merest pretence in the world; a delusion, in fact, the character of which is suggested by either syllable of the Eastern term. By-the-bye, our brethren of the West have, in the first instance, appropriated that term with imperfect practical and etymological warrant. But never mind that. Accepting the corrupt signification of the word, there is a pleasant soothing effect in the American process of shampooing. It is an alternate series of mild shocks and drowsy influences. You are stimulated with rubbings, and lulled with tepid streams, and refreshed with cool showers. At the outset Sambo combs and clips your hair in ordinary fashion; and after that he brushes it with a pair of brushes, the hardness of which is tempered to your powers of endurance, that is, the quantity of your hair. "Shampoo, sir?" Yes, you will be shampooed; so Sambo gets a bottle containing a saponaceous fluid, with which he lathers your head. I am afraid there is soda in this fluid, and I strongly advocate the substitution of yolk of egg, as the most harmless of detergents. But whatever it is that they put on your head at Phalon's, they very soon wash it off again, as you stoop, according to direction, over an enormous basin. Who can minister to you in this way like Sambo? None; of all types and shades of humanity, none. I have said there are few places in the old country where the toilet (is this an allowable English word, or must I take the neat as imported "toilette?") is so admirably assisted as at Phalon's. Let me in passing do justice to the enterprising Mr. Clements, who has brought his Cambridge business up to London, and really seems bent on transcending the comforts and luxuries for which the New York barber's name is a synonyme. More especially does Mr. Clements study the convenience of his lady patronizers; and I don't think that a place so replete with luxury is elsewhere to be found. Lo, and behold, at Mr. Clements' I find an assistant whom I recognize as having held office at Phalon's! But where, oh where, Mr. Clements, are the negro artists? Shall Tichborne Street yet hope to know them? So far as I have the means of telling, yours is the only establishment, my good sir, on this side the Atlantic, where all that is wanted to complete the Phalonistic parallel, is a staff of coloured attendants. Let us have them over, say I. We might do worse, and are doing worse every day, in the matter of American importation.

Phalon's, be it known, does not stop at shaving, hair-cutting, and shampooing. Turn to either side, and you will find choice of luxurious baths, in the management of which there is nothing left to desire. They will no doubt have the Russian bath at Phalon's by this time, or shortly; but I speak of what was before the Russian bath had made a name in Western Europe, and on the farther Western continent of America. I speak of two or three years ago. Then were the baths of Phalon's far ahead of all others in New York. There was an excellent arrangement for taking a shower-bath after the warm submersion; and the comforts of the bather were studied in many minute respects. For all this you were called on to pay no more than a quarter of a dollar, equivalent to one shilling British money. Truly, a notable shilling's-worth. Let us laugh at American magnificence, if we be that way inclined; but let us not forget that we have a clumsy, pompous, comfortless magnificence lingering among us—in our old-fashioned hotels, for instance—quite as ridiculous in every point of view. Oh, the chill, dreary solemnities we are still called upon to pay for at a swingeing rate! Oh the grave, stupid old swindles yet extant, such as lighting wax candles, and blowing them out again, and charging half-a-crown a-piece for these transient glories! It may be that excess of looking-glasses, and crystal gas-lustres, and Brussels carpeting is vulgar; it may be that over-ornamentation is always, on the whole, a rather vulgar affair; but is there, on the other hand, nothing vulgar in countenancing a traditional practice of extortion, the original pretence for which was a species of splendour which has long ceased to be splendid? Let us at least recognize in that amplitude of upholstery at Phalon's, which is, perhaps a little too obtrusively, "regardless of expense,"—let us acknowledge in it, I say, a conscientious and honest attempt to give some sort of money's worth for money.

Well, now, the gentleman, so liable to be asked, in an inquiring country, how many dollars he made by "Sartor Resartus," and what amount *per annum* he derives from his copyrights of the "History of the French Revolution," and the "Life of Frederick the Great," has been "streaked down" by his old friend Quashee: that is to say, has had his hair brushed, and clipped, and lathered, and sluiced, and wrung, and rubbed, and dry-rubbed, and anointed, and combed, and brushed again, in a very satisfactory manner. And he has made way in turn for the Honourable Hickory Buckskin, and has proceeded, through a door and passage at the farther end of the palatial cellar, and up another flight of steps to a tobacco-store which conveniently adjoins Phalon's. I, too, submit myself to that drowsy process which I have imperfectly described; and, while I doze beneath those nimble fingers, I also dream.

I dream that Quashee, free to travel whithersoever he listeth, has travelled to the isle where freedom does, if anywhere, abide. I dream that his family has, in great part, followed him. I dream that the true value of the members of that family has been discovered in the country where, of all countries, it can be best appreciated; in the country, that is to say, whose inhabitants most love the comforts of a home, and best requite the services which can secure them. I mix up, in the baseless fabric of my vision, the figure of the American gentleman who is by this time quietly enjoying his cigar in the adjoining establishment. I hear his voice again, and the words are not like the words he spoke before, and the accents are not like the accents with which he spoke them. He speaks of negro slavery, and insists that where the Divine right of being *permitted* to work shall not be exercised, the Divine right of being *compelled* to work shall be bestowed. He says:—

"Do I then hate the negro? No; except when the soul is killed out of him, I decidedly like poor Quashee, and I find him a pretty kind of man.

* * * A swift, supple fellow; a merry-hearted, grinning, dancing, singing,

affectionate kind of creature, with a great deal of melody and amenability in his composition. This, certainly, is a notable fact:—The black African, alone of wild men, can live among men civilized. While all manner of Caribs and others pine into annihilation in presence of the pale faces, he contrives to continue; does not die of sullen, irreconcilable rage, of rum, of brutish laziness and darkness, and fated incompatibility with his new place, but lives and multiplies, and evidently means to abide among us, if we can find the right regulation for him. We shall have to find it; we are now engaged in the search; and——”

“Eureka!” I very nearly exclaim, very nearly starting up at the same time, and thereby very nearly throwing Quashee into a state of dumb amazement; “Eureka! and—WE HAVE FOUND IT!”

Yes, the grand discovery of Quashee's true industrial mission flashed upon my mind through that reverie which his manual offices had induced. He is the best, the most assiduous, and patient, of personal attendants; the best valet, the best waiter, the best cook. In all domestic service, his (or her) merits are incomparably excellent. Slavery, like all other wickednesses, was a mistake from the old, old beginning. But allow slavery, African slavery, to be not a mistake, but a wise and good thing, and I will yet maintain that the uses of the African slave are not properly appreciated or understood. White labour, in the field, in the factory, in the mart, is worth more than black, all the world over. That is, I believe, an admitted truth; but I do not know where the real superiority of the black as a household servant finds due acknowledgment. In those remarkable words which the American gentleman at Phalon's did not utter, but which Mr. Thomas Carlyle did, somewhere about the year 1850,* and which I have ventured to apply to my own end, we have some of the good qualities of a domestic fairly described, but not all. It is surely well to have him (or her) a merry-hearted and an affectionate creature; it is surely well that he (or she) should be endowed with a great deal of melody and amenability. This is the case of the negro, man or woman, as it is truly put by Mr. Carlyle. But let me add my testimony, and declare what an able, willing, and faithful servant this black African is; how he never wearies of his office, and never meets impatience with impatience. In places where he is most valuable, it unfortunately happens, for the most part, that there is no comparative test by which his merits may be shown to excel the white man's. I have known cooks and cities; but never did I find the cook to equal a black woman in the Canadian town of Brockville. Scored and seamed was she with the lash of a Carolinean overseer; and I was told by my friends that she was a fugitive, like many other black servants in our great British colony. I never shall forget that angel of darkness when the head of the house was sick, nigh unto death; I never shall forget her when he was recovering. Once she was required suddenly to supply some strong kind of broth. She had it hot in no time, and was about to pour it from the little saucepan into a tumbler, when her mistress said—

“Mind, Patsy; you'll crack the glass”—for it was in the depth of a Canadian winter, when glass is apt to fly apart on contact with heat.

“Nebber crack, mi-sis, when a hold like so,” says Patsy.

Her method of prevention was to grasp the tumbler, with her thumb upon the rim and her fingers beneath, so as, by a moderate pressure, to check the expansion. She had filled the vessel with the hot broth, when her mistress again ventured to correct a seeming error:—

* In “Frazer's Magazine,” and three years later in a separate pamphlet published by Mr. Bosworth, of Regent Street, London.

"You have not skimmed off the grease, Patsy."

The words were not well out of the good lady's mouth, when every particle of grease was removed from the surface of the broth, so that, as in the cup of Chaucer's dainty prioress, "there was ne ferthing seen." Patsy had, in short, blown off the liquid fat, literally as clean as a whistle.

Now, I dare say that Patsy was a poor hand at cotton-picking, or other field-work; and, so far as a woman can earn stripes and blows by mere incompetency of labour, had come by those dreadful scars in a very natural way. Was it not good, then, that she should have removed herself from the plantation and the cowhide to the neat Brockville kitchen and the wages of a free woman?—wages that she honestly deserved, as I have shown.

Sensible of having travelled somewhat beyond the record, I now leave my proposal for the encouragement of negro immigration—a proposal that may seem to have shot up rather rapidly from the remote though interesting subject of having my hair cut in New York—in the hands of my readers.



FORMER DAYS.

BY MRS. CORNWALL BARON WILSON.

We met! and talked o'er former days,
 In our own native place,
 And mem'ry shed her brightest rays
 Those happy times to trace!
 The sports—the joys of boyhood's years,
 We acted o'er again,
 'Till our eyes dimmed with starting tears,
 To feel that we were men!

We met! 'twas in a stranger clime,
 And talk'd those frolics o'er,
 Of youthful manhood's early prime,
 That could be our's no more;
 The mem'ry of that blissful past
 Alone is left us now;
 For time its snowy flakes have cast
 O'er each once sunny brow!

How clear is mem'ry's golden light,
 When parted school-mates meet;
 Opening a vista green and bright
 When all life's paths were sweet.
 Like fountain in the desert waste
 Is memory's light to age,
 Yielding the fainting soul, a taste
 Life's bitter to assuage!

The Story of the Fighting *Téméraire*.

BY EDWIN F. ROBERTS.

NOTHING can more emphatically illustrate the transitory nature of things than the quiet noiseless step with which oblivion, as it follows the footsteps of time, carefully and effectually obliterates memorable actions and episodes in the career of men as of things of man's creation, until only in some few dusty books the suggestion is seen for a moment, as though it were a flash of light, and is as soon again lost in deeper darkness—and perhaps for ever.

Thus of the old, the "fighting *Téméraire*," not a splinter or a stick is known to be left, and the once splendid fabric has faded out of memory and time. When the timbers of the *Victory* will no longer hold together, will not the absence of those direct memorials which remind us of Nelson—that "part of the deck where he fell" on receiving his death blow, and which has hovering about it something inexplicable—an atmosphere different from all the rest, and in which the outline of the worn face, with its pallor and its sweat of death, takes a diaphanous aspect; when these are gone, what will remain to remind the curious of the last on the list of England's greatest admirals? Something will be wanting, though it may be true that deathless names may live long in the memory of men. Looking at Turner's unapproachable picture of the old *Téméraire*, as I have done, till the yearning for arriving somehow at the "story" of the brave ship became a passion—looking at this almost solemn memorial until the heart and the brain grew full of it, and the ship once more went on her cruises, and fought her battles, I thought I would gather together all I could find regarding her, with a hope of interesting the reader in her life, as I myself had been interested in her from the first to the very last.

Men of a generous nature find no difficulty in transferring to inanimate things a share of the admiration and the esteem they feel toward those who have wrought great and mighty deeds by those same agencies. But when this so-called inanimate thing possesses a vitality all her own, when she seems to have instincts—to have throbbing pulses—when one moment she is all grace and beauty, and the next terrible and deadly—when now zephyrs woo her white sails winningly, and anon they are tainted with the sulphurous reek of battle-fires, there is the awakened memory responsive to the past. In a more than ordinary degree the "fighting" *Téméraire* by retrospect awakens every active sympathy within us. We need not leave it for fancy alone to reproduce. The facts, if few, are very pregnant, as I shall, after this brief plea, set forth.

We look back with a gratified astonishment, not perhaps unmixed with awe, upon those monuments and mementoes telling of the fiery strife, the gigantic conflict, the fierce colliding, the Titanic "Agonistes" through which men have passed to the portals of glory, and hung their fadeless wreaths on plinth and architrave. The low grandeur of some castellated pile now hoary and tottering, but which has in its day fronted the withering bale-fires of musketry and cannon—those yawning breaches showing where the latter has made their fell teeth meet—command our attention, and wake us up again to the deeds that were done in the "brave days of old." With this, too, comes a thought of the stout opposing hearts, and fronts of heroic men, who have fluttered into their death-sleep—fallen into their war-quiet in tower or in trench, and the volleying crashes and the defiant shouts rise upon the ears, as though they formed a salute over their graves.

Again, can anyone look on the mountainous hulk of an old battle-ship—raised many a foot from her lost water-line—reflecting the while how her huge frame has thrilled, and her timbers groaned, as her decks vomited forth their livid fires, her splintered masts crashing and toppling under a broadside that has made her reel and stagger drunkenly, till again she belches forth her iron hail, and she rocks to and fro—*alone* now upon the deep—her foe having gone to the bottom! Can any think of the wastes of ocean she has sailed over, the tropic tornadoes she has flown through, the appalling gales weathered, the vital splendours of the noble fabric *looking* through all her rusty exterior, and her battered storm-beaten frame, as, after tempest and battle, she comes up channel with all sail set, and at last the matchless creation rests at her moorings, as an infant sleeps in its cradle, nothing about her now looking fierce or formidable; but, on the contrary, everything telling of the blessed peace and calm drawn from the sheltering skies of HOME, and environing her outlines as with a new and deepening sense of beauty—can any look upon her thus, and not think of the absorbing story she could tell, were only the exponent and interpreter at hand to render into comprehensive words the eloquent silence reigning about her and within her, in every part?

Emblem of human skill and pliant grace—embodiment of calm slumbering strength—type of colossal majesty and of winged swiftness—snowy dove and mighty eagle in one—exemplar of beneficent aid, as of unpitied vengeance—let us lift the veil that covers thee in thine age, thy decadence, thy destruction, and show what thou wert in thy glorious prime! Come, we have a willing auditor before us, and we plunge at once into the story of the “fighting *Teméraire*.”

Her keel was laid, with that of many another brave ship, in one of the great naval arsenals of France, that of Brest; and, in truth, with a liberality scarcely intentional, Brest, Cherbourg, Toulon, L'Orient, and others of minor note, contributed not a little to swell the statistics of the British Fleet at the earlier opening of the great war with France, consequent on the declaration of American Independence, and of the earthshaking French Revolution.

She was there launched, christened according to formula the *Teméraire*—a menacing and meaning name, to carry with it a subsequently further meaning than that which her sponsors had given her; and she bore this to the last—for a period, as near as can be judged, of some forty years. She was not very old, you perceive, but ships led a “fast” life in those days, and often came to grief prematurely.

France, at the period of the Republic—with that energy given by the shedding of much old blood, and the infusion of much that was new, but hot, sanguinary and fierce—built a great number of very fine ships. We have seen it stated that their sailing qualities, and their internal accommodation was much superior to our own. The *Teméraire* was herself a model of marine architecture, and under British colours finally achieved a brilliant reputation, quite consistent with her name. The “service” then was really *service*, arduous, and severe. It was to be emphasized in the fires of burning armaments, and baptized in the blood of men—than whom no braver ever trod a deck. The knell of ship and men was many a time sounded out by withering broadsides, and its reverberation often sounded out from shore to shore.

She must have been taken (and probably in the West Indian Seas) at the early commencement of the war, for in 1793 we find her on the list of the French naval force, from which, however, she soon disappeared for ever. The great war with Napoleon—without here troubling ourselves about its antecedents, *causæ belli*, and the rest of it—was commenced in 1803; and in 1802 the *Teméraire* was in the harbour of Portsmouth, as we find from the following circumstances.

A disgraceful mutiny took place in the Bantry Bay squadron—a good deal of it arising from “circumlocution,” and indifferent treatment of the men—official blunders and apathy chiefly, when there under the command of Admiral Mitchel. This was in the month of January, 1801, and January, 1802. Twenty-two of the ringleaders were tried on board the *Gladiator*, at Portsmouth, when seventeen were condemned to the yard-arm, the sentence upon the rest being two hundred lashes each—death, under the circumstance of such dorsal visitations of the “cat” of brawney boatswain’s mates, being preferable. The executions took place on board of the *Majestic*, *Centaur*, *Formidable*, *L’Achille*, and *Téméraire*, severally—January 8th to the 18th of the same year, that is to say, in 1802.

Behold the *Téméraire* now, with the tall rig, large hoist, narrow-waisted sail, and taper, towering masts of the French marine, utterly metamorphosed by the square rig, shorter masts, wider courses, and topsails of the English dock-yard. Lo! her foreign dandyism, so to speak, changed for the homelier and steadier guise of an English man-of-war. Our carpenters had plugged up old shot-holes, our riggers had found her other cordage, and our sail-makers, another suit. She is manned by an English crew. Her captain is Eliab Harvey, a man whose pluck and seamanship reminds us of the stout sea-captains of the days of Elizabeth, of Cromwell, and of William. She forms one of Nelson’s mighty fleet, and there is now very little idle time on hand. From sea to sea, and from port to port, the flying vessels sail—the one hugging, the other avoiding the battle, and the English admiral glides wrathfully over the blank ocean, and cannot yet meet his foe. No matter; by “biding his time,” and losing none, his day will come at last. Woe to the vanquished in that iron day, for on the issue of that fight it may be that a throne is the gage of battle. Woe also to the vanquisher, it may be, for it is not always that the conqueror can congratulate himself, and there are times when even a victory is worse than a defeat.

In those days the land was awake and stirring. Men went forth early, and retired to rest late, and the Gazettes were waited for with feverish yearning, and devoured with avidity. The “staple of news” was ambulatory, and every street corner from John o’Groats to Land’s End, had its gossips, and its oracle. “What news?” they cry—“is it victory? is it defeat?” Well may they ask, for in succession we have the battle of the Nile, the Toulon fleet scattered in Aboukir Bay, the surrender of the Texel fleet, the bombardment of Copenhagen, a fight in Gibraltar Bay—reverberating sea fights off Cadiz, off Ferrol; and now we come to the most memorable of all—Salamis, Actium—all the antique battles eclipsed—Trafalgar! and well may men ask, with quivering lips—“What news?” since it is known that day and night, sleeping and waking, Nelson is being devoured by a restless impatience for this day—which at last dawns for him.

Let me here hasten to say, that I am not going to relate the household story of the battle of Trafalgar. I am simply on board of the *Téméraire*, and all my interest is bound up in *her*, and what she did—nothing more.

Still, the BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR! One cannot but muse upon these few pregnant words. They seem to suggest the throe, the heave of an earthquake. A continent is shaken, and dynastic thrones are heard, as it were, to creak, if not to *crack*, in some of their very venerable joints. It implies small regard to upholstery and gilding. It makes small account of purser’s effects and boat-swain’s stores. There will be much “expended” on the books of both—gone hissing down into that boiling Phlegethon, kindled by the fervid fires of two huge fleets; and I know not how many thousand pair of hands help to keep that fathomless “pot boiling.”

It is the year 1805, and the chill air of October has tempered *down* the scorching Mediterranean sunshine. Nelson has chased Villeneuve to the West Indies, and come back to port growling. He is out again, and this time he has them, admiral and fleet; and Villeneuve is a brave man, and a consummate sailor—a foe worthy of being met by a noble foe. Nelson's empty sleeve quivers again with eagerness, as he seems to "corner" them; his one eye is lit up with a brilliancy outshining his diamond star. He has under him officers—Collingwood, Harvey, Blackwood, Hardy, (a beloved friend, captain of marines) Suckling—oh, many, many more, brave, devoted as Paladins—who love him like their life's blood, and who would storm Pandemonium if he did but lead them. He only—with that immortal laconism of his—bids "every man to do his duty," and officers in *this* case are not more willing than their men. Ah me! the gallant race of "sea-dogs" is extinct—they are all dying out, or dead—peace to their quiet ashes, for they were restless enough when living, and went forth stormily across the world of waters, which was their empire and their home.

On the memorable morning of the 21st October, 1805, the combined fleets of France and Spain, and the English fleet, began to judge that they were about to know one another a little better, and to converse together a little closer than they had done for some time past. Admiral Villeneuve had left the port of Cadiz open, to reënter into in the event of his requiring to do so—no unlikely thing. The English fleet had under its lee the inhospitable shores of Trafalgar, and the bordering shores of St. Pedro, on which, should the wind be unfavourable, the rudder shot away, and a ship anyhow rendered unmanageable, there they would drift and founder. The ships have been taking their assigned position, stripping off what superfluous canvas they could, slinging yards—preparing, in fact, for that sort of encounter where there is no mad "running at the ropes"—no running away at all indeed, for only the Spaniards showed any want of pluck.

At the hour when honest folk in England are about to settle down to their beef and greens—that is to say, about twelve o'clock—the ball is opened; the *Victory* receiving with imperturbable phlegm several indigestible salutes, which the admiral little heeds, watching with glee the eagerness of Collingwood, and somewhat nettled, too, at the flying rapidity with which the *Téméraire* is overhauling him—Captain Eliab Harvey being desirous to draw upon himself some of that gratuitous firing. The *Téméraire* is ordered by the admiral in person to keep astern, whereupon Captain Harvey orders his stunsails to be cut away, and his topsails furled, and so far retard the speed of the gallant seventy-four, that from "flying-light," she begins to lag astern, but being lightly laden, a little sail-trimming will soon put her on her mettle again whenever Captain Eliab gives the word.

The two fleets constitute a grand and imposing sight, as with an impressive air of deliberation they gradually fall and form into order of battle. Nelson has recognized his peppery old favourite, the *Santissimo-Trinidad*, with her four towering decks, most of which, from sundry riddling visitations they have had, possess warm recollections of the admiral. He is in high spirits. He would rub his hands, but he can't. His eye gleams, and a little wickedly, when a shot from the enemy passes through the *Victory's* main-top-gallant-sail. He gives a shrug, but fastens his look upon the *Téméraire*, second in the line, with which he is satisfied. There is no hurry; take your time, gentlemen, but, "shiver my timbers, if this will do any longer;" so he might say, "Fifty men dead on board the *Victory*, and the fellows are as cool as crocuses peering out of the snow! Good! now run her on board the *Redoubtable*, and "play away!"

Twelve o'clock, the fight begins. One o'clock is sounded out by broadsides, that have not slackened by two o'clock; and they are still at it. Every ship is a fiery dragon, every deck is a furnace. Spontaneous combustion is not so impossible a thing; for let us take one group out of the midst of the adamantine hurricane—whistling, howling, crashing across the surface of the sea, now fallen into a mere heaving lethargy—a veritable Dead Sea, growing red from the tide overflowing the bloody scuppers and the ensanguined decks—and some idea of the pounding going on at close quarters may be arrived at.

The *Victory* had run on board the *Redoubtable*. With one broadside, comes the dashing *Téméraire* on the other; and the Frenchman is so paralyzed at the shot-holes made in his lower tier, that he shuts up the ports of his lower battery, and does not fire another great gun during the rest of the fight. Meanwhile they are not idle on the *Redoubtable's* upper decks, while the deadly tops are filled with the picked riflemen of the French navy.

Presently comes athwart the *Téméraire's* forefoot, a lumbering Spanish seventy-four, who is received so hotly that the Don sheers away with a very poor swagger indeed, and looks as if he had broken his teeth across a British biscuit a little too hard for him. No sooner is the Spaniard gone than comes looming down a second spanking French seventy-four, the *Fougueux*—a dashing battle ship, eager for the fray, and every man at his gun, blowing his glowing match.

The *Victory* has been obliged to depress her middle and lower deck guns, lest, blowing the *Redoubtable* out of the water, her cannon kentledge might, at the same time, reach her consort, the *Téméraire*, and tickle her tender ribs too toughly.

The *Téméraire* is pommeling the *Redoubtable* with her starboard broadside; but, seeing the *Fougueux* bearing down and pulling away her flying-kites, her larboard guns are manned, loaded, rammed home, and fired! Holy Moses! what a volcanic rending—what a thrill, a tremble, and a quiver runs through all—to the bottom of the sea—through the shuddering sky around! The *Téméraire* has fired both broadsides at the same moment—starboard and larboard—and she seems to be squashed the instant after by the recoil of her own guns. The stanchions groan—the timbers quiver—the ribs creak dolefully; while each man seems not a little startled at

—“the sound himself had made.”

Our four battle-ships are in a “ruck” together—gnashing, blazing, roaring, re-bellowing, like vast sea-monsters, who, having risen in wrath to the surface of the deep, are bent on mutual extermination, so that all shall go bodily down again. The thing is not so impossible, after all. The *Redoubtable* is red-hot. A strange sight to see the gunners of the *Téméraire* standing, bucket in hand, to dash on the tindery timbers of the Frenchman, which now begin to give unmistakable signs of catching fire at every discharge. Let the *Redoubtable* burn, and to the water's edge, but the *Téméraire* has no will for sailing skyward in the “same boat.”

There is a terrific commotion now, and a “shindyish” sort of confusion takes place on the decks of the *Fougueux*. What can that all be about?

This, in short. The *Victory* begins to see her way through the smoke, and wishes to leave the *Téméraire* to finish her fire-eating alone. The *Redoubtable* has been “shut up” in port some time ago, and the work is now over. Her colours are down, and the *Téméraire's* handy topmen are lashing the prize to the stump of their shattered mainmast, and—“Hurrah! you sea-dogs, the day is all your own!”

Out of a crew of 643 men, which the *Redoubtable* numbered, she has 300

killed and 222 wounded! Some few have lost the number of their mess here!

But the *Fougueux*—what of her?

The last double broadside of the *Téméraire*, as we have said, finished the business. Gaily and airily came the *Fougueux* upon her, when a sulphureous tornado of cannon-balls sweep her decks—main and middle. A horrible crash is heard, and she is nowhere—or rather she is yawing and veering blindly. She rocks and reels; all her top-hamper falls on to the deck; her lofty spars are low; her sails so many rent and feathery flakes; she runs foul of the *Téméraire's* fore-rigging; while an officer (Lieut. Kennedy, if this writer mistakes not), with some twenty or thirty men, leap by gangway and port-holes upon her deck, and—first startled by the fell and horrible slaughter consequent upon that trenchant broadside, the captain being among the killed—the rest of the crew are driven below, and made fast. Her colours are down; and now, with a sublime tranquillity, a coolness of unexampled frigidity, this handful proceed to lash the battered line-of-battle ship to the flukes and stock of the *Téméraire's* spare anchor—and lo! the majestic ship, with a prize on either side of her, heaving, panting, and taking breath, as it were, leaves the rest to fight out their own battles. The *Redoubtable* is hers, and the *Fougueux* is hers, and the cheers of her crew rend the heavy air—to be hushed in another moment by a stillness deeper than death; for an irremediable calamity has happened—a nation will be put into grief and mourning. Nelson has received his death-wound; and, through the shuddering, awful pause that falls upon the fleet, the sinister news seems to run with withering, heart-sickening effect.

But Trafalgar has been fought. The victory is ours—and in that very hour the soul of the hero passes away.

The fight is over. The flags of the fleet are half-mast high, but there is only a stern and sullen gloom in every ship, for just now there is no time to indulge in the "luxury of woe." The men, stained with blood and powder, clear away the decks, get the ship in sailing order to claw off shore; for a dreadful gale is coming on, and such of the Spanish fleet as can get clear have taken care to do so; and the British men-of-war, in their crippled condition, as also their prizes to care for, have a hard time of it.

The gale increases, the sea runs high, the prizes are unmanageable. The *Téméraire* cuts away the *Redoubtable*, which goes down by the head. She lets the *Fougueux* clear, and she, drifting helplessly shoreward, founders and is wrecked with all on board—discouraging enough after so sharp a struggle.

A long lapse now ensues in the story of the *Téméraire*. She is sent to dock to be repaired. Her crew is paid off, and Jack is at Gosport and the "Point," "scattering" his prize money and pay, after his wild, reckless fashion; but her officers and her men have had the honourable medal of Trafalgar given them on the 21st October, of the same year, and her gaping wounds are being slowly healed.

One day, however, she is out again on blue water, though perhaps she may not have the trim and rakish look of yore. She has bruised elbows and broken knees, like many another veteran, and her joints are a trifle stiff, but she is wanted, and responds to the call. She has a new commander now—Captain Chamberlain—and a fresh crew, or mostly so, though very likely a few old gunners and quartermasters, with a sprinkling of topmen, are on board to keep alive the stirring tradition of the "Fighting *Téméraire*;" and, after cruising in the Channel and Mediterranean waters, we find her definitely on the coast of Spain, for the war with France still continues—under other conditions, however.

This is what we have found extracted from an old chronicle :—

"Early in March, 1810, about a week before the arrival of General Graham, Cadiz was visited by a frightful storm, the recollection of which, from its awful consequences, is still a subject of painful reflection. The hurricane, on this melancholy occasion, came from the west. It commenced at daybreak on the 6th, but did not attain to its greatest fury until the evening of that day; and, when night fell, the dismal sounds of signals of distress were heard in every quarter of the bay. At daybreak on the 7th, no less than 190 vessels, of all sizes and nations, were on shore. The *Téméraire*, a three-decker, was discovered to be dragging her anchors. Shortly afterwards, this noble vessel was, to the astonishment and dismay of the admiral, seen completely adrift. Captain Chamberlain and several of his officers had but just reached the ship, at the peril of their lives, having been engaged during that horrid night in saving the crews of those unfortunate vessels which were foundering on every side. Drenched, and almost expiring with fatigue from their generous exertions, the captain and officers were obliged to be hauled on board in slings, two of their boats having been stove in their attempt to board. The sight of the beautiful and powerful *Téméraire* drifting on a lee-shore, and that shore lined by a shouting, ferocious enemy, roused all their energies; and, after a quarter of an hour's agonizing anxiety, Admiral Purvis had the inexpressible delight of seeing the *Téméraire*, under the skilful Chamberlain and his experienced masters, running under his stern, with a mere shred of sail to give her steerage way, and in another minute drop her best bower in new and secure moorings. Sad as was the scene of desolation on every side, the bold and skilful seamanship exhibited on this critical occasion by Captain Chamberlain and his fine crew excited such admiration throughout the fleet, that when he telegraphed 'ALL RIGHT—9 FATHOMS!' the *Téméraire* was honoured with three cheers from between 2,000 and 3,000 glad voices from the British squadron."

Last scene of this eventful history comes on apace.

Somewhere in the year 183—, and towards the sunset of an autumnal day, a strange and sombre object, vast of bulk, with a leviathanic roll about it, like that of some helpless sea-monster, bound and towed along, might have been seen coming up the reaches of the river. The sun casts fiery rays, of purple and ruddy gold mingled, up through the arch of heaven. These rays again pierce, by fitful dartings between the stunted masts, shortened yards, and the slackened rigging. The grand battle-ship looks like a ghostly hulk. The "*Fighting Téméraire*" has the aspect of a convict hive. Her heroic front has become felonious and furtive, and the man who can look on her without being moved by her decadence may have a "tegument," but no heart.

A sight more inexpressibly mournful even than that of bearing a dead warrior to his grave does she make, for there is the solemn march and the choral *Miserere* rising in fitful moanings and wailings around *his* catapalque. But here is the grand old ship in her pauper dockyard drab, her adamantine lips closed for ever, while a penurious rust dishonours those embattled sides, which once made navies *pale* before them. The corruscating sun-rays which once made her glorious on the waters seem to avoid touching her. Opaquely she stands in that wondrous crucible of lurid red and purple reflected in the rippling, Lethæan waters. Stern, silent, like a dishonoured, degraded thing—the dishonour and the disgrace being the work of others' hand, or the result of others' neglect. She goes on with a sullen look of gloom, urged by the waspish "tug" that is taking the "*Fighting Téméraire*" to her last berth to be broken up.

And this is the end of her glory, her renown, her splendour, her victories—*this!*

They do no more to a mud-flat, a coal barge, a shattered old "hoy," than this. They do no less!

So let it be. Those triple ports shall speak no more—her imperial strength is dead. The great heart of her is broken and still. Only it is well to think of the *honour*, the *respect* we pay to these shattered mementoes which ought to have been set in gold as a jewel, and preserved to the last fragment as a gem!

Look, look for hours upon that surpassing picture of her in the Vernon Gallery, painted by Turner in a moment of inspiration. Let the words of Ruskin's noble requiem still ring in our ears as we bid her *adieu*, as we say farewell for ever:—"Never more shall sunset lay golden robe on her, nor starlight tremble on the waves that part at her gliding. Perhaps when the low gate opens to some cottage garden, the tired traveller may ask idly why the moss grows so green on its rugged wood, and even the sailor's child may not answer, nor know, that the night dew lies deep in the war-rents of the wood of the old *Téméraire*."

GOD BLESS YOU!

—
BY ELIZA COOK.'
—

GIVE me Affection's mood, when tender truth
Prompts us to greet the dear one at our side
With love that makes no note of Age or Youth;
Too pure for Passion and too warm for Pride.
When soft Emotion with its holy light
Shows the Great Sculptor's name upon our clay;
When the full heart is bound by its own might,
And lips that kiss their shrine can only say—
"God bless you."

Solemn is that last parting, when the eye
Dwells on our face with fix'd and dreamy gaze;
When the dread moment stifles tear and sigh,
And our reft bosom, while despairing, prays.
When the familiar fingers clasp our hand,—
The chosen hand from all that gather round,—
And the Soul's password to the Spirit-land
Leaves but the dead beside us in the sound—
"God bless you."

Few, simple words!—amid the blurs and blots
Of erring language, ye have goodly birth;
Ye form the consecration of the spots
Which Memory kneels upon as hallow'd earth.
Feeling—too deep to sport on gossip air;
Pity—too eloquent to blame or teach;
The Joy we tremble at, the Grief we share,
The Angel-tones that live in human speech
Breathe in "God bless you."

Poems for Recitation.

DAILY WORK.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Who lags for dread of daily work,
And his appointed task would shirk,
Commits a folly and a crime :
 A soulless slave—
 A paltry knave—
A clog upon the wheels of Time.
With work to do, and store of health,
The man's unworthy to be free,
 Who will not give,
 That he may live,
His daily toil for daily fee.

No ! Let us work ! We only ask
Reward proportion'd to our task :—
 We have no quarrel with the great ;
 No feud with rank—
 With mill, or bank—
No envy of a lord's estate.
If we can earn sufficient store
To satisfy our daily need ;
 And can retain,
 For age and pain,
A fraction, we are rich indeed.

No dread of toil have we, or ours ;
We know our worth, and weigh our powers ;
 The more we work, the more we win ;
 Success to Trade !
 Success to Spade !
And to the Corn that's coming in !
And joy to him, who o'er his task
Remembers toil is Nature's plan ;
 Who, working, thinks—
 And never sinks
His independence as a man.

Who only asks for humblest wealth,
Enough for competence and health ;
 And leisure, when his work is done,
 To read his book,
 By chimney nook,
Or stroll at setting of the sun.
Who toil as every man should toil
For fair reward, erect and free :
 These are the men—
 The best of men—
These are the men we mean to be !

Illustrated Literature.

BY EWING RITCHIE.

MANY definitions have been attempted of the age in which we live. Some tell you it is one given up wholly to mammon worship—that it is one reckless of principle, and earnest only in its admiration of success; some tell you that it is an age of progress; others that we are not what we were—that the old faith in God and man has died out, and that the sad day of England's decline and fall has already arrived. In Sir Lytton Bulwer's "Money," Graves says, "I have seen already eighteen crises, six annihilations of agriculture and commerce, four overthrows of the Church, and three last final and irremediable destructions of the constitution." Well, there are many who talk in this way, and there are many more who hold with Tennyson that, "we sweep into a younger day," and on both sides of the question undoubtedly much may be said. Be this as it may, all will agree with me in the assertion that this is an age of literature; one fact alone establishes this. In 1830 the circulation of London weekly newspapers for the working classes was 75,000 per week; in 1860 the weekly circulation was 730,000. One other thing is clear. This is pre-eminently the age of illustrated literature; in 1830 it scarcely existed. Only the rich, who could afford to buy costly engravings, were indulged with illustrations, and such woodcuts as did appear in a cheap form were of the most wretched character; now illustrated periodicals circulate by millions through the land, and the illustrations they contain are often most exquisite, whether we look at design or execution. I have known many publications the proprietors of which have paid twenty or thirty guineas for a mere drawing, and then besides they have paid nearly as much for the engraving on wood; no wonder illustrated literature is in demand. Wood-engraving is brought to such perfection that it almost rivals steel in clearness and delicacy; and, if properly printed, in a certain brightness and freshness of effect leaves steel far behind. The wonder to my mind is, where all the box-wood comes from. Our own country has long been exhausted; our supplies reach us from Turkey. If Turkey fails us, what will our wood-engravers do?

The uses of illustrated literature are many. In the oldest and rudest stages of the art, the truest engraving had a certain value as a medium for the communication of knowledge. Children and people who cannot read get many ideas from pictures. "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever," and if by means of the graver it may be reproduced, it affords joy to millions. How can we understand history, or geography, or manners and customs, or times past or present, or new discoveries, without illustrations? Not merely by their aid do we make knowledge attractive, but in many cases without their aid we can convey no knowledge to others whatever. "High is our calling friends" was the beginning of one of Wordsworth's sonnets to Haydon. Barry Cornwall sang that before the painter lay—

"Life in all its sunny aspects—
All the woods of will and pain."

Campbell speaks of painting as of—

"Nature's guardian muse,
Whose hand her perished grace redeems;
Whose tablet of a thousand hues,
The mirror of creation seems."

And all this, in a sense, is applicable to illustrated literature. What may be said of the one, may be said of the other. Painters and artists, and illustrators not merely dwell in the world of fancy, not merely see what no mortal eye hath seen, and hear what no mortal ear hath heard; not merely suggest pleasant ideas to the mind; not merely idealize the present age, and hand down to-morrow the thoughts and feelings and inspirations of to-day, but they elicit what is noble, and often wean us from what is base. Undoubtedly Hogarth was the truest moral teacher of his age. They were poor Dutch tiles in the fire-place when Dr. Watts was a little child, but did they not teach him Sacred history, and thus pave the way for his "Divine and Moral Songs?" Do not we at this day learn many lessons of wisdom as we gaze on the engravings of Cruikshank or of Doyle, and is it not to its illustrations rather than its letterpress that *Punch* owes the immense power he generally wields on the side of right and truth. Bunyan, in that most wonderful of allegories, the "Pilgrim's Progress," makes Christian, when he arrives at the Interpreter's house, first contemplate the picture of a very grave person hung up against the wall. The ancient men felt how much might be done, what an impulse might be given, to the mind merely by looking at a portrait. Atticus, we are told, had a gallery adorned with the portraits or images of the great men of Rome, under each of which he had inscribed their principal acts and honours in a few concise verses of his own. Another story in point is that of a dissolute Athenian woman, who in the midst of a riotous banquet, accidentally casting her eyes on the portrait of a philosopher hanging on a wall opposite, was so charmed by the appearance of temperance and virtue, that she at once abandoned her dissipated career, and became a reformed character. A portrait of Petrarch, when Leonard Aretin was in prison, was said to be a source of inspiration to the latter; and a portrait of Newton we are told had a similar effect on Buffon. The use of illustrated literature is manifest then; but now comes an important question—that of its honesty. How am I to know that what I see is the *vera effigies*? Honesty is a rare gift in these days; and we do know that strange tricks are played in these days of universally and cheaply illustrated publications, I have seen many a portrait do double duty, just as the view of a shipwreck may one year represent the loss of the *Royal Charter*, and the next some similar catastrophe in quite a different part of the world. Not always does the painter give a correct likeness, and sometimes the engraver misses it in his copy. We have often heard one of the most popular artists of the day grievously complain of the wrong done him in this respect; Goldsmith was a short thick man, with wan features and a vulgar appearance, but looks tall and fashionable in a bag wig; Boyle's, as one of his friends writes, does not resemble him; Rousseau, in his worsted cap, as the elder Disraeli says, is in a similar predicament; Winchelman's portrait does not preserve the striking physiognomy of the man. The faithful Vertue refused to engrave for Honbraken's set, because they did not authenticate their originals, and some of these are spurious as that of Ben Jonson, Edward Coke, and others. The following anecdote now going the round of the papers shows what deceptions are practised with regard to portraits:—An eminent artist in London lately received a visit from a gentleman who was evidently a man of wealth, but at the same time what the Romans would call a *novus homo*. After some hesitation he asked the artist if he could retouch a gallery of family portraits. The artist agreed, and next day the visitor arrived with four cases filled with what seemed veritable family portraits. The artist, however, was rather surprised to recognize them as a lot that had been knocked down at a West-end sale three years before, and still more to hear the gentleman claim them as relics of his family. The gentleman still further

astonished the artist by asking when he should "sit," in order that the artist might give the portraits the true family cast of countenance which the ravages of time had destroyed. The artist hid his smiles, as we are informed, behind a large canvas, and then proceeded to carry out the wishes of his visitor, which were performed with so much satisfaction that the gentleman left the heaviest golden souvenir the artist had received for many a day. The Manchester man was thus provided with a series of original family portraits. But sad tricks are played even with original portraits by people who ought to know better. Pope had an original picture of Bishop Atterbury painted by Kneller. Of this picture he used to make a painter called Wasdale paint copies for three or four guineas; and whenever he wished to pay a particular compliment to one of his friends, he gave him an original picture of Atterbury. Of these originals Wasdale had painted five or six. I knew an artist who was once called on to restore, or touch up, a picture, which the proprietor assured him was the work of an old master, and for which he had given no less a sum than £4,000. My friend, on a closer inspection, found it to be a copy which he had painted for a dealer for a very small trifle. Not long back an extraordinary case of fraud appeared in the reports of the London police-courts. A gentleman had, it appears, gone to a shop not many miles from St. Paul's-churchyard, and laid out two or three thousand pounds in the purchase of pictures, which were found to be copies by inferior hands of well-known originals. To make the imposture more complete the pictures were said to be the property of a lady left, by the death of her husband, in circumstances of distress. And the wife of the picture-dealer actually waited on the gentleman purchaser with a piece of plate, which it was stated the bereaved widow had caused to be sent for the purpose of expressing her gratitude. The case was settled out of court otherwise we should have had some startling revelations as to the manufacture of paintings from ancient and modern masters.

I have just seen an illustrated edition of the celebrated Yelverton case; the pamphlet was published at a shilling, and I think a more impudent fraud was never attempted to be imposed on the public. The publisher who allows such a thing to appear with his name to it ought to be prosecuted for obtaining money under false pretences. The pamphlet I speak of was full of illustrations, but they were every one old, and were drawn and engraved long before the Yelverton marriage case had ever been heard of. The portraits consequently were most strikingly unlike. In one case the Hon. Mr. Yelverton was a middle-aged man, in the next he had dwindled down almost into a boy. In one case he had a mustachio, in the next he was bereft of that adornment. An engraving of a fashionable evening party at Belgravia, with its dowager duchess and other West-end appendages is made to represent an evening at General Straubenzie's hut in the Crimea. Mr. Augustus Mayhew, it seems, has been writing a tale, "The Finest Girl in Bloomsbury." Well, an engraving of her—a regular bouncer, married to a most diminutive male—is passed off as a portrait of Mrs. Yelverton, a very different kind of lady. In one case I admire the tact of the concocter of this miserable catch-penny publication. A portrait that had previously done duty in connection, I believe, with Palmer's trial is given as a portrait of leading counsel. Mr. Whiteside's face is too familiar to the public, otherwise his name would have most undoubtedly been placed underneath. Occasionally the parties appear in the costume of the days of Pitt and Fox, and if picturesqueness is gained, at the same time it must be confessed it is at the expense of pictorial truth. At the conclusion, a lady is represented as being drawn in a carriage by a triumphant and rejoicing mob of men. Something of the kind happened to the Hon. Mrs. Yelverton, but the men have the appearance of Italians, and the lady bears a striking resem-

blance to a celebrated performer at the opera, who in one of the Italian cities was actually compelled to submit to a demonstration similar to that with which the citizens of Dublin treated the Hon. Mrs. Yelverton. A portrait also of a leading manager is added, though from the evidence, I fail to see that he is in any way connected with the case. Now, what can be the good of such a method of illustrating works; leaving quite out of question its honesty? If I remember aright, during the Palmer trial a portrait of Mr. Cobden did duty for that distinguished criminal. Very pleasant this must have been to Mr. Cobden and his friends; but the general public got no truer notions than they had before. Such things as these destroy all faith in pictorial representation, and yet pictorial representation is a great help to the understanding men and things. At any rate as supplementary to verbal representation it is of the highest worth; yet with our present mode of illustration we sow the seeds of a scepticism which must paralyze all historical inquiry. Our posterity, I fear, will have but a poor opinion of us. They will feel inclined to attribute to us universal dishonesty, as they read how our food and drink, our raiment and furniture, all that we buy and sell, even silver and gold, were doctored and made up to appear as other than they were. Great fun on one occasion was made of Sidney Smith and Wordsworth, who, in praising the bust, as they deemed, of some great sage of antiquity, discovered in it all the cardinal virtues. The bust was not that of a sage, but a rogue. But we are making our posterity liable to a repetition of such blunders on the most gigantic scale. The truth is, we are living too much for appearance and effect. In all society the evil exists; but it seems to have reached its climax amongst bookmakers and artists. The *Times* correspondent, on the marriage of the Princess Royal, drew a most touching picture of the tears and sobs, at a certain moment, of the royal mother and daughter. The picture was touching, and only required one thing to make it effective, and that was—truth. Actually nothing of the kind was visible. Thus is it the columns of what used to be the best conducted critical journal in the world, are enlivened with slang, and that we have a whole herd of writers, seemingly subject to severe spasms. They err greatly who think to gain any end in art of any kind by the sacrifice of truth. "Honesty is the best policy" in art as well as in life; but how can the art be honest, in which everything is sacrificed to smartness, or how can the painting a picture be so when the one thing aimed at is effect? Men who in dark ovens in Westminster tone down modern paintings into genuine Corregios and Titians are great rascals; and so are they who publish representations of events and persons, or criticisms on men and books on a similar principle. The present feverish taste cannot, it is to be hoped, last long. Already we see indications of returning good sense. There are but few men who care to practise roguery when they find it does not pay.

One effect of illustrated literature must not be lost sight of in its tendency to break down sectarianism in politics, or literature, or religion. An illustrated periodical to be successful requires a very large circulation; consequently, on all subjects it must take the broadest possible tone, and avoid the utterance of what is narrow and one-sided. We have advanced in Catholicism wonderfully during the last few years. Sibthorpe was the last Tory extant, and as to Chartism no one now ever breathes its name. Fifteen years ago how fierce were newspapers; how bitter were political opponents! What ranting demagogues moved the public mind! Now one is puzzled to tell the difference between a Conservative-Liberal or a Liberal-Conservative, and their organs on either side are either dead or dying. Partly this better state of things is the result of education, and chief amongst educational influences is Illustrated Literature.

Life Assurance.

BY GEORGE FREDERICK PARDON.

GREAT as is the value of life-assurance, it is, unfortunately, too much neglected. The wealthy and well-to-do have generally the forethought to provide for their families; but the struggling clerk, who lives up to his income, and strives to make his wife and daughters keep up a *genteel appearance*—who endeavours, flimsy as the artifice usually is, to make a salary of *one* hundred a year look like *two*, and always fails in the attempt—and poor professional men and tradesmen, who are obliged, positively *obliged*, by the exigencies of their various callings, to appear richer than they really are,—these are the people who neglect Life Assurance; and these are the people for whom it is more especially needful, and to whom it proves of most real advantage. Mechanics, and the better sort of labourers, are usually more provident in this respect than the class immediately above them; for they have their clubs and benefit societies, their Odd Fellows' and Foresters' lodges, their Druids', Old Friends', and Birmingham Brothers' meetings;—in fact, the whole economy of these excellent institutions, imperfect though some of them may be, have for their end and object the helping each other in sickness, and providing a decent funeral for a deceased member, or member's wife. Besides, the wives and children of the artizan class are more apt at "getting their own living;" and the sudden misery and destitution which occurs upon the death of a so-called "independent" and "respectable" clerk, or professional man, seldom happens with them. Nevertheless, life-assurance is as valuable to the artizan as to the clerk; and we propose drawing the attention of both to some of the advantages offered by the system.

The cases in which Life Assurance is attended with beneficial results are too numerous to need more than the slightest reference. If a man has a wife and children dependent upon him for support, a small sum set aside from his regular income will secure to them a provision at his death; where married persons have a jointure, annuity, or pension, depending upon either of their lives, by insuring the life of the one entitled to such annuity, the other may secure a competency after death shall have taken him on whom the interest depended; an individual desirous of borrowing money may insure his life, and thus give the lender security for the sum obtained; if a creditor be in danger of losing his debt, he may insure the life of the debtor, and thus render repayment certain; a person possessed of an annual income only may, on marriage, secure such a sum by way of settlement upon his wife as shall render his loss less severe than if he left her to the chances of poverty and the world. A man may commence business with the fairest prospects, but a few years may find his wife a widow, and his children fatherless: Life Assurance almost remedies the evil. These are a few of the instances in which Assurance upon Life may be rendered of incalculable advantage. In fact, to all those who wish to make a provision for their wives and families—professional men, merchants, tradesmen, and mechanics—Life Assurance offers a cheap, safe, and most certain method. How many helpless and destitute would have been rescued from misery—how many a widow would have been saved the pain of blaming her dead husband—how many daughters would have blessed, instead of reproached, the memory of their dear father in the grave—had that husband and father been more mindful of the day when he should be parted from them.

The experience of men is daily convincing them of the necessity which exists for obtaining this security for the benefit of those they leave behind; and when we examine the principles on which it is based, and scrutinize their bearings upon the moral and social condition of mankind, we are unable to discover any reasons which ought to prejudice the mind against it, or observe the slightest tendency it possesses towards the introduction of fraud or evil practices.

In a disordered state of society, where the administration of the law is too feeble and ineffective to provide perfect safety to life and property, Life Assurance, unless confined to very narrow limits, might be dangerous; but in a community like ours, where stern justice is certain to overtake the wrong-doer, and where the laws are respected and observed, and the passions and feelings governed and controlled by considerations of morality and the public good, it is eminently calculated to insure the most important benefits. The prejudices which exist—or rather *did* exist—against it, on the ground that it trifles with the decrees of Providence, by setting a price upon the solemn event of death, are without the least foundation in reason or good sense, and hardly deserve serious consideration. These prejudices arise from a want of due deliberation and reflection of the true principles on which the world is governed. What infringement of morality or religion is committed by an individual who pays a small yearly sum, that his family may enjoy a humble competence at his death? Is it any presumption towards his Maker, if a man endeavours to make an event, which must inevitably produce mourning and unhappiness, fall on his dear wife and children as lightly as possible? Can there be any impiety in his looking forward to his dissolution, and “setting his house in order” against the day when it shall arrive?—or will it be pretended that he shows less love to those who are near and dear to him in life by rendering his death less painful, and taking, as it were, the sting out of grief? We think not.

Where is the moral distinction between insuring a ship for a voyage, with a hundred souls on board, and insuring the life of an individual? In either case the loss may depend upon equally uncertain and contingent circumstances: the lightnings of heaven, the billows of the sea, or the rocks that lurk beneath it, may destroy the vessel, and death may be the portion of every person on board. The event thus insured against is productive of the most dreadful consequences, while insurance upon the life of a single individual contemplates a result in which the safety of that one person only is involved.

Another objection is, that a man may realize a larger sum by laying by the surplus profits of his trade. So he may, if he live to carry out his intentions; but he may die before he has added a year's surplus to the fund; whereas, if he insure his life, he is by so much the richer, in fact, as soon as he has paid the first premium. The advantage of the assurance system becomes, therefore, at once apparent. There is no certainty in life; there is no stability in trade; the one may decline, and the other may pass away as a shadow, ere the ultimatum be reached—ere the necessary means may be set aside; who shall say, then, that a man does his duty to his family who leaves them to the mercy of chance?

Again, many persons decline to assure their lives on the ground that they are young, strong, and healthy, and may live to amass a sufficiency for the decent maintenance of their families. A few words will settle this part of the question. When any man can guarantee to himself health, long life, and the power of resisting temptation, contagion, and “the thousand ills that flesh is heir to,” then, and then only, can such an argument be available. There is no time like the present; a good should not be delayed too long. A young man

may be in good health to-day, to-morrow he may be stricken with disease or death. Besides, a state of health is an almost indispensable requisite in Life Assurance. "A whitened tongue or a quickened pulse find no passport to the Life Office;" who shall say how many days the hue of health shall rest upon the cheek, or how long he may be free from those dangerous symptoms? A slight cold may be the herald of consumption; a pain in the abdomen the premonitory harbinger of cholera—delay, therefore, in such a case becomes almost criminal.

Driven from these strongholds of objection, the last argument of the vacillator, is that he "cannot afford it." If he can afford to live at all, he can afford to put away something from his daily means to provide a living for those who may survive him. Consider for a moment, you professional man with £300 a year: to secure £1,000 to your wife—the wife you took a blushing maiden from her father's arms—needs an outlay of just £32 10s. a year, supposing you commence at forty; something more than twelve shillings a-week—two shillings a-day—the price of a cab! Look to it, you honest, hard-working, striving mechanic: you married at twenty-two—you might have done a worse thing—and you may die, God only knows, before you are thirty. Look at your pretty wife and the chubby, darling boy upon her knee. You wouldn't like to leave them in poverty; no, I'm sure you wouldn't. Well, then, insure your life. For two pounds a-year you may leave your wife £100 at your death, happen when it may. One hundred pounds! why it is a little fortune, and so easily obtained too. Let us see; £2 a-year is just 9d. a-week; less than three-half-pence a-day, only the price of the slightest indulgence. Three half-pence a-day, my dear sir, and do justice to the wife who loves you.

Considering Assurance upon Life only in the light of a proper and necessary provision—just, indeed, as the insurance of a house from fire, or a ship from the chances of loss or wreck, are necessary to the prudent conduct of business and speculation—let us proceed to point out the plan and manner of adopting this description of security.

To the person desirous of insuring his own life, or that of one in whom he may be interested, the nature of the preliminary measures to be taken is important to be understood; and the facts and circumstances he is bound to disclose, as the foundation upon which the policy is based, for the purpose of giving effect and validity to its provisions, should be faithfully and unreservedly communicated. The usual mode of proceeding is, to procure at the office of the company a printed form of proposal, containing a number of questions, relating to the profession, trade, situation in life, and health of the person, all of which must be satisfactorily and truly answered, or the proposition for effecting the insurance will not be entertained. Questions to nearly the same purport are also propounded to the medical attendant and a friend of the proposed, which must be truly replied to; and then, if it be what is called a "safe life," the company grant the insurance required. Strict probity is important; for, although the offices seldom take advantage of any trifling objections for the purpose of discharging their liability when once entered on, the slightest appearance of fraud, concealment, or misrepresentation, is sufficient to vitiate the claim of the assured.

The importance of a "full, true, and particular" statement of every circumstance that may affect the probable duration of the life of the assured, will be best seen by the relation of a fact. In 1824 an insurance was effected by the Atlas Company on the life of the Duke of Saxe-Gotha. In answer to the usual questions, the Duke's physicians and others stated that he had formerly led a dissolute life, by which he had nearly lost the use of his speech, but without mentioning that his mental faculties were also greatly impaired.

Upon death, in 1825, it was discovered that there had existed a large tumour pressing on his brain, which had probably affected his mind and deprived him of speech. Under these circumstances, the insurance company refused to pay the demand, and an action was brought on the policy. Upon the trial, all the medical testimony went to establish that the symptoms, during the Duke's life, tended to disprove the supposition of a tumour existing; but several eminent medical men averred that, had they been consulted, they should have considered themselves bound to mention the loss of the Duke's faculties; and the Court held that the concealment of the fact was a fraud in law, and sufficient to invalidate the claim. The party whose life is insured is considered the agent of his creditor; and all statements, as to his health and other circumstances necessary to be divulged, made by his physician or friend, are binding upon him and his executors.

Enough has been said of the value of Life Assurances; a few instances of their benefit will not, however, be out of place here. From a little book published lately we extract the following:—

An eminent tradesman in London effected an assurance of £2,000, and dying within the first year, from inflammation, arising from a cold, his widow and family were thus put in possession of £2,000.

A young married man, in the medical profession, opened a chemist's shop in the suburbs of London, and was induced by his wife's friends to assure his life for £1,000; shortly after this the cholera made its appearance in the metropolis, and he fell a victim to that disease. The assets of the deceased were little more than sufficient to pay his creditors, and had it not been for the insurance on his life, his widow and family would have been left destitute; as it was, however, they received the £1,000.

A legal gentleman took out a policy of assurance for £1,500 on his own life, and having caught a severe cold, ruptured a blood vessel during a paroxysm of coughing. This occurred after four annual payments only had been made, and his family, of course, received the £1,500.

A clergyman, aged 30, possessed of an income of £500 per annum, and married, without a family, desirous of securing his wife a sum sufficient for her support, in the event of his being cut off before he was enabled to save the required amount of money, assured his life for £2,000. The annual premium payable to the office was £45—not a tenth of his income—and he having unexpectedly died after two payments had been made, his widow received £2,000, which enabled her to maintain a state of comfortable independence during life.

A medical gentleman in a country town, whose emoluments, from an extensive practice, averaged £300 per annum, reflecting upon the precarious tenure of health in the sphere of his duties, which necessarily exposed him to the constant vicissitudes of the weather, besides bringing him frequently into contact with parties afflicted with infectious diseases, took out a policy on his own life for £1,000. Having been assured for four years, he died from a malignant fever caught in a professional visit, and his widow thus obtained the sum of £1,000.

A still more striking instance of the uncertainty of life occurred in the case of a commercial gentleman, who, for the benefit of his wife, to whom he had been lately married, made a proposal to an Assurance Company for a considerable sum, and his health being good, the proposal was accepted, and the premium paid. He died of apoplexy during the first year, and the large sum insured thus fell to his widow.

An apparently trifling incident will oftentimes give a right direction to the thoughts and conduct of a youth, and determine his course during all his

future years. The obligation imposed by a policy of assurance is as likely, I think, as any other to exercise a moral influence on the possessor. If the value of health, its importance, and the most rational means of preserving it be rightly understood; if habits of diligence, economy, kindness, and forethought be cultivated in early life by a man, there is hope that he will prosper in all he undertakes, and become an ornament and a blessing to the sphere in which he moves.

TO HERMIONE.

BY Y. S. N.

I WILL "return!" but ah, a weary while
 May pass, beloved one, ere we meet again,
 And life seems sad without thy sunny smile,
 To still my heart's unrest, and soothe its aching pain!
 Thy fond lament hath thrall'd me like a spell,
 And in my soul an answering voice I hear,
 Which evermore the same sad tale doth tell,—
 She mourns unsolac'd, for I am not near;
 And she is a harp whose sweetest tone
 Yields to the touch of one true hand alone!

I will return!—to read in those dear eyes
 The earnest welcome words may never speak;
 To see again the flush of joy arise
 Upon thy calm, clear brow and pallid cheek!
 I will return—to claim thee as mine own;
 Would I dare say—to part again no more!
 But the one land where partings are not known,
 We may not reach till life's brief strife is o'er!
 A few more partings—then the time shall come,
 When seraph songs shall be our welcome home.

I will return! Be patient yet awhile;
 A little while and all thy griefs shall end,
 And I shall sun me in thy tender smile,
 And hear thee call me husband, "guide, and friend."
 And I will tell, and thou at last shall learn,
 All thou hast been for long, long years to me;
 What high-soul'd deeds were ventured but to earn,
 In future years, one kindly word from thee!
 And as an ivy clingeth to a vine,
Giving and lending strength, our hearts shall twine
 So firmly-rooted in Affection's rock,
 We shall not heed the tempest's rudest shock.

Classics for the Million.

THERE is no study so highly calculated to educate the intellect, and refine the taste, as that of the classics. Eminent men in all ages have borne testimony to the ennobling influence of classical literature, and none have appreciated the learning of the ancients more keenly than those "men of the people" who have educated themselves, and worked their way to an acquaintance with classical lore in the face of difficulties and discouragements. One of the most glowing eulogies of classical studies ever pronounced was addressed to the students of the Edinburgh University some years ago by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. His memorable words merit a wider diffusion. "Who," he says, "that in the days of his early studies has tasted and enjoyed the noble simplicity of old Homer and old Herodotus—the classic elegance of Virgil—the sublime reasoning of Plato—the dignity, power, and pathos of the Greek tragedians—the graphic accuracy of Thucydides—the easy, unaffected narrative of Xenophon—the vigorous terseness of Tacitus—the impassioned eloquence of Demosthenes and Æschines—the graceful rhythm and pure Latinity of Cicero—the glorious daring of Pindar—the *curiosa felicitas* (the rare felicity) of Horace—the shrewd, homely wit of Terence—the biting sarcasm of Juvenal—who that has delighted in all these, in his early and most impressible days, can be so dull and cold as that long years of after-toil, and the cares of public life, can wholly quench in him that *divinæ particulam auræ* with which he was inspired by his former, though long-neglected, studies." Those who have been classical scholars from their youth, can appreciate to the full the force and truth of the foregoing observations; but persons who have never studied the classics, are apt rather to be discouraged than attracted by a programme of knowledge which seems so vast and so deeply hidden in the difficulties of such recondite languages as the Greek and Latin. Unfortunately, it has been too much the habit of the educated classes to keep their knowledge of the classics, and of classical literature, to themselves. These studies have always been treated and spoken of as something above the vulgar understanding—something with which the common people have nothing to do—something which is the exclusive property of the high-born and the wealthy.

Many other causes, such as an ignorant and unintellectual system of teaching, have tended to give a dry and forbidding aspect to classical studies. The difficulties of the Latin and Greek languages have been hideously exaggerated by incompetent pedagogues; and an intimate knowledge of the rudiments of both languages having, as a rule, been insisted upon as an absolutely necessary and indispensable step towards a knowledge of Greek and Latin literature, thousands who might have profited largely by reading translations have been discouraged altogether from the attempt to acquire even a superficial acquaintance with classical subjects. Pope made a very unfortunate remark when he said, "A little learning is a dangerous thing." The saying has been elevated into a doctrine. Tory squires are very ready to quote it as an argument against the expediency of educating their labourers. "No, no; our labourers' children don't want to be educated. What says Pope—'A little learning is a dangerous thing.'" And that clinches it. It is full time that some high authority put this dangerous doctrine in its proper light; for as it is at present understood, or rather wilfully misunderstood by many, it means, that it is better not to be able to read, if you do not at the same time know how to write. The conservatives of the classics—those who would keep classical knowledge to themselves—will tell you that,

if you do not know Latin, it is better that you should not read a translation of Horace. This is just downright nonsense—wicked, selfish, and ungenerous. The writer of this article is not by any means what would be called a “high classic.” He had the good fortune, in his youth, to be well drilled in the rudiments of Latin and Greek; and he is, consequently, pretty well acquainted with the grammar and construction of those languages. Still, at the same time, his knowledge of those languages could never in itself have opened up to him the stores of intellectual enjoyment which he has derived from reading translations. Let it be well understood that it requires a long course of study, and many years of a life constantly devoted to the perusal of classical authors, to enable a man to read Greek and Latin readily and with ease. Very few first-class men from Oxford and Cambridge, after they have left college for a year or two, will be found able to read off readily a page of Aristophanes or Plautus; fewer still—except, perhaps, among the professors at the universities—who can write good Latin. How many are there who can make a good Latin speech without laboriously composing it beforehand? Are there a score in all England? It may be gravely doubted.

On the other hand, a little knowledge of Greek and Latin may be acquired in a very short time, and with very little trouble. And this little learning will not be found at all a dangerous thing for a humble man to possess. It will not give him ideas above his station; it will not immediately lead him to conceive notions of becoming a Professor at Oxford or Cambridge; nor will he feel less satisfaction with his lot in life, and his daily toil, because he has made himself acquainted with the declensions and conjugations of a few Greek and Latin nouns and verbs.

It is not, however, absolutely necessary that a man should go through the drudgery of learning even the rudiments of a classical language, in order to be able to appreciate classical literature. Let any intellectual man who loves reading, and takes delight in communing with thoughtful and poetical minds, go at once to a good translation of some classical work. If he would desire to get some insight into the style and genius of the language—be it Latin or Greek—let him select the most literal translation he can find. Free poetical translations of such authors as Horace or Virgil, have this disadvantage, that they destroy all traces of the author's style of expression. The poetry and the thought are there; but the diction is English, not Latin; and only Latin scholars can tell how the terseness and epigrammatic force of such poets as Horace, are diluted and frittered away in the loose circumlocutions of English poetical translations. There is no better introduction to the study of classical literature than an attentive perusal of the histories of Greece and Rome; and certainly there is no more interesting and seductive reading than the accounts with which those histories teem of the wars, the policy, and the private lives of the great men of antiquity. The great disadvantage of the abridged histories is that they gave too romantic a turn to historical events, and treat of living men and their actions as if they belonged to mythology, rather than to a human working-day world. Thus Cæsar, and Pompey, and Socrates, and Alcibiades, and all such persons, are generally described as if they had been of the family of the gods, and not mere mortals like those who live and act at the present day. This is part of the mischievous system of teaching to which we have already alluded, which tends to repel ordinary folks from the study of classical literature. What is the good, they think, of reading about these people? There is nothing human about them that we can see; they did not eat, and drink, and make merry as we do; they are just so many marble statues in gracefully-folded togas, who stand on pedestals, and speak grandiloquently in confused and inverted sentences, which we cannot make head or

tail of without a dictionary, and a great deal of trouble in re-arranging their words. Abridged histories, unintelligent systems of teaching, and the arrogant jealousy of the educated classes lest the common people should begin to acquire a taste for the peculiar studies of "gentlemen and scholars" are at the bottom of these misconceptions. Let any one who thinks that Cæsar and Pompey, and Mark Antony, and Alcibiades, and the other great characters of antiquity, whose names are most familiar to the ordinary readers of books, were little more than severe classical abstractions; let any one who has imbibed that notion, turn to the glowing pages of Plutarch. Here we have the biography of mighty Cæsar. What manner of man was he according to the gossiping Plutarch, who lived near his time? We are perhaps too much accustomed to picture Cæsar as a magnificent, unapproachable conqueror—either crowned with laurel on a triumphant car; or perhaps we think of him lying in a graceful theatrical attitude at the base of Pompey's pillar, bleeding from the daggers of the conspirators. In this light he is about as real as a stage king. Let Plutarch wash the paint off his face, and divest him of his golden crown and imperial robes, and we have a real man of flesh and blood, who was swayed by human impulses and passions, and did human work much like men of the present time. How delightful and how interesting it is to know that this unapproachable hero of history was a "fast man" in his youth, and indulged in play and horse-racing, and patronised the Roman "ring," and over-ran the constable occasionally, and got into trouble with the ladies. Fancy that mad-cap "lark" at Alexandria, when he smuggled into his house the lovely Cleopatra, tied up in a carpet, like a fender and fire-irons. And this happened when the unapproachable hero was getting on in years, and becoming bald—so bald, that not having sufficient side hair to comb over his bald pate, he had taken to wear a chaplet of imitation laurel leaves, by way of a wig. Dear old Plutarch puts us on the most delightful terms with the great men of antiquity. It is quite startling to turn from the Pecksniff-like character which Shakespeare draws of Mark Antony, to the Antony of contemporary historians. The Antony who stood over the dead body of Cæsar, and harangued the people with such tenderness and such refinement of eloquence, was in reality a coarse, swaggering bully; a man who in modern times would have been a loud-voiced, brow-beating Old Bailey barrister. Reading the familiar history of Rome, many striking parallels to the public men of the present day will occur to the imaginative mind. Walk down to the senate, and you behold in Cicero a Roman prototype of our own Brougham. It is not a little odd, by the way, that they were both distinguished for remarkable noses. We are all familiar with Brougham's square-tipped organ; Cicero had a flat excrescence at the point of his nose, closely resembling a vetch, the Latin word for which is *cicer*, and it is said that it was from this nasal excrescence that he took his name. Cato is a sort of Roebuck if one can imagine Roebuck in a toga. In Antony we may observe a touch of Mr. Bright, with a strong flavour of Mr. Edwin James. The brilliant Augustin era, with its galaxy of poets—Horace, Virgil, Ovid, and the rest—is brought home to our understanding and appreciation, by the modern parallel afforded in the literary period of Queen Anne. Horace, from his villa at Tibur, writing satirical and conceited letters to Mæcenas, is represented over again in Pope writing from Twickenham to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. And Horace, both in his style and matter, is as modern, and as readily applicable, as if he had lived in Twickenham, too, and in the eighteenth century.

So, if we turn to Greece and obtain a few peeps at the inner life of the great men who made that nation famous, we find them all wonderfully human, and in many respects wonderfully like ourselves. Reversing the

order of comparison for the sake of our method of illustration, and with no disrespect to the ancients, we may say that we have in Demosthenes a Benjamin Disraeli. The same circumstance attended the oratorical *debut* of both. Benjamin's first speech was a sad failure; he was groaned down. "Never mind," said the disappointed orator, "the day will come when you will be glad to hear me." And the day did come. Demosthenes on his first attempt at public speaking, to which he was quite "unaccustomed," was laughed at and interrupted. He had a weakness and a stammering in his speech, and a want of breath which caused such a distraction in his discourse that it was difficult for the audience to understand him. So he went away and built himself a subterraneous study by the sea shore, and shaved one side of his head that he might be unable to go out of doors for some weeks, and practised speaking with pebbles in his mouth, and became the greatest orator that the world ever heard. What young Benjamin Disraeli did to improve his oratory, we are not informed; but we may be very sure it never entered his head to cut off his ringlets. How it reduces the severe Socrates to common nature and humanity when we discover him at home being bullied, and snubbed, and led a perfect dog's life, by his shrewish better half, Zantippe. And what an insight into the fickle, sentimental, and almost frivolous character of the ancient Greek public we gain when we learn that their admiration for Alcibiades was first inspired by the pretty way in which that dashing young gentleman lisped in his speech. Yes; the Greek mob took a fancy to this young swell because he lisped, because he strutted in his walk; and also for another reason—because he looked well in his clothes, and had a noble way of swinging the tail of his toga when he swaggered down the street. Alcibiades, too, was a sporting man, and possessed more racing chariots than any man in Greece; and he was fond of cock, or rather quail, fighting, and used to carry about game quails in his pocket. And did he not make a low, ignorant fellow an admiral, just because he caught and restored a favourite quail, that one day escaped from the folds of his master's toga? In our day Alcibiades would have boxed hackney-coachmen and wrenched off knockers; but as there were no hackney-coachmen and no knockers in his time, he did what he could as an equivalent—he upset the public statues, put them on the wrong pedestals, and pulled peoples' noses in the streets. Staid old Socrates attended his suppers and drinking bouts on the pretence of reforming the young man; but we may be sure Zantippe put quite another construction on his midnight galivanting, and often treated him to a curtain lecture when he returned home about the small hours redolent of Master Alcibiades' plentiful cups.

Ah! what a delightful old world is opened up to our vision by a little reading of the classical authors. It is not the severe, cold, unimpassioned, mythical period we are apt to think it. Its civilization in all that regards literature, thought, refinement, and taste is not only equal but superior to our own. Its men are as great, and greater than ours; and they are as small in all those petty weaknesses of humanity which make the meanest of mankind feel that they are of the same family with the greatest. Let no one, therefore, be discouraged from plunging into classical literature because he has not learned Latin and Greek. Even in the English translations of the great works of antiquity, he will find a reflection of the genius and strength of the classical times strong enough to satisfy his cravings for knowledge, and powerful enough to give to his mind that elevation of tone and that purity of thought and taste which only the study of the classical authors can confer.

A. H.

A Few Words about "Needs."

FROM THE DIARY OF A RELIEVING OFFICER.

I PRESUME we shall always have among us a certain percentage of our fellow-creatures who, from various causes, being unable to provide themselves with food, clothing, and shelter, become pensioners upon the more fortunately-situated of the community. Yet it remains, and ever must remain, a serious consideration how far this percentage may be lowered without pressing unduly upon the impoverished class. There can be no question that the *old* poor laws have left us a legacy of a class mentally degraded, who look upon the receipt of parochial assistance, even in health, as no disgrace, and who look forward to the parish dole as a legitimate prize for the consolation of old age. This class is the growth of a system which viewed the giving of relief in aid of wages as right and proper—a system, in fact, which allowed the farmer or other employer of labour to purchase that commodity partly at his own cost and partly at the cost of his neighbours assessed for the relief of the poor.

I cannot myself imagine a plan more certain than this, in connection with the law of settlement and removal, with which it existed, to perpetuate a race of slaves bound down to the soil—willing slaves, from their gross ignorance of the nature of the fetters which bound them—without an aspiration for anything higher, and without the consciousness of independence, or the sweet satisfaction that its possession brings. The present poor-law has, from the first, received an amount of opposition, and its advocates even to the present time are subject to considerable abuse, on the score of its inhumanity. Any partial hitch in the working of the law is eagerly seized upon for exhibition to the public, and its administrators are not unfrequently held up to obloquy with some degree of injustice. There seems to be an eagerness on the part of the public and the press in general to assign unto all connected with the relief of the poor a sort of fiendish inhumanity, which, so far as my experience goes, is entirely unjust, and, on the whole, quite indefensible. It is not in the nature of things that any law should be perfect in all its points, and I should be foolish if I attempted to defend every one of this Act's provisions. No, I am obliged to confess that I see in it many important clauses which would admit of very great improvement; and I humbly think I could suggest both omissions and additions to the law which would both increase its efficacy and remove some of the objections which obtain as to its present mode of working.

But this is neither the time nor place to go into a lengthy analysis of so important a subject; for to enter into it at all would inevitably entail a prolonged argument. My position is simply this: that the introduction of the new poor-law has proved of immense benefit not only in a more efficient and equitable distribution of relief to the deserving poor than existed under the old system, but also in that repressive or preventive action which it possesses, and which earns for it, in a great measure, its unenviable stigma of inhumanity.

I repeat that we have inherited from our predecessors a class (and a very numerous one) of hereditary paupers in England. We have also received from the sister country (which, having suffered for centuries from misgovernment, is but now raising itself from its down-trodden state) an

immigration fraught with the elements of pauperism, with which we are bound to deal. Alluding to Ireland in this way, let it not for one moment be supposed that I do so with any desire to throw a taunt in the face of that poor, degraded country. On the contrary, my sympathies are with her down-trodden sons—as I hope they always will be with the mentally or physically distressed—and I have known enough of them to become a warm admirer of their very many excellent qualities, whilst I deplore heartily their shortcomings and blemishes. I say we have received from that country an immigration which, notwithstanding it has been valuable, in a mercantile point of view, in providing us with an amount of the lowest description of manual labour without which we should have been at a loss to carry out successfully the many national and commercial undertakings which through it we have accomplished, yet I say we have with it a vast amount of pauperism, and that of a most stubborn and persevering character. Nor could anything else be expected from a race whose antecedents have been such as every student of history knows.

However, the broad facts stand before us. An English pauper class, with a long ancestry and a stubborn hold on the wealth of the country, in addition to the Irish element, with a longer and more deep-suffering pauper ancestry, and just as stubborn a determination to hold their own—aye, with even a greater aptness to fall from the self-sustaining to a dependent position than English paupers exhibit.

I am not able to say authoritatively how far the question of *race* enters into the position which the present paupers of Irish birth occupy, but certainly I do see amongst them a greater readiness to fall into the destitute state on the occurrence of any temporary stoppage of work. I see also a greater tendency to overcrowding in unhealthy neighbourhoods, an almost total disregard for cleanliness in their habitations, and a lower standard of dress, even compared with that low standard which the English pauper exhibits. The necessity of decency is less seen by them, and the intermingling of the sexes in sleeping rooms is more practised; and, seeing this, I am only surprised that they show, under these circumstances, comparatively so little of that species of immorality which is generally the result of an abandonment of this law of propriety. This honourable testimony I the more willingly give, knowing that the Irish, as a race, are not usually overburthened with compliments by English writers or observers.

A population such as this is certainly not one that it is desirable to conserve or perpetuate in its present condition. Ought not every lover of his kind to shudder at the reflection that so many of his fellow-creatures existing along with him are so lost to the desires of civilization that they are content to live on that pittance which barely provides them with food to keep them in life—whose desires of habitation (so little above those of the brutes that perish) are satisfied with a hole in the ground (called a cellar) generally damp, always fetid, unclean, undecorated—nay, unfurnished; whose very entrance into life is assisted by the parish doctor, whose every illness or accident he also attends, and at whose decease the hard-earned money of the taxpayer finds a place of sepulture, a coffin, and a prayer? Surely this is not a state of things desirable to conserve; for to what lower purpose can the noble machine called man be put to than this ignoble disuse, and rust, and decay? In a country boasting of its civilization, education, and religion, such a class of people should not be heard of. Cases of age, sickness, accident, or sudden bereavement, should alone be claimants upon the public purse; and such, I trust, will one day come to pass in this land when the noxious and expensive character of the weeds of society shall become sufficiently apparent to the political farmer, and the

space they now occupy is filled up by useful and labour-rewarding plants. We all know too well how near the pauper weed and the criminal weed are akin to each other; how, by contiguity, their natures intermingle until it becomes difficult to draw the line where the one ends and the other begins; but we are not all of us sufficiently alive to the fact that although the matured plant can hardly, by any expense or labour, be changed in quality, that the seedling, by early attention and training may, in general, be brought to a right way of growth. In short, I hold a strong opinion that the most effectual check to pauperism must be found in education. For the present generation of upgrown paupers, I have little or no hope; but by the removal of pauper children out of the atmosphere of adult pauperism, giving them a thorough moral and industrial education, they will be raised to the position of wealth-producing and independent creatures. It has been truly said that "so much ignorance is so much thought lost to the community—so much thought is so much wealth, and so much wealth is so much satisfaction." Let but the rate-payers of the country once perceive this, and I opine that neither religious nor political differences will much longer continue to prevent the accomplishment of a thorough national education as the best investment of public money. I have nothing here to do with details; I look upon the question broadly, and give the above as my real opinion, founded upon close observation and thought. Whilst we acknowledge the obligation to hold out the helping hand to all in distress, we feel it also our bounden duty to *prevent* pauperism, and to incite to industrial exertion. That the present poor-laws have done much in this respect is proved by statistics, and that they are capable of doing a good deal more, if properly worked, I feel confident. A great deal depends upon the action of boards of guardians throughout the country as to the sufficiency of the arrangements for the relief of distress; and they being elected bodies, great responsibilities rest on the shoulders of those who choose these public alms distributors. I am sure the importance of the trust which the poor-law guardian holds is seldom sufficiently thought of—their election is far too often made but a matter of political conflict and party contest. Men are not chosen for the office on account of their humanity, their enlightenment, their firmness, or the other mental qualities fitting them for the office; nor do men usually accept the position because they think they are particularly qualified for the exercise of their power in this direction. They are as often prompted by vanity as by any other feeling after that of local partizanship; and the result is what we too often see—the board-room a bear-garden, and in times of sudden pressure, a break down of the whole system. Most melancholy instances of failure have we lately read in this wise—instances causing the public to cry out shame upon the law. Now, I know what the law can do, properly administered by properly chosen administrators, for I have seen and assisted in its operation in one important town, at a time when, from epidemic and from bad trade, 12 per cent. (or one in eight) of its inhabitants were recipients of out-door relief from the poor's-rate.

Through this terrible ordeal was the poor-law successfully administered for no inconsiderable time without complaint from any quarter; and what has been done can again be done, and must be done when the same unfortunate occasion requires.

I cannot find any excuse for the administrators of this law, when a temporary cessation of labour caused by frost changes a good police magistrate into a bad relieving officer, and brings all the idle and dissolute of a town in a mob to prey upon the alms of the benevolent, as lately occurred in the metropolis. Rest assured that in such cases the deserving alone are not those who receive the dole, but on the contrary that the sturdy vagrant and

idle schemer, as the most clamorous, have their demands generally the most prominently laid before the dispenser of the public bounty, and by their persistency and importunity generally carry off the larger spoil. Depend upon it the worst cases of distress are not those which are publicly paraded. The long-suffering and really-deserving poor are not those who congregate in mobs and lift the unblushing face in the open streets. My experience goes to prove that the most clamorous are in general those who have least to justify complaint, and that to discriminate between the artfully concocted tale of the practised mendicant, or the unblushing professional pauper, and the industrious person whom misfortune alone has reduced to want requires a patience of inquiry and an experience of character which cannot be assumed as a garment on any sudden emergency. Day by day as I move along in my course of official routine, becoming each day more familiar with the repulsive forms of squalor and wretchedness presented to my view, I fear I am losing to some extent the shuddering revulsion of feeling with which they at first inspired me. It requires an effort now to recall the sensations which used almost to overpower me as I visited one house after another, each presenting some new form of distress. I had no idea before that so much of moral and physical impurity was in existence. I had read, truly, many vivid descriptions of the wretched homes inhabited by the poorest order of our fellow beings, but no description can possibly describe these things as they are, and as I have seen. The truth is so sternly vivid that it is not in the power of words to paint the utter degradation and dirt which exists. Charles Dickens, in one of his beautiful fictions, observes that "in love of home, the love of country has its rise," and that "the ties that bind the wealthy and the proud to home may be forged on earth, but those which link the poor man to his humble hearth are of the truer metal, and bear the stamp of heaven." All honour to the true and gentle heart that prompted the utterance of these beautiful thoughts! But can the writer be thinking of such homes as I see, as inspiring "love" either for themselves or for "country?" Surely not! Surely that filth-encrusted floor—those grime-bedaubed walls—that noisome heap of bedding in the corner inspire no feeling which can be associated with the idea of "home." Is it possible to associate that dirty-skinned, tangle-haired woman with the name of "housewife," or that bloated black-eyed fellow with the broken ribs (which he has received in a drunken brawl) with the idea of "husband?" No; little indeed can ever come of such a pair but something like what is now exhibited. Other families known to me, with smaller incomes than that which is squandered, show a picture so diametrically opposed to the one we are contemplating now here, that we are forced to say the fault lies with the individuals themselves, and not with outer circumstances.

This fellow is very well known to me, for he is always one of the first to apply to me on the occurrence of any temporary stoppage of labour, whilst others with no more money, and more to do with it, remain away from me. He has not one redeeming quality to recommend him to sympathy, nor does his wife possess any character loveable or honourable in woman. What love of home can either of them have, such as that from which the love of country may be expected to spring? If the house were to be burned down in their absence, their money loss would not amount to the value of a bottle of that drink, the enjoyment of which in bestial excess seems to be their only object of toil. The recollection even of social and domestic festivity, sometimes associated with intoxication, cannot obtain in this case, for their place of dissipation has usually been the gin-shop, whilst "home" has been looked upon as a sleeping place only. The man has strength and ability for his work, and his earnings are such as many a professional man who maintains and educates a family in comfort and respec-

ability, would envy. Yet here he lies, a very brute in his lair, with bruised face and broken ribs, dependent for his very crust upon that bounty which the law compels, and which such as I administer. Can it be wondered at that in such cases as these, we sometimes feel inclined to upbraid the man for his improvidence, and designate his conduct in terms not exceedingly gentle or sympathetic? Notwithstanding the ungracefulness of the action, I must confess that I have on more than one occasion found myself administering a rebuke even by a sick bed. Oh, I know this man is my brother—well, very well I know our common birth, and our common death; but it requires a stretch of the feeling of fraternity to inspire *love* for such an one as this. I do not love him perhaps as I ought, but I cannot bring myself to utter a falsehood. I despise him as I hate the brutality and crime embodied in him. I again ask, is this a sample of a class which it is desirable to conserve? Does not the existence of such a class call upon the exercise of all our philanthropy in the cause of education? Try to wean him from his darling grovelling sin, if it be possible, but oh, in Heaven's name, snatch his (and such as his) children from pollution. Take them by force, if necessary, and educate them. If he will not voluntarily provide them with education, do it for him, and punish him if he neglect to refund the expense. His future history is written plainly on his brow, and I can read it for certainty. I shall have him again and again, in all probability. I shall administer to him when his necessity is but to be hidden from the sight of men—his earthly end is a parish funeral!

Oh ye, who read these words of mine!—the most of you probably guarded against the possibility of such an end by your own providence—exert, I conjure you, all the influence which within you lies, to persuade men to become as you are, insured against the degradation of the parish dole, or the parish doctor, or the parish coffin. You are doing a good work, rest assured, and one which will bring you the blessings of the widow and fatherless in many places, who induce by your example and enforce by precept the system of insurance as afforded by Friendly Societies. I speak from experience, for have I not seen, and can I not point out, many an instance of the good work? It is not many hours since I visited in my pergrination one of those families who, having lost their "bread-winner," have been placed in a position of self-supporting existence entirely by means derived from a widow and orphans' fund attached to one of our Friendly Societies. And believe me my heart was rejoiced as I saw the smiling and industrious widow with her healthy children perfectly independent of me and such as me, and whilst she thanked the guardians through me, for some assistance they rendered her for a short time, thanked God who had put it in her late husband's heart to do as he had done with his little savings.

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EPIGRAM.

FROM "LE RAMELET MOUND," BY GODELIN.

THE gay, who would be counted wise,
Think all delight in pastime lies;
Nor heed they what the wise condemn,
Whilst they pass time—Time passes them.

The Bolton A.M.C.

BY THE EDITOR.

IN the pages of the ODD-FELLOWS' QUARTERLY MAGAZINE, my readers will naturally look for some account of the doings of the delegates assembled in the good old town of Bolton, on Whit-Monday last. I know not how I can better perform the duty expected of me than by transferring to the Magazine, with some necessary abridgments, the account I furnished to the *Daily Telegraph*. The proprietors of that popular and excellent newspaper were induced, at my solicitation, to devote several columns to the Debate, the Banquet, and the Procession at Bolton; and it is with, I hope, excusable pride I am enabled to say that, for the second time in the history of the Manchester Unity, I have been instrumental in giving to the world an account of the discussions at our Annual Parliament in the columns of a London Daily Newspaper. Last year it was the *Morning Herald* and *Standard* that contained the report; this year I was successful in obtaining for Odd-Fellowship the publicity of the *Daily Telegraph*, a paper with a circulation larger than that of any other journal in Europe. In addition to this, I inserted a full report of the A.M.C. in the *Weekly Chronicle*, an old-established and influential London paper, which, under my management during the last six or seven months, has devoted considerable space to the discussion of questions relating to the principles and practice of Friendly Societies, and more especially to Odd-Fellowship. I may perhaps, also be allowed to state that on Whit-Monday the *Daily Telegraph* contained a tolerably full, and, as I believe, not incorrect account, from my pen, of the Manchester Unity—its rise, progress, and present position. The importance of such an account in such a newspaper cannot, I humbly think, be too highly estimated; for, though ours is what is technically called a "Secret Society," it depends on the widest possible publicity and the most full and fair discussion for its social progress, its financial and numerical success, and its ultimate triumph over all its detractors. I trust I may be pardoned for making these remarks. I know that in the provincial press the Manchester Unity has very generally had fair play accorded it; but I know also that in the London journals it has been too much the habit of writers to take the opinions of the *Times* as their text, and to sneer at the efforts of working men in popularizing their own societies; too much the custom to generalize about Friendly Societies, and to instance a few of the unfortunate ones as samples of the whole; too much the plan to associate societies of a purely provident kind with trade and strike organizations; and far too much the "regular thing" to ignore the system of self-government under which Odd-Fellowship has grown to be an institution and a power in the land. Under these circumstances, it was of the last importance that metropolitan

readers should be placed on a footing at least equal to that enjoyed by our friends in the country; and it will be our own fault if we do not every year obtain for our Society the publicity I have been enabled to give it in 1860 and 1861.

While on the subject of newspapers, I may likewise say that, since I have been an Odd-Fellow, I have been successful in passing through the London press a very large number of—I am almost afraid to say how many—distinct paragraphs concerning our great Unity. Following in the footsteps of Mr. Daynes, Mr. Roe, Mr. Noon, Mr. Hardwick, and other of our able advocates by speech and pen, I have endeavoured by every means in my power to advance the cause of Odd-Fellowship; and if—as it may have happened—the warmth of my advocacy has once or twice led me into what some may consider indiscretion, I trust the readers of this Magazine will at least give me credit for singleness of purpose and sincerity of motive.

Enough of preface: now for business:—

The delegates from the various districts, to the number of 188, assembled at Bolton, on Whit-Monday morning at nine o'clock, under the presidency of Mr. Henry Buck, Grand Master. The place of meeting was the Bath Assembly-room—a very noble apartment.

The business of the day was opened by the Secretary, Mr. Henry Ratcliffe, reading over the names of the delegates; Mr. Roe, C.S., of North London, acting as Assistant Secretary.

Objection was made to two delegates sitting, which, after discussion, was allowed. The Grand Master then declared the meeting opened for business, and proceeded to address the delegates in a speech of great power and eloquence.

Mr. Buck, of Birmingham, said it was usual at this meeting, the last opportunity he could have for addressing them as Grand Master, for the chairman to make a statement as to the condition of the Manchester Unity during his year of office. He was happy to state that the Order was never in a better condition than at this moment, and at no previous period of its history did it stand in so high or favourable a position, either in respect to number of Members or amount of funds. It would have conferred little credit upon the officers if such had not been the case. He expressed his thanks to the Directors and the Officers, and members generally, for the efficient manner in which the business of their great Unity had been conducted. The fact that during the past year there had been no more than about one hundred appeals to the Directors in cases of dispute, although the Society numbered nearly three hundred and twenty thousand members, spoke well for the general government of the institution. The Annual Committee held at Shrewsbury last year referred several matters to the consideration of the Directory. In order that due attention might be bestowed upon matters of so much importance, it was determined to hold a Special Meeting for their consideration. The result of the Directors' deliberations had been published in the Quarterly Reports of the Order, and the recommendations of the Directors had been made known to the Lodges and Districts by that means, and were thus well known to the meeting. It would now become the duty of the meeting to discuss their merits, and decide upon the course of future action on these subjects. The first question had reference to the Unity liability,—how far it extended, and what was the precise nature of the compact between individual members, lodges, districts, and the general body. Unity was their motto; unity, not in

name only, but in truth. He therefore considered that it was their duty not to relax but rather to strengthen it; that is, their unity of purpose and liability. Still it was necessary, in order to effect this, that a proper classification of the rates of payment and benefits should be adopted throughout the Order. Another important question had reference to the disposal of the surplus funds held by some Lodges. He was glad, indeed, to find that several Lodges in connection with the Unity had been so successful, so fortunate, or so well managed, that their reserve funds, on a fair computation, were found to be more than adequate to their future liabilities. He was sorry, on the other hand, to find that some Lodges and Districts were in the habit of not complying with the general laws of the Order with regard to matters of finance. He hoped the meeting would arm the executive with full power and authority to enforce the laws on this subject. Another important question had been referred to their consideration—namely, the alteration of the scale to regulate the rate of payments and benefits. The Directors were of opinion that no alteration should be made till the results of the quinquennial returns were ascertained. Those returns were now being rapidly furnished by the various Lodges, and Mr. Ratcliffe's assistants were already busily occupied with their classification. He believed that, when completed, the results would be more useful to this Society, and to all Friendly Societies, than any similar returns ever published. It was eight years since the present scale was adopted, and, since that period, about one hundred and sixty-five thousand had been initiated. It would be therefore necessary that any future legislation on this subject should not operate to the prejudice of those members. (Hear.) The subject of additional assurance at death had received the careful attention of the directors; and it would be for the present meeting to decide what action should be taken with reference to this question. He referred with pleasure to the appointment of Mr. Roe as the Parliamentary agent of the Order, and he was glad to acknowledge his indebtedness to that gentleman for his useful and successful exertions. The Grand Master then referred to the new Bill recently introduced by Mr. Sotherton Estcourt, and expressed an opinion that while he and all good members could not object to furnish and receive the fullest information, he feared that there was overmuch legislation on the subject of Friendly Societies. The Bill was evidently intended for other Societies, and not especially for the Manchester Unity. He therefore thought some modification of its provisions was necessary. He was glad to be enabled to congratulate them on the success of their Order in Australia and the colonies, and concluded by recommending a discussion of the questions that would be submitted to them, and that they would continue their efforts for the advancement of their great Society. (The Grand Master concluded amid general applause.)

Mr. Collins, of Wellington, Salop, then read the Auditors' Report, as follows:—

"Gentlemen—Having concluded our duties as auditors of the accounts of the order for the year 1860, the annual balance-sheet containing the results will be printed with the April reports. We submit the following observations for your consideration in reference thereto. We have carefully inspected and examined the whole of the books, accounts, vouchers, deeds, securities, and other documents, and it affords us great pleasure to state that we have found them correct, and that the very careful and excellent manner in which the accounts are kept by the C.S. of the order, Mr. Henry Ratcliffe, has materially assisted us in our examination and labours. On referring to the balance-sheet, it will be observed that the working expenses of the order for the past year amounted to £922 8s. 4½d., but which includes about £42 for expenses of one

extra meeting of directors, and about £12 10s. loss by two foreign districts, and the goods lost in transit, leaving the actual ordinary working expenses for 1860 as nearly as possible the same amount as in the previous year, as will be found by reference to the fourth paragraph of the auditors' report of last year. Finding that the duties and labours of all the officers of the order necessarily increase every year in proportion as the Unity progresses, we think the fact that the working expenses are not at the same time increased, is a proof of economy and good management worthy of congratulation. On this subject we have also to congratulate the Order on the profit derived from the sale of goods during the past year. This with the income derived from the house property, amounted to £765 19s. 7d., while the corresponding item of the preceding year was £649 4s. 1½d., being an increased profit of £116 15s. 5½d. The additional profit arises principally from the emblems and Magazines. In 1859 there was a loss on the Magazine of upwards of £22, while last year we are glad to be able to show a profit of £45 17s. 8d. In the accounts of 1859 a levy of one half-penny per member, amounting to £589 10s. 6½d. was included, which with the profit on the sale of goods, &c., paid all the working expenses, and left a surplus of about £400, with which a debt of that amount due on account of the building fund, was discharged. In the past year's accounts there is no levy included, and the profit and income being £765 19s. 7d., and the expenses £922 8s. 4½d., leaves a deficiency of £156 8s. 9½d. We heartily rejoice in being able to refer to these figures, as showing that under good management so very large a proportion of the working expenses of our great Unity during the past year has been discharged by the profit on sale of goods, &c., alone. The balance in the hands of the treasurer (W. Cunliffe Brooks, Esq., Banker) is £1,319 6s. 7d., being about £261 less than the same item in the previous year, the difference being principally caused by the deficiency of £156 8s. 9½d. above mentioned, and the value of goods and stock in hand being about £77 more than in 1859. We observe in the treasurer's account, that the item referred to in the two last auditors' reports, as commission on local cheques, is still charged to the Order—this year being called 'marginal charges,' and amounting to £1 17s. 4d."

Mr. F. Collins moved that the report be received, which was carried unanimously, its consideration being deferred to a later period of the meeting.

The election of members of the various committees was then proceeded with, and the meeting adjourned till the following evening.

After the sitting was concluded, the delegates formed themselves into visiting parties, and proceeded, in company with their Bolton friends, to various cotton mills, iron works, weaving sheds, and other objects of interest with which this vast district abounds. Among the places visited were Messrs. Dobson and Barlow's leviathan machine works, employing nearly 2,000 hands; Messrs. Hicks and Sons' iron works, the forge, locomotive, and general works, and Messrs. Heaton and Hawkesworth's spindle factory; the splendid cotton mills at Glnow, the property of P. R. Arrowsmith, Esq.; the Wellington Mills, belonging to the Brothers Ainsworth; the magnificent new mill of Messrs. Thomason and Sons, and the weaving-shed of Mr. Pearson. Turton Tower, a place of great antiquity, was also visited by large numbers; and also was the mansion of Peter Ainsworth, Esq., well known to antiquaries as Smithill's Hall. Very much pleasure was expressed by the delegates, especially with the cotton mills, of which those in the Bolton district are the finest in the world. It may be here mentioned, that during the week various other work-shops were visited, and that each evening was spent in friendly visits to lodge-rooms, and to the hotels of the several delegates.

The sitting was resumed on Tuesday evening. The principal business

transacted was the bringing up of the reports of the several committees, which however contained but little of general interest.

The report of the Sub-Committee, whose office is to report on the Directors' business during the year, was brought up by Mr. Crispin. It recommended that efforts should be made to procure a modification of the Bill recently introduced into the House of Commons by Mr. Sotherton Estcourt, it being thought that the objects of that Bill could be successfully carried out by the officers of Lodges. The clause was adopted, with the addition of a motion for a petition from the meeting against the Bill. Another matter, personal to the writer, was discussed at great length; but to this, on the present occasion, it will be unnecessary to advert. The Sub-Committee's report was finally adopted. The consideration of the propositions for alterations in the General Laws was then proceeded with.

A proposition from Stokesley, that the expenses of deputies to the A.M.C. should be defrayed by the districts, was lost by 125 votes to 13.

Mr. Stiff, of Pimlico, moved an amendment to the third general law, the effect of which would be to give a longer time to districts for sending in certificates of deputies to the C.S., which was lost by 94 to 26.

Mr. Daynes, of Norwich, moved an alteration in the 56th general law, that "All members desirous of opening a new Lodge, shall make application to some Lodge in the district, and on receiving the consent of such Lodge, the application be forwarded to the Prov. C. S., who shall give notice to the lodges in his district that such application will be brought before the District Committee, and any Lodge objecting to such opening, shall forward objections in writing, or by deputy, to that meeting." He explained that the alteration was necessary in order to bring the law in unison with the practice of the Order.

The motion was carried without discussion.

Mr. Bonnell, of Dudley, moved that the whole of the Directors should retire annually, and that three should not be eligible for re-election until they had been out of office twelve months.

Considerable discussion ensued upon the motion, which was ultimately lost by a majority of 124 against 18.

The meeting then adjourned till Wednesday morning.

The propositions were proceeded with at the meeting on Wednesday, when the Norwich proposition was moved by Mr. Daynes:—"That when a Lodge, in strict compliance with the rules of the Order, is unable to meet the demands of its members for want of funds, or when a Lodge closes and divides its funds, secedes from the Order, or becomes suspended for not complying with its rules and regulations, any member not being a party to a wasteful expenditure, or division of the funds, or assisting in causing the Lodge to secede, or become suspended, shall be entitled to a clearance from the district, which shall be considered similar to, and have every privilege of, a Lodge clearance; and if there be any sick members unprovided for, they shall become chargeable to the district for present, past, and future claims; and if the district breaks up, they shall receive relief from the funds of the Order."

Mr. Allen seconded the motion, which, after a verbal amendment by Mr. Burton, of South London, and another by Mr. Alexander, of Leeds, was adopted.

A proposition was sent from Stoney Stratford, to give districts the power to charge extra contributions to members following unusually hazardous employments. The present law gives such permission in cases of mariners and miners. The proposition included certain railway servants.

Mr. Hardwick suggested that the words "other extra hazardous employments" should be added.

Owing to a misunderstanding between the proposers of two similar amendments, it was carried that the law remain as it is.

The proposition from Wellington, providing for the electing of auditors quarterly by the annual committee, instead of the present mode, was lost by 110 against 36.

The proposition from Halifax that the lectures of the Order might be delivered on Sundays if thought proper, caused a long and desultory discussion. Mr. Ratcliffe intimated that Mr. Tidd Pratt would refuse to register any law giving such permission; and the proposition was finally lost by 129 votes for the law as it stands, and 28 for the proposition.

The proposition from Norwich, providing that when a member has been fined by his Lodge or District for any violation of general or bye-laws, such fine cannot be returned without the member fined appeal to a Committee of his Lodge or District, was carried by a large majority.

The Leicester proposition, excusing members who may have been compelled to become inmates of workhouses from paying their weekly contributions, was opposed by Mr. Leftly, of London, and Mr. Hardwick, on the ground that if a member ceased to pay contributions he should also cease to receive sick pay; but that, as soon as such member left the workhouse, he should be placed in the same position as before.

Mr. Burton, of South London, also opposed the motion.

Mr. Stocker, of North London, proposed a verbal amendment in accordance with the views of Mr. Hardwick, the effect of which would place an unfortunate brother in a somewhat better position.

Mr. Roe moved a direct negative to the proposition, which, after a long discussion, was lost by a large majority.

The nomination of officers then took place. The election was taken on Thursday morning. Mr. Gale, of Liverpool, the then D.G.M., was declared Grand Master, Mr. William Thompson, of Leeds, having withdrawn. The announcement of Mr. Gale's election was received with great applause. The candidates for the post of Deputy Grand Master were—V. R. Burgess, Corresponding Secretary of the South London District; John Geeves, Past Provincial Grand Master of the Leeds District; Frederick Richmond, Past Provincial Grand Master of the Manchester District; Joseph Woodcock, Past Provincial Grand Master of the Glossop District; and the Rev. Mr. Price, of South Wales. The nomination of this gentleman was declared informal. The votes were taken by ballot, and the election was declared to have fallen on Mr. Woodcock.

The following gentlemen were put in nomination for Directors: J. H. Anderson, Middlesborough; T. Buckley, Midway; V. R. Burgess, South London; T. Coales, Stoney Stratford; J. Crispin, Ipswich; F. Collins, Wellington; B. L. Clough, Newton Heath; S. Daynes, Norwich; S. Gadd, Lincoln; J. Gerrard, Chester; J. Greeves, Leeds; H. Gould, Hull; E. Howarth, Salford; W. Higgs, Melton Mowbray; T. Hope, Bolton; J. Houghton, Warrington; E. Hyatt, Wolverhampton; J. Jack, Durham; W. Ledger, Nottingham; J. Lewis, Mortram; Z. Maulesley, Blackburn; A. Nield, Staleybridge; E. Noon, Belper; J. Parkins, Derby; F. Richmond, Manchester; John Riley, Rochdale; J. A. Riley, Rochdale; James Roe, North London; J. Schofield, Bradford; G. Skinner, Sheffield; E. Smith, Wigan; J. Stanley, Kirkham; B. Street, Wirksworth; R. Taylor, Bolton; and J. Whittam, Barnsley. Mr. William Aitken, of Ashton-under-Lyne, Mr. Charles Hardwick, P.G.M., and Mr. George F. Pardon, were nominated, but they declined to stand. The ballot was taken, and the following were declared to be elected, and, with the officers of the Unity, form the Board of Directors for the ensuing year: James

Roe, 126 votes; Samuel Daynes, 121; J. Schofield, 105; V. R. Burgess, 95; F. Richmond, 88; F. Collins, 82; J. Crispin, 64; B. Street, 59; and E. Noon, 58.

Bolton was chosen, after a smart contest, as the District from which the new Auditor is to be appointed. Twenty districts were nominated, but in the end Bolton obtained a large majority.

Fifteen towns were named at which to hold the A.M.C. of 1862; but at the final poll, Brighton was declared successful by a good majority; Pimlico being next in number of votes.

The following gentlemen were named as eligible to have their portraits and memoirs in the Magazine. Messrs. Settle, of Bolton; V. R. Burgess, South London; A. Rourke, Liverpool; R. Ginn, St. Ives, Hunts; Houghton, Warrington; Austin, Bury; Ward, Preston; Greenhalgh, Bury; T. Collins, Wolverhampton; J. Crispin, Ipswich; W. Leftly, North London; Alderman Harvey, Mayor of Lincoln; J. Geeves, Leeds; J. Slater, Oldham; when the first three were chosen. Mr. G. F. Pardon was nominated, but he declined to stand.

The discussion of propositions was resumed on Friday.

Propositions from Norwich, Bristol, Liverpool, Nantwich, and other places, for the appropriation of the surplus funds of lodges, caused considerable discussion.

Mr. Hardwick explained the theoretical constitution of the Order, and contended that, to a certain extent, the surplus funds of Lodges ought to be held as a reserve to meet the District and Unity engagements. The case was a difficult one, as lodges fortunate in their experience of sickness were sometimes in the habit of leaving the Society for fear of being called upon to support some unfortunate neighbouring brethren. To secure the adherence of such branches, a compromise at present was necessary; but the great question of District and Unity liability must eventually engage the earnest attention of the Society, with the view to its being placed upon a more definite and certain footing.

Mr. Daynes replied to the objections and the motion, with amendments, was eventually carried, the law, at present, standing thus:—That each Lodge shall keep a separate and distinct account of the monies received and paid for sickness and funerals, and shall not be allowed to appropriate any portion of such sick and funeral fund, or the interest by any monies arising therefrom, to any purpose except the payment of sick and funeral gifts to members having a legal claim; and any Lodge violating this Law shall, on proof thereof to the District Meeting or Board of Directors, be fined any sum not exceeding two pounds, to be paid from the management fund of such Lodge to the district management fund. Nevertheless, any Lodge having its assets and liabilities valued by the C.S. of the order, or by a duly qualified actuary, may, after receiving the sanction of G.M. and Directors, appropriate to the management fund such portion of the surplus capital, if any, or the interest arising from capital as may be recommended by the C.S. or such actuary aforesaid. Any Lodge availing itself of this law shall be compelled, at the expiration of every succeeding five years, to have a re-valuation of its assets and liabilities, which shall be laid before the Directors; who, if there be a deficiency, shall have the power of making a levy, or of ordering an increase of the contributions, on such Lodge to meet the declared deficiency.

Mr. Daynes next moved, and Mr. Allen seconded, a proposition, requiring suspended members to pay contributions and prohibiting them from attending Lodge, District, or Annual Meetings.—Carried, after a suggestion by Mr. Ginn.

Mr. Roe, of North London, moved a proposition compelling Lodges to attach

their Lodge seals to all receipts, and to make up their accounts at least once in each year, which was carried unanimously.

The Wellington proposition, that it be optional with districts and Lodges whether to give or omit the reading of the lectures of the Order, and the taking of the degrees, was lost.

A proposition from Norwich, compelling members appealing to the Directors to give nine days' notice of their intention to appear and plead their causes in person, was carried unanimously.

Mr. Daynes moved that any Lodge having a bye law to prohibit the admission of a member, or refusing to admit one, under 45 years of age, bringing a card or clearance from a Lodge in compliance, and at a greater distance than five miles, shall be fined £2 2s. without mitigation, which fine shall be paid into the general fund of the Order. He explained that the resolution was necessary, in order to make the laws uniform.

The motion was carried unanimously.

Several propositions for triennial instead of annual alterations of the laws of the Order were brought forward, and, as in previous committees, lost by large majorities.

Several other propositions were submitted, but they were either withdrawn or lost.

The Pimlico proposition for a Central Orphan Asylum was lost, as also was a similar proposal from Hertford.

The G.M. said, on behalf of our great Institution, it was by no means to be thought that there was any objection to these benevolent projects; but the time had not arrived for their adoption, though he did not despair of one day carrying them into full practice. The proposition for a Superannuation Fund for the Order, and the proposal for a Supplementary Insurance Fund were likewise, from reasons similar to that stated by the G.M., withdrawn.

The Salary of Mr. H. Ratcliffe C.S. of the Order was carried at £200 as hitherto. Votes were taken unanimously, as usual, for the Directors' and Auditors' remuneration, with a gratuity of £10 to the retiring Grand Master.

Donations to the Bolton Charities were also agreed to unanimously. Thanks were cordially given to the Chairman, Secretary, Assistant Secretary, Auditors, Managing Committee of the A.M.C., the Directors, and the Press; and with "three cheers for the Queen," the business of the meeting terminated.

It will thus be seen that but few important alterations in the General Laws were made. At this A.M.C. the petition to Parliament against the new "Interference Bill," as it was called, was signed by the G.M., D.G.M., Directors and Delegates. But we have yet to say something of

THE BANQUET,

Which took place on Tuesday evening in the Concert Hall. A goodly company assembled under the presidency of Lieut.-Colonel Gray, M.P., supported by a number of Aldermen and Town Councillors, the Grand Master of the Order, the Deputy Grand Master, and Board of Directors, and many prominent Members of the Manchester Unity and other Friendly Societies. Prov. G.M. Briscoe officiated as vice-president. After the cloth was cleared, and "Non nobis Domine" sung by the choir,

The Chairman, who was received with great cheering, proposed "Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen," which was drunk with enthusiasm; and followed by the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, the chairman himself responding for the army, navy, and volunteers; the Rev. T. Berry acknowledging the compliment paid to the bishop and clergy of the diocese;

Peter Ainsworth, Esq., speaking for the borough and county members; Mr. G. Rothwell, proposing, and John Harwood, Esq., mayor of the borough, returning thanks for the mayor, magistrates, and corporation of Bolton.

The Chairman then proposed the toast of the evening—the “Independent Order of Odd-Fellows’ Manchester Unity Friendly Society.” He thoroughly believed the Society was established on a sound and permanent basis, and that it was calculated to do an immense amount of real good. It extended over all parts of the world, from the icy North to the torrid South, from the East to the West—in Canada, the United States, Australia, India, New Zealand, California, and the islands of the vast Pacific. He did not despair of its principles and practice penetrating even China itself, and working a moral revolution among the peoples of all the civilized countries of the world. In fact, the Unity was itself a civilizer, for it relieved the sick and needy, dried the tears of the widow and orphan, and provided the last offices of humanity to its members.

Mr. Samuel Daynes, P.G.M., rose to respond, and was received with loud cheers. After acknowledging in graceful terms the kind and hearty reception the delegates had met with from the people of Bolton, he went at some length into the statistics of the Order, and supplemented the statements of the gallant Chairman. Eight years since the Unity had only 216,000 members, now it possessed 320,000, and it was steadily progressing. How had the Manchester Unity got such a hold on the minds of the people? Why, by showing them the necessity of providing, while in health and strength, for the hour of affliction and the day of death. The Society was at this moment supporting about 10,000 sick men, a very large proportion of whom must, but for it, become a charge on the public rates and a considerable burden on the country. It was, therefore, only a fair exchange of benefits when the noble, the learned, and the wealthy gave to it and such associations the moral support of their approbation. In his own county Friendly Societies were exceedingly well received by the governing classes. The Earl of Leicester, lord-lieutenant of Norfolk, was a good Odd-Fellow, and the High Sheriff was an active and earnest member. The clergy and magistracy of Norwich were all acquainted with, and did honour to the Society, and in fact, it was almost looked upon as a disqualification for municipal honours unless the candidates supported institutions of this kind. He trusted that the example of his own county would be followed in every part of the land, and he was glad to perceive that in Bolton the Society was well received and warmly patronised by the upper classes. A Friendly Society was a poor man’s bank and a poor man’s friend, and though he would by no means disparage other societies, he believed that the Manchester Unity was the most useful, the most safe, and the most widely extended, and therefore the best fitted to meet the wants, wishes, and even prejudices of its members. Mr. Daynes concluded a most eloquent address amid immense cheering from all parts of the hall.

Mr. Charles Hardwick, P.G.M., proposed the “Grand Master and Board of Directors,” expatiating with considerable earnestness, and with the power for which he is so well known throughout the kingdom, on the moral and social advantages of Odd Fellowship.

Mr. Buck, the retiring G.M., briefly, pointedly, and practically acknowledged the toast.

In reply to the “Deputies to the Bolton A.M.C.,” Alderman Harvey, Mayor of Lincoln, made a long and highly interesting speech, and acknowledged the indebtedness of the Society, of which he had been for twenty-five years an active member, to the exertions of Messrs. Roe, Daynes, and Hardwick, than

whom no more talented and earnest advocates were possessed by any association in the world.

Mr. Gale, of Liverpool, in an excellent and pithy speech, proposed "The Officers of the Bolton District;" and

Mr. Briscoe, P.G.M., responded at some length, dwelling on the advantages of the Manchester Unity and kindred Societies.

Mr. Roe, of North London, proposed "The Widow and Orphan Fund." He entered at length into the history of this branch of the Society, and advocated its claims upon the members. He also referred to Mr. Sotherton Eastcourt's Bill, then in the House of Commons, and particularly drew the attention of the Chairman to its mischievous and partial tendency.

Mr. Councillor Schofield, P.G.M., of Bradford, gave the "Town and Trade of Bolton;" and

Messrs. W. Aitken, of Ashton, and George Frederick Pardon, of London, spoke for "The Press," the latter insisting at length on the advantages of publicity, which he contended was the heart and soul of the Society.

The last toasts were "The Ladies," by Mr. Woodcock, of Glossop, and "The Chairman."

In reply to the last,

The Chairman, after thanking the meeting for its kind reception of his services, promised to pay every attention to the Friendly Societies' Amendment Act, and said he should be happy to receive all the information he could on the subject. He should certainly, now that he knew a little more than hitherto of Friendly Societies and their mode of operation, not neglect to urge on the House of Commons the paramount necessity of fully, fairly, and completely, considering the Bill before it was allowed to become law. He could only say, in conclusion, that he had never, in the whole course of his experience, had the pleasure of being at a meeting where so much order, good feeling, and general propriety of conduct had been observed. He had never been more impressed with the talent displayed by the several speakers; and the Society might rest assured that in him it would find a warm sympathiser and, he trusted, a firm and consistent advocate.

The gallant Chairman resumed his seat amid great cheering, and the business of the evening shortly afterwards terminated. Several excellent glees, by the choir, under the direction of Mr. John Aspinall, organist of the Parish Church of Bolton, enlivened the evening's proceedings.

We can only, and but briefly, refer to

THE PROCESSION.

Thursday was a grand day in Bolton. The Whitsuntide festivities, which ordinarily commence on Monday, were this year postponed for a few days, in order that as great a demonstration as possible should be made, in honour of the Odd Fellows assembled in the town. From an early hour in the morning, excursion trains poured thousands of people into the streets, which were gaily decorated with flags and banners. At about eleven o'clock a grand procession of Odd Fellows belonging to Bolton and the surrounding districts was formed, and, after parading the principal streets, four a-breast, proceeded to the parish church, where an excellent and appropriate discourse was delivered by the Rev. Henry Powell, the vicar. After the service the procession was again formed, the numbers being considerably augmented by later arrivals. At noon the procession was joined by the deputies—an adjournment of an hour having taken place in order to enable them to witness the ceremony. The town was densely crowded with strangers, for not only were many thousands of Odd

Fellows present, but the streets were also paraded by members of the Temperance Societies, the children belonging to various schools, and the brethren of many local Benefit Societies. Altogether, the Bolton A.M.C. may be said to have passed off in a highly successful manner. The deputies were everywhere received with honour, and all the arrangements of the Managing Committee were carried out with liberality, spirit, and punctuality. Too much praise cannot be awarded to the townspeople themselves, who appeared to enter fully into the spirit of the occasion. All the sights of the town, including many factories and private mansions,—notably that of Peter Ainsworth, Esq., Smithill's Hall,—were freely thrown open to visitors. In the meeting itself the greatest order and good discipline prevailed; and, owing to the excellent chairmanship of Grand Master Buck, assisted by Mr. John Gale, our present indefatigable G.M., nothing like acerbity of feeling was for a single moment observable. The Grand Annual Moveable Committee of 1861 may be taken as an indisputable evidence of the capability of the Operative classes—for to the better order of the operative classes the deputies undoubtedly belonged—to manage their own affairs in the best and most economical manner. The A.M.C., in a word, was a triumph of self-government.

The Lodge Room.

FETE OF THE FRIENDLY SOCIETIES OF BRIGHTON.—Monday, May 6, was the day of the great Fete of the Friendly Societies of Brighton. The weather was delightful. The Societies taking part in the Fete were the Manchester Unity, the Ancient Order of Foresters, the Ancient Order of Druids, the United Ancient Order of Druids, the London Unity of Odd-Fellows, the Nottingham Unity of Odd-Fellows, and the Brighton Unity of Odd-Fellows. The members of the various Lodges and Courts assembled early at their respective meeting-places. The Brighton Town Band, and the bands of various Volunteer Corps, escorted the members to the place of general rendezvous. Arrived at Shoreham, the company proceeded to the Swiss Gardens, when suitable amusements were afforded, and every attention paid to the wants of the visitors. With extra bands of music, extra refreshment rooms, extra dancing saloons, and extra accommodation, in the shape of a ten acre field, thrown in for the occasion, what wonder that all present thoroughly enjoyed themselves? The number present was estimated at 3,500. A suitable address, chosen by the adjudicators, the Rev. J. Griffith, the Rev. Robert Ainslie, and F. Merrifield, Esq., from those offered for competition, was delivered by Mr. James Curtis, C.S., of the Brighton District, and all present enjoyed a very pleasant day.

INITIATION OF VISCOUNT PEVENSEY, M.P.—On Tuesday evening, Viscount Pevensey, M.P., was initiated a member of the Loyal Hayward's Heath Lodge, Brighton District. Robert Loder, Esq., of High Beeches, a member of the Tilgate Forest Lodge, the surgeon of the Lodge, and the Rev. W. Wyatt, of Hayward's Heath, were among the members present. The initiation ceremony ended, his Lordship was formally presented with copies of the laws under which the Lodge and the Unity are governed, and, subsequently his health was proposed by Mr. Curtis, C.S. of the District, who expressed his gratification at the entrance amongst them of the noble Lord, his hope that he would make

himself acquainted with their principles and government, and thus be enabled to watch over the interests of this and other Societies. On rising to respond, his Lordship was received with hearty and prolonged cheering. He thanked them for the honour conferred on him in electing him, and regarded with pleasure the progress the Society was making throughout the land, especially as, independent of the providential habits it served to inculcate, it tended so much to bring all classes together, and thus break down those class barriers which had too long existed amongst us.

INITIATION OF LORD HASTINGS.—Wednesday, April 17th, was a day of note in the annals of Odd-Fellowship—not merely because of the accession of Lord Hastings and several gentlemen of the neighbourhood to the ranks of the Order, gratifying as that must be—but because of the convincing proof the gathering on the occasion, and the proceedings generally, afforded, that the merits of the Manchester Unity are recognized and acknowledged by the best and wisest in the land. Although simply the ordinary anniversary dinner of a country Lodge, the assembly in Melton Constable Park was the most important that has taken place in this district since the Norwich A.M.C. Lord Hastings having intimated his wish to join the Order, the members of the Melton Constable Lodge were naturally anxious to render the day one of mark—and no effort was spared to render the affair in every way successful. That the result was so, is due in no small degree to the untiring efforts of the energetic secretary, Mr. Aberdeen. The day was made a general holiday in the neighbourhood, and the village of Hindolveston was gaily decorated with evergreen arches, ornamental devices, gay flags, and banners.

A special meeting of the Lodge was summoned at noon, and after attending Divine service at Hindolveston Church, Norfolk, where an admirable sermon, appropriate to the occasion, was preached by the Rev. W. Elwin, the members, in procession, headed by Lord Hastings and a party of friends in a carriage and four, escorted by the band of the Norfolk Militia Artillery, walked to the Lodge-room, where Lord Hastings, the Rev. J. Bird, the Rev. J. Fenwick, and the Rev. C. Norris, were initiated members of the Order, P.G.M. Daynes reading the charge.

After the ceremony, the members re-formed in column, and marched to Melton Constable Park, where dinner had been provided by permission of his lordship beneath a commodious and handsome marquee in the spacious court-yard.

A large concourse of persons from the neighbouring villages—many from a considerable distance—had gathered in the park to see the procession, which presented a very pretty appearance as it approached the hall, Lady Hastings and some friends witnessing its arrival from a balcony. The day was very fine.

About two hundred and fifty persons sat down to a capital dinner. Lord Hastings occupied the chair, supported on his right by the Rev. W. Elwin, and on his left by the High Sheriff. Admirable speeches were made by Mr. S. Daynes, Rev. W. Elwin, Lord Hastings, and Mr. Aberdeen, who, in reply to the Melton Constable Lodge, stated that it had been opened ten years, and during that time had expended in sick pay £319 7s. 11d.; in medical relief, £105 6s. 6d.; and in funeral donations, £55. The present number of members was 105.

Among the company were the Hon. and Rev. Delaval Astley, Rev. J. M. Wilder, Rev. J. W. Bird, Rev. J. Fenwick, Rev. C. Norris, Rev. T. H. Penfold, Rev. — Humphrey, Capt. Gay, G. Barker, Esq., G. W. Watson, Esq., W. H. Scott, Esq. (who filled the vice-chair); Messrs. J. Saunders, C. Saunders, G. Wilkinson, jun., H. S. Ransom, J. Banks, Girling, James, Bircham,

jun., R. Leamon, Wells, Samuel Daynes, C.S. of the District, J. S. Hickling, Bidewell, Baker, R. Cook, and T. Cook. The band of the Norfolk Militia Artillery played at intervals between the toasts. The Messrs. Fuller, of Norwich, were engaged as vocalists.

A presentation of a purse of sovereigns, £5 of which was contributed by Lord Hastings, was made in the course of the proceedings, to Mr. Aberdein, by Mr. Saunders, who spoke in high terms of his services, to which the present position of the Lodge was solely owing.

LECTURE ON FRIENDLY SOCIETIES. — On Tuesday evening, April 23, Mr. Charles Hardwick, P.G.M., delivered, under the auspices of the Officers and Members of the "Pride of Kent" Lodge, at St. Mary Cray, a lecture on "Friendly Societies: their vast Social Importance; their Imperfections, and the Remedies." The chair was occupied by T. H. Smith, Esq., Surgeon; supported by the Rev. W. Falcon, vicar, and the Rev. A. Welch, curate, of St. Mary's. Nearly two hundred persons were present. Mr. Hardwick, who spoke for upwards of two hours, was loudly cheered at intervals, as well as at the conclusion of his discourse. The proceedings passed off in the most satisfactory manner, and will doubtless have a tendency to stimulate the friends of manly self-reliance to more extended practical action.

METROPOLITAN DISTRICTS' SPRING FESTIVAL. — A large attendance of members and friends belonging to the metropolitan districts took place at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, on Tuesday evening, April 30. The main object of the meeting was to present Past Provincial Grand Master Rough, of North London, with a testimonial of the esteem in which he is held by his brother Odd Fellows. The collateral advantages arrived at by the committee are to be found in the publicity obtained for the society by means of a great meeting in a noble room. A committee of members from the North, South, Pimlico, Woolwich, Stepney, and Waltham Abbey Districts was formed, and the co-operation of a number of influential gentlemen secured as stewards. Among these were Lord Elcho, M.P., Sir Henry J. Stracey, Bart., M.P., Thomas S. Duncombe, Esq., M.P., John Locke, Esq., Q.C., M.P., A. S. Ayrton, Esq., M.P., Robert Hanbury, Esq., M.P., John Bonham Carter, Esq., M.P., H. Brinsley Sheridan, Esq., M.P., F. J. Furnivall, Esq., and P.G.M. Hardwick; with Alderman Salamons, M.P., a member of the Society, officiating as Chairman.

The entertainment commenced at seven o'clock by a vocal concert, and at half-past eight Alderman Salamons, M.P., followed by stewards and committee-men, appeared on the platform, and was very warmly received.

The Chairman opened the proceedings in a highly practical and argumentative address, in which he spoke of the immense advantages of societies such as the Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows, and urged upon those present to do all in their power to make known those advantages among their friends and acquaintances.

Mr. C. Hardwick, P.G.M., in an eloquent address, moved—"That the Manchester Unity of Odd-Fellows is worthy of public support, and has proved from its experience that it is well suited to meet the wants of the provident working classes."

Mr. G. F. Pardon seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

Mr. John Harris, G.M. of the North London District, moved—"That as the stability and security of Friendly Societies in great measure depend upon wise legislation for their protection, the members of the metropolitan districts of the Manchester Unity of Odd-Fellows tender their best thanks to the members of both Houses of Parliament who devoted their attention to the Friendly Societies' Amended Act, which was passed last session."

Prov. G. M. Ashfield, of Pimlico, seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

Other speakers followed. The next business was the presentation of the testimonial to Mr. Rough.

The Chairman, in a feeling and appropriate address presented to Mr. Rough a patent lever gold watch, valued at twenty guineas, purchased by the voluntary subscriptions of members of the district. It bore the following inscription:—"Presented to James Rough, P.P.G.M., by the members of the N.L.D.M.U. as a testimony of their esteem, April, 30, 1861." At the request of the Chairman,

Mr. Hardwick read this inscription, beautifully engrossed on vellum, and inclosed in a handsome gilt frame,—“This testimonial records the presentation, on Tuesday, the 30th of April, 1861, of a valuable gold watch, to Past Provincial Grand Master James Rough, by the members of the North London District of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows Manchester Unity Friendly Society, as a token of the kind remembrance and high esteem in which he is held by the members of that fraternity.

“JOHN HARRIS, P.G.M., JOHN DIPROSE, P.D.G.M., JAMES ROE, P.C.S.”

The watch was made by Mr. Samuel A. Brooks, of Northampton-square. It was a beautiful specimen of workmanship, “rimmed, capped, and jewelled in eight holes, with compensation balance, gold cases, dial,” &c.

Mr. Rough, who was too much overcome to speak with his usual fluency, acknowledged the present, and trusted that as his brothers in the Order had thought his services worthy of record, he might always be found able and willing to do the work of the Society, and bear his testimony to its immense usefulness and paramount importance to working men.

P.G. Brooks moved, and P.D.G.M. Diprose seconded, a vote of thanks to the Chairman, which was carried by acclamation.

The Chairman returned thanks, and assured the meeting that he should be found ready, on all and every occasion, to advocate the Manchester Unity Friendly Society of Odd Fellows.

The choir then sung the national anthem, after which dancing commenced. The gay uniforms of the numerous volunteer members added greatly to the effect of the display.

P.P.G.M. Rough joined the Order in February, 1847, served as delegate at the district meetings for thirteen years past, on the Widow and Orphan Fund Committee for seven years, and acted as G.M. of the District in 1860. He represented his District at the Shrewsbury and Bolton A.M.C., and has on all occasions given satisfaction as lodge officer, and in all other capacities. He carried out successfully a system of visiting all the lodges in the district, far and near, and is universally respected.

ODD-FELLOWSHIP IN AUSTRALIA.—Mr. John Coverlid, jun., P.G. of the Loyal Industry Lodge, Richmond, Victoria, has forwarded us a most interesting account of the progress of Odd-Fellowship at the Antipodes, together with a long—too long for our space—report of the anniversary fête held in the Port Philip District on February the 4th, and an account of an anniversary dinner of the members and friends of the Loyal Industry Lodge, Richmond, on February 14th. He says:—The colony of Victoria is divided into six Districts—viz., the Port Philip, the Corio, the Bendigo, the Castlemain, the Ballarat, and the Port Fairy. We have our G.M. and Board of Directors, and our A.M.C.s. We style ourselves the Manchester Unity Independent Order of Odd Fellows in Victoria, a title we have had some difficulty in getting recognized by the home authorities, who will persist in calling us the Victoria District, and which does not seem to sufficiently recognize our independence as a

state coequal, while desiring to remain on terms of strictest unity with yourselves. We have about five thousand members in the colony, about two thousand two hundred of whom belong to the Port Philip District. The Order is increasing rapidly, and our funds are in so satisfactory a position, that last year the interest from funds invested alone more than met all demands upon the Sick and Funeral Fund. I enclose you an account of the first anniversary of a new Lodge, which may help to give you some idea of how we are going a-head at this time, notwithstanding we are very particular whom we admit into our society. The name of every person proposed to become a member is bound by law to be sent to every Lodge within three miles, and upon the ballot being taken, one black ball in ten will exclude. The Forester's Society is also making extraordinary progress. Their low entrance fee, and absence of any such check as that we have, tends to bring great numbers into their rank. Our subscriptions are for the most part 1s. per week, and which insures £1 a week in sickness, £10 for a wife's, and £20 for a member's death, with medical attendance and medicine for members, their wives, and families. I dare say, a great deal of what I am telling you is known to you already, but my interest in the Order is such, and my desire to gain and communicate information so great I often fall into the belief that others feel the same. If this has been my fault on the present occasion, I must beg your kind indulgence.

SOUTH LONDON QUARTERLY MEETING.—The Quarterly Meeting of the South London District was held on Monday, March 25th, P.G.M. Burton in the chair. After the usual formal business, it was resolved that the experience of the district, as contained in the quinquennial returns, be compiled and published for the information of the members; and that the annual report of the experience of the District, prepared by C. S. Burgess, be printed, and a sufficient number sent to each Lodge in the District, to furnish every member thereof with a copy. The following is a summary of the state of the District funds:—Incidental, £33 11s. 4d.; funeral, £3,160 14s. 6d.; widows and orphans, £5,477 1s. 8d.; distress, £134 15s. 5½d.; total, £8,806 2s. 11½d.

ANNIVERSARIES AND PRESENTATIONS.

ABERYSTWITH.—On Tuesday evening, April 2, a large and influential meeting of the members of the Rhydol and St. David's Lodges, was held for the purpose of presenting a testimonial to G.M. Henry Ogle Holmes. The presentation consisted of a handsome silver tray, furnished by N.G. Edward Mason, bearing the following inscription:—"Presented by the Brothers of the St. David's and Rhydol Lodges of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, M.U., Aberystwith, to G.M. Henry Ogle Holmes, as a token of their marked approbation of his conduct as an officer, and in testimony of valuable services rendered by him to both Lodges.—January 24th, 1861." P.P.C.S. David Jenkins presided, and presented the testimony in a speech of much power and feeling. Mr. Holmes expressed his gratitude for the handsome compliment paid to him; and the evening was spent most pleasantly.

BOLTON.—We have received the balance-sheet of the Orthodox Lodge for the six months ending June 27th, 1860, and are happy to perceive that the Lodge is in a good and improving state. It possesses 148 members, with a paid-up capital of £1835, being an average of upwards of £12 8s. per member. The sickness and mortality during the half-year have been considerably below the expected average, while the general rate of management expenses is on the most economical scale. We doubt not the forthcoming balance-sheet will exhibit equally satisfactory results.

BRYMBO, WREXHAM.—At the Prince of Wales Lodge, John James Mumford, Esq., M.D., was lately presented with a beautiful past officer's certificate, framed in a rich but neatly adorned gilt frame, voluntarily subscribed for by the members.

DUMFRIES.—On Friday, March 22, the members and friends of the Robert Burns Lodge celebrated their second anniversary, P.G. Kirk in the chair. In the course of the evening a presentation was made to P.P.G.M. Armstrong, the originator of the Lodge, consisting of a gold medal and massive chain. On the medal are the words—"Presented to P.P.G.M. John Armstrong, Penrith District, by the Loyal Robert Burns Lodge, Dumfries, I.O.F.M.U.F.S., as a token of respect for his invaluable services to the Lodge: March 22, 1861." The medal is partially clasped by a wreath of thistle-work, giving to it a rich effect, and the whole is beautifully executed. Many excellent addresses were delivered; and it is pleasant to record that the Robert Burns Lodge is prospering in a manner which reflects a high degree of credit on its officers and members.

NORTH LONDON.—The members and friends of the Marc Antony Lodge celebrated their anniversary on Thursday, April 25, by a friendly meeting at the Lodge-house, Earl Cathcart, Munster Street, Regent's Park, P.G. Bush in the chair, and P.G. Wilde in the vice-chair. There were present Mr. Charles Hardwick, Past Grand Master of the Order; Mr. J. Harris, G.M., and Mr. Diprose, D.G.M. of the District; Mr. G. F. Pardon, and many other active members of the metropolitan districts. Messrs. Hardwick, Harris, and Diprose spoke at length; and, in reply to the toast of the evening, P.P.G.M. Dansie, Sec. to the Lodge, gave a most satisfactory account of its present condition and future prospects.

NORTH LONDON.—The officers of the District, together with officers and members of the other Districts, paid a visit to the Countess of Darlington Lodge on Wednesday evening, April 24. Among the speakers were P.G.M. Hardwick, who, in an eloquent and lengthy address, advocated the claims of the Society; Mr. John Harris, Prov. G. M.; Mr. Diprose, D.G.M.; Mr. Barnes, G.M. of Pimlico; Mr. G. F. Pardon; Mr. Parncutt, Sec. of the Lodge; Mr. Price, of the Marc Antony; and many other well-known members of the Order. The band of the Victoria Rifles delighted the numerous audience by several excellent performances.

NORWICH.—On Tuesday evening, April 9th, the anniversary dinner of the Loyal Amicable Lodge was held at the Bell Hotel. About 120 members and friends were present, presided over by the Sheriff of Norwich (D. Dalrymple, Esq., M.D.). The vice-presidents were Mr. A. Morgan and Mr. Hyams. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, came that of "the Bishop and Clergy," which was responded to by the Rev. Bell Cooke and the Rev. Mr. Hildyard. The Chairman said he had then come to the principal feature of the evening—that of a presentation of a portrait and testimonial to P.P.G.M. Bryant Allen. After eulogising the course of conduct Mr. Allen had pursued as a citizen of Norwich, he said, the Lodge was not contented with merely having a portrait of Mr. Allen hung on the wall, but wished to show a further testimony of their regard, and the committee had selected for that purpose a first-rate English gold watch. Mr. Allen gratefully acknowledged the compliment paid to him by the Sheriff; he had frequently been complimented as an "Odd-Fellow," but as a citizen, and coming from such a citizen, he never before had been so highly honoured. He hoped he should never prove himself unworthy of this handsome testimonial, and good wishes. The portrait alluded to by the chairman, was painted by Mr. Sands, of Norwich, and is considered an excellent likeness.



Thomas Kilner. P.P.G.M.

THE
ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1861.

Thomas Kilner, Prov. P. G. M.

MR. THOMAS KILNER, whose portrait illustrates the present number of the Magazine, was born at Patricroft, in the parish of Eccles, near Manchester, in the year 1808. His father and mother (the former of whom is still living) were old and well-known inhabitants of the parish. Mr. Kilner, who is the eldest member of a large family of children, was early taught by his parents that he would have mainly to depend upon his own industry and conduct for his future success in life. These lessons were not lost upon him; for by his perseverance, energy, and enterprise, combined with scrupulously honourable dealing, he has succeeded not only in gaining the respect and esteem of a large circle of friends in various parts of the country, but in placing himself in a respectable position as a manufacturer and tradesman in his native place.

Mr. Kilner was initiated a member of the Loyal Trafford Lodge, of the Eccles District, on the 6th of August, 1842. He had previously joined an ordinary sick and burial club established at Patricroft. This Society, at the time he joined it, was reputed to be in a most flourishing position. The number of members was large, but the benefits were, unfortunately, much greater than the rate of subscription eventually justified. Consequently, as in the case of scores of others of a similar character, it was eventually broken up, owing to the absence of funds to meet the increasing demands for sickness, etc., as life advances. Mr. Kilner was fortunately young enough at the time to join the Lodge of which he is still a member. Several of those, however, with whom he was first associated, owing to their advanced years were prevented from following his example, and therefore suffered, to them, an irreparable loss. Thus warned by experience of the folly of expecting large benefits from small contributions, he early entered into the views of the then most intelligent members of the Order, who had not only begun to express their doubt, but soon afterwards were enabled to demonstrate that the financial position of the majority of the Lodges in the Unity, was of a most unsatisfactory character. He became the leader of a small party in his Lodge, who were determined to investigate the question. They found the reserved funds in a most deplorable

condition ; and their finances altogether of a character utterly inadequate, with their then rate of contribution, to meet the future promised benefits. The resolutions of the Newcastle A. M. C. in 1844, which may be regarded as the first great movement in the direction of financial reform, stimulated the party of progress in the lodge to further exertion. They attempted to procure a revision of the rates of in-payment and benefits, but this most rational proposition met with, at the time, fierce and determined opposition from a majority of the members. The then usual foolish plea was advanced in support of this, to the present generation, most fatal course of proceeding, viz. : that the society was not an insurance company, but a benevolent and charitable institution, and that it was not only unnecessary but "derogatory to the character of Oddfellows," to husband their present means, or curtail their present philanthropic action, for the sake of providing for the future. Truly, they literally endorsed the sentiment of St. Paul, that "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." Mr. Kilner and his friends, however, clearly perceived, notwithstanding all these high-sounding phrases about philanthropy, charity and benevolence, that the then practice must ultimately eventuate in the ruin of the lodge, and in the destruction of the members' most cherished hopes. They, therefore, in the face of much opposition, and even misrepresentation, continued their exertions with some little success, until the passing of the celebrated financial resolutions by the Annual Committee, at Glasgow, in 1845, when the opposition rushed into open rebellion, and the entire Eccles district, numbering about 700 members, with the exception of Mr. Kilner and a few of his supporters, seceded from the Manchester Unity. The few who remained staunch to the law and the executive, put themselves in communication with the G. M. and Board of Directors, by which body they were advised to remain in connection with their lodge, and endeavour to reclaim it. This advice was acted upon, and the little party of progress continued systematically to protest against all illegal proceedings. At length, by reiterated argument and conciliatory manner, one convert after another joined their ranks, until a majority resolved, in committee, to make application to the Board of Directors for permission to return to the Unity. An agreement was entered into with thirty-five dissentients, who received their share of the funds. Shortly after, two other lodges made application for reinstatement, which being granted, the Eccles district again emerged into active being. The lodge to which Mr. Kilner belongs is at present in a very prosperous condition.

The subject of our memoir is well known to the active members of the Unity, owing to his long connection with the order, as a manufacturer of sashing, etc., and his regular attendance at the Annual Moveable Committees, during the last ten or twelve years. A few years ago, with his usual zeal and enterprise, he determined to produce from the loom a sash ornamented with the emblem of the order. After some patient labour and considerable expense, he succeeded in presenting to the Unity a truly beautiful and chaste specimen of his taste and manufacturing skill, which not only elicited the warmest eulogiums from present and past officers of the order, but has received the approval and patronage of most of the leading districts in the Unity. Mr. Kilner, encouraged by this success, a short time ago contemplated the production of a banner, including a facsimile of the emblem of the Order, woven in the Jacquard loom ; but the

first cost of such a speculation proved, on minute calculation, to be more than the prospective return would justify, and consequently for the present, at least, he has abandoned the project.

Mr. Kilner served the office of N. G. in his lodge (the Trafford), in 1846, and again in 1849. He was Deputy Grand Master of the Eccles district in 1851, and Grand Master in the following year.

Mr. Kilner has ever continued a warm supporter of all measures calculated to improve the constitution, and advance the best interests of the Order and its members. His kindness of heart and sterling integrity have deservedly gained many friends throughout the Unity, who will doubtless feel gratified at the possession of the portrait, accompanying this brief notice of his career as an Oddfellow.

TO HIM THAT OVERCOMETH.

BY Y. S. N.

To him that overcometh now, to him whose heart is strong
To battle bravely for the right, and captive bind the wrong—
To him that overcometh! though a legion foes assail,
Whose will is firm and flincheth not, whose faith no whit doth fail,—
To him shall be the victor's meed—for him the crown of life,—
Not for the coward soul who shrinks, a dastard, from the strife!

To him that overcometh now, and dauntless keeps his stand,
When the full tide of wickedness sweeps, flood-like, o'er the land;
When the "great deeps are broken up" and all around is night,
And not one ray of hope is seen, nor gleam of dawning light;
To him that overcometh *then*, when others fall away,
God is with him, and he henceforth shall reign with God alway!

To him that overcometh thus, a rest remains at last;
There strife and evil are unknown, and sorrow's tears are past;
The spotless robe of innocence, which sin can never soil;
A name—that God alone can give, shall there reward his toil.
He who doth slay the foe within, and shun the snare without,
For him shall be the deathless palm, for him the triumph shout.

To him that overcometh! hear, what Christ the Lord doth say,
"He who now fights the fight of faith, unshrinking, day by day,
His name within the Book of Life shall stand for evermore,
A pillar in that House of God where angel hosts adore,
I, too, have fought and overcome, and he my throne shall share,
For I, the Lord, have been his shield, and he hath been my care."

So unto him who overcomes, a goodly prize is given,
Sure promises of "*present help*," unfading joys in heaven;
But he who scorns the cause of truth, and lays his armour down,
Who whispers "peace," where peace is not, and shuns the thorn-bound crown,
For him who loves to be "at ease," nor heeds the battle-cry,
For him no word of hope is found, when "judgment draweth nigh!"

July 21st, 1861.

Further Illustrations of Friendly Societies' Law.

THE editor of a London Newspaper has been asked whether the preference now given to Friendly Societies, over all other creditors of a bankrupt or insolvent, will continue after the 11th of the present month, October, when the new law of Bankruptcy takes effect; and the somewhat unsatisfactory answer elicited was, "we believe so." To quiet any fears on that head, we may inform our readers that the Act of Parliament in question makes no alteration whatever in the law affecting Friendly Societies; and it may be worth while to state, in few words, the statutable basis on which this protection to frugal investments rests. The legal rights of such associations are guaranteed by two enactments, neither of which is repealed by the Act which lately obtained the royal assent. The new statute only repeals, *inter alia*, certain parts of the Bankruptcy Consolidation Act of 1849, and among the clauses left intact is the 167th, which provides that if any person "appointed to or employed in any office in any Society established under any of the Acts relating to Friendly Societies," shall become bankrupt while holding "by virtue of his office or employment, any monies or effects belonging to such Society, or any deeds or securities relating to the same," the Court* shall, upon application being made in due form, order the delivery of "all monies and other things belonging to such Society, and shall also order payment out of the estate and effects of the bankrupt of all sums of money remaining due which the bankrupt received by virtue of his said office or employment, before any other of his debts are paid or satisfied." The 23rd section of the Friendly Societies' Consolidation Act, 1855, contains a more ample although not more distinct provision to the same effect, and the legislature has done nothing to repeal or diminish its virtue. This Act extends the preference over the "assets, lands, goods, chattels, property, estates, and effects," of any officer of a Friendly Society who, under the like circumstances, shall either become bankrupt, insolvent, have execution, attachment, or other process levied against him, or shall die. It is only requisite when either of these contingencies may arise, for "the Treasurer or the Trustee, or any two of the Trustees of such Society, or any person appointed at some meeting of the Society for that purpose, to make such a demand," in writing, for the restitution of their money and property; and the holder thereof must forthwith deliver them up "to such person as such Treasurer or such Trustees may appoint." This demand in writing need not be made in any particular form, and it is not absolutely requisite to employ a solicitor to enforce a Society's rights under bankruptcy. The Court requires a formal minute of its order upon such an application, to be entered upon the file of its proceedings; but this is part of the duty of the Solicitor prosecuting the matter, who is paid for doing it out of the estate, when there is a fund, and by his own client when there are no assets.

Although the writer has explained, with a professional frankness that he hopes his readers will appreciate, how the services of an attorney may, in some instances, be dispensed with, he must point out to them that in some cases Friendly Societies have illustrated the truth of a proverb which affirms that "a man who is his own lawyer has a fool for his client." The decision of

* That is (according to the interpretation clause of the Bankruptcy Amendment Act, 1861), either the Chief Bankruptcy Court of London, or the District Court of Manchester, Leeds, Liverpool, Birmingham, Bristol, Exeter, or Newcastle-upon-Tyne, or any County Court having jurisdiction in Bankruptcy, as the case may be.

a judge in a Metropolitan Small Debts' Court the other day, at all events proves the expediency of sometimes employing a competent legal adviser and advocate. We shall not mention names or locality, because our free and easy mode of illustration might, perchance, lay printer or publisher open to the libel law, as interpreted by Mr. Justice Byles against Mr. Latimer, the proprietor of the *Western Daily Mercury*.^{*} We will call the plaintiffs the Benevolent Money Lending Society, and the defendant, Mr. Dodge. In May, 1861 this person borrowed £5 from that Society upon a promissory note, which matured or became due in July. The note was not stamped. When the money was advanced, the Society was not enrolled under the Friendly Loan Act, 3 and 4 Vict., c. 110, but its rules were deposited and certified in June. Mr. Dodge being unable or unwilling to repay the money he had borrowed, and the Committee being as anxious to compel him, they issued a plaint for its recovery. At the hearing of the cause, when the note was produced, his lawyer took an objection to the want of a stamp, and the judge held that defect was fatal to the claim. We ought to speak with some deference to the opinion of a judge, but we have a notion that his decision was bad in law, for in "*Bradburne v. Whitbread*," (quoted by Mr. Tidd Pratt, in his work on the law of Friendly Societies), it was held, upon the authority of previous cases under the Friendly Societies' Act, that the Trustees of a Friendly Loan Society could recover upon an unstamped promissory note made before the enrolment of that Society. The Court held that the enrolment of the Society before the action was brought, cured the defect, and gave them a right to recover.

When Friendly Societies are obliged to set the law in motion, they must expect to pay for that privilege, although the statute makes provision for their costs, as will be seen by the following case. Mr. Chicane was a Trustee and Treasurer to the Primæval Rechabites of Model Town. The brethren of this Society had almost unlimited faith in one another, and looked upon this dual officer as the purest among the defecated confederacy. Somehow or other a little distrust was generated, and suspicion got pointed at Mr. Chicane, who had been thought such an immaculate person. A brother thought his books ought to be audited—it was said just as a matter of form—and, notwithstanding all the artifices he could adopt, a balance was found due, which neither coaxing nor menaces could extract. The magistrates were ultimately resorted to, and an order for payment at a short date was made by consent. He was directed to pay the amount due to the Society, with 20s. for their costs, and a further sum of £5. The Society's advocate asked the Bench to make a liberal allowance for costs, on the ground that his clients had been put to considerable expense by the contumacy and arts of the defendant. The justices consulted their clerk, and he advised that the Bench had no power to make the order requested. The 24th section of the Friendly Societies' Consolidated Act, gave them the power to direct only one pound to be paid in the shape of costs, and although it was true the delinquent could be ordered to pay an additional sum of £20, this was in the nature of a penalty, and it must go to the crown. The attorney made a pathetic appeal, in which he dwelt upon the hardship of the case, but the magistrates coolly replied that the terms of the Act were distinct, and that they had no authority to vary its provisions. An attentive perusal of the clause will convince any man of common sense, that their interpretation of the law was strictly correct, and the only thing to be done is to prevent, as far as possible, men of the Chicane class from playing tricks with the accounts, or trafficking on the overweening confidence of their fellows.

^{*} "Law Reporter," Vol. IV., p. 775.

A very nice point of Friendly Societies' law—around which there was, until lately, a certain degree of doubt—has now been decided in a manner consistent with reason, and favourable to the interests of our order. The issue raised was whether a defaulting Treasurer could be sued under the 22nd Sect. of the Consolidated Act, by the Trustees of a Society, for their monies, which had not been duly accounted for, or been wrongfully withheld; or whether the unrepealed portions of the 40th sections, did not make it compulsory upon the Society in such cases, as in others, to refer the subject matter in dispute to arbitrators.* Mr. Craft was one of the Trustees, and a Treasurer of the Hardy Fishermen's Club, a Society which still exists in one of the coast towns of England. It is a rather old-established, and, upon the whole, a very well-conducted Society. Somehow or other a few years ago Mr. Craft received £30, which he did not account for; and it was not until three years later that he was found out by the Society. He was almost immediately struck off the books for misconduct, and a formal demand was made upon him for the money. Notwithstanding this, he was however two years afterwards re-admitted a member, but all his promises to restore the amount he had, in fact, applied to his own purposes, were broken. At length the disgusted and indignant fishermen issued a plaint in the County Court of the district, and the judge of that local tribunal, over-ruling the petty technical objections of Mr. Craft's attorney, held that the plaintiffs were entitled to recover, and gave them a verdict for the full amount claimed, with costs. Mr. Craft, who could not find £30 to make good his defalcations, appears to have been able to command enough money to fight a legal contest in one of the superior Courts, and he has—we presume unintentionally—done the Friendly Societies of Great Britain an important service, by clearing up a doubtful point of law. He got a writ of *certiorari* addressed to the county-court judge, commanding him to send the record of the action to Westminster, "to the end that he might have speedy justice" done him. Four counsel, very learned in the law—two of the ablest men in Westminster Hall—were retained on each side, and two learned judges were upon the bench. Mr. Craft's advocates contended that the verdict ought to be entered for him (the defendant), on the ground that the action was not maintainable. He was a member of the Society, and the 40th clause of the Act of 1855, provided that "Every dispute between any member of any Society established under this Act, or any of the Acts hereby repealed * * * and the Trustees, Treasurer, or other Officer, shall be decided in manner directed by the rules of such Society." The rules of the Hardy Fishermen appointed the justices of their town as arbitrators, with especial powers to enforce their awards. The counsel for Mr. Craft contended that this was a dispute between him and the Society, *as a member*. The decision turned upon the words in italic. The counsel for the Society argued contrariwise, that the 40th section of the Act only related to disputes between the Society, and its members as such; and that this action did not arise out of the rules of the Society, but was "a claim for money had and received by the defendant for their use." The two judges concurred in the view that the 40th section did not take away the common law remedy by action. One of them intimated that it would be straining the law to say that the word "member" in those sections meant "Treasurer," or "Trustee." The other judge said it was plain that the 40th section of the Act did not apply to Treasurers, or Trustees, or officers who might have misap-

* As this article may perchance be brought under the notice of a Solicitor called upon to advise a Society under the like circumstances, we may refer him for an authoritative exposition of the law, to the cases of *Morrison v. Glover*, "Law Journal"—Exchequer—p. 20; and to *Sindon and others v. Banks*, Queen's Bench, 1860; "Law Reporter," Vol. III., p. 775.

propriated the profits of the Society, or have refused to hand it over. Such cases were not disputes between the Society and an individual member as such. The judgment of the county court was therefore confirmed.

J. J. M.

Flying and Followed.

BY ISABELLA MUNRO.

It is now a good many years since, that health and prosperity having failed me in England, I transported myself and family to the far-off colony of the Cape, in the hope of regaining them there. I had no commercial knowledge, and no profession, save that of arms—though in an evil hour I had sold my commission and invested the proceeds in a bubble speculation—therefore, I had no resource but to turn farmer; and soon after my landing I found myself located in a pretty secluded valley on the south bank of the Fish River.

My valley was as nature had left it, green and bowery, and much time and labour was needed to fit it to my wants. I had bricks to make and a house to build, before we could live in one; and fields and gardens to prepare and cultivate, ere we could taste of their fruits; and sheep and oxen to be purchased to stock my farm; and when all these preparations were concluded—my health being restored in the meantime—I addressed myself cheerfully to my rough farming duties, in the hope that I was in the sure, though slow road, to competence.

The old adage, "He who is born to be hung will never be drowned," seemed, in my case, to mean, "He who is born to be poor will never be rich;" for, despite my labours, all went ill with me. It might be that I brought more zeal and industry than skill to my new occupation; but the murrain seized on my live stock, and the desert wind swept its deadly breath over my fields, or the locusts settled down upon them in clouds, leaving the Happy Valley—as we had sanguinely entitled our home—as bare as any spot in Arabia Petræa; day by day my funds sank to a lower ebb, and there was deep and ceaseless anxiety for the future.

In this juncture, I resolved to follow the example of other indigent emigrants, and send my waggon and oxen to ply for hire upon the road between Graham's Town and Algoa Bay; but a neighbouring farmer, whom I consulted on the subject, advised me rather to employ it in trading to Kaffirland. I knew the advice was good, for much profit is made by bartering cheap cottons, ornaments, and toys, with the Kaffirs, for hides, horns, and ivory. A man must do what he can who has dear ones looking to him for bread, so I once more commenced life as a Kaffir trader.

Off I started, with my waggon drawn by twelve large horned oxen, loaded with suitable goods, and two Hottentots, as driver and leader, to be my companions, wending my way over rugged hills and vast rolling flats, where the antelope and the ostrich roved in glorious freedom; through rocky defiles and gloomy jungles, tenanted by fierce beasts of prey; and across unbridged rivers, where the alligator slept in the slime, and the sea-cow strode along the

depths. Our life was well-nigh as hard as a hunter's, without its excitement and its charm. We slept on the ground beneath the trees, subsisted on the game that crossed our path, and drank the impure water of the ponds. But every hardship was forgotten when, advancing farther into the interior, we stopped at the kraals of different Kaffir chieftains, and I bartered away my goods with them, and at the end of three months returned to the Happy Valley and its dear inhabitants, a richer man by nearly thirty pounds.

Again and again I undertook these expeditions, and with a like success; and, as I grew more accustomed to such travelling, I learned to overcome many of its hardships, and to disregard the remainder, until I began to enjoy my journeys almost as if they had been pleasure excursions. On one occasion I resolved on taking my family with me, taking also a tent for their accommodation, and cows to supply them with milk. I had but two children, our eldest, Edward, and little Gracy, one of the sweetest, dearest little cherubs that ever gladdened a father's heart, with her bright eyes, and sunny face, and curls of rippling gold. As we sat at evening beside the watch-fire, how her light form used to flit about us, and her childish songs and joyous laughter to echo through the arches of the silent forest!

At length we reached the kraal of Kickó, an Amaponda chief, one of my principal customers. He had often asked me for powder, but this time he spoke no word of it, his whole attention, like that of the women, seemed given to the children. None of them had ever seen or dreamed of beauty such as theirs. At first they looked on them with awe, as something superhuman, but that feeling soon wore off, and then they were never weary of playing with them. The chief's favourite was Gracy; he would carry her on his own shoulders, calling her sunshine, white cloud, lovely flower, and all the pet names his narrow language could invent. He ordered Kaffir songs for her, and dances to be held in her honour, and when the little one laughed and clapped her hands at their grotesque movements, his delight was greater than her own; and when, in her answering affection, the child would crown his head with wreaths of flowers, or pat his black face with her white, tiny hands, the ecstasy of the savage chieftain knew no bounds.

"I will give you a waggon load of ivory," he said to me one day, "if you will give me that child to be my child."

The tone in which this was said was light and jesting, but his face as I looked at it was eager, and there was a watchful gleam in his keen eyes, that betrayed his words were meant.

I and mine were at his mercy, so I only shook my head, and replied, quietly, "English fathers love their children, even as Kaffir fathers love theirs."

"I will give you half of my flocks and herds," he said, earnestly. "I will give you my gold bracelets, and all my fine necklaces and brooches," he continued, with increasing anxiety, "if you will only give White-cloud to me. She is dearer to me than all my own children, and my heart will be sad if you take her from me."

Again I refused, and in firmer terms. The countenance of the chief grew grim and stern, and he turned away with the meaning observation, that "Kickó knew no will but his own."

That night, when darkness covered the Kaffir plains, we silently struck our tents, and spanned our waggon, and stole like thieves from Kickó's kraal, bearing with us the treasure we feared to lose. One of our faithful Hottentots remained behind in ambush, to discover how the chief bore our departure. The next evening he overtook us. Kickó was in paroxysms of grief and rage, and was preparing with an armed party to follow on our track.

This was a new and imminent danger, and one that, if not evaded, would overwhelm us. The broad-wheel tracks of our waggon would guide the Kaffirs on our course with certainty, and its slow movements would soon be overtaken by their rapid footsteps; and then what could I and my two Hottentots do against an armed force—only fight and die, and leave our defenceless ones to be led back into captivity.

There was but one resource left us, and that of doubtful success. We drove our oxen on at their greatest speed, with hurrying cries, and whip cracked loudly above their heads, until, as morning broke, we came to a patch of wooded country. There we descended, and again sending on the oxen at speed with the tenantless waggon, hid ourselves in the recesses of the bush, scarce daring to speak or move, lest it should reveal to our pursuers our whereabouts, instead of their going onward in the track of the empty waggon.

For hours we sat, the children asleep upon our knees, and listened for the sound of their passing, occasionally the cawing of a touran in the tree tops, or the gambols of a monkey among the branches, sending our hearts into our mouths, while we started up ready to fly again. At length, as night was beginning to fall, wild shrieks and yells came rolling along on the silence; it was the signal that the Kaffirs had discovered our ruse. Nearer and nearer came the cries, and in various directions, as they separated in their eagerness to trace us; nearer, and still nearer they came, until their wild cries roused the sleeping children, who started up screaming with affright. Then we thought all was indeed lost, and looked each moment to see the Kaffirs bursting through our covert. But their continued yelling deafened them to all other sounds, and by the mercy of Providence, our foe passed us by undiscovered. Soon after, night fell dark as pitch among the trees, the search was discontinued, and we were still in safety.

Now for the first time we dared to speak of escape, and of how we must endeavour to effect it. To retreat towards the colony was certain captivity or death; our only chance was to flee across the country, to the nearest missionary station, which lay westward, in the Griqua country, could we once reach that we would be secure, for the wildest Kaffir holds a missionary station sacred.

But between us and it lay a long journey, through an unknown country, and which must, moreover, be performed secretly; but our brave Hottentots, who had once visited the station from another direction, with that marvellous faculty for finding their way possessed by half-civilized men, undertook to guide us to it; and, as soon as the morn rose, we set out on our march, for the night was our best time for travelling. And embarrassed though we were by the dim light, impeded by the interlacing vines, and torn by the thorns, we had yet progressed several miles on our way before the sun rose.

Then still hidden in the depths of the forest, we paused to rest for the day, and to eat the food we had brought with us from the waggon, but we used it sparingly, for we knew that for days to come we must not dare to fire a gun, lest its report should be heard by our pursuers; or to light a fire, lest they should see its smoke, but that we must content ourselves with wild fruits and elephant's cabbage, and the few other edible plants the woods produced.

On the following day, we ventured to leave the cover of the bush, and to pursue our journey by daylight through the open country, where we could make more progress. About noon, the echoing sound of a horse's footfall became distinctly audible, and at a distance a dark speck was visible on the flat. As it rapidly approached, all our old terrors awoke within us, lest this was a scout of Kické's, following on our steps; we looked round eagerly for cover, but there was none—not a single bush checkered for miles the surface

of the prairie. Meanwhile the object of our alarm drew still nearer; flight was useless, discovery inevitable, so we paused to receive the stranger, and hear what he would say.

The new comer was still but an undefined object to my eyes, when the Hottentots cried out joyously that it was only a horse; their keen eyes had already distinguished that he was riderless. He had most probably knooked up and been abandoned by some traveller, and in the freedom and luxuriant pasturage of the wilds, recovered health and strength. Our next effort was to catch him, to which he made little resistance; and then as he proved gentle and tractable, we mounted my wife and children upon him, and the remainder of the party being strong and well able to walk, we pursued our journey more rapidly.

Yet day after day, for nine more days, we followed the course of the sun, without seeing sign of human being, or human habitation. It was a beautiful wilderness through which we passed, and I often thought, had my mind been more at ease, how much I should have delighted in its vast plains, its wooded valleys, glowing with tropical flowers and gorgeous plumaged birds; its long ranges of hills melting away into the blue horizon, and its gentle rivers kissed by Babylonian willows and fanpahus, and fragrant with the broad blossoms of the lotus. But I wandered through it a well-nigh ruined man; nearly all the profits of my former expeditions I had ventured on this occasion, and not only were they lost, but my waggon and oxen also—their value was nearly eighty pounds, a sum that all I possessed would scarcely amount to. But I had saved my darling child, and in my thankfulness for that blessing I bore my worldly losses lightly. At the missionary station we found refuge and much kindness, and a Kaffir trader who, more fortunate than myself, was returning home with his waggon, allowed us to travel back with him.

Once within the colony my hopes seemed to rise again. I should never more go Kaffir trading, but there was still my farm left to me, that might prove more profitable to me in future, and enable me, if not to overcome my losses, at least to live.

It was getting near dusk when I once more entered the valley, walking beside the horse which bore my wife and children. How my heart warmed at the sight of its old familiar hills, and the cheerful murmuring of its little river sounded like a welcome home. But our welcome was a cold one; our house was a heap of charred and blackened ruins; our garden and fields laid waste and desolate. The destroyer had swept over our happy valley, leaving it the bitterest satire upon its name, and stuck in the ground quivered an Amaponda assigai, as if to reveal to us our enemy.

I stood aghast at this new and crowning misfortune; I was roofless and penniless. I had worked out my destiny of poverty, and for me there was no hope. I was in despair. But little Gracy, the innocent cause of all, laid her golden head on my shoulder, and that comforted me, and sympathising neighbours gathered round me, and helped me to rebuild my house, and to restore my farm, and since then the world rolls smoother with me, and I begin to believe "there is a tide in the affairs of man," and that mine has passed the ebb.

Tact.

EMERSON, in a little poem, of a different stamp to his generally deep ethical writing, says of Tact, and we feel inclined to quote the poem entire:—

“What boots it thy virtue,
What profit thy parts,
If one thing thou lackest—
The art of all arts ?

“The only credential,
Passport to success,—
Opens parlour and castle,
Address, man, address !

* * *

“This clenches the bargain,
Sails out of the bay ;
Gets the vote in the Senate,
Spite of Webster and Clay.

“Has for genius no mercy,
For speeches no heed ;
It lurks in the eye-beam,
It leaps to its deed.

“Church, tavern, and market,
Bed and board it will sway ;
It has no to-morrow,
It ends with to-day.”

I never hear a cry about “neglected genius,” or unrecognised ability, without an insatiable desire to pry behind the curtain ; and there have been circumstances and cases in which I have found, or made opportunities to satisfy, this craving, not in the case of absolute genius, of which in my walk through life’s maze I do not remember to have seen a single specimen. Genius is to me a *rara avis*, or roc’s egg, which I have heard of on every side, before and behind me, in the march of years, but which no amount of racing forward, or loitering by the way, would enable me to come face to face with. Nevertheless, fond mothers, far be it from me to deny the sublime capacities of the firstlings of your flocks. In the petty warfare of societies and cliques, Tact is always victorious, and not less so in the mighty battles that change the destinies of nations. A general, with three hundred soldiers, who have Tact to execute the Tacititious (is this word admissible ?) orders of their commander, are more than a match for double their number under an officer who acts from precedent only. Tact “has no to-morrow ;” it is the adaptation of one’s movements, conversation, or what not, to the circumstances, whether they be of the moment or foreseen, a promptness that sees its way clearly through the loophole of any emergency that may arise.

Tact is a great talent ; almost all great men have been Tacticians. A man may have seven talents, but if he have not Tact among them, half his undertakings will be failures ; and the others in another man would be magnified to great successes. Tact buys and sells ; “it lurks in the eye-beam, it leaps to

its deed." The greatest statesman of to-day is the greatest Tactician. Napoleon, the present Emperor, is full of Tact; it enters into his every action. In many men it takes the form of a mean, dastardly cunning that cannot be too strongly deprecated. It is essential to a successful business man, agent, traveller, stockbroker, or merchant.

"I'll wait awhile, and the price will go down," said the wavering brewer, tasting a sample of hops, and turning them over in his palm.

Whereupon the "wide-awake" agent tells his last facetious story, and ere the doubtful buyer has ceased to laugh, adds—

"This rain must put on a crown a pocket in three weeks; how many shall I say?"

And, booking the order, he goes off to tell Jones how he sold Brown the hops; and, at the conclusion, as a variation, asks if he, Jones, said twelve or twenty pockets.

In nine cases out of ten the Tactician succeeds, while the man of talent fails; we have only to look round the streets, or at neighbours who have risen, to be satisfied of this. All men like successful neighbours, but too many of us are in the habit of attributing their successes, not to the legitimate causes, but to luck or fortune, at which we grumble for its seeming impartiality. But the truly wise man says, there is no luck, and no fortune, good or bad, which comes to man as other than the result of his own work. But let us value Tact for what it is, and do not for one moment waver between the worth of Tact and talent. There are many men of my acquaintance who have prospered in the world and acquired riches, and many others who have striven hard, and found life a continual struggle; but in the majority of instances, give me for friends the men who have not risen; for often the men who possessed Tact to make money, lack the Tact to use it judiciously; are uncharitable, and display a meanness and overweening desire to thrust their own greatness down other people's throats; and in the hands of such men wealth (which, properly applied, is the "open sesame" of all the glorious revelations of God and man) becomes a bane.

Tact, then, is a necessary adjunct to success, which no amount of talent can warrant a man to despise, for the moment he refuses to accept the aid of Tact in displaying his talents his power is warped, because he does not gain the confidence of men to help him in the realization of his scheme, whatever it may be. In nothing is this more keenly felt (indeed more lamentably so) than at present in the arts which properly belong to men of the highest talent and genius—painting and writing. The Tact, adaptation—or, call it what you will, that makes the artist able to embody his own conception in a picture of which the details, and to him minor features of the work, shall have a hold upon men's sympathies, or catch the spirit of the age, ensures a proper meed of reward for the labour and truthfulness displayed. The tale of the picture stays the eye of the beholder in the first instance, and leads to a recognition of the inner worth and beauty of the whole. Tact, then, in the choice of a subject for the embodiment of this (excepting poetry) highest of all arts, is a mighty instrument, and the truthfulness of this remark is guaranteed by the constant crowds that hang round such pictures as "Eastward ho," and "Waiting for the Verdict," while pieces of almost equal merit and exquisite truthfulness (which is the aim of all true art) are hung out of sight and passed unnoticed, because the artist lacked the facility of displaying his power in a form which must challenge the interest of the critics and lovers of painting.

And, to a certain extent, this is also true in literature, many a worthy effort having gone down to oblivion, or lingered awhile uncared for, because its

lesson was displayed in a garb which did not suit the feeling or sympathies of men's minds.

In the entire conduct of life Tact is useful ; but in the hour it is allowed to overcome the natural bias of feeling it becomes a curse. In the school, playground, by the desk, or at the easel, it is a beneficial *helpmate*, but exalt it into a *principle*, and it drowns all the higher attributes of work, and contaminates the whole life.

The purpose of this paper has been to set before the reader the true value of Tact, and we cannot too strongly insist upon what Charles Lamb said of literature, and which will be more consistently applied to Tact, viz., "that it makes a very bad crutch, but a very good walking-stick," and while we strongly advise the use of Tact as a "walking stick," let us warn the reader never to make a "crutch" of it.

Who Helped Him ?

A LEAF FROM THE DIARY OF A RELIEVING OFFICER.

ANOTHER day is gone, and my day's work, I fain would say, well done. Sitting at my favourite occupation of putting down in writing such thoughts as have flitted through my brain whilst I moved about in my usual course (even as a melody will sometimes accompany you in your most ordinary employment, silent, yet heard), I begin to review the many cases I have visited since morning. This has been my weekly "pay day," and I have given to some hundreds of persons, who attended at my office at the appointed hour, the amount of relief ordered for each by the board. This accomplished, I have sat in my office for two hours to receive new applications. Then I have gone round from one extremity of my district to the other—book and pencil in hand—visiting all new applicants at their homes, taking, in each case, full particulars, so that I may report fully, as in duty bound, to my employers. I have dispensed immediate relief to many, either in food or in orders for the workhouse, and have entered others, who were not so urgently in want, to be brought before the guardians at the next weekly meeting. Nothing I think have I neglected, and I may sleep in peace, if one sight I have seen to-day would but leave the retina of my eye—if one picture could but be erased from my memory. It is the first of the sort I have seen. It was down by the banks of the Swirl, that stream which divides my district, and, in fact, our township, from the neighbouring one. Down at Swirl Gardens (as the place is facetiously called), a place so hidden from the gaze that scarcely the police get to know the locality or the way to it, until they have been on their beat for several weeks. Some of them never get to know. It is through a narrow entry, foul and nauseous, which leads to a railway arch and a bank of earth, which, in fact, is a residue of rubbish carted aside at the making of the railway. I take a sharp turn to the right and pursue the narrow path between this bank and the back of the second story of some wretched houses, which appear as if in a state ready to fall upon the passenger, and are merely prevented so doing by the agency of some stout beams of timber. Arrived at the end of this wall, after many a sniff of uncleanness from the broken-paned windows, and amongst filth of every description, I descend, and find myself on the level of the houses' ground floor. Here, in a little narrow street, undrained and unscavenged, roll pigs and children in the mud and stagnant offal, both animal and vegetable. The lazy stream

crawls along with its load of odure, the drainage of a populous quarter, giving out in the warm summer's air a pestilential breath, which penetrates to every cranny of the so-called "gardens," and leaving here and there decaying carcase of dog or cat, to fester on its slimy shore. Many a door opens on my approach, and many a head is projected from open casements, whilst skinny dirty fingers point to the top of the *cul de sac*, and cracked voices shout for my information "It's the top cellar, sir." Two or three half-naked children are amusing themselves by endeavouring to peep through the mud-encrusted window of the indicated cellar, who, on seeing me, climb up the steps and salute me with "She's not in, sir; she's gone with the Bobby to the Crownner's." And rare fun they thought it, no doubt, that I should descend into that hole and enter the apartment. Oh! what a sight met my eyes. The only piece of furniture in the place was a bedstead, and on the wretched mattress lay what I knew well enough was the body of a dead man, covered only by a dirty quilt. The floor was literally clammy with mud, and the walls, which appeared never to have known the luxury of whitewash, ran with an oily sweat, where they were not encrusted with a thick green mould. A corner cupboard, from which the door had been wrenched, no doubt for fuel, stood bare of food, and containing, in fact, nothing but some cracked and dirty crockery. There was a back cellar—a further den of hideousness, almost destitute of light—and on a bed of damp shavings lay and squalled a half-naked babe of about six months, left there by its mother to the care of the neighbours, when she took her departure with the police. The woman had been with me in the morning to inform me that her husband was dead, and that she had nothing to eat for herself and child—hence my visit. When I returned to the "front cellar," one or two of the neighbours had come down, and, calling the attention of one of these to the child in the further apartment (whose cries, indeed, were now sufficiently loud to render its removal desirable), I enquired of the other when the death had occurred, and what they knew of the deceased. "It was last night he done it, sir," said one man, whose face I knew tolerably well, "and it's my opinion, sir, he had help. Don't tell me he done it after she went away to the next door along of his leathering her; because if you tell me so, I won't believe you, none of you. Drunk as he was, he hadn't sense to do it, not without help on *that* bed-post, yah!" "And didn't we see 'em, Dick, after they came into the Stag vaults, how he couldn't drink his two penn'orth anyhow, though he did pay for me one like a man, and didn't she a'most carry him home he was so bad! He hadn't gocum to do it, not without help." I was puzzled with their talk, which now became of a very animated description. I felt stifled with the heat, and sick with the stench, I moved nearer to the bed, and impelled by some feeling for which I cannot now account, I raised the dirty cloth covering the body, and shrank back appalled at the sight of horror which met my gaze. It was the face of a suicide by hanging—a swollen, distorted face, with protruding eyes and tongue; the latter having been bitten, accounted for a mass of congealed blood about the mouth, and the remainder of the features were of a heavy blue black. All the loathsome particulars appeared to imprint themselves instantaneously on my mind, for the cloth fell from my fingers, as the shudder of horror ran through my frame, and I rushed into the open air, and clang to the wooden railing, literally sick, and almost fainting. A strange thought came through my brain; it was this—"Well, surely no one would ever commit suicide by hanging who once saw such a sight as this!" And I now knew why the 'white cap' is drawn over the features of the criminal before strangling him in the public gaze. I have been for several years now familiar with death in most shapes, and have encountered it under circumstances sufficiently

horrible; but this is the first suicide I have seen, and the face haunts me like a bad spirit in its hideous distortion, and with its disgusting colour. It was not necessary that I should enter the place again, so after regaining strength and nerve, by being in the open air, I gathered from the neighbours such particulars as I required. They informed me that the couple had not resided in "the Gardens" many weeks, that they both took a good deal of drink, and that they quarrelled frequently. The man was by trade a bricklayer, but, as one of them informed me, "he never liked steady work, didn't Jem, he was what we call a jobber—he called himself a repairer o' property, and had a dodge for curing smoky chimbleys, he reckoned!" "A patent whirligig, or summat, he was allus a-drawin' with chalk, when the drink was in him, which it wasn't often out; but don't tell me he done it *hissself* on that bed-post not without help."

I left the scene, after giving directions for the child to be brought up to the workhouse. Whether the man "did it" himself, or not, I suppose will be a subject for investigation; but if he did it "without help," he must have been very determined about it, for I remember the bed-post did not reach up to my shoulder, as I passed it, and he was certainly a taller man than I am. I shall look with some interest to-morrow for the result of the coroner's inquest. Meanwhile, I close my book, feeling calmer than I did by the mental effort I have made to describe the events of my visit to Swirl Gardens. I feel in laying down my pen as if I had outfaced the demon, and that I can sleep without dreaming of him.



Grand Demonstration at the Crystal Palace.

On Tuesday, the 6th of August, the Odd-Fellows and their friends, to the number of nearly 25,000, met at the Crystal Palace. From an early hour in the morning excursion trains poured their living freights into the metropolis from all parts of the country, and the London Bridge and Victoria stations were besieged by impatient crowds; but so complete were the arrangements that by noon about 20,000 persons had found their way into the beautiful park and grounds of the Sydenham Palace. A large number of excursionists came by the road in vans, omnibuses, and carriages; and not a few from Woolwich, Greenwich, and other adjacent places made the journey on foot. In fact, the neighbourhood of the palace was in a state of commotion not often witnessed, for the visitors brought music and flags with them, and the whole place wore quite a holiday air.

Special attractions were provided for the day. There was music, good and abundant, both within and without the building; there was a grand balloon ascent by the veteran Coxwell, and a display of all the great fountains and "the whole system of waterworks;" there were cricket matches and archery, and rifle practice, and boating, and athletic sports for the adults; and swings and roundabouts, and "invigorators," and various other amusements for the youngsters; but, beyond all this, there was a vast procession of members of the Society. It consisted of about 3,000 members, wearing scarfs and rosettes, and bearing "regalia," and accompanied by several military bands playing various lively airs and marches. The procession consisted of five divisions, each accompanied by a band, and in which walked Mr. John Gale,

Grand Master, several members of the Board of Directors, the Grand Masters, Deputy Grand Masters, and Corresponding Secretaries of the several Districts into which the metropolis is divided, and a large number of the more prominent and well-known members of the Order. First came the band of the London Irish Volunteers, followed by the members of the North London District, with Messrs. John Harris, G.M.; John Diprose, D.G.M.; James Roe, C.S.; and Past Masters Stocker, Leftly; and Past Grands Woods, Stephens, &c.; with Past Provincial Grand Master Holmes, of Aberystwith; followed by members, four abreast, carrying flags, and banners, and other symbolic designs. Next followed the past and present officers, and brethren of the northern and midland districts, with Past Grand Master Buck, the C.S. of Birmingham, carrying the beautiful regalia belonging to Runcorn, headed by an excellent brass band. Afterwards came the past and present Officers and members of the Pimlico, Mitcham, and adjoining Districts, with the Officers and members of the South and South-Eastern Districts, bearing the Mitcham and Hastings regalia, headed by the Mitcham Odd-Fellows' band. Messrs. Stiff, Newman, Goodchild, and Barnes, with other well-known members of the Districts, walked in this division. The Officers and Brethren of the Stepney, South London, and South-Western Districts, with the Liverpool regalia, brought up the procession, which was attended throughout by large numbers of persons of both sexes, all, apparently, greatly interested in the spectacle. Among those who walked in the Stepney and South London division, were Corresponding Secretary Burgess, one of the Board of Directors; P.P.G.M. Walter Fisher, W. C. Day, Past Grand Burton, D.P.G.M. Bruty, C. S. Love, and Treasurer Pallett, and George Frederick Pardon, Editor of the *Weekly Chronicle*. After parading the principal walks, the members paused in the wide space in front of the grand terrace, where the bands united and played "God Save the Queen;" after which, with three cheers for the Manchester Unity, lustily given from ten thousand throats, the procession resolved itself into its separate elements, and each individual item sought amusement and refreshment as he best could; dinners, lunches, and teas, with all the *et ceteras*, were provided at a cheap rate, and on a most liberal scale. And so, till dusk, dancing kept the company in good humour, and the day ended as pleasantly as it had begun.

STANZAS.

FROM "POEMS," BY WILLIAM STANLEY ROSCOE: 1834.

An angel in the realms of day
 Forgot her heavenly birth,
 Impell'd by Pity's gentle voice
 To walk the suffering earth.

To pour a thousand streams of bliss,—
 To still the weeping storm,—
 To fill the world with light and love,—
 She came in Harriet's form.

"Our Jerry ;"

A TRAGICAL-COMICAL HISTORY, SKETCHED FROM THE LIFE.

BY CHARLES HARDWICK, P.G.M.

FITTE THE SECOND, AND LAST.

A FEW days after the merry evening referred to in my previous paper, several of the party, including myself, Michael Weal Thunder, and our hospitable Derbyshire host, were seated around the conical lime-stone peak which rises in the midst of the lovely valley of the Dove, and named, "goodness knows why," "The Lover's Leap." It is not the only "lover's leap" that I have ascended in my time. There is one near Buxton, another in that twin valley to the Dove, called the "Dargle," in the county of Wicklow, and yet another overlooking Morecambe Bay and the good old town of Ulverstone, in Furness. I have a vague notion there are a score of others which have "slipped from my memory," as well as some that never obtained a footing therein. Of course, each is identified with a tradition, very affecting in its details, but generally of doubtful authenticity. I never could understand why so many despondent lovers selected flying leaps from steep precipices in romantic places, as a substitute for the proverbial "cold pudding," in their treatment of heart disease. It is objectionable in many respects. It very generally eventuates in a most deplorable and altogether unnecessary disfigurement, nay, mutilation, of the "human form divine" subjected to the process. Besides, it is infinitely more suggestive to my mind of the Tarpeian Rock, and the judicial annihilation of traitors and assassins in the time of the old Roman Republic, than of the farewell sigh of the wearied heart of one who had, like Othello, suddenly discovered that he had "loved not wisely, but too well." Clearly, it is relatively a barbarous mode of treatment—vulgar, plebeian, and indecorous, when contrasted with the more refined charcoal fumes, or subtle poison prescriptions of your civilized broken-hearted victim of "unrequited attachment," in modern fashionable life. But stop ; my business is with the locality of the "Lover's Leap" in Dove Dale, and not with the propriety or otherwise of demented lovers leaping from high places, romantic or unromantic. Whatever can have led me into such a digression ? Surely, there is nothing in the nature of a presentiment in it. I am not likely, I feel confident, ever seriously to canvass the question on my own account. My phrenological friend, Dr. Bumpus, in a magnificent and highly-complimentary chart of my head, which he gave me in exchange for a crown piece, has expressly put it on record that Dame Nature had made ample provision for such an emergency, should it ever arrive, by a copious development of that portion of my brain which is technically ticketed "the organ of hope." Oh ! stay ; I remember, I shall, or my friend will, have something to say on this subject before this chapter is finished. In the meantime, let me proceed with my story.

Well, we were seated on the "Lover's Leap," in Dove Dale. We had rambled for some hours on the banks of the romantic stream so loved of yore by the genial old Isaac Walton. We had inspected and duly admired the quaint beauty of the "Fox Hole," and its natural isolated arched gateway in solid limestone. We had reposed in the "Dove Holes," and gazed with more than the conventional wonder on the singular forms of the "Twelve Apostles," and other immense detached masses of rock, which, having slid somewhat

from their original position on the face of the limestone wall which bounds the ravine, stood forth like the grey mouldering remains of ancient baronial strongholds. We had seen the "golden perch and silvery dace in dancing frolic" disport themselves in the transparent shadowy pools, and watched the overhanging alders

"Bend, as peacefully and light
As though an angel's wing had passed, and touched them in his flight."

We had climbed to the summit of that huge haystack-shaped mountain, named Thorpe Cloud, which, as one of the most gifted and truthful of our modern poets aptly says—

"Standeth like a frown on Beauty's brow."

Truly, the mighty excrescence thrusts his surly presence into the lovely pass, as though he were some huge misshapen giant warder, specially retained to guard the entrance to the domain of beauty and enchantment. From the summit of his ungainly form,—the one discordant graphic note that intensifies the surrounding picturesque harmony,—may be seen, as well as the well-wooded earthquake fissure in the limestone rock, through which dances and carols the ever-rejoicing Dove, the grander expanse of the neighbouring Staffordshire valley, in which repose in stately beauty the far-famed woods of Ilam. There is only one artist in the universe that can successfully "gild refined gold and paint the lily," and convert even dirt and deformity into beauty of its kind; and he is the ever glorious Sun. He was liberal with the contents of his matchless colour box on that memorable afternoon. His pencil rays penetrated here and there the dense shadows of the woods, and speckled the emerald carpet with flakes of burnished gold. The very water nymphs seemed to rush in crowds to the surface of the stream, as if eager to snatch the kisses he lavishly showered upon them. The flowers freely gave forth their perfume, and rendered more fragrant the zephyr wind that breathed its refreshing coolness over the lovely scene. We were fatigued, but gratified. There is to me no joy so pure and so healthful as that which results from communion with the grand or beautiful in nature. We may absorb into our own being the whole of the beauty of any given work of Art in time; but that of Nature, never. Her beauties are inexhaustible. And where does she display them with greater profusion than in this unique Derbyshire valley?

"Sweet pass of the Dove! 'mid rock, river, and dingle,
How great is thy charm for the wanderer's breast!
With thy moss-girdled towers and foam-jewelled shingle,
Thy mountains of might, and thy valleys of rest."

Our poet friend, Thunder, having duly expressed and exhibited his delight in various beautiful metaphors, and sundry gesticulations or contortions, more grotesque than sublime, had his attention suddenly called to the empty condition of his stomach, by a loud ringing shout of revelry in our rear. The noise proceeded from a rather numerous pic-nic party, the members of which had taken possession of a lovely bit of sylvan carpet, and seated, Turkish or tailor fashion, in a circle, were "doing ample justice," as the newspaper reporters say to an extempore repast. Their wild revelry sounded somewhat oddly in the quiet secluded vale. Thunder expressed his conviction that we had tumbled by accident into the middle of the thirteenth century and Sherwood forest at one and the same time; for he recognized distinctly the voices (or he said he did) of Friar Tuck and Allan-a-Dale, in the jolly chorus they were trolling. My matter-of-fact eye, however, had been arrested, from the first, by a huge article, which occupied the centre of the group, and which was shaped marvel-

lously like a beer barrel ! But, a beer barrel in Dove Dale ! The thing seemed preposterous, certainly ; but it was a fact, nevertheless. Now Thunder, when not thirsty, "believed" in whiskey ; but when very thirsty he "believed" in beer. He was very thirsty, indeed, on the present occasion. He reflected a moment, threw down our wine-flask, and seizing a sandwich, declared he would fraternize with the outlaws, as he persisted in describing them, in the glade below. It is a marvel how he escaped with unbroken limbs, for he rushed down the steep rock side, at a fearful pace, and an apparent reckless disregard to consequences. He, however, landed in safety. A loud shout immediately afterwards announced that he was known to some of the revellers. He was quickly "hail fellow, well met" with the whole party.

We amused ourselves in a different manner. Our host sang with a mellow bass voice, Edwin Waugh's charming song :—

"Now summer's sunlight glowing,
Streaks the woodland shade with gold."

And I contributed, as equally appropriate to the occasion, Eliza Cook's beautiful lines, entitled, "Our Rambles by the Dove." When I had delivered two or three stanzas I perceived two ladies and a gentleman, who had climbed a portion of the rock on which we were seated, and who were earnestly listening to the tones of my voice from their rather distant position. One of the ladies recognised our host, when a slight parley took place, which ended in the new comers joining our company, and my recommencing the recitation of the poem. We learnt from them that Thunder had found a friend amongst the revellers below, and that both would scale the lover's leap as soon as their "inward men" were duly refreshed. Some curious speculations as to who the friend might be, was put an end to by the Stentorian voice of Thunder, who roared out from the bottom of the steepest side of the rock, "We'll have the monkey tale finished on the top of this blessed lump of limestone, for I have found Tony amongst these Bohemians."

"Why, Tony, my dear boy," exclaimed I, on that worthy making his appearance on the summit of the rock, "What wind has blown you in this direction ? I thought we were to meet you to-morrow at your old friend's, the picture-loving squire of Bobchester."

"Wind, indeed," said Mr. Anthony Vandyke Brown, with an expression of countenance, in which vexation and laughter were strangely mixed ; "ay, wind, you may say, and truly ; for it was wind from the lungs of 'dear woman' that has blown me, clean out of Bobchester village this very morning."

"Why, who, in the names of all the scolds on record, could out-talk you ?" said Thunder, inquiringly and sarcastically.

"It was no scold, I can tell you," responded Tony, "but a downright kind, well meaning, clever woman ; a regular blue-stocking, that has fairly *talked* me out of the house. By Jupiter, I don't know how old Chairoscuro stands it as well as he does. Nothing comes wrong to her. She knows all the graphies, the tics, and the ologies, by heart ; but theology is her great card, and as I am not very strong in that line, you see, she, finding out, I believe, my weak point, made up her mind to talk about nothing else for a month, if I had stayed. By jingo, she pounded the reputations of Michael Angelo and Raffaele to very dust ; she skinned Titian alive, and broke both Correggio and the Caracci on the wheel of her critical indignation. Yet, I believe, I was a match for her, until she introduced the theological element into art criticism. After that, both Chairoscuro and I suffered several ignoble defeats ; in fact, I fairly gave in, and contented myself with a slight nod of the head occasion-

ally, or a simple affirmative sentence, expressing a partial, or entire approval of what she said; for it was all right, at least, as far as I could understand it. She had no mercy, not the least, but pummelled lustily at me when I was down and defenceless. But the best part of the joke is, that she thinks me one of the nicest, best behaved, and most correct men in the universe!"

"Stop, stop, Tony," cried Michael Weal Thunder, "That's rather too good, my boy, to be quite the Stilton. Draw it a little milder, if you please."

"It's a fact," insisted Tony; "she fed me like a fighting cock; uncorked her best old Port, and graciously begged I would not spare it; nay, she allowed me a cigar in the drawing room, which is the very quintessence of feminine politeness, you know; but, confound it, she poured forth such a continuous stream of theological ideas, of the most complex and profound character, when I was discussing the viands and the edibles, that my head became fairly bewildered, and my stomach refused its office. I have to thank Heaven, however, that, although I nearly lost my senses, I did not lose my manners."

This amused Thunder immensely. He honoured the statement with a long peal of derisive laughter, which aroused Tony's indignation. "Do you think," he exclaimed, "that I should be so ill-bred as to intimate to a lady, and that lady the wife of my friend, that she was guilty of talking too much *in her own house*? No, no, Sir, I winced not; and when Chairoucuro and his family begged this morning, at breakfast, that Madame would not bore Mr. Brown to death, she rewarded my self-denial, by intimating that she knew well who was the party bored, because the said party lacked taste; whereas Mr. Brown was a man of cultivated mind, paid the greatest possible attention, and was evidently deeply interested in the matters upon which she discoursed! That was the *coup de grace*! I could stand it no longer; so I bolted, after breakfast, and having got upon your track, I determined to hunt you out, and, as you perceive, I have been more successful in this matter at least."

Thunder "chaffed" Tony most terribly on his discomfiture, to the evident chagrin of the latter. I told him, quite in a friendly way, he would live to thank the lady, for she had taught him an excellent lesson, and in a manner anything but didactic, to which I know he entertained a strong objection. We, however, found it necessary to moderate our tone a little; for, Tony instantly declared he would profit by our instruction and the lady's example, and talk less himself in future, and as a proof of the sincerity of his resolve, he would commence immediately and keep silence for the remainder of the afternoon.

Thunder protested against extremes either of conduct or sentiment, and recommended moderation in all things, and upon all occasions. He insisted that after the three days' castigation which Tony had undergone, it was fairly his turn to have an innings, and especially as the company was anxious to hear something more about "Our Jerry." Tony, of course, did not wish to be unsocial, so, after a "hum and a ha" or two, off he started.

"Let me see," said he, musingly, "I think the last story I told you about 'Our Jerry' was somewhat to his discredit; I will, therefore, vary the programme a little, and say a word or two in his favour. You must know that the mayor of the ancient borough of Spindleton was very friendly, both with my uncle Benjamin and Jeremiah. His worship often called at the 'Flying Horse Hotel,' in the High Street of the said borough, and enjoyed mightily the pranks of his monkeyship. You know extremes often meet. Philosophers tell us that a diamond and a piece of charcoal are *nearly* one and the same thing, though my commercially-minded friend Israel Ben Moses, the *jeweller*, still flatly refuses to be convinced of the very interesting scientific fact. It is

likewise proverbially asserted that 'a cat *may* look at a king,' and surely, if such be the case, a monkey may look at a mayor, without any disparagement to the dignity of the civic functionary. Well, Jeremiah had one day been performing sundry tricks with more than his usual dexterity, before his worship and a party of friends, in consequence of which the worthy chief magistrate announced his determination to 'stand' a glass of grog for him. Uncle Benjamin doubted whether anything stronger than small beer would either gratify his palate or agree with his constitution. However, the experiment was determined upon, and a moderately weak glass of rum produced. The mayor drunk to Jeremiah's better health, and politely handed the glass to the monkey. Apes are proverbially imitative, but Jerry having been 'sold,' or 'done,' on many previous occasions, hesitated, in the first instance, and deliberately put on 'his studying cap.' After a few wisdom-evolving scratches on the back of his cranium, he cautiously inserted his fore-finger into the glass, and then, as cautiously, sucked from the digit the adhering liquid, as much as to say, 'Wise men and monkeys always taste a sample of any article before they invest largely in it.' The sample, notwithstanding a curious grin or two, of a doubtful character, appeared, on the whole, satisfactory. The process was again and again repeated, when it became palpable that, to the palate of Jeremiah, the seductive compound improved very much upon acquaintance. He at length converted his paw into an extemporary spoon, ladled the liquor into his mouth with great rapidity, and swallowed it with evident relish. The whole quickly disappeared, to the delight of his worship, who instantly ordered the tumbler to be replenished. Uncle Benjamin called attention to the diminutive size of Jerry's cranium, and suggested the probability of a further potation proving too much for him, in his then 'unseasoned' condition. The idea of *fuddling* the monkey, however, pleased the mayor immensely. He declared the deed should be accomplished, notwithstanding Uncle Benjamin's intimation that it would become his worship's duty (painful, no doubt, but still his duty) in his magisterial capacity, to fine the monkey five shillings for the offence on the following morning. Jeremiah, on being consulted, smacked his lips lovingly, and grinned his entire approval. The contents of the second glass speedily vanished; and the rogue, with a half-drunken leer at the empty tumbler, seemed to intimate his perfect willingness to venture a repetition of the novel experiment on similar terms. Another glass speedily 'followed suit,' when Jerry became 'glorious,' and staggered and reeled, chattered and grinned, and moped about in the most ludicrous manner. Betty, the barmaid, was almost in hysterics with laughter. She giggled to such an extent, that I thought the wench was bewitched, when she entered my sitting-room and said:—'Oh! Mr. Brown, there is *such* fun going on in the stable-yard.' 'What fun?' said I, impatiently. 'Oh, the Mayor and Jerry have been drinking rum together, Sir.' 'Well,' said I, 'and what of it?' 'Oh, Sir, he's *as drunk as a Christian*, he is indeed.' 'Who is drunk as a Christian,' said I, 'the Mayor, or the monkey?' 'Oh, Sir, not the Mayor, Sir; please, Sir, it's Jerry.' On hearing this I speedily descended into the area below, and found Master Jeremiah perfectly 'screwed,' but evidently of opinion that the remainder of the party—the non-human accessories, staircase, railing, pole, buildings, buckets, barrels, pitchforks, and brooms included—were labouring under some strange hallucination, rather than himself. He persisted, amidst roars of laughter, with an infatuation worthy of a human tippler, in believing that he never was in better trim, or more sober in his life, notwithstanding the ludicrous tumbles to which he subjected himself in his determination to be 'jolly,' and perform for the amusement of the company."

The reader must imagine here, as in the preceding chapter, Tony's gesticulations and antics while relating this portion of the story. Any attempt to describe them is altogether out of the question. The effect upon the assembled party was such as to place in some jeopardy the lives and limbs of more than one of her Majesty's lieges. Tony, in representing the monkey's abortive spring at the upper railing on the staircase above his kennel, and the comical confusion resulting from the failure, fell foul of Thunder in such a way as to cause that erratic genius to slip from the ledge of rock upon which he was undergoing a series of violent cachinatory convulsions of the most grotesque character. For a moment a sensation of horror crept over the company, and silenced the laughter. It was but for a moment, however, inasmuch as the worthy poet merely rolled a few feet, when he was seized by the leg, and held in a semi-inverted position by Tony, who still acted the drunken monkey to perfection, though in this instance, of course, he took care not to "miss his tip," as his assumed character otherwise would have demanded.

"On the following morning," continued Tony, "uncle Benjamin visited the monkey's kennel, and found Jeremiah doing penance for his indiscretion. It was quite evident that his 'coppers' were not only 'hot,' but very 'hot.' The 'splitting' headache which he suffered, caused him to clasp his cranium tightly with both his paws, and to oscillate his body to and fro, in the most woe-begone, but nevertheless ludicrous manner—ludicrous, simply because the action was so very suggestive of the conduct of poor frail humanity under similar circumstances. Jeremiah had found out to his cost that merry evenings were sometimes followed by woeful mornings. Uncle Benjamin, pitying his condition, suggested the favourite remedy amongst habitual tipplers, viz., 'a hair of the tail of the dog that had bitten him;' otherwise, in his case, a 'toothful' of genuine Jamaica, by way of a fillip to the depressed and disordered stomach and nervous system. But Jerry exhibited a little practical wisdom, worthy of imitation by many orthodox human 'fuddlers.' As soon as he smelled the flavour of his insidious foe, he deliberately shoved the tumbler containing the liquid, by the aid of one of his hind legs, outside the distance to which his chain permitted him to travel."

I am very sorry the reader cannot witness Tony, holding his head between his hands, contorting his features, and "shoving" out his own leg, in imitation of the monkey, whilst describing this scene. The latter act so amused Thunder, that I feared in his grotesque imitation he would not only upset himself, but one or two of the company likewise—a circumstance not by any means to be desired, especially in our then elevated and very restricted location. But we will let him proceed:—

"Nay, he did more; he neither forgot the headache of that morning, nor the derisive laughter which his drunken imbecility had called forth on the previous evening. Though he never, to my knowledge, signed the 'teetotal pledge,' or professed the slightest respect [for Father Matthew or his doctrines, he remained a total abstainer for the rest of his days, no threat or coaxing being able to induce him to swallow the slightest quantity of spirituous liquor afterwards, notwithstanding the evident relish with which he imbibed the 'tippie' in the first instance. I mentioned this circumstance in the memoir which I wrote, on his death, for the *Spindleton Chronicle*. Our 'teetotal' contemporaries, of course, relished the fact amazingly, and reprinted it, with an intimation that, in this respect, at least, Jeremiah, although only a monkey, was much wiser than many of his baptised neighbours, and I'm blessed if I don't think they were right."

"I could tell you," he continued, "several other equally good stories, but I have not time to enter into details. Jerry was by no means an undesirable

ally in physical warfare, I can assure you. Four or five rough fellows once attacked a gentleman, to whom both Jerry and his foster-mother, 'Fan,' were much attached. The affair took place in the dark, and in the neighbourhood of their kennel. Fan immediately sprang forward to the rescue, and gallantly 'pinned' one of the assailants by the calf of the leg; while Jerry as quickly leaped to the top of his door, and inserted his thin, sharp teeth in the ear of another. So unexpected and effective a reinforcement turned the tide of battle. The whole of the assailants were speedily routed by the combined effort of man, dog, and monkey, to their great chagrin, when informed of the precise character of the enemy to whose prowess they had succumbed.

"He was once matched to fight a small-sized dog in the large upper stable of the hotel. The owner of the canine warrior was somewhat surprised to find his monkeyship appear armed with a stout cudgel. He, however, had great faith in the 'pluck' of his animal, and accordingly 'set' him at Jerry. But the latter beat a retreat as quickly as possible, and leaping from one timber partition to another, at length mounted the hay-rick, where he determined to sustain a siege. The dog attacked gallantly, but he lacked the speed and agility of the monkey. Jeremiah, cautiously waiting his opportunity, hit him heavily on the 'noddle' several times. This novel mode of combat evidently disheartened his canine assailant, perceiving which, Jeremiah immediately assumed the offensive. He leaped astride the back of his antagonist, and, clinging tight with his left paw to one of the canine ears, he belaboured his enemy to such an extent on the head with his cudgel, that the dog fairly bolted with his unwelcome rider out of the stable, down the yard, and into the bar-room of the hotel, where they were separated, and Jeremiah declared the victor amidst the cheers and laughter of the whole company.

"He on one occasion, however, outwitted himself sadly. He had been suffering from some slight indisposition, in consequence of which he had been chained to the chimney-corner of the hotel kitchen, with the view to his warmth and comfort. Now, Jeremiah was remarkably fond of potatoes, and scrupled not to pilfer one or two occasionally during the absence of the cook or scullery maid, for which he had been several times punished. On one occasion the latter had placed a pan, from which the steam escaped freely, on the fender near Jerry's corner. He was very anxious to extract a potato out of this utensil, but as the servant kept walking in and out of the kitchen, he had some difficulty in selecting a favourable opportunity. He kept his eye steadily on the door, while with his left hand he raised the lid. But, his enemy re-appearing, the lid quietly descended, and Jeremiah sat demurely in his corner, looking as innocent of all subterfuge as a newly christened member of the human family. Again and again the experiment was repeated without success, but, without detection, for Jeremiah's eye never ceased to gaze at the open doorway. At length the favourable opportunity arrived, when the monkey's right paw rapidly descended into the steaming vessel! Immediately a tremendous screech aroused the whole household. Mr. Jerry had plunged his fingers into a pan of boiling water, and now he danced, shrieked, and chattered his sense of discomfort. The maid was almost as much alarmed as Jerry was hurt, for he evidently regarded himself as the victim of some stratagem of her invention. He grinned, and shook his paws, and even attempted to leap upon her, and would undoubtedly have essayed vengeance, had not his chain limited the sphere of his action until uncle Benjamin arrived, who carried him off to the nearest druggist's shop, where the poor fellow had his par-boiled limb properly attended to."

The reader will be kind enough not to forget that the narrator was ever performing as well as talking, and especially so in this story. Indeed, he, on

this occasion, fairly outdid himself. The risibility of the company became painful from its intensity. At the conclusion, however, a curious, thoughtful expression interwove itself gradually amongst his humorous grins and facetious chuckles. I, who knew him well, perceived at once that the fun was dying within him: his thoughts were wandering in a more sentimental direction.

"I think," said Tony, "I told you at Glossop that Jerry died of a broken heart. Therefore, I cannot do better than conclude with an exposition of the manner in which this lamented *denouement* was brought about. The monkey was very fond of his foster-mother, Fan, the terrier bitch, with whom he had lived for about eight years. By-the-bye, this fondness did not prevent his selfish monkeyship from literally cheating her and staring her in the face at the same time. They were occasionally in the habit of dining on what is called in Lancashire 'lob scouse,' or 'potato hash.' While they apparently partook equally from the same dish until the contents were consumed, a careful observer would note that Jeremiah, with his agile paws, picked out nice 'tit-bits' of meat, which, if he had been a 'real gentleman,' he would of course have politely handed over to his feminine companion; but as he was only a monkey, he ungallantly deposited them in his maw, or pouch, at the far end of his mouth, until he had helped Fan to dispatch the less savoury portion of their joint meal. He would afterwards quietly bask himself in the sun, and masticate at his leisure the surreptitiously appropriated contents of the said maw without a shadow of remorse or contrition. But, for the matter of that, I've often witnessed, to my great disgust, a corresponding selfishness in some conventionally 'highly respectable' people amongst my own acquaintances,—the present company, of course, always excepted. But Jerry really had a very strong affection for Fan, and often saved her from the consequences of her headstrong brute courage, by the exercise of his superior wit. He nursed her tenderly in her old age, which brought with it many of the ills which canine flesh is heir to. She at length exhibited symptoms of insanity, if such a term can be applied with propriety to an animal of Fan's limited intellectual power. The ostlers and stable lads said she was 'daft.' In this condition she often, by Jerry's assistance, laid violent teeth upon the fowls which usually picked their crumbs in peace in the neighbourhood of the kennel. Having, in one of these semi-rabid fits, killed a very valuable black Spanish prize hen, uncle Benjamin, in his vexation, determined to make away with her, but eventually contented himself with giving her a sound thrashing instead. A short time afterwards, early in the morning, Fan was found in a dying state. Jerry was moaning over her, and fruitlessly endeavouring, by shaking her from side to side, to arouse her from the lethargy into which she had fallen. Fan died, however, the same day. Jerry was, at the time, in perfect health, and appeared likely to live many years. On the death of the terrier, however, the monkey evidently resolved not to survive her loss. As he was always either chained to his kennel, or to the kitchen fireside, of course he could not select so romantic a spot as this on which we are seated where he might leap at one bound from life into death. He adopted the only means at his command to attain his object. He steadfastly refused to partake of any kind of food. He remained in a state of moping abstraction, and gradually pined away. He set up a dismal howl (the melancholy echo of which yet vibrates in my memory), when he saw her body consigned to the earth. Every rational effort was resorted to with the view to save his life, but all to no purpose. He obstinately refused to associate with any other animal, and four days afterwards he died of a broken heart and voluntary starvation, and was interred in the same grave as his foster-mother and faithful companion. May his ashes rest in peace! Such was the end of "Our Jerry."

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH.

BY ALFRED J. OWEN:

WHAT are those gems that brightly shine
O'er the last days of youth,
And to good deeds our hearts incline ?
They're Friendship, Love, and Truth.
Oh, holy words of happiness !
Bright Friendship's from above ;
Heaven's own truths our hearts will bless
In realms of future love !

True Friendships are earth's lasting ties,
Their powers who can resist ?
When in oblivion all else lies,
Still friendships will exist ;
Leaving Hope amidst life's trials,
To cheer our dreary way ;
A Hope which e'en the mind beguiles,
And chases gloom away.

Yet Love is still a dearer bond,
Which binds us to our home ;
A home from which our feelings fond,
Or thoughts should never roam.
By strong affection's firmest links
It should be ever held,
Or else by slow decay it sinks,
Its warmest passions quell'd.

Oh, Truth ! thou art a noble gem
Of bright, unsullied hue ;
The star of virtue's diadem,
Thou fallest on our view ;
Showing forth thy beauties rare
In childhood's inmost breast,
Where thy abode is pure and fair,
And one of peaceful rest.

Whatever cares our hearts assail,
Oh let us bravely face,
And with brotherly Love prevail
O'er pain and sorrows trace.
We'll always give the ready hand
Of help to struggling youth,
And ne'er forget our Order's band
Of Friendship, Love, and Truth.

In Appeal unto Cæsar.

—

"I stand at Cæsar's judgment seat, where I ought to be judged; to the Jews have I done no wrong, as thou very well knowest. For if I be an offender, or have committed any thing worthy of death, I refuse not to die; but if there be none of these things whereof these accuse me, no man may deliver me up to them. I appeal unto Cæsar."—Acts xx. 10, 11.

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It is with extreme reluctance that I break through the reserve I promised myself when, in reporting the proceedings of the A.M.C. in the last No., I referred incidentally to a matter that can no longer be concealed; namely, the rupture between the Board of Directors and myself—a rupture the issue of which is my retirement—nay, dismissal—from the editorship of this Magazine.

As this is probably the last opportunity I may ever have of addressing the readers of the ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE, I think it due to them, no less than to myself, that the plain facts of the case should be fairly stated. In what follows I wish it to be distinctly understood that I make no personal charge against any of the gentlemen on the Board of Directors. I have nothing to say against them individually; but I am bound to declare that, as a corporate body, they never gave their hearty support to me or to the Magazine.

But, not to anticipate, I propose to lay before my readers a narrative of the debate that took place at Bolton, and to trouble them with a few comments thereon. That I may not be accused of partiality, I extract such portion of the report in the *Bolton Chronicle* as refers to the matter under discussion. The following was the sixth clause of the Sub-committee's Report, which was brought up on Whit-Tuesday, by Mr. Crispin, of Ipswich, now one of the Directors:—

"*The Magazine.*—Your Committee find that at the meeting of the Board held in April last, the following resolution was passed by them, viz.:—"That the Editor of the Magazine having acted in bad faith with the Society, by publishing in a London newspaper before it was published in the Magazine, literary matter written for the said Magazine, and paid for by the Society; that a letter be written to the editor, telling him they, the Directors, highly disapprove of such proceedings; also, that the article on Regalia and the letter relative to Roman Catholics ought not to have appeared in the Magazine; and the attention of the A.M.C. be called to the general management of the editorial department of that periodical." Your Committee, after giving the matter their serious consideration, have come to the conclusion that it is desirable for Mr. Pardon to resign his office, as Editor, and that the Directors should entrust the Magazine to some other gentleman, under such regulations with reference to its future conduct, as may give satisfaction, and prove more conducive to its general prosperity."

It will be seen that nothing is here said of the Sub-committee having read a letter addressed by me to the Directors in answer to their resolution, or to the fact of any explanation having been offered them by me or others. It is, nevertheless, true that the Secretary and several of the Directors were called before the Sub-committee to make good the charge against me; that I was kept in ignorance of the nature of the communications made to the Sub-committee; and that nothing I afterwards said, or could say, would be likely to affect their foregone conclusion.

The discussion on that part of the Sub-committee's report which referred to the Magazine took place on Wednesday. The following account of the

debate is taken, *verbatim et literatim*, from the *Bolton Chronicle* of May 25. It is a tolerably fair condensation. I sent, as in duty bound, a report of the debate to the *Daily Telegraph*, but the editor omitted that portion referring to the Magazine, justly considering the dispute a matter of no public importance.

"THE MAGAZINE AND ITS EDITOR.—The confirmation of the proceedings was moved by Mr. Crispin, who observed that he felt more difficulty with this proposition than with any other; and that although personally he had as much respect for Mr. Pardon as for any other man, he yet felt that under all the circumstances the Committee had no course to pursue but the one which they had recommended. He proceeded to elaborate the reasons given in the clause itself, and concluded by moving that the Sub-committee's recommendation be confirmed; which was seconded.

"Mr. Hardwick rose to move an amendment. He contended that the present was neither the proper time nor place to bring forward the subject under discussion, inasmuch as by the decision of the Lincoln A.M.C., at which the resuscitation of the *Quarterly Magazine* was agreed upon, certain parties were appointed with full powers to conduct the Magazine, and appoint or discharge its Editor. Those parties, he contended, ought to have acted in this matter independently of the A.M.C., and that the true and only honest business course would have been for those who engaged with the editor to have also settled the present question. He called upon the meeting to remember that Mr. Pardon had a public character and reputation to maintain; that damage to either the one or the other was of more importance to him than the paltry consideration of salary which attached to his office; and that unless their Editor was to be treated as a gentleman, and his connection with them were to be conducted in a proper business manner, none would be found willing to serve them except those who belonged to the outscourings of literature. (Hear, hear.) He therefore proposed 'That the matter be referred to the next meeting of the Directors, as the proper authority to deal with the question; the entire management of the Magazine, including the engagement of the Editor, having been conferred upon the Executive Government by the Lincoln A.M.C.'

"Mr. Pratt, of Birmingham, combatted the arguments of the last speaker and contended that this was the place at which the question ought to be discussed. He referred to a determination which had been come to at a previous A.M.C., that nothing of a religious or political character should appear in the official organ of the body, and observed that although Mr. Pardon was fully aware of that fact, he had yet allowed a letter to appear reflecting upon the Roman Catholics, a course which, although he was not a Roman Catholic himself, he could not but condemn, as opposed to that liberty of conscience in which he himself believed. He proceeded to observe that the Magazine was not one which had a first-class reputation, and that it was by no means 'well-up' as compared with the current literature of the day. He found fault with some of the selections from other works, and to the introduction of 'half a page of toasts and sentiments, of which in Birmingham a thousand could be bought for a penny,' and concluded by observing that he heartily—he could not say sorrowfully—supported the recommendation of the Sub-committee.

"Mr. Knight, of Birmingham, censured the introduction of the letter referred to, and said that as a Roman Catholic himself, he felt that that body had been insulted, and on that account could not but enter his protest against it.

"Mr. Austin, of Bury, contended that to adopt the resolution of Mr.

Hardwick would be only going to work over again, and referring to the Sub-committee a question which they had already fully considered.

"Mr. Anderson sympathised with the feeling of the Directors in bringing the matter before this meeting, but at the same time agreed with Mr. Hardwick, that as the management of the Magazine was vested by the Lincoln A.M.C. in the hands of Directors, Trustees, and a Magazine Committee, the difference between the management and their Editor ought to have been settled without thus prominently coming before the A.M.C.

"Mr. Dunkerley, of Openshaw, said he was inclined to think that the Sub-committee had had the whole matter before them, and as they no doubt clearly understood it in all its bearings, he should support the recommendation which they had made.

"Mr. Whittaker, Burnley, said that when he entered the Order twenty years ago, it was understood that neither politics nor religion had anything to do with it. In his opinion that principle had been a great means of binding them together and causing their success; and therefore he was of opinion that it ought never to be departed from.

"Mr. Woodcock, of Glossop, asked the meeting to remember that Mr. Pardon received a pretty good lesson at the last A.M.C., and that it was hardly customary to punish a man more than once for the same offence. The name and reputation of Mr. Pardon might be worth five times as much as the salary he received as their Editor (hear, hear); and remembering that, as a general rule, the man who did the largest amount of public work generally came in for the largest share of blame, he asked them to do as little harm to Mr. Pardon as they could. (Hear, hear.)

"Alderman Harvey (Mayor of Lincoln) agreed with Mr. Hardwick's proposition, and without saying one word as to the merits of the case, he argued that it was the business of those who had the management of the Magazine to also settle this difference with the Editor. He asked them to consider whether they would not be entering upon a new line, and opening up a precedent of a questionable character, if they were to adopt the recommendation of the Sub-committee, instead of keeping the question within the number nine who comprised the management of the Magazine. (Hear, hear.) Alluding to the remark of a previous speaker, that political and religious questions were strictly excluded from the Order, he asked the meeting seriously to consider whether, if they entertained this question, and approved the recommendation of the Sub-committee, they would not be admitting one of the elements they were so anxious to avoid? (Hear, hear, and cheers.)

"Mr. Daynes addressed the meeting in terms of conciliation, and pointed out circumstances which in some degree might serve to explain the course Mr. Pardon had thought fit to pursue. He observed that he thought sounder discretion might have been exercised by Mr. Pardon; but, on the other hand, he thought that no man would go home from that A.M.C. satisfied, if he had put a public stigma and disgrace upon their Editor.

"Mr. Geves expressed himself surprised at the course the discussion had taken in some quarters, and declared that he believed, as one of the Sub-committee, that their recommendation had been arrived at with the honest feelings of Odd-Fellows, and with every desire to do justice to Mr. Pardon as well as to the interests of the Order. He proceeded to argue the question at some length, and concluded by objecting to its being again referred to the Directors.

"Mr. Schofield contended that the matter of the Magazine was generally unacceptable to its readers, and that it was not right to allow a state of things to remain which left the Directors continually in hot water with the Editor.

"Mr. Richmond, of Manchester, alluded feelingly to the painful nature of the discussion, and suggested that instead of so harsh a step as the discharge of Mr. Pardon, his services should be continued, and the Directors be made responsible for what appeared in the Magazine.

"Mr. Houghton, of Warrington, said it was neither more nor less than the duty of this meeting to come to a conclusion at once.

"Mr. Collins expressed himself strongly in favour of the recommendation of the Sub-committee, and argued at some length the reasons why he was of that opinion.

"Mr. Heslop said he should like to have Mr. Pardon's statement from his own lips (hear, hear).

"Mr. Crispin said they had a written statement from Mr. Pardon, which he would read to them, as follows:—

"April 30th, 1861.—Gentlemen,—I received your resolution with extreme regret and surprise; the more so as one of your Board, in a note to me, expresses himself highly pleased with the last number of the Magazine. Allow me, however, to explain. The insertion of part of an article from the Magazine in the *Weekly Chronicle* was an inadvertence that arose in the following way:—I was temporarily ill, and during my illness obtained the assistance of a literary friend. This gentleman finding part of the MS. on my desk, put it into the hands of the printer without asking me, and without, in fact, knowing anything of the Magazine, or that the copy belonged to it. I was exceedingly vexed when I discovered the mistake, and am so now; but I trust this explanation will be deemed satisfactory. With regard to the article on "Regalia," I really believed that I was doing good service to the Unity by inserting it; for even those gentlemen who are opposed to me will, I am sure, give me credit for working hard in the cause of Oddfellowship; and I regret that it does not meet with your approval. The letter you refer to was sent to me by a past officer of the Order, with a special request for its insertion. I think if you will read it carefully you will find that it is of *precisely the same character as an article you ordered me to insert in No. XIII. for January, 1860, headed, "The Roman Catholics and Friendly Societies."* Remembering that order, I did not conceive I was doing anything wrong in printing the letter, especially as all expression of opinion is carefully avoided. If it be absolutely necessary to "call the attention of the A.M.C. to the general arrangements of the editorial department," I trust that a copy of this letter may be allowed to accompany your resolution of April 29. Again, expressing my sincere regret that anything has occurred to cause you to pass that resolution, and in the hope that increased care and attention on my part may prevent misunderstandings for the future, I subscribe myself, gentlemen, yours fraternally, GEO. F. PARDON.—The G.M. and Board of Directors, M.U."

"Mr. Heslop then said, that now Mr. Pardon's statement was before them, he would move the following amendment: "That this meeting, having heard Mr. Pardon's explanations, is satisfied with the same, and continues his services; and hopes he will be more careful in future not to introduce subjects offensive to the religious opinions of the members, and endeavour to introduce subjects which will be for the furtherance of the principles of this great Order."

"Mr. Procter, of Lincoln, seconded the amendment.

"Mr. Ginn, of St. Ives, impressed upon the meeting that, while on the one hand they owed a duty to themselves, on the other they might damage Mr. Pardon for life. The Directors had the power to settle the question themselves, and ought to have done so (hear, hear)—a most bitter and most injurious discussion would thus have been prevented (hear, hear). He sug-

gested that the best course to pursue would be for Mr. Pardon to tender his resignation, and if he would do that, the meeting might ask the reporters to omit the discussion. He begged those present, while they did justice to themselves, to be charitable to others at the same time (hear, hear).

"Mr. Allen, of Norwich, said that if charity began at home, it ought not to end there. After the explanation of Mr. Pardon, and which explanation he felt bound, as a man and as an Englishman, to believe, he concurred in the milder course which had been suggested.

"Mr. Thomas Collins took the opposite view, and observed that as Mr. Pardon had offended twice, it was time for them to look out for a successor. Mr. Skinner, of Sheffield, expressed himself in favour of Mr. Heslop's amendment.

"Mr. Hickton defended the Sub-committee's recommendation, and expressed himself surprised at the course now taken by some of his colleagues after a unanimous decision in council had been come to.—The discussion was protracted some time further, when Mr. Crispin briefly replied to the various objections which had been taken to the recommendation of the Sub-committee. The G.M. then put the matter to the vote, and the amendment was lost by 20, the respective numbers declared being 85 and 65.

"Mr. Charles Hardwick, on behalf of Mr. Pardon, announced that that gentleman would not accept the recommendation of the Sub-committee, but would require from the Directors the customary legal notice."

Now, it must be remembered that during the whole of this discussion my mouth was closed; and though I sat at the same table as the G.M. and the Secretaries, I sat there simply as the representative of the *Daily Telegraph*, and not as a delegate—my right to sit in the latter capacity being refused me in an early part of the meeting, in consequence of a technical objection. I therefore wrote the following, and handed it to the Grand Master, as soon as he took his seat, on Thursday morning. As he did not read it to the meeting, I had it printed; and on Friday distributed it to the delegates.

Just before the meeting closed, Mr. Buck, the Grand Master, said (I again quote the *Bolton Chronicle*), "he had been asked to read this letter to the meeting, but he did not consider that it was necessary, as every gentleman present had received a copy. He did not think he ought to allow another discussion upon that subject, but he would remark that the Directors had referred the dispute between them and Mr. Pardon to that meeting, rather than proceed at once to act according to their own feelings in the matter. They had already taken the opinion of the A.M.C., and there was now an end of it."

Some discussion was attempted, and a desire was expressed by many to hear the letter read, and to receive any explanation I might choose to offer; but it was ruled that no such discussion was allowable. This is the letter:—

"TO THE GRAND MASTER AND DEPUTIES ASSEMBLED AT THE A.M.C.

"As I am not allowed to speak in my own defence (not sitting as a deputy), I trust you will permit me to make a few observations in reference to a matter of great importance to me.

"In the first place, I beg to state that whatever I have done or said in my capacity as Editor of the ODD-FELLOWS' QUARTERLY MAGAZINE, has been done and said by me out of pure anxiety for the good of the Order of which I am a member, and with an earnest and sincere desire to advance the interests of my brethren. It is nearly four years since I was almost unanimously elected to the post, from about thirty applicants, all more or less qualified as literary men. I entered upon the duties of my office with a lively sense of its im-

portance, and a firm determination to do my utmost to merit the approbation of the Directors, and to secure the patronage of a large proportion of the members of our great and flourishing association. That I did not altogether fail in the last particular is evident from the fact that, in spite of a reduction in the price of the Magazine from 6d. to 3½d. per number, the profit on its sale last year was £45, as against a loss in 1859 of £22, and a profit on the two previous years (when its price was 6d.), of upwards of £800. But I laboured under many and serious disadvantages. I was never furnished with full directions as to the tone required for the Magazine, the nature of the literary contents thought necessary by the Directors, the sort of writing on technical points desirable for members, or, in fact, with the assistance and consideration one so comparatively young in the Order might fairly expect. Though from the Directors individually I have received many marks of courtesy, yet from the Board, in its collective capacity, I regret to say that I have not received the encouragement and support necessary to the success of any literary or other undertaking.

"It is not my intention to reflect on the resolution of the Sub-committee, but allow me to say that it was in the last degree disingenuous and unfair in its Chairman to state the grounds—real or assumed—of the Directors' objections to the last No. of the Magazine, without at the same time reading my letter to the Board, in which, as I conceive—and as any impartial and unprejudiced reader will admit—there was a perfect and complete answer to every allegation. I am not about to dispute the perfect right of the Directors to take any action they think fit with regard to the Magazine, but I utterly repudiate the notion of bringing a literary man year after year to the Annual Meeting to be criticised and questioned by two hundred Deputies, very few of whom know anything, or can know anything, of the difficulties under which an Editor necessarily labours when he strives, as I have striven, to please the tastes of sixty thousand readers. I repeat, that the errors I have committed, be they few or many, have been the result of my, perhaps, too active interference in the practical business of Odd-fellowship, and my nervous anxiety to do all that I could to increase the usefulness of the Magazine. If my endeavours in either direction have not been so successful as could have been wished, the fact may be in some measure attributed to the lukewarmness of some of those who might have been expected to have aided and encouraged my efforts. Moreover, I think I have good reasons to complain of not being allowed to address the deputies in my own behalf; for I believe that had I done so, I should have been enabled to clear up many doubtful points; and, whatever the result, have put an end to a painful discussion, injurious alike to my reputation and to the interests of the Unity.

"Mr. Hardwick informs me that the Chairman, at the conclusion of the debate, did ask, through him, if I wished to speak. I am bound to believe this was the case, but I solemnly declare I either never heard, or if I did hear, never understood the purport of the question. I humbly submit that the resolution of the Sub-committee cannot but prove highly injurious to me, as a man getting my bread entirely by my literary labours, while at the same time the object of the Directors is not attained. Yours respectfully,

"GEO. F. PARDON."

Mr. Crispin, chairman of the Sub-committee, attempted to justify the withholding of my letter to the Board, and made some remarks on the tone of the above communication. He thought what I said about his "unfairness and disingenuousness" likely to prove injurious to him! Other speakers rose, but a general movement on the part of my opponents preventing further discus-

sion, the usual votes of thanks, &c., were hurriedly passed, and the meeting closed.

Well, I might leave the matter here, but that I feel something more will be expected of me by my readers, with hundreds of whom I have for four years held pleasant relations. Had I consulted my own wishes, and followed my own impulses, I should, as soon as the Sub-committee's report appeared, have thrown back the Magazine into the hands of the Directors with scorn and contempt. Had I taken the advice of my literary friends I should long ago have resigned my post, glad to be released from a tyranny that, quarter by quarter, was becoming more and more unbearable. But I deferred to the advice of those who thought they knew more of Annual Moveable Committees and Odd-Fellows than I did; and the result is before you. But does any man in his senses, for a single moment, believe that the reasons given are the *real* reasons for the differences existing between me and the Directors? But take the reasons, such as they are, one by one. I published a portion of an article extracted from the Magazine in the *Weekly Chronicle*, before the former reached the hands of its readers. Putting aside altogether the explanation I gave to the Directors, namely, my temporary indisposition—simple-minded people like myself would have supposed that good Odd-fellows, really anxious to advance the interests of their great institution, would have been glad of any extra publicity their society and its Magazine could obtain, instead of making a petty little objection, such as that *literary matter was written and PAID FOR by the Society!* Why, was it ever imagined that Mr. Hardwick or Mr. Merriman—portions from articles by both these gentlemen being inserted at different times in the *Weekly Chronicle*, and quoted from the Magazine—wrote about Friendly Societies with the mere intention of burying their writings in the columns of the ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE? Could the Directors suppose that literary men of reputation would give up all right and title to their contributions for the nominal sum paid them by the Magazine, namely, ten shillings a page? And yet the Directors must have thought so, for they passed a resolution at one of their meetings some two years since, to the effect that "all articles inserted in the Magazine were to be considered the property of the Unity!" On my informing them, however, that if they wished to purchase the *copyright* of articles, they would have to pay authors at least two guineas a page, instead of ten shillings, they had the grace to rescind their resolution. Did the Sub-committee, when they gave this matter their "serious consideration," remember what I told them about it? Really this clause of the resolution would be puerile were it not mischievous. Do we not all know that an insignificant insect may worry a lion—that a paltry flea may keep a philosopher awake all night? But take the next charge. Objection is made to the article on "Regalia." In the discussion that took place at the A.M.C., little or nothing was said on the subject of Regalia, because, doubtless, it was felt that there was nothing objectionable in the article. On the contrary it was, as Mr. Charles Hardwick told the meeting, the very best paper he had ever seen on the subject—a subject, be it remembered, of no slight importance to Odd-Fellows, Foresters, and members of Friendly Societies, generally; because the article furnished them with an argument against the charge, so often brought, of their love of finery and display. It was said that the name of Mr. Tutill—who is a regular advertiser in the Magazine, by the way—ought not to have been mentioned except as an advertisement. If that be so, then why are Mr. Kilner's sashes allowed to be praised? I ask any reader to turn to the article

on "Regalia," in the April No., and then to read what Mr. Kilner's biographer says of him on page 194. I am not aware that Mr. Kilner has done anything for the Unity but make sashes for it. Mr. Tutill has surely done as much. Moreover, the offending paragraphs about the Uses of Regalia, were written especially for the *Weekly Chronicle*, and inserted in these pages just as any other newspaper cutting, appropriate to the Order, is inserted every quarter. But the real animus will probably be found in the following extract from a letter I received from Mr. Ratcliffe, the C.S. of the Order, dated July 25. He says—in reference to my little book "What is the Manchester Unity?" thousands of which have been sold at a penny a copy. The italics are my own:—

"Kilner was here when the parcel you kindly sent came to hand. He is awfully raw that the advertisements without his have been circulating throughout the Unity. However, I promised I would not be the means of any being circulated; therefore you can have them back. Nevertheless, my thanks are due and given to you all the same. I have since heard that *Kilner used all his influence at the A.M.C., and I am afraid the pamphlet will cause him to do so again with the Board.* No person can influence them, as they do and will exercise their own judgment; still *he has his own personal friends on the Board, and he might do what he could.*"

No doubt. I have since heard that some of the Directors had said they thought it very likely I "made a good thing out of Tutill and the Regalia article." It is hardly worth while to contradict so mean and paltry an insinuation, but I solemnly declare that, neither directly nor indirectly, have I ever received any kind of reward, payment, or favour, for inserting the extract about "Regalia" in the Magazine. It was written for the *Weekly Chronicle*, and was a pure matter of business between Mr. Tutill and the proprietors of the paper; a matter, in fact, with which the Directors had nothing whatever to do.

Nor am I aware what claim superior to mine Mr. Kilner has upon the Unity, or upon the courtesy of its Secretary. Can anyone explain the meaning of the paragraph in Mr. Kilner's advertisement in the Magazine—"Orders forwarded to Patricroft will have prompt attention, and can be enclosed with parcels from the Board Room, by direction of the C.S. of the district." Has it anything to do with the "Testimonial" that concludes the advertisement? But then Mr. Kilner is a tradesman, while I am only an author; which may, perhaps, explain the higher degree of consideration he receives at the hands of "the Board" whom "no person can influence!"

But let us proceed to the next clause of the Directors' indictment. The "Letter relative to the Roman Catholics ought not to have appeared in the Magazine." Well, let us see what the letter is. It must surely be something very monstrous to have raised all this disturbance. Read it, just as it appeared in the April number:—

"SECRET ORDERS.—The following important communication has been addressed to the *Norfolk News*. The 'Secret Orders' alluded to in Acts of Parliament are Odd-Fellows, or Foresters, or Friendly Societies, as at present constituted:—

'Diss, Norfolk, Feb. 20th, 1861.

'SIR,—Allow me, through your valuable journal, to inform any of the working classes who may be Roman Catholics, and at the same time inclined to become members of any "Odd-Fellows," Foresters," "Freemasons," or any other secret society, that by so doing they will run a very serious risk.

'In a Lenten pastoral, which was read in the Roman Catholic churches in Dublin on the Sunday before last, Dr. Cullen says:—"As secret societies are

the cause of the greatest evils to religion, tending to promote impiety and incredulity, and most hostile to the public good, the Roman pontiffs Benedict XIV., Pius VII., and Leo XII., have solemnly excommunicated all the children of the Church who engage in them. Hence no Catholic can be absolved who is a Freemason, Ribbonman, or enrolled in any other secret society."

'After this, surely no man who values absolution more than medical aid and attention when sick, food when hungry, the means of travelling when out of employ, a respectable funeral when he is dead, and assistance to his widow and orphans should he be taken from them, will offer himself as a member to any of these societies, now declared to be under the Papal law.

'Ought not secret societies to examine themselves as to their "tendencies to promote impiety and incredulity," and especially as to their "hostility to the public good," and "their causing the greatest evils to religion?" Having always had an opinion of secret societies contrary to this, I feel in duty bound to call upon secret societies to defend themselves from such serious charges, made by such dignified personages, and to be followed by such awful consequences.

'Faithfully yours,

'JOHN ELLIS.'

"[We have received a most able letter in respect to this subject, but before publishing it should like to see whether any of our readers feel inclined to accept Mr. Ellis's challenge.]"

What is there offensive here? The offence is given to the Protestants, surely, and not to the Romanists. In all this great association, consisting at this time, probably, of 350,000 members, there are *not more than two thousand professing Roman Catholics*; but this two thousand are to be flattered and fostered, let their priests libel and scandalize the Friendly Societies ever so fiercely. Dr. Cullen, forsooth, may say, in a Lenten Pastoral, that "secret societies are the causes of the greatest evils to religion," and we must not contradict him; that "they promote impiety and incredulity," and we are not allowed to say him nay; that they are "hostile to the public good," and we must not defend them. Why, what a piece of rank cowardice is this! Better, as more than one gentleman suggested, that the ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE be at once discontinued than that it be carried on in fear and trembling, because a Romish priest chooses to fulminate his impotent wrath against its readers.

It will be observed, too, that—as I said in my letter to the Directors, in answer to their "resolution" of April—all expression of opinion on the part of the Magazine is carefully avoided, while the letter itself is not half so damaging to the Romanists as the correspondence inserted in the number for January, 1860, *by order of the Directors themselves!* Who shall explain this inconsistency? One of the directors—Mr. Daynes of Norwich—attempted to do so, certainly, but he failed. The letter came to me from Norwich, and, as I believed, from Mr. Daynes himself. That gentleman has since disavowed all knowledge of it, and I am bound to believe him, for he is a strictly upright and honourable man. I never dreamed of giving offence to my Roman Catholic brethren by inserting it in the Magazine. I only thought I was doing right in calling attention to the fact, as the Directors themselves had done on a similar occasion. The Roman Catholics form a very small, and very thin-skinned minority of the Manchester Unity. It is quite a new doctrine to me that the majority must give way to the minority; for if that held good, why did not the eighty-five dissentients bow to the will of my sixty-five supporters? But were there really eighty-five votes for the 6th clause of the Sub-Committee's Report? Many of the London delegates—not one of whom took part in the discussion, though they all voted with the minority—boldly ques-

tioned the integrity of the numbers as given by the tellers, *one of whom had actually sat on the Sub-Committee that drew up the report adverse to me!* Mr. Leftly, of North London, offered to bring the matter again before the meeting, but I objected to allow him, though I fully believed, and do now believe, that had the tellers' eyes been unclouded by prejudice, the numbers of votes would have been reversed. But what, after all, was a majority of twenty in a meeting of a hundred and ninety-six, forty of whom did not vote? It was sufficient, at any rate, to cause the Directors to pass the following resolution at their meeting in August,—“That the nineteenth resolution of the Bolton A.M.C., confirming the 6th clause of the Sub-Committee's Report, makes it imperative on the Directors to place the Editorship of the Magazine in other hands; and that it be further resolved that Mr. Pardon's services as Editor cease on the completion of the October number, and that the C.S. of the Order communicate with him to this effect.”

This was accompanied by the following letter :—

“Manchester, Aug. 13, 1861.

“DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—I am directed by the G.M. and Board of Directors to inform you that they have this day had under their consideration the 19th Resolution of the Bolton A.M.C., copy of which I enclose.

“The Directors feel that *as you have not thought fit to resign the Editorship of the Magazine*, in accordance with the resolution, they have no choice but to take such steps as will, in their opinion, carry out the wishes and intentions of the A.M.C. I am therefore desired by the Board to say that they have determined to withdraw from you the editorship of the Magazine on the completion of the October number.

“I remain, &c.,

“HENRY RATCLIFFE, C.S.”

To this I replied :—

“Beaumont Square, Aug. 14, 1861.

“DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of yours of yesterday containing the resolution of the Board of Directors, and to inform you that I shall require the payment of £50, in lieu of the regular legal notice, which the Directors seemed to have overlooked.

“At the same time I beg to intimate that if the proper six months' notice be given, to expire at the period at which my engagement commenced—namely, July—I shall be willing to carry on the Magazine till that time. Requesting the favour of a reply to this note, and also to the request contained in my letter of the 10th that the Directors give their sanction and patronage to my pamphlet, *What is the Manchester Unity*,

“I am, &c.,

“Mr. H. Ratcliffe, C.S.

“G. F. PARDON.”

The last paragraph of my letter refers to a note I wrote on the 10th, to which I received an answer on the 12th informing me that as I had not written on Friday instead of Saturday, *my communication could not be laid before the Board till late in the week*. Thus, the little bit of red-tapeism that has crept into the Manchester Offices had the effect probably intended, and the Directors passed their resolution first and read my letter some days afterwards!

It is necessary to say that my letter of the 10th was a courteous request to be informed what steps the directors wished me to take, and to submit to any directions they might suggest as to the conduct of the Magazine. I regret that I have mislaid the draft of this letter, as its publication would have shown the spirit in which I addressed the board. However, on the 17th I received a compendious reply to my application of the 10th, and my note of the 14th, as follows :—

" The Board of Directors are prepared to pay you one quarter's salary from the 1st day of October, as settlement of your claim, without further notice.

"The Directors cannot be parties to the circulation of the Pamphlet which you name in your application to them.

"Yours truly,

"HENRY RATCLIFFE, C.S."

It is not surprising that the Board of Directors which objected to the publicity sought to be given to the Society in the *Weekly Chronicle*, should also object to sanction the circulation of my little *brochure*, though it contains—as is admitted on all hands—the best exposition of the Manchester Unity ever published.

The truth is, and it is useless to deny it, the Directors are not favourable to the Magazine. They never went heartily into the business of its improvement, or gave me that encouragement and advice I had calculated on and expected. From the very day of my election I felt that I must rely on my own exertions, and that from the so-called Magazine Committee I could hope for no favourable co-operation. Had I consented to have become the mere tool of the printer, or the Secretary, or the Board, I might perhaps have saved myself the slights, mortifications, and insults I have continually experienced. But because I dared to think for myself; because I sought to make the Magazine a real, living exponent of Odd-Fellowship; because I disdained to take the money I had not honestly earned; because I refused to be Editor on any other terms than absolute independence of cliques and parties; because I never truckled to any, but dealt fair measure of justice to all; because I essayed to raise Odd-Fellowship from the mire of littleness and party feeling; because, in short, I upheld my own integrity, believed in the honour of the Unity, and remembered too well the lesson I had been taught on my initiation, I have been maligned, scandalised, and sacrificed!

No sooner had I taken the office, than a disgraceful proposal was made to me by a person concerned in the production of this Magazine, to provide all the literary matter, and share with him the £60 a-year allowed by the Directors for contributions. I indignantly refused the offer, and from that moment the person alluded to became my enemy. Soon afterwards, complaints were made of want of punctuality, &c.; manuscripts were "lost," or only found, after strict inquiry, in disused "body-coats;" offers were made to print and conduct the Magazine without my assistance; and every opportunity was taken—even to the publication of the portraits of the Directors and the C.S.—to curry favour with the Board at my expense. And, as was not unnatural—I say it without wishing to give offence—the Directors took part with the tradesman rather than with the author. Some of the gentlemen on the Board, had, however, asked my opinion soon after I became Editor, as to the printing charges. I examined them and found them exorbitant. The printing of the magazine was put up to competition, and the same printer obtained the contract at a price nearly £80 a-year less than he had formerly received! After a while, the printing was again submitted to tender, when another printer made a yet lower offer, which was accepted. A third time was the Magazine put up for competition, when a further reduction was made in the printer's bill; thus, through my means, *upwards of a hundred guineas a-year was saved to the Unity!* On my election, on several subsequent occasions, and, notably, on the reduction in price, I suggested various means of improving the sale of the Magazine—such as obtaining a London publisher, advertising, and so forth—but nothing was ever done by the Board. I distinctly asked for some intelligible direction as to the steps they wished me to pursue with the Magazine, but all the Directors did was to allow me to

take my own unaided course, and when anything was inserted which did not meet with their special approval, they passed a condemnatory resolution! They authorized me to obtain the assistance of public writers, and then refused to pay some of them; and in one instance I had to pay a gentleman from my own private purse, though all I received for editing—including all my own contributions, which averaged ten pages in each No.—was £50 a-year! just the precise sum voted at the Lincoln A.M.C. to the Corresponding Secretary, for the extra work he would have in packing and forwarding the parcels to the several districts. The very means advised by me, and adopted by the Directors, for the improving of the Magazine and the saving of cost had, no doubt, the effect of injuring my reputation, and depriving me of the editorship. Again, my activity and perseverance in the Order were made to tell to my disadvantage. Had I taken the advice offered me by Mr. Aitken, the former editor, and Mr. Roe, the excellent Secretary of the North London District—advice given me directly after my election, and which I then thought interested, but which I now believe to have been given with perfect frankness and integrity—I should not now be writing valedictory sentences to the readers of the ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE. "Whatever you do," said Mr. Aitken, on the first day of my introduction to him, "avoid all close connexion with Odd-Fellows. They have ill-used me, and they will injure you." Mr. Aitken sat next me at the Bolton banquet, and reminded me of his prophecy. "I would not take the editorship, poor as I am," said he, "for £500 a-year, much less £50, to be badgered and blackguarded as you have been."

To be sure, the Directors, one and all, expressed themselves surprised and grieved at the course taken by the meeting. Mr. Buck, the Grand Master, declared to me that the Board had no idea of a result such as had been arrived at; and even Mr. Jack, of Durham—the gentleman who wrote me the note referred to in my letter to the Directors of April 30th, but who had not the courage to admit the fact—said he thought me an ill-used man!

But enough. I appeal to all who read this—all who know me—all who were present at the Bolton A.M.C., and have since thought on the subject—all, in fact, who possess the feelings and understand the principles we inculcate in our initiation charge—whether I have been fairly, courteously, or even honestly treated. Alas, that I should have to say it, but I fear that, with the majority of Odd-Fellows, the words Friendship, Love and Truth, Faith, Hope, and Charity, *are but words*. I am compelled to conclude that the sentiments conveyed by those words are utterly incomprehensible to many, and that the great principles we advocate are but so many dumb and dead symbols to thousands of our members. But let no man believe I shall cease from my labours in the good cause. Let no man fancy that because I have been injured, it may be for life, in the reputation, which is the writing man's capital, the writing man's bread and cheese, nay, his very means of living—his fame, and the sustenance of all he holds dear and precious in the world—that I shall say one word against the Manchester Unity. Let no man dare to say that because I have been disappointed in my estimate of Odd-Fellows, I shall abuse Odd-Fellowship. No; henceforth my exertions will be trebled in advancing the interests of my brethren, and making known to the ends of the earth the benefits of our glorious society. I have faith in the honesty and right feeling of my brethren, and I fearlessly appeal to the Unity to undo, as far as such undoing is possible, the injury inflicted on my reputation.

And now, on bidding farewell to the readers of this Magazine, I have to express my hearty and sincere thanks to those who have aided and encouraged my efforts. To all such I say,—Go on in the path you have chosen, and let no amount of misrepresentation or abuse deter you from doing your best in

enlarging the sphere of the Society's usefulness. Don't be afraid of discussing the "politics of the Order," for no good ever came of fear or cowardice, and no sore was ever yet healed by hiding it under a filthy rag. I am now preparing a lecture, which I shall be happy to deliver in any part of the kingdom, and I shall be glad to receive communications from all who have anything to say that it is good for Odd-Fellows to know. I am not without an organ through which I can make your voices and my voice heard throughout the kingdom. I have been the means—I say it without egotism—of opening the London Daily Press to the Manchester Unity, and Friendly Societies. In the *Weekly Chronicle* I am prepared to discuss with you all such subjects as are under the ban of Boards and Sub-Committees, and I invite your cordial co-operation, feeling certain of enlisting your sympathy, and obtaining your support.

Had it been necessary, I could have brought forward a hundred testimonials to my ability as Editor, and my zeal as an Odd-Fellow in the shape of literary notices of the Magazine, and private letters, but I prefer to let my case rest on its simple merits, feeling certain that "truth is great and must prevail." "I appeal unto Cæsar."

GEORGE FREDERICK PARDON.

Beaumont Square, London, E., October 1, 1861.

A LADY I KNOW, AGED ONE.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

O MARY mine, so small, so weak,
The hardest natures known,
Baby, to you would softly speak
With strangely tender tone;
What Marvel, Mary, if from such
Your sweetness, love would call,
We love you, baby, oh, how much,
Most dear of all things small!

Unborn, how, more than all on earth,
Your mother yearned to meet
Your dreamed-of face; you, at your birth,
Most sweet of all things sweet!
You came, a wonder to her eyes,
That doated on each grace,
Each charm that still with new surprise
She showed us in your face,

A year has gone, and, mother, say,
Through all that year's blest round,
In her, has one sweet week or day
Not some new beauty found!
O tender eyes! O beauty strange!
When childhood shall depart,
Oh, that thou, babe, through every change,
Mayst keep thy infant heart.

A Voice from a Sisterhood.

BY Y. S. N.

In these days, when "knowledge aboundeth," and the "march of intellect" is kept up at railway speed, it is well that the value of the instructor is in a manner recognized equally with the needs be and worth of the instruction imparted. The governess *does* hold a higher position in the hearts and homes of the English nation than she could boast of in former years. She is not universally and invariably held up to contempt and ridicule—not treated as a menial, imposed upon at pleasure, her grievances and her sorrows ignored, or considered as of no moment to her employers. There may be exceptions, but it is the rule, rather than the exception, that she is looked upon as a friend, if not as a member of the family, both by parents and pupils.

The governess is not invariably talented; neither is she invariably "amiable and suffering," but public sympathy has been widely enlisted in her behalf. The governess, generally a very unreal specimen, it must be owned, is the legitimate heroine of a three-volume novel, or the "subject" for a romantic article.

In these cases all comes "right at last," by her marrying her "master," or his eldest son, heir to untold wealth; but in every-day life these events are not the necessary termination to her career as a teacher. In real life, alas, she becomes too often an "object of charity." Speeches are made about her at annual dinners, presided over and supported by the magnates of Church and State, and, better still, there are substantial sums devoted to her relief, when in need of "temporary assistance;" or a "temporary home." There are "annuities" when her day of work is over—a home, too, for some who are destitute of one when the evening hours of life are fast drawing to a close, and the night is coming on apace.

All these things there are, but alas, the supply falls far short of the demand for them. One page from the forty-nine devoted to the list of "candidates" for this May election, is sadder in its realities than the saddest imaginings of the portrayals of fictitious sorrows. Of the 144 candidates whose heart-burnings and expectations will be temporarily allayed, long before these lines are in type, either by the disappointment of another failure, or the blessed certainty of a long hoped-for, long delayed success, there are about twenty, perhaps more, who have "no income whatever," are "entirely without support," "destitute." There is one not only without income, but also "without a relative able to support her;" one compelled, at 67 years of age, to "leave a situation yielding £30, in consequence of illness;" another, who has "earned £3 by needlework during this past year, having failed in an attempt to establish a school." What sadly suggestive phrases are these:—"Savings all lost"—"Tries to do needlework,"—"Now quite helpless from age and infirmities, requiring attendance night and day;"—"Has no income, age 69, unfitting her or any situation." There is one, aged 75, whose case is so briefly stated, that it may be given in full:—"Governess all her life; but now unequal to further exertion, and has outlived most of her friends. Has recently had a severe attack of illness. No income whatever."

"All her life!" No happy days of independence in early womanhood to look back upon, none of all those years now numbering seventy-five, excepting those of childhood, that were not overshadowed with the cares and anxieties of teaching.

Who can wonder that now, in her 76th year, the poor toiler should be "unequal to further exertion," unequal to the daily routine of lesson-giving, weary of the very names of grammar, history, and all the ologies; heart-sick at the thought of accomplishments?—"has outlived" not only her interest in these things, but "most of her friends," those to whom all her early struggles were so well known, by whom they were so heartily sympathized in. Those who knew how manfully she did her work in the days ere she was "unequal to further exertion," perhaps, too, those most able to have lent a helping hand in her distress, are amongst the friends already gone before her to that "better land," where pain and hunger, toil and weariness, are unknown! How she must have thought of *them* in her "recent severe illness," not only with a longing, unavailing yearning for past happiness, not only with a fond re-echoing of the poet's words—

"Oh! for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still;"

but also, doubtless, with a feeling almost akin to envy at their blessed immunity from the illness, the poverty, the desolation, of her lot. This is but an individual case, perhaps not by any means really the saddest, although the shortest, amongst those stated; no; for the writer knows, through private sources, that it is the best rather than the worst which is made of some, perhaps, indeed, of all those "short and simple annals of the poor" candidate. There is one, "aged 67," which does not present such a very distressing picture as stated in the books, to whom meat is a luxury, indulged in perhaps once a week, whose bread is fetched by her own hands from the baker's. And this *lady* can doubtless look back to days in her father's house when daily luxuries were daily requisites, ere those "losses in business," which terminate many a mercantile career, compelled her to go out as a governess, not for herself only, but to assist "in the support of her parents," and the education of younger members of her family.

But there are others better off; it is not each and every one out of these poor toilers who has "no income whatever," or is "entirely dependent upon friends" (that dependence resulting in one instance in the allowance of 3s. 6d. per week, the joint contributions of two of them).

There are some of the 144 actually enjoying an income. Let us turn to these; we find these incomes in many instances "uncertain," dependent upon such contingencies as the "proceeds of a small day-school;" "the letting of apartments," and the needlework, which "failing sight" often hinders their doing.

These *incomes* are very often not more than £5 per annum, from a "compassionate," or some other sorely-needed fund; in one instance, £4, in another £3, with the addition of some trifling amount from friends.

One has received as much as £30 during the past year, but has no income, and part of that was given specially to procure "medical aid and omnibus fare."

Many have £10, many £20, and some few, very, very few—for I can only recall two—as much as £30, one is possessed of £34; but there is scarcely a single instance amongst these apparently more wealthy candidates, in which blindness, deafness, or some yet more painful drawback to the enjoyment of the income, is not specified. "Crippled by rheumatism;" "suffers from weak nerves, impaired sight, and loss of power in the right hand;" "tries to teach, but extreme lameness (from a broken knee-cap years ago), partial loss of sight, and frequent attacks of erysipelas in the head and face incapacitate her." These and similar statements occur on each and all of the forty-nine pages lying beside me, through which I have glanced at random, so that I cannot be

charged with over-stating the sorrows, or selecting the very worst cases amongst these unfortunate toilers.

Sad that so many of our working sisters, those to whom all classes of the community are so largely indebted, should be left thus destitute as the "night in which no man can work," closes round them. Sad that "going out as a governess," should have been the one and only respectable way in which a *lady*, when unprovided for, could earn a livelihood; and saddest, perhaps, of all, that so few have had it in their power of saving against the "rainy day" which is almost sure to overtake them.

We trust that in the next and succeeding generations, the efforts now being made, not alone for the governess, but for such as would fain make money by other means than teaching, may bring forth fruits that shall richly reward the benevolent projectors and supporters of such institutions as the "Governesses' Provident Fund," the "Law Copying" and "Printing Offices" now established in London, exclusively for women.

But ere I close this brief notice of the hitherto unsuccessful candidates for Annuities, one word must be said in behalf of some governesses to whom no helping hand can be extended by the "Benevolent Institution," devoted to the relief of governesses. Except in "extreme cases," and doubtless through extreme *interest*, the *daily* governess may apply, but apply in vain, for pecuniary assistance from this charity. The Provident Fund must surely be open for her savings as well as another's; "temporary assistance" in event of illness may, as an exceptional case, be extended to her, but the chance of an annuity, the prospect of closing her days in the home for the aged, are denied to her, not because her need is less, but because "there are so many applicants that the line must be drawn somewhere."

What, then, becomes of the daily governess? Surely her case is sadder than the saddest of those above recorded.

The daily governess is frequently at greater expense, with lower remuneration, than the family or resident governess. She must find her way to her duties through all weathers, to the injury of her clothing, often, too often, of her health; her omnibus expenses coming more frequently out of her own, rather than out of her employer's pocket, she grudges the outlay when it is possible to manage with goloshes and umbrella. Perhaps she does not feel competent to undertake a more responsible position than that of daily teacher; perhaps there are dear ones at home, too dependent on her daily services to render a better situation, as resident governess, desirable. However this may be, there are unquestionably plenty of daily teachers, young and old, efficient and inefficient, who have been and still are struggling for a daily maintenance, with less chance of being able to save than those of that class, 144 of whom are at this moment petitioners for assistance from a public charity.

What, if anything, has been or can be done for *these*? What, in a word, becomes of all the incapacitated and superannuated "daily governesses?" Do they "die and make no sign," when their working day is past? if not, to what institution, benevolent or otherwise, above the almshouse, or the workhouse, may they apply for and obtain assistance, seeing that the doors and the funds of the "Governesses' Benevolent" are alike closed against them?

Advice Gratis.

BY EDWIN GOADBY.

"The end of pleasant or unpleasant advice is full of delight; but wherever a speaker or hearer of it is, there dangers abide."—SIR WM. JONES'S "*Histopadesa*."

I AM a graceless young scamp: of course, it is not for me to say I am either old or graceful. Kind considerate friends of all ages, sexes, and conditions, have volunteered to guide and enlighten me through life. I have been assailed by all kinds of arguments, almost even to the policeman's *ad truncheonem*; I have been told that it "stands to sense," that "all the world knows," that "he who runs may read," that "a blind man may see," and "a fool may understand;" my counsels have been couched in the language of affection, woven into that of command, and risen into that of denunciation. Thus hedged about by individuals who imagine themselves born to think for me and not for themselves, I have never been allowed to approach a crisis in my individual, social, or family history, without their ideas reaching me by letter, telegraph, living medium, or word of mouth.

When I was of age—nature herself decided that for me, fortunately; if it had been left to my relatives its propriety might have been disputed—large-hearted and generous friends brought me nothing wherewith I might suitably commemorate it with my companions, but rather insinuated that I was still a youth and needed bushels of advice and hampers of directory ideas. And when I quoted to them the case of the youth who rose earlier than usual on his natal morn, and going to the bottom of the stairs, bawled out, "Father, there's a man i' the house," they laughed me to scorn. In place of this I was astutely recommended to write a sonnet "on arriving at man's estate," as Milton did when time had stolen on his wing his three-and-twentieth year; which advice I was foolish enough to follow.

Even prior to this my schooling began. When the first down of embryo whiskers embossed my cheeks, I was indoctrinated into the history of those early wild Nubian tribes, whose only distinction one from the other was a different method of trimming, piling, and twisting the hair; I had lectures upon beard, moustache, and imperial, until I was almost fain to cry out with Shakespeare upon baldness, "Where nature hath been plentiful in excrement (hair) she hath been niggard in brains."

The first time I was seen smoking a cheroot, I received a succinct account of the history of the plant, its cultivation; physiological and psychological effects; one pertinaciously refused me the right to consume my own smoke; a second thought tobacco was much cheaper and less injurious, and forthwith calculated my expenditure per annum in a manner that entitled him to immediate entrance into the Statistical Society; a third tenderly advised aromatic pills and patchouli; a fourth proposed a water-pipe; a fifth modestly requested me to take care of the cigar boxes; and a sixth sent me clippings from the *Times* about handsome meerschaums and delightful Latakias. If I am unusually thin, certain maiden aunts whisper, "*Revalenta Arabica*." Some friends would have me sweat in a warm bath, others, shiver in a cold one. Should I be stouter than usual, one recommends a trip to Malvern, or a temporary residence in the flats of Lincolnshire, another is vociferous on the virtues of early rising, and a third recommends the *Novum Organum*, or an excursus in Sanskrit. Everybody will leave nobody alone, and anybody sets himself up to judge for everybody.

The rumour of my intended engagement to Carry called forth unusual manifestations. Immediately there came an invitation to Shothurst, where it was said I had never been for a good piece of a century, and where I knew a maiden aunt was reading up in legal cross-questioning and the philosophy of the sexes. And in addition to this came an epistle from a more distant married cousin, announcing her intention of spending a day with me on her way to town, when I was certain that her visit boded a series of matrimonial advises, and advertises, using the last word in the Shaksperian sense. I got through all these things much in the same way as one gets through the measles and whooping-cough of infancy, only that I gained an amount of knowledge of human nature that cannot possibly be construed out of the accidents of childhood. But I shall never forget the look of the postman as he emptied a small bag of letters in the hall, when rumour had wagged one amongst her thousand tongues, and said I was about to be married. What innumerable suggestions they contained—enough to have versed an automaton or a Bechuana in the perfect properties of getting wed. Suggestions as to bonnets, wreaths, flowers, soents, jockeys, bell-ringing, favours, wine, wedding-oaks, cards, the lakes, the continent, sea-sickness, French cookery—yea, everything—a perfect dictionary of information for people about to marry. But as my friends had miscalculated, and I didn't get married until a twelvemonth after, I fortunately left them till then, à la Napoleon, who allowed most of his letters to remain unopened so many months that they answered themselves—when they effectually contributed to drive away the dullness of unfavourable weather.

Never yet have I been able to dodge this huge system of advice-giving whereof the whole world is a monstrous development. My path is mapped, my clothes are selected, my thoughts are shaped, my diet is prescribed, and my very existence determined by exterior powers. I seem to have been born an inert mass of matter—say wood—which requires to be animated and carved in something like humanity by the sharp words, shrill tones, and desperate hits of friendly monitors, and if such is not the case, I am as much or more responsible than they. I am pursued into all my concerns by this inexorable demon, squatting on my back after the manner of Indian children in their mother's cradles, and constantly putting in at every favourable juncture, quoting learned authorities, and dealing largely in blue-books and statistical returns. This demon, goblin, incubus, or what not, has a thousand mouths, each working in its own peculiar manner. I cannot always recognize the tones; they are ancient, mediæval, and modern. One particular mouth deserves notice. It has a proverb for every act, thought, situation, and surprise, some delivered in broad Gaelic, spluttering Welsh, and liquid Italian; some quoted from the sacred books of the East, or culled from the floating wisdom of unlettered races. I can do nothing but some proverb exists either to flatter, chide, or damn with faint praise. Never was philosopher in such a plight, with all antiquity about his ears. Cramped and fettered by so much good advice, gathered from hoary sages, learned books, and worldly-wiseacres, I have been bored, bothered, and spoilt, overwhelmed by counsels, flooded with good advice, battered and jellied by so many sage bumps and sapient thrusts. Recurring defeats have made me desperate, evoked my strong determinate individuality, made me pledged to myself to think, act, and live of myself, not for myself, and induced me to moralize on paper for the benefit of my fellow-sufferers and fellow-men.

How is our manhood girt about by those who are wiser than ourselves, older, more experienced? Truly sings Tennyson, "The individual withers, and the world is more and more." The very first important lesson we have

to learn now-a-days is that we are nobodies. We cannot think how we like. Advisers, numerous, learned, clever, witty, ingenious, abound. A newspaper not only tells us the news, but leads or misleads us to think about it. Every man who has any thought at all goes about him with a clay-lump and a grafting-knife. All men would have us lose our individuality in them, as the Pythagoreans in their leader, and say nothing without the symbolic, "He saw it." Antiquity rears itself up against us. Our fathers did so and so—ought we not—must we not? There are beaten tracks everywhere almost, and innumerable finger-posts pointing us in the way other men have travelled. Custom demands obedience. We must salute Gessler's cap, or dare to be a Tell. Eccentricity is stamped upon us immediately we begin to act and think independently. Fashion lords it imperiously. You must do this, say this, be this, appear this. One's fellows carry out her laws over us. Circumstance hampers and fetters us wonderfully. We may make ourselves its slave, victim, or conqueror.

All these things are so many gratuitous *avisos* to us. Many we cannot overcome. Some we might, if we would but be converted to ourselves, and insist upon ourselves. But we have such a dread of Nonconformity. We do not want to be eccentric. We should like to please some few of our friends; we had rather please all than none. And so we take all the advice that is lavishly bestowed upon us, and very often ask for it when we do not need it.

People who seek advice are generally of three kinds. (1). Those who have already determined upon one course, and will take it whether or no, and wish to flatter by the solicitation, or to defend their decision by weapons shaped from the advice-given words to the contrary. This class, which I am glad to observe, are the most numerous, are well typified by Rabelais, in his "Gargantua and Pantagruel," in the chapter entitled, "How Panurge asketh counsel of Pantagruel, whether he should marry, yea, or no." Here, we learn from Coleridge, "Pantagruel stands for the reason, as contra-distinguished from the understanding and choice, that is, from Panurge; and the humour consists in the latter asking advice of the former on a subject in which the reason can only give the inevitable conclusion, the syllogistic *ergo*, from the premises provided by the understanding itself, which puts each case so as of necessity to pre-determine the verdict thereon." (2). Those who are so nicely discriminating that they generally have two courses, commending themselves by arguments of equal force and plausibility, by which their weak minds are tossed from one to the other like a shuttlecock. (3). The sublimely indifferent, who scarcely care how things go, who dislike the trouble of thinking, and who are always anxious to throw the blame of their ill conduct or non-success upon others.

These three classes, pretty broadly marked out, correspond to the temperaments. Now, it would be very well if our fellow-men would take the trouble to divine our number, and act accordingly. We should be saved much heart-bitterness, much inconsistency, much unmanliness. How can anyone so thoroughly understand all that appertains to your case, or mine, as to judge for us? Where we want light, let us in all honesty ask for it; let us never be so weak as to ask for, or need *will*; and yet here our difficulties in this respect mostly begin. Whenever it is a matter in which our most private interests are concerned, and in which we should leave ourselves to solitary, unbiassed thought, we most frequently ask for advice, and always, whether we desire it or not, we are pretty sure to get it. Of course, we should assert our personality and resist what would edge in upon it; nay, without this resistance, there never was, nor never will be, any individuality—any men at all. Fichte, the German philosopher, tells us, that the mind is a free activity, ever

tending to lose itself, ever being resisted by extraneous power, and in the effort to vanquish this resistance, its own will is exerted, it becomes conscious of something not itself, and thereby arrives at its own consciousness and independence.

I must not get up in the clouds; let me come down to this common world, marrying, and giving-in-marriage world of ours. The first crisis in life is the choice of a calling. Neither you nor I were intended, or need be, facsimiles of anybody; infinite variousness is the mark of the highest wisdom. We are not like in face, voice, body; why should we be in mind? Our fathers may have been carpenters, drapers, lawyers, physicians, or what not, was it, therefore, determined for me in my non-being that I too should be so? Certainly not. If honest self-searching reveals in me the same aptitudes I shall do wrong if I am anything else, and *vice versâ*. We must be candid with ourselves, and not abuse our personality, inasmuch as we are more arbiters of our own destiny than we think for in this life of ours. "If we have found our work, we are blessed," says Carlyle; and it is one of the purest teachings of Zoroaster that, "To the persevering mortal, the blessed immortals are swift."

A time comes when we are in some sort to lose self in another self. Here advice swells into rapids, and roars into Niagaras. Married! Straightway relatives, old, young, wise, and stupid, drink from oracular rills, and are apt to teach, wonderful in counsel, and most dubious in words. They can tell you even to the colour, or the complexion, and the shade of the hair, who Mrs. — ought to be; have mysterious insight into things beyond their province, and are possessed by the most heroic self-abnegation. Now, maiden aunts constitute the larger portion of this class, whose experience in such matters no sane man or woman can question. Let me be understood as saying nothing against old maids; true ones I almost venerate. But I would say, "just be a little less superfluous in advice. Your silence shall be construed into the truest kindness, I can assure you. Yea, I won't take it hard if you do not enlarge upon your own experience." All those who, in such matters, think they have a commission—they have certainly neither bought nor paid for it—tender admonitions, suggestions, calculations, arguments, I would recommend to go back a century or two, and learn from the Aztecs of South America how to conduct themselves. The bride and bridegroom, after having sat upon stools with their garments tied together, for this was the marriage ceremony, arose and sat at a table, with two old men and two old women seated round it, one at each corner, and all having refreshed themselves, these old folk lift up one hand in turn and give their budget of advice to the newly-married pair, who, of course, look somewhat sheepish during the orations. This was much better than tormenting them as long as they remained unwed, and scarce deigning to give them a word in season after their espousals.

But I cannot here particularize a tenth part of the ways and means by which advice is given gratuitously, might have been spared, and may be resisted. The need that it should not be given so freely, so randomly, so pertinaciously, must be obvious enough, and resistance to it follows as a necessary conclusion. The whole modern system of things is very like, as I have said, a huge system of advice-giving, much of what we should be mad to think of being content with, and perhaps more that is paid too terribly dear for to be called gratis. The old Babylonians used to bring out their sick into the public thoroughfares to get the advice of passers-by, as there were no surgeons amongst them. We seem to be all sick and infirm in these days, and every relative, friend, or neighbour, pops his fingers on our wrists, taps our chests, examines our tongues, and is fertile in prescriptions that would stock a

Babylonian herbalist, an Indian charmer, or a Cingalese *capua*. A fable, too, but not a Babylonian one, records how a man once possessed an animal, it might be a cuddy, a fussack, a boeaky, a neddy, or an ass, according to the locality, and was willing to take everybody's advice, and did, and tried to please everybody, and didn't, and lost his animal in the bargain.

Advice gratis, then, is an ever good nature in the giver, but ought not to meet with an ever credulity in the receiver. Unlike mercy it does not always bless "him that gives and him that takes;" very frequently it blesses neither. For the one who counsels speaks lightly, and the one who asks, or receives without asking, hears but half, and rarely practices that. I should like to see a man who had always asked advice from other people, I will not say relatives merely, had followed it, and made any progress in the world; I would send an effigy of him at once to the British Museum, Crystal Palace, or Madame Tussaud's. Naturally enough, it is impossible to help thinking how we should do in certain circumstances, but inasmuch as no stretch of imagination can make them real to us, we should refrain from thrusting upon others hasty and inconsiderate advice; for be it remembered, it is the peculiarity, the unmistakably universal feature and form of all advice gratis, that it is purely spontaneous, all first thoughts and inconclusive conclusions. Much advice may be lost by resistance to it, many tons of it in the shape of letters, pamphlets, extracts, and dissertations, but better that such should be so than that honour, dignity, and manliness should be ignored and sacrificed. Every man has an arbiter in his own breast; let him keep it untarnished, and trust it nobly and faithfully. Every man has a duty to perform, and duty pre-supposes ability and free-will. "Even cotton-spinning is noble," says Carlyle. And what you and I, and all others have to do, is not so much to seek advice, nor even to tender it, as to be men in all freedom and strength of purpose, careful that our freedom is no one else's despotism, that our enjoyment is no one else's curse, and that the higher we tower in our individuality, the more universal and human we become in our sympathies, the nobler and grander in our aspirations.

SEIZE TIME BY THE FORELOCK.

BY G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

SEIZE Time by the forelock and use it,
 Nor your arms on your breast idly fold;
 And then, though you live to be ninety,
 Yet, in spirit, you'll never grow old.
 'Tis not years, man, that constitute wisdom,
 Nor the morning of life alone youth;
 There be those who are children at sixty,
 And boys who are old in the truth.
 Time is money, did man but employ it,
 And a harvest of gold oft it yields;
 While he who sits down like a sluggard,
 Finds but thistles and tares in his fields.
 By the force of mind and its culture
 Is the age of man tested and tried—
 For a Newton was older at fifty
 Than Methuselah was when he died.

Reflections on attending an Odd-Fellow's Funeral.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL, P.G.

(Author of "*Shakspeare: his Times and Contemporaries*," etc.)

"I THANK you, ye relics of sounding titles and magnificent names. Ye have taught me more of the littleness of the world than all the volumes of my library. Your nobility arrayed in a winding-sheet, your grandeur mouldering in an urn, are the most indisputable proofs of the nothingness of created things."—HERVEY'S "*Meditations among the Tombs*."

"Can storied urn, or animated bust,

Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?

Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust?

Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?"

GRAY'S "*Elegy written in a Country Churchyard*."

The interment of a fellow-mortal will, at all times, and in all places, awaken feelings of thoughtfulness in the mind of a rational being. There is something so solemn in depositing a friend or relation in the silent grave—the last cold and narrow bed of frail mortality—that even the most thoughtless and profligate are struck with awe, and pause for a time in their mad career, whenever the hand of Death smites one beloved form. The countenances which before shone bright as Sol himself with mirth and gladness, become suddenly clouded with sorrow; the eyes, which but a few moments previous were darting their quick and piercing glances all around, intent alone on frolic, fun, and glee, become instantly dim with grief; and those cheeks which laughter had before drawn into a thousand grimaces, strange as a jester's mask, form now channels for floods of tears. Especially is this the case when he whose remains are committed to the earth has been, for many years, a good Odd-Fellow, and is followed to the grave by brothers to whose hearts he was firmly united in the pleasant and enduring bonds of "Friendship, Love, and Truth."

This solemn feeling is in some measure heightened by the sable garb worn on the occasion of a funeral, and the measured tread with which the whole body of mourners and attendants move towards the last resting-place of their departed friend; whilst the deep-toned bell in the old church tower mingles its doleful lamentations with the sobs and sighs of the bereaved; and when the lifeless corpse is lowered into its dark and dreary tenement, and the hoary-headed sexton drops the once animated dust upon the coffin, as the priest in solemn and impressive tone reads the beautiful language of the Liturgy—"Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust;" there is a language in the deep, hollow, rumbling sound of the soil, as it falls from the well-worn shovel down upon the breastplate, which speaks with eloquence to every heart, and seems to tell us, with trumpet tongue, that we also, ere many years are fled, must "lie in cold obstruction"—must sleep with darkness and the worms. For, as the Roman poet, HORACE (no great moralist), sang nearly nineteen centuries ago to Sestos, in his fourth Ode, as Englished by HENRY GEORGE ROBINSON:—

"At the poor man's lowly hut,
And the lofty towering seats
Of potentates, with equal foot,
Pallid Death, impartial, beats."

And an earlier and truer poet than HORACE—one who sang, in less courtly strain, seven centuries before—the Hebrew bard or prophet ISAIAH, the son of Amoz, truly, as beautifully, tells us that "All flesh is as grass, and all the goodliness thereof as the flowers of the field; the grass withereth, and the flower fadeth." "It is not only the mischief of diseases, and villany of poisons, that maketh an end of us," says SIR THOMAS BROWNE; "we vainly accuse the fury of guns, and the new inventions of death; it is in the power of every hand to destroy us, and we are beholden to every one we meet he doth not kill us." And the good BISHOP JEREMY TAYLOR poetically observes:—"A man may read a sermon, the best and most passionate that ever man preached, if he shall but enter into the sepulchres of kings. In the same Escorial where the Spanish princes live in greatness and power, and decree war or peace, they have wisely placed a cemetery, where their ashes and their glory shall sleep till time shall be no more; and where our kings have been crowned their ancestors lie interred, and they must walk over their grandsire's head to take his crown. There is an acre sown with royal seed, the copy of the greatest change, from rich to naked, from ceiled roofs to arched coffins; from living like gods to die like men. There is enough to cool the flames of lust, to abate the heights of pride, to appease the itch of covetous desires, to sully and dash out the dissembling colours of a lustful, artificial, and imaginary beauty. There the warlike and the peaceful, the fortunate and the miserable, the beloved and the despised princes mingle their dust, and pay down their symbol of mortality, and tell all the world that, when we die, our ashes shall be equal to kings', and our accounts easier, and our pains for our crowns shall be less."

Oh! there are times when I had rather visit the abode of mourning, and there dry the tears on orphan cheeks, and administer consolation to the broken-hearted widow; there are times when I had rather kneel over the clay-cold corpse of some brother whom I have known in the moments of mirth, and with whom I have oft held cheerful converse on the means of elevating the human race; there are times when I had rather muse on my own mortality, and look forward with the eyes of faith to the more lasting and endearing joys of a future existence, than run rioting in the ephemeral pleasures of the world, where Vice too often assumes the form of Virtue, and infatuations that infallibly lead to misery pass current among mankind as the height of enjoyment! I would have all the enjoyment we can get in this life consistent with our duties towards God, our neighbour, and ourselves; but we ought ever to remember that vicious courses unfit us alike both for this world and the next; and even if we could shirk the penalty here, there is no armour that can shield us from the arrows of Death.

"Can the deep statesman, skill'd in great design,
Protract but for a day precarious breath?
Or the tuned follower of the sacred Nine
Soothe with his melody insatiate Death?"

"No! Though the palace bar her golden gate,
Or monarchs plant ten thousand guards around,
Unerring and unseen, the shaft of Fate
Strikes the devoted victim to the ground."

JOHN CUNNINGHAM'S "*Elegy on a Pile of Ruins.*"

Although "the living know that they shall die," yet how seldom do they think of death—as though it were a thing that concerned them not! One may imagine the unconscious lamb frisking in the flowery meads, with all the

innocence of which it is the emblem, although the mercenary butcher may have already doomed it to die; or the whistling blackbird and the cooing cushat indulging in their pleasing melody, though the murderous gun of the sportsman be levelled at their warbling throats. The All-Wise Ruler of the Universe has not blessed them with reason; instinct alone is sufficient for them; and why should melancholy trouble them? But man, the noblest work of an Almighty hand—though he, too, may sport in lamb-like innocence in the daisied fields, roam along the winding banks of some clear and murmuring stream, or amidst the heat of a burning sun, seek the cool, refreshing shade of a venerable forest, and like the vocal minstrels that inhabit it, tune his soul to poet-strains, and live in peace and love with all around; yet he must not lead a mere sensuous, much less sensual life. For *man* is endowed with reason; he possesses the power of discriminating between right and wrong, if he will but listen to the “still small voice,” the more than Delphic oracle within him; and that Omnipotent, that All-merciful God—who, ere He created man, provided everything that is requisite for his comfort in the greatest profusion—that kind and All-seeing Father, who so bountifully furnished forth the feast before the guests were sent to partake thereof, will assuredly require an account at our hands, whether we have done good or evil. “He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good,” says the prophet MICAH; “and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God.” And shall man indulge in sin, and render the few short moments allotted to his existence here, one agonizing torture—one scene of riot, confusion, and crime! SHAKSPEARE—that mighty monarch in the realms of thought—has told us, by the mouth of his Hotspur,* that

“———The time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.”

I do not contend that man should always wear a sorrowful countenance, and brood over the ills of mortality, as though life was all bitters and no sweets. I do *not* agree with those gloomy fanatics who would make the whole stream of human life one muddy current of pain and misery; who would banish each angel smile from every countenance, and instead of looking upon fields, and groves, and brooks, and stars, and flowers—the towering mountain and the rolling sea—and reading God's almighty power, and wisdom, and benevolence in His wondrous works, would chain us, as it were, to a tombstone, and bid us look for aye on the last remains of mortality rotting at our feet. “Pure religion and undefiled,” says the holy apostle ST. JAMES,† “before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.” The more the true spirit of Odd-Fellowship is carried out by us, the more will this truly religious duty be performed.

Methinks we are apt to make Death too terrible, my brothers; to picture as an enemy him who is in reality our friend; and it is worthy of our most serious consideration whether we gain any good by so doing—nay, rather, whether we do not lose much by our folly; for Death will find us out, whether we shut our eyes to his coming or not. Let us not imitate the foolish bird which hides its head in the sand when a pursuer is near, and thinks itself unseen because it sees not!

* *King Henry the Fourth.* Part I., act v., scene 2.
† Chapter i., verses 27–28.

"Death to the virtuous no terror brings
 But in the tyrant's ear there ever rings
 A knell imaginary, which casts a fear
 Throughout his soul : he thinks the time is near
 When all his ill-got power must pass away ;
 And when he thinks on death, he dreads God's judgment day."

PETER PROLETARIUS.

It is, perhaps, natural for children to fear darkness, and for ignorant men to dread every comet and aurora borealis that appears in the sky ; and superstition has peopled the whole universe with witches, fairies, ghosts, kelpies, wraiths, demons, and I know not how many other ridiculous monsters ; but it is the province of Wisdom to banish for ever these mongrel offspring of Ignorance and Fear from the beautiful earth, which they have polluted too long. True religion and sound philosophy can see more in death than the fleshless skulls and crossed thigh-bones which tasteless masons rudely carve upon the headstones in our English burial-grounds, to as little purpose as the fetters represented in basso-relievo on the front of Newgate. To my mind, the ancient practice of adorning the graves with flowers, is infinitely preferable. Why should not the rose and the lily, the violet and the forget-me-not, bloom on every grave ? There needeth not the useless mockery of crape-clad mutes, who "mimic sorrow when the heart's not sad," to give solemnity to an interment. It were a more solemn ceremony without their hireling aid. This is sufficiently evidenced in every Odd-Fellow's funeral. The departed member is borne to the grave by brothers who have often felt his friendly grip, and accompanied in funeral procession by brother Odd-Fellows, who think of the many times they have met in the lodge-room him whom they shall see no more until the resurrection ; and when they drop the rosemary on the coffin, in token of remembrance, they hope to meet again in the lodge of above, where "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes ; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."*

It is true that a mouldering skull may read a lesson to the contemplative mind far more impressive than any that the most eloquent orator could devise ; but though "we must needs die," and return to that earth from which at first we sprung ; though we may be called upon to attend the ashes of those dearest to our hearts, in solemn procession to the tomb ; yet there is "a time to weep, and a time to laugh," and he who spends his whole life in the one, seems to me to act at best with folly. Even the humble daisy that grows upon the grass-green grave, seems to point its silver petals towards heaven, and whisper *hope* to man ; and the stars in the firmament above him smile consolation to his troubled soul. The talented, but anonymous author of the "*Purpose of Existence*," has clearly shown, that the universe would have been created in vain, if man ceased altogether to exist when his lifeless body decomposed in the tomb ; that the immortality of the soul is a rational doctrine, and quite in keeping with science, as all true religious tenets ever are :—"We see," says he, "that the human frame remains on earth, is sooner or later dissolved, and returns into the elements out of which it was moulded. It can then, only, be in a spiritual condition that man continues to exist ; and hence it follows, that he constitutes that stage in this universal process, where mind arrives at such a degree of maturity as to be fitted for an independent and separate state of being. What we call death, is, then, the liberation of mind from its nursery,

* Revelations, chap. xxi., verse 4.

or school of matter, and its entrance upon its higher sphere of existence. That hour, which mortals await with so much trepidation and fear, is the commencement of their true life; this world is but its portal, on quitting which the emancipated soul leaves all its earthly frailties behind, and sets out on a free course of unimpeded improvements. This is the consummation of the great working principle of nature—that spirit survives the dissolution of the material frames in which it is evolved. From first to last this principle is maintained in all its integrity; the chain of operation shows an unbroken continuity. As the spirit of vitality, drawn by vegetation out of matter, perishes not with the decaying herb, but is transfused through a succession of animal bodies, gaining strength and power as it advances, so in man, expanded into mind, and having acquired all that it can derive from the most perfect organic structure, when that collapses, it still survives, and is transferred to its destined home—the world of souls. The last step in this progression is strictly analogous to the first, and is necessarily involved in it. The work cannot begin without going on—it cannot be arrested; and thus every blade of grass, as it springs from the earth, bears with it, to the calm observer, the clearest and most convincing demonstration of our continued existence after death. The stages of this process may be marked by the three terms, spirit, mind, and soul; the first denoting the animating faculty, the breath of intelligence, the inspiring principle, the spring of energy, and the prompter of exertion; the second is the recording power, the preserver of impressions, the storer of deductions, the nurse of knowledge, and the parent of thought; the last is the disembodied, ethereal, self-conscious being, concentrating in itself all the purest and most refined of human excellences, every generous affection, every benevolent disposition, every intellectual attainment, every ennobling virtue, and every exalted aspiration. To form such souls is the purpose of human life. Man, by his habits and pursuits, either sensualizes or spiritualizes his nature. All that partakes of the former is of the body, and dissolves with the dissoluble materials to which it adheres; it is only the spiritualized part which enters permanently into the formation of his mind, and survives in another world. His first degree of eminence and happiness there must evidently be proportioned to his attainments here. A quicker perception of truth, divested of all earthly fallacies—a livelier and more remorseful consciousness of deficiency—a keener sense of degradation and advancement, of privation and enjoyment, as the natural and direct results of conduct here; these constitute the punishments and rewards, the hell and heaven of that future state, both alike serving as the means to further improvement and the development of still higher powers.

In a single century all those millions of human beings who now breathe the breath of life may reasonably be expected to have gone to their long homes. How foolish, then, is the conduct of those who spend the day of life in continual feuds with each other, as though the world was not wide enough to contain us all! If such an one should cast his eye over these pages, I beg his careful perusal of the following short and simple, but beautiful song; it is from the inspired pen of one of England's sweetest bards, CHARLES SWAIN:—

“Be kind to each other!
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone!

“Then, midst our dejection,
How sweet to have earn'd
The blest recollection
Of kindness—returned!

"When Day hath departed,
And Memory keeps
Her watch, broken-hearted,
Where all she loved sleeps,

"Let falsehood assail not,
Nor envy disprove,—
Let trifles prevail not
Against those ye love.

"Nor change with to-morrow
Should fortune take wing;
But the deeper the sorrow,
The closer still cling!

"Oh, be kind to each other!
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone!"

Would to heaven that the holy gift of poesy was never prostituted to more ignoble purposes. To teach mankind "to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with their God," is the highest effort of human wisdom, and the sure and certain way to universal peace and love. And it is because I have for many years felt convinced that Odd-Fellowship is one of the means chosen by an All-Wise Providence for the elevation of the labouring classes, that I feel it a privilege to labour in such a cause, as a member, an officer, or a delegate; at Lodge or District Meeting; at the festivities of the Order, or at an Odd-Fellow's funeral.



What is the Manchester Unity?

In this pamphlet,* of which many thousands have been circulated throughout all parts of the country, an attempt is made to popularize Odd-Fellowship. The newspaper press speaks highly of its merits. It is noticed by the *Builder*, the *Herald*, the *Standard*, the *Chronicle*, the *Telegraph*, the *Athenaeum*, *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*, the *Weekly Times*, the *Dispatch*, the *Illustrated News of the World*, the *Illustrated Times*, and numerous provincial papers. The editor of the *Friendly Societies' Journal* says:—"Mr. Pardon is deserving the thanks of the Unity for his valuable little book;" and the *Star* considers it the best exposition of the Society extant. In order to disseminate the advantages of the Order, the author, believing publicity to be the heart and soul of Odd-Fellowship, any Lodge ordering 500 copies may insert a full page advertisement without charge. But that our readers may judge for themselves as to the manner in which the merits of the Society are promulgated by the author, we proceed to make a few extracts:—

THE MANCHESTER UNITY.

"The Manchester Unity of Odd-Fellows is, briefly, a vast benefit or Insurance Society, conducted on strictly mutual principles, with branches in all parts of the kingdom, governed by an executive called the Board of Directors, elected annually at the A.M.C., who hold their meetings quarterly in Manchester. It consists at the present time of not less than 325,000 members, meeting in about 3,400 Lodges, nearly three-fourths of which are registered under the Friendly Societies' Act. * * *

* "What is the Manchester Unity? An attempt to furnish a plain and truthful account of the Principles and Practice of Odd-Fellowship." By GEORGE FREDERICK PARDON, Odd-Fellow, Freemason, Forester, &c. Editor of the *Weekly Chronicle*, the "Odd-Fellows' Quarterly Magazine," Dr. Dick's "Christian Philosopher," &c.; Author of the "Faces in the Fire," &c.; and Contributor to the London and Provincial Press. Thirtieth Thousand. London: Judd and Glass, New Bridge street, E.C.; and all Booksellers and Newsmen. 1861. Price One Penny, or Tenpence a dozen, post paid.

"Its proper title is the 'Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, Manchester Unity, Friendly Society;' though, for brevity's sake, only portions of this title are in common use. There are several other Orders of Odd-Fellows, but the Manchester Unity possesses more members, and a larger amount of paid-up capital, than all the rest added together. It is called the Manchester Unity, because the idea of uniting the several Lodges and Districts into one complete Society, was started in the metropolis of the north. Indeed, the main strength of the Society is to be found in Lancashire and Yorkshire, though of late years the Order has been making vast strides in London and the South.

THE OBJECTS OF THE UNITY.

* * * "The Society has for its objects—by means of entrance fees, subscriptions, donations, fines, &c.—the raising of funds for the relief of its members during sickness, or while travelling in search of employment; free medical attendance; superannuation in old age; and the insurance of the lives of its members and their wives—generally in sums varying from £3 to £6 on the death of the latter, and from £6 to £14 on the decease of the former. Separate funds are subscribed for these several purposes, and a distinct sum per member is put aside, in weekly payments, as a fund for management or incidental expenses, and the relief of casual brethren in distressed circumstances.

PAYMENTS AND BENEFITS.

"The payments of members are made either weekly, monthly, or quarterly, in such proportions as may best suit their convenience. As an illustration of the rates of payments and benefits we may take a single Lodge in the metropolis. One newly started is conducted on the following plan: members entering at twenty years of age pay an entrance fee of 6s. and an annual contribution of £1 14s. 8d., in order to secure 12s. per week during sickness for the first twelve months, and 6s. per week during the remainder of the term of sickness, however long it may be; £12 at death, and £6 at the death of a wife, should her decease take place first; medical attendance and medicine; distress gifts, if required, and travelling relief; an annuity of 8s. per month to a widow, and 1s. per month for each child under fourteen at the time of its father's decease. Each member is entitled to receive sick pay after six months' membership, funeral moneys after twelve months, and the benefits of the widow and orphan fund after paying into the fund for two years. Or instead of an annuity, the widow has the option of receiving an immediate equivalent in one sum. The widow and orphan fund is not common to the Unity, but is adopted at pleasure by the Lodges in each district.

GRADUATED SCALE OF PAYMENTS.

"These being the benefits derived from the payments of members, it must not be supposed that any sums are received by them by way of charity. They pay into their Lodges their weekly pence, and receive the benefits as the 'fairly earned reward of their prudence and forethought.' In this respect the Society differs very materially from the Freemasons, who confer relief always as a charity and never as a right. The Manchester Unity dispenses its funds without degrading the recipient; it extends the right hand of fellowship to all its members; and sets an example of self-government superior perhaps to that of any other similar association in England or the world.

"Before dismissing the subject of payments and benefits, I must mention that the entrance fee and periodical payments are graduated according to the age at which a member joins the society, so that the 'old do not encroach on

the young, and the youthful and healthy members in no wise unduly subscribe towards the liabilities of their aged and failing brethren.

MANAGEMENT AND SECRETS.

"We now come to a brief consideration of the way in which the Society is managed. We have seen that it consists of about 325,000 members. The precise numbers, according to the last returns were 216,215. These members meet in lodges, generally held in taverns and publichouses. A certain number of lodges are united, in different localities and centres of population, into what are termed Districts, and the sum of the Districts forms the Unity. The following will show the number of members as compared with that of the Foresters, the society next in strength, importance, and financial success to the Manchester Unity:—

| | Odd Fellows. | Foresters. |
|--------------------|--------------|------------|
| England | 267,394 | 159,883 |
| Wales | 23,011 | 5,661 |
| Scotland | 3,277 | 825 |
| Ireland | 1,013 | 164 |
| Abroad | 10,566 | 2,088 |
| 1860 | 305,261 | 168,576 |
| 1861 | 316,215 | 189,584 |

"In the Metropolitan Districts there are now about 20,000 members, which number is increasing daily.

"Each Lodge is governed by its own officers. The chairman is called the Noble Grand, the deputy chairman is the Vice-Grand; the last past chairman is the Grand Master of his Lodge; those who have passed the chair are known as Past Grands, and the rest are Secretaries, Wardens, Guardians, Right and Left Supporters of the chair, and Brothers. The Lodge is opened by a few sentences from the chairman, and each brother who enters must give the sign and password, which latter is changed every quarter. This sign and password, with some others for the higher degrees of office, constitute the only and sole secrets of the Society; but they effectually prevent the entrance of strangers, and even of members in arrear of their subscriptions. * o o o o

"But to return; the members of the several lodges elect delegates to the district committees, which are held quarterly, half-yearly, or three times a year. At these committees laws are passed for the mutual benefit of the lodges in the district, levies are made for management, expenses, and other business of an executive character is transacted. The delegates in their turn elect deputies to the A.M.C. (Annual Moveable Committee), and ballot for their own proper officers, who are respectively known as Provincial Grand Master (Prov. G.M.), Provincial Deputy Grand Master (Prov. D.G.M.), and Provincial Corresponding Secretary (Prov. C.S.). At the A.M.C. the elections for officers of the Unity are conducted. These officers are the Chairman or Grand Master (G.M.), Deputy Grand Master (D.G.M.), the Secretary of the Order (C.S.), and nine directors; the G.M., D.G.M., and last past G.M. are directors by virtue of their offices. These elections take place annually, except in the case of the C.S., which office is held by Mr. Henry Ratcliffe, who, as an actuary of high class attainments, holds permanent office. Officers who have passed the highest dignity in the Unity are called Past Grand Masters (P.G.M.). In cases of dispute between members, the cause is first brought for discussion before a summoned lodge; if it be not there settled, it is then carried to a District Committee; and lastly, appeal is made to the Board of

Directors, whose decision is final. All cases are settled by arbitration, and few indeed are carried beyond the jurisdiction of the Society, to be arranged by the legal representatives of the state.

CAPITAL.

"The whole capital of the Unity is about two millions, or an average of over £6 per member. This, of course, includes the Widow and Orphan, as well as the Sick and Funeral, and Management Funds. Many Lodges possess over £12 a member, and one as much as £22. Statistical returns are made annually from each Lodge to the G.M. and Board of Directors; and in the course of a few months the results of the quinquennial return required by Government will be known, when it is anticipated that the Society will exhibit a still larger increase in numbers and funds than has already been shown.

ADVANTAGES TO WORKING MEN.

"The Manchester Unity is a Great Brotherhood, a Universal Family, a Bond of Union, an unfailing adviser, and a sincere and faithful friend. Compared to it, and similar associations, all the Secret Societies of the Middle Ages—all the orders of knighthood and chivalry, priesthood and science, literature, commerce, and art—were comparatively weak, inefficient, and delusive. In a word, the Manchester Unity is essentially a society for working men, and as such deserves warm encouragement from legislators and men in high position—a large number of whom, indeed, are already among its patrons. It has branches all over the globe; and wherever Englishmen are found there surely arises an Odd-Fellows Lodge. In the trenches before Sebastopol, in the cold north and in the torrid south, in the land of the stranger no less than in our beloved country, the principles of Odd-Fellowship teach men to stretch out a helping hand to a brother in distress, and to turn not away from the weak, the faltering, or the erring. Testimony to the value of Odd-Fellowship has been borne by the rich and the noble, the wise and the thoughtful, O many times, and on many interesting occasions.

"Friendship, Love, and Truth—Faith, Hope, and Charity; these are the mottoes of our Order, and all our practice tends to lead our brethren to the daily exhibition of Virtue, Honour and Loyalty."

The Lodge Room.

ABERDARE.—Henry A. Bruce, Esq., the esteemed M.P. for Aberdare, was recently initiated in the Bruce Lodge, at Mountain Ash. His example has been followed by Lewis Roberts, Esq., of Cwmdare, together with J. Jones, Esq., surgeon, Trecynon.

BRADFORD.—The friends of Mr. Christopher Billington lately presented him with a valuable electro-plated tea service, and a pair of spectacles. One of the pieces bears the following inscription.—"Presented to Christopher Billington for his valuable services rendered to the Milton Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, M.U., 1861."

BRIGHTON.—The Members of the Loyal Oak and Ivy Lodge celebrated their sixteenth anniversary on Monday, June 24. The members and friends, to the number of about eighty, sat down to an excellent repast. Mr. Edward Saunders, of Brighton, one of the founders of the Lodge, and Secretary of the Widows and Orphans' Fund, presided, supported by Mr. George Palmer, of Worthing, G.M. of the District, Mr. James Curtis, of Brighton, C.S. of the

District; Mr. D. A. King, of Brighton, Honorary Physician to the Lodge, several past officers from Brighton, including Messrs. Gates, Ledgo, Stredwick, &c., Mr. Dollman, Messrs. Norman, Meeds, &c., &c. After dinner, and the giving and receiving of a few appropriate toasts, an adjournment was made to the cricket field, where cricket, trap, and other games were indulged in. The lodge consists of seventy members, with a capital of nearly £400.

BIRMINGHAM.—On Monday, July 8th, at Aston Park, nearly 80,000 persons were present at a varied entertainment—with M. Blondin on the tight-rope, and G. M. Gale, P. G. M. Buck, P. G. M. Hardwick, C. S. Burgess, P. P. G. M. Rough, and other well-known members as speakers at the banquet. As we have not been furnished with particulars of this *fete*, we are unable to give them.

BRADFORD, YORKSHIRE.—The members and friends of the Faith, Hope, and Charity Lodge, to the number of upwards of a hundred, celebrated their anniversary on Wednesday, July 10th, by a supper. Dr. Brown presided, and Mr. J. Dawson, manager for T. Salt, Esq., Saltaire, very efficiently fulfilled the duties of Vice-Chairman. After the usual loyal toasts had been acknowledged, Mr. William Pickard proposed the Manchester Unity, and Board of Directors; to which Mr. Councillor John Schofield, P.G.M., and one of the Board of Directors, replied. In the course of his remarks, he said that the Order was never in a more prosperous condition, having in the five years ending December, 1860, initiated upwards of 125,000 members.

BUCKINGHAM.—The Members of the Loyal Grenville Lodge celebrated their nineteenth anniversary on July 17th, when upwards of thirty-five sat down to an excellent dinner; G. H. Haslop Esq., surgeon to the lodge, presiding. On January 1st, 1861, the lodge consisted of eight-two members. During the half-year two have been initiated; the lodge has lost one by death, and one member's wife, and two have ceased to be members for non-payments of contributions.

BURY ST. EDMUND'S.—The Members and friends of the St. Edmund's Lodge, to the number of 207, celebrated their 20th anniversary on Monday, September 9th. The brethren assembled at the Lodge-house, where they formed a procession, with the regalia of the Order, flags, &c., and marched, accompanied by the band of the West Suffolk Militia, to the Abbey Grounds, which had been kindly granted by N. S. Hodson, Esq. A ramble among the floral beauties in the garden, and a dance upon the lawn, to the inspiring music of the drums and fifes, served to pass the time till four o'clock, the hour fixed for the banquet—at which Mr. Samuel Daynes, P.G.M., and one of the Board of Directors—presided. Mr. Daynes gave an excellent account of the Unity, and showed how well he had studied, and how much he appreciated, the article on "Regalia," which appeared in the April No. of this magazine, by quoting the greater part of it. Among the other speakers were P.P.G.M. Carter, P.G. Lock, Prov. G.M. Hogg, P.G. Haward, N.G. Frost, and Brs. Clark and Brown. A dance concluded the day's festivities.

FOOTS CRAY, KENT.—The members and friends of the Loyal Flower of Kent Lodge celebrated their anniversary on Monday, July 15, Heckstall Smith, Esq., in the chair. The members formed in procession, and proceeded to Longland's place, headed by a military band, accompanied by the regalia of the order; thence to Foots Cray Church, where a sermon was preached by the Rev. J. Carrick. A banquet followed, which was well attended.

FURNESS ABBEY LODGE.—The members, to the number of three hundred, dined together at the Cavendish Arms Inn. This year's anniversary was rendered exceedingly interesting from the fact of the following gentlemen attending to be initiated:—H. W. Schneider, Esq., of Swarthdale, Robert

Hannay, sen. Esq., of Springfield, the Rev. J. M. Morgan, vicar of Dalton, and Mr. Wm. Slater, yeoman, of Park.

GREAT BERKHAMSTEAD DISTRICT.—The Members of the District, and their friends and supporters, met on Monday, June 24th, to celebrate their annual gala in aid of the Widow and Orphan Fund. The Members and their friends formed the procession, and paraded the town, the band playing various airs, and shortly before one o'clock they entered the old castle grounds, where Mr. Nelson Lee had made ample preparation to meet the various tastes and wishes of those present. A concert then took place, followed by other amusements—dancing on the lawn, &c., till dusk, when commenced a brilliant display of fireworks. The whole concluded with a transparent display of the words, "Thanks for the Widow and Orphan." The Committee realised about £40. There were upwards of six thousand present at the *fete*, which was every way a success.

HADDINGTON, N.B.—On Saturday, August 10th, the Odd-Fellows connected with this district, comprising the Tyneside and Tantallon Lodges, received a visit from a large number of the Members of the Kelso and Edinburgh Lodges. The occasion, among the Odd-Fellows of the town, was made a complete holiday. An excellent band from Edgehead was procured, floral arches were thrown over the entrance to the Odd-Fellows' Hall, Market-street, as also over the east end of the Nungate-bridge, and arrangements were at the same time made for a grand banquet in the Assembly-rooms in the afternoon. Nothing was left undone, in short, to give the visiting brethren a hearty welcome. At eleven o'clock, a procession was formed at the Odd-Fellows' Hall, headed by the band, and a large number of the Members belonging to the Tyneside and Tantallon Lodges walked to the railway station to meet the train which was to convey the Kelso and Edinburgh visitors to Haddington. The train having duly discharged its freight, the procession was re-formed, the visiting lodges occupying a prominent place in the order of march, and the Odd-Fellows, two and two abreast, walked through the principal streets of the town, with the band preceding them. At about half-past two o'clock there was a re-gathering in the Odd-Fellows' Hall, and at three o'clock the different lodges again walked in procession to the Assembly-rooms, where a most substantial dinner had been prepared for them. P.P.G.M. John Hislop occupied the chair, the duties of the croupiership being discharged by P.P.G.M. William Ross. Among others present were Provost Cunningham, Bailies Dunlop, Dickson, and Vert, Treasurer Moodie, Dean of Guild Roughead, Councillor Watson, &c. Numerous excellent speeches were made. The band performed at intervals, and several excellent songs, contributed by Members of the company, added much to the hilarity and enjoyment.

HAGGERSTONE.—The members of the Haggerstone Lodge had their twentieth annual dinner on Tuesday, July 23rd, at the Lodge house, Kingsland-road. Appropriate toasts were given, several songs sung, and the evening spent with the greatest harmony and goodwill.

LANGTON, TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—On Monday, June 24th, the half-yearly meeting of the Tunbridge District was held; when, at the conclusion of the business, most of the delegates dined with the members of the Hand of Friendship Lodge, which that day celebrated its third anniversary.

The members met at the Lodge-house at ten in the morning, and walked in procession through the pretty village of Langton, which is delightfully situated in the midst of a beautiful country, about three miles from Tunbridge Wells.

At half-past two the members of the Lodge and their friends, to the number of about seventy, sat down to a substantial and excellent dinner in a marquee

erected in the meadow adjoining to the Greyhound Inn. Past Grand George F. Pardon, editor of the *Weekly Chronicle*, in the chair; supported by the Grand Master and Corresponding Secretary of the District, as well as several well-known members of the Order; and the vice-chair was ably filled by Past Grand John Piper, Permanent Secretary of the Lodge. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, the chairman, in a long and interesting speech, proposed the "Manchester Unity of Odd-Fellows, its Grand Master, and Board of Directors." He gave an account of its objects and purposes, and dwelt at length on the advantages of it and similar associations. William Judd, Esq., a member of the North London District, replied, and, in a speech of considerable length and eloquence, supplemented the chairman's remarks. Mr. Hilder, C. S., of the Tonbridge District, gave an interesting account of its progress and present condition. Secretary Piper spoke for the Hand of Friendship Lodge, which, he said, was prospering most favourably, considering that it only that day celebrated its third birthday. It possessed forty members, and had nearly £100 invested capital, after paying all sick, funeral, and district claims. The other toasts followed, and the festival may be considered a great success.

MARKET HARBOUROUGH.—The Odd-Fellows of the Market Harborough District have presented Mr. R. Lowe, their worthy C.S., with a gold watch. The members of the Briton's Glory Lodge, whose meetings are held at the Swan's Hotel, met on July 24th, to celebrate their anniversary. Seventy-two guests sat down to dinner. The watch is a hunting one, with enamelled figures, and bears the following inscription:—Presented by the brethren of the Market Harborough District I.O.O.F., M.U., to P.P.G. Robert Lowe, now, and for fourteen years past, C.S., as a mark of their esteem and appreciation of his valuable services. July 17, 1861." Mr. Lowe begged leave to thank them, and those brothers present, and those brothers absent, who had contributed to the testimonial. He did not consider his services were equal to the value of the present made him. He hoped he might live long to work in the cause of Odd-Fellowship. Other toasts followed, and a most delightful evening was spent.

NORTH LONDON.—The district visit fixed for the Temple of Peace Lodge was held on Monday, August 12, when Prov. G.M. Harris attended, and much interesting matter formed the subject of conversation. P.G. Shergold, the excellent Secretary, informed the G.M. that the lodge accounts for the year just past would show that the sick and funeral fund received £199 18s. 2½d.; and there was paid out in sickness, £102 12s., and for funeral levies, £26 7s. 3d.; together, £128 19s. 3d., leaving a net gain of £70 18s. 11½d. The district officers visited the City's Pride Lodge, on Tuesday 20th; Prince George of Cambridge, Wednesday 21st; and Prince Albert, Chester Arms, Albany Street, Thursday 22nd. During their year of office, the District Officers, frequently attended by P.G. Pardon and other active members of the order, have visited at least one lodge every week.

NORTH LONDON.—The St. John's Lodge celebrated its twenty-first anniversary at the New Vauxhall Gardens, Southgate, on Wednesday, September 11, by a variety of amusements. At six P.M. the dinner took place, P.G. William Jones, proprietor of the Sussex Hotel, Bouverie Street, presiding. The usual toasts were excellently well proposed and responded to.

NORTH LONDON.—On Monday, the 1st of July, the Members of the Phoenix Lodge held their anniversary at Watford, Herts. The Members assembled at the Lodge House, and walked in procession to church, where an admirable sermon, suitable for the occasion, was preached by the curate. The dinner was prepared by "mine host" at the Green Man, and was excellently served.

About one hundred members dined, presided over by Mr. Clutterbuck, a county magistrate, who was attended by several of the resident gentry of Watford.

NORTH LONDON.—The Members and friends of the Carlisle Lodge celebrated their seventeenth anniversary on Tuesday, September 24th, by a dinner at the Carlisle Arms, Queen-street, Soho; P.G. Vassie in the chair. Messrs. Moore, Mines, and Cresshull acted as Stewards. The District Officers, P.G. Pardon, Editor of the *Weekly Chronicle*, and other well-known members, were present.

NORTH LONDON.—**DISTRICT LECTURES AND DEGREES.**—The district lectures and degrees were given to past officers of lodges, on Thursday, July 18, at the Haggerstone Lodge House, Kingsland-road, when the following members attended:—For Purple P.G.'s, Alfred Stone, Charles Stone, Hester, and Fagan (Lord Portman); Apperley (Hope of Finsbury); Attwood (Amicable); Earle and Wallis (Haggerstone); and Toynbee (King Edward); also P. G. Wray, of the Viner Lodge, Lincoln; P.P.G. M. Rickard, Plymouth District, was also present, and assisted the District Officers, with other Past Officers of the District. Degrees were given to Smith (Haggerstone), N.G., V.G., and Sec.; Brooks (Hope of Finsbury), N.G. and V.G.; Dean (King Edward), N.G. and V.G.; Scott (Haggerstone), N.G. and V.G.; Fisher, V.G. and Sec.; Perfect, V.G.; Tanner and Gomer, Sec.

NORTH LONDON.—On Wednesday, June 5th, the North London Officers visited the Bruce Castle Lodge, at Tottenham, when the Caledonia, Lord Portman, Duchess of Kent, and City of London Lodges, were represented by members present. After the usual business, the complimentary toast to the District Officers was given, and responded to by them; "the Press," coupling with it the name of P.G. Pardon, who, in acknowledging it, touched upon the importance of the press to all well-regulated Societies, and of what he had been able to accomplish in the *Odd-Fellows' Magazine*, the *Weekly Chronicle*, and the daily papers. The visitors having also returned thanks, some excellent singing and reciting followed. The Lodge celebrated its anniversary on the 9th of July, when a large party assembled, under the presidency of P.G. Simpson.

NORTH LONDON.—The members and friends of the Morning Star Lodge celebrated their seventeenth anniversary by a dinner, on Monday, June 5th, at the Malpas Arms, Charles-street, Grosvenor-square. Mr. C. Cook officiated as Chairman, and Mr. H. Cooper as Vice-Chairman. Numerically and financially the Lodge is in a highly favourable condition.

NORTH LONDON.—The Cambridge Lodge celebrated its anniversary at a dinner, on Tuesday, September 10, at the Clanricarde Hotel, Southwick-street, Paddington. Also on the same day, the Princess Royal Lodge, Johnson's Arms, Johnson-street, Notting-hill.

NORTH LONDON.—The Members of the Great Western Lodge, with their friends, met on Monday, September 2nd, and proceeded to Pope's Grotto Hotel, Twickenham, where a substantial repast was provided by P.P.G.M. Collard. Boating, quoits, dancing, and other amusements ended a pleasant day. The Secretary's report showed the lodge to be in a thriving condition.

NORTH LONDON.—At the British Oak Lodge, Highgate, on Tuesday, Sept. 3rd, there was a capital muster of visitors from the Prince George of Cambridge, Morning Star, Union, Island Queen, and City of London Lodges. Prov. G. M. Harris, P.G. Pardon, P.G. Adams, P.G. Mitchell, and others, spoke on the Unity and District. The lodge is in a flourishing condition.

NORTH LONDON.—The twentieth anniversary of St. Martin's lodge was celebrated on August 21, when a presentation of a purse and a handsome timepiece was made to Past Grand Masters. On the base of the timepiece was the following inscription:—"Presented to Richard Masters, P.G., by the

Members of St. Martin's Lodge, Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, M.U., as an acknowledgment of his meritorious services as Lodge Secretary.—August 21st, 1861."

NORTH LONDON.—The eighteenth anniversary of the Bruce Castle Lodge took place in August, at the "Eagle," Tottenham. Mr. Harpin, P.G., occupied the chair till the arrival of Mr. Harris, who spoke long and eloquently on the advantages of the Society.

NORTH LONDON.—The eighteenth anniversary of the Lord Melbourne Lodge, held at the Rose and Crown, Welwyn, was celebrated on Wednesday, July 24th, Pro. G. M. Harris presiding. The usual loyal and patriotic toasts were duly honoured, Sergeant Mitchell, of the London Scottish, responding for "The Volunteers," and Mr. Prior for "The Clergy and Gentry." "The Lord Melbourne Lodge" was proposed by the Chairman at great length, and the toast was honoured with great acclamation. "The North London Officers," "The Manchester Unity and Directors," "The Press, and kindred Societies," followed. The meeting was one every way successful.

NORTH LONDON.—The members of the Royal Oak Lodge, held at the Royal Oak, Harlesden Green, held their 14th Anniversary on Monday, July 22nd. The members, preceded by an efficient brass band, formed in procession, and proceeded to St. John's Church, Kensal Green, where a sermon was preached by the Rev. A. G. Pemberton, M.A., in aid of the Widow and Orphan Fund. The procession then returned to the Royal Oak, where a capital dinner was provided. After dinner, cricket and other games were played, and an efficient band for dancing.

NEWARK.—The members of the Good Samaritan, Noah's Ark, and Good Intent Lodges, and the United Juvenile Branch, held their anniversary on Monday, July 22. They assembled at their Lodge-house, and proceeded to the parish church, where an excellent sermon was preached by the Rev. J. G. Bussell, vicar. Upwards of 300 sat down in the Corn Exchange, to an excellent dinner, provided by Bro. William Slater. Grosvenor Hodgkinson, Esq., M.P., occupied the chair. The arrangements were excellent, and a most pleasant evening was spent.

NEWARK.—On Whit Tuesday the members of the Good Samaritan Lodge held a special meeting at their Lodge-room, for the purpose of presenting their permanent secretary, Mr. John Adcock, with a testimonial, consisting of a handsome electro-plated tea and coffee service, a dozen silver tea-spoons, and sugar bows. The presentation was made by Mr. John Roberts, of Coddington (a member of the Lodge, who had been Auditor for some years), with a suitable address. The following inscription was engraved on the teapot:—"Presented by the members of the Good Samaritan Lodge of Odd-Fellows M.U. to P.P.G.M. John Adcock, as a token of respect for his valuable services. Newark, 1861." The meeting terminated shortly after ten o'clock.

NUNEATON.—On Sunday, the 25th of August, the members of the above Lodge met at their Lodge-house and proceeded to Church, when their worthy Chaplain preached a most excellent sermon, and on Wednesday, the 28th, they held their anniversary dinner, when seventy sat down to an excellent spread. The chair was filled by J. Estlin, Esq., solicitor, supported by the Rev. J. R. Quirk, chaplain, and R. B. Naison, Esq., lodge surgeon; the vice-chair by their late host, Mr. W. Wagstaff, supported by Messrs. Lea and Clay; the other vice-chair by the N.G. Isaac Freer, supported by the P.G. of the lodge.

PIMLICO.—The seventeenth anniversary of the Builders' Pride Lodge was celebrated on Wednesday evening, May 8, when about a hundred members and friends assembled. J. R. Pettigrew, Esq., M.D., presided, supported by Mr. Charles Hardwick, P.G.M., Prov. G. Harris, of North London; Mr. G. F.

Pardon, Mr. Richard Pettigrew; Messrs. Yates, Stiff, Newman, Deal, and other well-known members of the Order. The vice-chair was occupied by Mr. Ellis, an Odd Fellow of forty years' standing, and there were present members of the metropolitan districts and several provincial friends. Many excellent speeches were made, and some capital songs were sung.

PIMLICO.—On Monday, July 8th, the Pimlico District had a large muster in Baron Rothschild's grounds at Gunnersbury. A most delightful day was spent.

PLYMOUTH.—The Officers and Members of the Plymouth District held their anniversary *fete* at Newnham Park, near Plympton, on Coronation Day, when about one thousand Odd-Fellows were present, and with the public who attended, enjoyed a most delightful day.

PLYMOUTH DISTRICT.—On Wednesday, July 10, at a supper held at P.G. Hayman's New Market Inn, Mr. Richard Spry was presented with a handsome testimonial of respect from the Members of the Loyal Falmouth Lodge, of which he has been for the last four years the Secretary. P.G. Francis Dinnis occupied the chair, and Br. James Hicks the vice-chair, and there were about forty Members present, and a most pleasant evening was spent. The testimonial consisted of an electro-silver tea service and salver. On the latter was the following inscription:—"Presented to Past Secretary Brother Richard Spry, by the Loyal Falmouth Lodge (No. 4045), as a memorial of respect for his valuable services."

POTTERY AND NEWCASTLE DISTRICT.—On Monday, August 5th, the Members of the Miners' Glory Lodge, Talk-o'-th'-Hill, assisted by some of the Members of the Miner's Lodge, Chesterton, celebrated their anniversary. At an early hour in the morning, the brethren mustered, and formed in procession to the church, where an appropriate sermon was preached; after which a substantial dinner was served up by Host Hancock. Prov. D.G.M. Emanuel Lovekin in the chair.

STALYBRIDGE.—On Tuesday, July 9th, a number of the brethren met for the purpose of presenting to P. Prov. G.M. Thomas Hodson, a testimonial for his past services in connection with the District. There were present on the platform—T. H. Sidebottom, Esq. (the Mayor), W. Bayley, Esq., Ralph Bates, Esq., James Kirk, Esq., Richard Brierly, Esq. (all honorary members of the Order); W. Aitken, A. Wield, G. Garside, and the principal officers of the District. The testimonial consisted of a very eulogistic address, beautifully lithographed and framed; a splendid silver inkstand, and the best and latest edition of Macaulay's "History of England," in five volumes.

STEPNEY DISTRICT.—The annual financial statement of the Stepney District shows that the number of subscribers is increased to 1,679, of the average age of thirty-three years and three months. The receipts during the year 1860 were, for contributions, £1,990 15s. 1½d.; entrance fees, £82 1s. 3d.; and interest, £385 18s. 11d.; and the payments to sick members, £1,030 5s. 8d.; and for funeral levies, £173 11s. 2½d.; showing a net increase in the year of £1,254. 18s. 5½d., and making the present surplus capital of the district £14,294 16s. 9d. Thirteen members and ten wives died during the year. The return is highly creditable to Mr. Love, the secretary, and proves what information can be supplied by well-managed Friendly Societies to their members without the compulsion of an Act of Parliament.

SOUTH LONDON.—The members of the Lord Byron, Sons of the Thames, St. Mary Magdalen, Pride of Bermondsey, City of London, and Victoria Lodges, celebrated their joint anniversary, by an excursion to Brighton, and the Swiss Gardens, Shoreham, on Monday, July 15th.

SOUTH LONDON.—The Members and friends of the Flower of Kent Lodge

celebrated their twenty-fifth anniversary on Tuesday, the 30th of July, Mr. W. Treliving, the N.G., in the chair.

After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, the Chairman proposed "The Grand Master and Board of Directors," which was ably responded to by Mr. Vincent Robert Burgess, Director and C.S. of the district.

In responding to the toast of the "South London District and its Officers," which was proposed by P.G. James Fisher, of the Pride of Walworth, Prov. G.M. Burton called the attention of the Members to the financial and social progress made by the district, and requested the co-operation of all the Members in assisting to carry out the objects of the society. P.G. E. White, Secretary, in responding to the toast of "The Flower of Kent Lodge," showed that the Lodge was in a condition of well-deserved prosperity, as with 160 Members good on the books, they had at that time only one on the funds. The South London District generally is in a state of great prosperity, harmony and good feeling prevailing in all its Lodges.

SOUTH LONDON.—On Thursday, July 15th, the Members of the Orphan's Home Lodge celebrated their anniversary, under the presidency of P.G. Jackson; when Secretary Burton, Pro. G.M., was presented with a lever watch and Albert guard, subscribed for by nearly one hundred members of the lodge, who are fully alive to the fact that the rapidly increasing prosperity of the lodge is due to his integrity and unceasing exertions as secretary. Prov. G.M. Burton expressed his grateful acknowledgment of the handsome present, and his high appreciation of the generous recognition evinced on the part of the lodge of the mode in which he had discharged his duties. The pleasure of the guests was greatly enhanced by several excellent speeches, songs, and recitations.

SOUTHAMPTON.—The Odd-Fellows of Southampton and the neighbourhood, held a *fête* on the 26th of August, at Spear Hall, Portswood, the residence of G. Lungley, Esq., who had kindly allowed the use of his beautiful grounds for the purpose. The *fête* was in aid of the Widow and Orphan Fund of the Order. The opportunity afforded by the *fête* was embraced by Mr. Lungley to bring together a large party of friends. At the conclusion of the banquet the company adjourned to the grounds, and enjoyed themselves in various ways till nightfall. The grounds were brilliantly illuminated, and a display of fireworks concluded the *fête*.

SHAW DISTRICT.—The members of the Yew Lodge, at their thirty-first anniversary, presented to P.P.G.M. Thomas Tetlow, a very handsome writing desk, purchased by the voluntary subscriptions of the members, of the value of three-guineas, as a mark of the estimation in which, for thirty years, he has been held by his brethren.

SHEFFIELD.—The first public dinner in connection with the Sheffield District of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, took place on Monday evening, June 17th, in the Cutlers' Hall. About three hundred persons were present. His Worship the Mayor (H. Vickers, Esq.), presided. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, the Mayor proposed, "Success to the Manchester Unity of Odd-Fellows." Mr. Charles Hardwick pointed out the great advantages conferred by Friendly Societies on the working classes and the nation at large, and the importance and position of the Order whose anniversary they had met to celebrate.

ST. AGNES, CORNWALL.—The grand annual gathering of the several Lodges in Cornwall was held at St. Agnes on Tuesday, July 5th. About a hundred and fifty brethren assembled, and having formed in procession, carrying the emblems of the Order, and dressed in full regalia, proceeded through the town to the church. The prayers were read, and an eloquent address delivered by

the Rev. J. Vaudrey. On leaving church, the procession proceeded to the Beacon, to enjoy the beauty of the surrounding scenery, returning to the town by a circuitous route by way of the Quay. The brethren then repaired to the school-room, which was converted into a banquet-room, and beautifully decorated. They sat down to an excellent dinner, under the presidency of Brother T. Hingston Harvey, Esq., who was supported by Bro. Hitchins and Bro. Dowton, Prov. C.S.; the vice-chair being filled by Bro. Newton, Prov. G.M. The St. Agnes band was in attendance during the dinner.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—The anniversary of the Loyal Clarence Lodge, was celebrated on Wednesday, August 21st. In the morning a cricket match was played on the common between the married and single Members, when, after a smart contest, the Benedicts triumphed over the Romeos, and carried off their bats with a majority of twenty-three runs. At four o'clock the Members and their friends, to the number of about a hundred, assembled at the Corn Exchange, and partook of an excellent dinner. After full justice had been done to the banquet, the chair was taken by Mr. George F. Pardon, P.G. The usual loyal and patriotic toasts disposed of, the Chairman proposed the Grand Master and Board of Directors of the Manchester Unity of Odd-Fellows Friendly Society. He entered at considerable length into the history, present position, and future prospects of the institution, and urged all present to exert themselves in making known the advantages they themselves enjoyed. Other toasts followed. Mr. Holmes, P.P.G.M., replied for the District and its Officers, and gave several interesting details. In responding to the toast of the evening, "The Loyal Clarence Lodge," Mr. Edward Barnard, the secretary, who is also the C.S. of the District, stated that the lodge was never in a better or more prosperous condition. It was founded in 1845, and consisted at the present time of one hundred and eighty Members, with a surplus capital of £1,700, or nearly £9 10s. per Member. Mr. Aidee proposed "The Chairman," and spoke in high terms of his great activity and influence in Odd-Fellowship. "The Host," "The Press," and "Kindred Societies," completed the list of toasts. During the evening there was some excellent singing.

WALTHAM DISTRICT.—On Wednesday, July 10th, the members and friends of the Loyal Provident, Queen Eleanor, and Ancient Abbey Lodges, Waltham Abbey District, to the number of nearly four hundred, made holiday at Rye House, Herts. The usual out-door sports were indulged in to a very exhilarating extent, and at three o'clock the company sat down to an excellent dinner in the great hall. The chair was taken by Mr. E. H. Littler, Deputy Grand Master of the District, and among the company was Arthur Priest, Esq., the respected surgeon to the District; Prov. G. M. Pearce, P. P. G. M. Phipps, P. G. Vince, P. G. Hewitt, P. G. Speller, P. G. Piggott; Messrs. Crane, Marsh, Bradstock, Mackee, Warden, and George F. Pardon, editor of the *ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE* and the *Weekly Chronicle*. After the toasts and speeches usual on these occasions, the ancient hall was cleared for dancing, which was kept up with great spirit till ten o'clock, when the special train returned to Waltham Abbey.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—On Wednesday, July 10, a great demonstration was made at the Molineux Grounds. The lodges in the district number about sixteen, and at ten o'clock these assembled in St. James's-square, and headed by bands of music, proceeded through the principal streets of the town to the Collegiate Church. Each lodge had its distinguishing flags and banners, and the members themselves were decorated with the various insignia of office. There were between 600 and 700 in the procession. The sermon at church was preached by the rector, the Rev. J. H. Iles. The collection after the sermon amounted to £7 8s. 6d., and will be divided between the South Stafford-

shire Hospital and the Wolverhampton Ragged School. On leaving church the procession was re-formed, and marched down Darlington-street and Waterloo-road to Molineux Grounds. A spacious marquee was here erected for dinner, to which about 600 sat down, and on the removal of the cloth, the party adjourned upon the green, and with the public, who were now admitted, took part in the *fetes* that followed. These consisted of miscellaneous concerts, performances by the band of the Bilston Rifle Corps, the band of the Second Company of Rifle Volunteers, the St. George's Sax-horn band, and Messrs. Humphries' Quadrille band. There were also displays of fireworks, pyrotechnical balloons, rifle shooting, dancing, and the usual paraphernalia of an every-day *fete*. Upwards of 6,000 persons were on the ground. At the dinner, the Mayor, C. Clark, Esq., took the chair, Dr. Fraser officiating as vice. The usual loyal toasts having been duly honoured, Mr. Hardwick, in his usual happy manner, spoke for the Manchester Unity, and Mr. Gale for the Board of Directors.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—SPECIAL INITIATORY MEETING.—Charles Clark, Esq., Mayor of this borough, was initiated a Member of the Loyal King William the Fourth Lodge, at a meeting held in St. George's School-room, on the 5th of August, when upwards of two hundred Members of the various Lodges were present, including W. Dunn, Esq., Surgeon of the Lodge, and the District Officers. The meeting was called for the especial purpose of the initiation of the Mayor; and the large school-room was tastefully decorated for the occasion. S. R. Willson, P.P.G.M., officiated as N.G. The Rev. J. H. Iles, rector of the Collegiate Church, who is also a Member of the St. Andrew's Lodge, read the initiation charge. P.G. Thomas Gardener officiated as warden, and P.G. Henry Wilcock, of the Chillington Lodge, was conductor. After the ceremony of initiation was concluded, the usual toasts were proposed and responded to, and the Mayor made an excellent speech.

LECTURE AND PRESENTATION.

Mr. Charles Hardwick delivered a lecture in the Assembly Room, Rose and Crown Hotel, Clitheroe, in Lancashire, on Saturday, Sept. 14. The subject of the lecture was, "Friendly Societies: The Provident Institutions of the People, their Vast Social Importance, their Imperfections, and the Remedies." The lecturer entered at length into the question of the real origin of these institutions, and the gradual progress of the working classes from serfdom to their present social position; he reviewed all the more important facts and principles in the science called "vital statistics," and expounded, in a popular manner, by the aid of diagrams representing the average of sickness and mortality, the true laws of finance necessary to secure the future reliability of these valuable societies. While pointing out errors and suggesting remedies, the lecturer defended the members from aspersions which he contended had been unjustly cast upon them. Mr. Hardwick concluded with an earnest appeal to the industrious provident operatives on behalf of these societies, which were calculated in the truest sense, to secure their cherished independence in the hour of affliction, and to promote their moral and social advancement.

The Chairman (Mr. Fielden, bookseller) afterwards, in the name of the Members of the Clitheroe District of the Manchester Unity Friendly Society, presented to Mr. W. Hodgkinson, their Corresponding Secretary, a very elegant timepiece, with a suitable inscription, as an acknowledgment of the value of the services rendered by him to the district during the eight years he has held the office.



Samuel Taylor Settle
P. Prov. G. M.

THE
ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1862.

Samuel Taylor Settle, P. Prob. G.M.

MR. SAMUEL TAYLOR SETTLE, whose portrait accompanies the present number of the Magazine, was born at Turton, near Bolton, Lancashire, on the 13th of July, 1811. At an early age he was employed in a cotton mill, and continued engaged in various departments in connection with the staple manufacture of his native county till 1855, when, under the auspices of his cousin, John Orrell Lever, Esq., M.P., he undertook the management of the "Howard Arms Hotel," built for the accommodation of invalids and other visitors to the celebrated alkaline and chalybeate waters at "Whittle Springs," near Chorley, Lancashire.

Mr. Settle's lengthy career as an Odd-Fellow has been marked by unceasing devotion to its best interests. He was initiated a member of the Order, in the "Welcome Traveller" Lodge, of the Bolton District, on the 9th of March, 1833. He almost immediately commenced his career of active usefulness. He served several inferior offices, and afterwards filled to the satisfaction of his Lodge the offices of V.G. and N.G. On his receiving the purple degree in 1836, the members expressed their appreciation of his services by the presentation of a handsome silver medal, suitably inscribed. At a subsequent period, he again satisfactorily performed the duties of the superior offices of the "Welcome Traveller" Lodge. In 1843, a new Lodge was opened, chiefly through Mr. Settle's instrumentality. He was one of its first officers, and, for a lengthened period, he took a very lively interest in its welfare. This Lodge, in compliment to its founder, was named the "Settle's Pride," and is at present in a very prosperous condition. Mr Settle's activity and zeal in the cause of Odd-Fellowship caused him willingly to render assistance to his brethren in other sections of the then extensive Bolton District. He has served the office of N.G. in various

Lodges, no fewer than six different times. Scarcely any better proof of his hearty approval of the great principles of our Society could possibly be given.

His zeal in the cause of Odd-Fellowship soon found a larger area for its exhibition. In 1838, he was elected Corresponding Secretary of the Bolton District, and, in the following year, the Prov. Grand Master. He did good service to the cause of progress during this period of his labours, and especially in discountenancing the partial division of Lodge funds, a practice then not uncommon in seasons of commercial depression, when the benevolent, sick, and funeral funds formed one common stock. During the troubled times which succeeded the passing of the celebrated financial resolutions at Glasgow, Mr. Settle again cheerfully accepted the office of Corresponding Secretary of the District, and in December, 1846, he was re-elected Provincial Grand Master. His conciliatory manners and firm adherence to the law and the cause of progress, won him many friends during this trying period. Mr. Settle had been early impressed with the necessity for financial improvement in many of the Lodges in his neighbourhood, and, as early as 1843, when the "Settle's Pride" Lodge was opened, he persuaded the members to commence with a higher rate of contributions than was at that time customary. In consequence of this enlightened policy, Mr. Settle has lived to see many then supposed wealthy branches decay, while a recent valuation of the assets and liabilities of the Lodge which was nursed in its infancy by his fostering hand, as calculated by the C.S. of the Order, shows that a very trifling additional annual contribution would enable the Society to safely promise to its members an annuity of about three shillings per week for life to all who survived the age of sixty-five.

Until within the last few years, during which his business necessities have curtailed his active labours, but not lessened his affection for the good old cause, Mr. Settle was a well known and respected deputy to the Annual Moveable Committees of the Order. When deputies were appointed by lodges, he represented the "Welcome Traveller," at North London, in 1837. He afterwards represented the Bolton District at Birmingham, the Isle of Man, Wigan, Glasgow, Bristol, Southampton, Blackburn, Halifax, Dublin, Carlisle, Preston, and London. He received an appointment for Durham in 1855, but his acceptance of the management of the extensive establishment at Whittle Springs prevented his attendance. Mr. Settle was elected on four different occasions one of the Directors of the Unity, viz., at Blackburn (1849), at Dublin (1851), Carlisle (1852), and Preston (1853). He likewise represented the Bolton District at the celebrated "Com-Exchange" special meeting at Manchester, in 1848. In common with many other of the best friends of the Institution, Mr. Settle, at that time, entertained the greatest possible faith in the professions and general integrity of the late C.S., and accordingly he supported his cause with his habitual zeal. After listening to the proceedings of the Southampton A.M.C. however, and carefully weighing the additional evidence from time to time produced, Mr. Settle arrived at the conclusion now universally endorsed, that the confidence of a large section of the Unity in the then C.S. had been misplaced. In the frankest possible manner Mr. Settle acknowledged the change which his opinion had undergone, and laboured as zealously in the cause of the executive as he

had previously done for its opponent. His straightforward, manly conduct on this occasion, gained him many friends amongst those to whom he had previously been conscientiously opposed.

Mr. Settle was one of the Founders of the Widow and Orphans' Fund, of the Bolton District, and one of its earliest Presidents. He has on several occasions acted as trustee, both for Lodge and District. He has ever been a warm supporter of all propositions which he believed were calculated to promote the progressive improvement of the Society. He was especially active in inducing the various Lodges in his neighbourhood to enrol themselves under the act passed in consequence of the efforts of the Manchester Unity Directors, and others, in 1850, and so secure their legal standing in the courts of the National Executive Government, and their thorough respectability in the estimation of the country at large.

On leaving Bolton for Whittle Springs, the Members of his District determined to exhibit their appreciation of his services and their personal regard for him as an honourable man and a true Odd-Fellow, by a public demonstration. In this they were heartily supported by the neighbouring district of Chorley. An excursion to the beautiful grounds at Whittle Springs was determined upon. About one thousand friends from Bolton availed themselves of the liberal arrangements entered into by the railway company for the occasion. Nearly four hundred of the Chorley brethren and friends met them at the station, and joined in the procession to Mr. Settle's residence. It was computed that about four thousand persons were present in the gardens on the occasion. A public meeting was held in a spacious tent erected for the purpose. The chair was occupied by the then Grand Master of the Order, Mr. Counsellor Jno. Schofield, of Bradford, and the meeting was addressed at length by Mr. W. Aitken, of Ashton-under-Lyne; Mr. Charles Hardwick, of Preston and others. Mr. Nicholls, the Grand Master of the Bolton District, occupied the vice-chair. In the name of the Members whom he represented, he presented to Mr. Settle a handsome gold watch and chain of the value of twenty-two guineas, suitably inscribed, together with an address beautifully engrossed, conveying the thanks of his brethren for his valuable services during twenty years, their regret on his leaving the District, and their best wishes for his future prosperity. Mr. J. C. Prince, the Lancashire poet, was expected to attend and deliver an original poetic address. Circumstances prevented his attendance, but the poet subsequently enclosed an ode to the beautiful locality and its medicinal springs, in a metrical apology to Mr. Settle, for his unavoidable absence.

Mr. Settle was elected about two years ago a member of the Board of Guardians for the Chorley Union, which office he at present holds. On two occasions he has exhibited his philanthropic disposition and sympathy with the poor, by gratuitously treating the inmates of each of the work-houses of the union to a substantial repast. He was married in October, 1856, to the widow of Mr. Michael Ross, a Member of the Bolton District of the Manchester Unity. At the present time he has two children. Mr. Settle is likewise a Freemason, and a past officer of the ancient order of Druids. By the latter body, on the completion of his period of office, he was presented with an emblem of the Order, as a mark of the respect in which he was held by his brethren. Mr. Settle is thoroughly a self-made man. He has acquired the respect, confidence,

and esteem of his brethren and friends, not by the exhibition of great oratorical power, but by patient labour, hearty love for the cause of Odd-Fellowship, and general integrity of purpose. The almost unanimous vote by which the proposition for the insertion of his portrait and memoir in the MAGAZINE was carried at the Bolton Annual Meeting, must have convinced him that he still retains the regard and best wishes of his old colleagues and fellow labourers.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

BLEST morn ! by the Redeemer made the holiest of the year,
 In the encircling silence now I feel thy drawing near ;
 The very frost-wind, stealing past, upon my forehead flings
 A freshness wafted by the stir of thy advancing wings ;
 In clustering constellations, too, the star-troops seem to burn
 With all their best emblazonry, to welcome thy return.
 Hail to thy coming once again, thou spiritual time,
 Morn of a mighty mystery, soul-saving and sublime !

Rejoice, my spirit, hopefully ; yon temple's holy tower
 Gives to the far-pervading night the consecrated hour,
 And human voices, here and there, uplift with glad acclaim
 A sweet old song of homage to Jehovah's holy name,
 While fancy hears the angel hymn, and sees the star whose ray
 Shone on the lowly manger-roof where God incarnate lay.
 Hail to thy coming once again, thou praise-inspiring time,
 Morn of a mighty mystery, soul-saving and sublime !

Imagination hovers o'er thee, glorious Palestine !
 Proud birthplace of the Saviour, that prodigy divine,
 Thou saw'st His miracles of love, His excellence of life,
 And how He bore with Holy calm the malice and the strife
 Of cruel and calumnious power, of unbelieving pride,
 Though sold, scourged, menaced, and reviled, and by his own denied.
 Hail to thy coming once again, thou meditative time,
 Morn of a mighty mystery, soul-saving and sublime !

Land which beheld upon His brow the diadem of thorns,
 Planted by ruffian hands amid indignities and scorns,
 While some, more reckless than the rest, exulting in their deeds,
 Spat in that pale and patient face, distained with bloody beads,
 The while he uttered in his heart these words of sorrow true,
 " Father, forgive their ignorance, they know not what they do !"
 Hail to thy coming once again, thou sympathizing time,
 Morn of a mighty mystery, soul-saving and sublime !

Land which beheld, when Heaven had brimmed his earthly cup with woes,
His ordeal of sanguine sweat, His agonizing throes,
What time in lone Gethsemane's funereal depth of shade,
A more than human misery was on his spirit laid,
The while with pinched and parching lips he murmured, "From thy son
Oh! pass this draught of bitterness, but still Thy will be done."
Hail to thy coming once again, thou musing, mournful time,
Morn of a mighty mystery, soul-saving and sublime!

Land which beheld the final scene of man-redeeming love,
When the dear Jesus loosed his soul, to wing its way above,
While rude remorseless men looked on with wild and wolfish eyes,
Laughed at the spectacle, nor deemed how great the sacrifice,
Till earth put on a dreary robe of black, unnatural night,
Shook tower and temple on her breast, and smote them with affright.
Hail to thy coming once again, thou awe-creating time,
Morn of a mighty mystery, soul-saving and sublime!

Sweet to behold thy influence o'er all the Christian world,
To see the banner of good-will spontaneously unfurled,
To find our daily fears forgot, our enmities forgiven,
And hearts grow nearer each to each, and nearer unto Heaven;
To know that 'mid the multitudes one simultaneous tone
Of joyance and benevolence respondeth to our own.
Hail to thy coming once again, thou humanizing time,
Morn of a mighty mystery, soul-saving and sublime!

In crowded cities men forego their wretchedness and wrongs,
New pleasure lighteth up their eyes and leapeth from their tongues;
In palace and in cottage-homes one sentiment is rife,
On mountain slopes, in quiet glens, awakes more buoyant life,
In stern and lonely forest glooms, on wildering seas and wide,
Hand claspeth hand, soul clings to soul, and care is cast aside.
Hail to thy coming once again, thou elevating time,
Morn of a mighty mystery, soul-saving and sublime!

Blest season! when the friendly draught, in darkness prisoned long
Flows o'er the laughing lip, and wakes the slumbering voice of song,
When music stirs the holly-bough and thrills the languid breast,
And frankly from the glowing heart is flung the harmless jest,
When modest maidenhood grows gay, and childhood frolics wild,
And age remembers lovingly that Jesus was a child.
Hail to thy coming once again, thou free and festive time,
Morn of a mighty mystery, soul-saving and sublime!

Blest season! yet not blest to all, save in the holy sense
Of sweet salvation, and the power of high Omnipotence;
How many at this festal time confront the coming year
With desperate hearts, upbraiding eyes, and souls that know no cheer.
Oh! that the human family might each and all partake
One creed, one comfort, and one joy, blithe Christmas, for thy sake.
Hail to thy coming once again, thou hope-awakening time,
Morn of a mighty mystery, soul-saving and sublime!

Glimpses of Shropshire.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. WHITE.

BLESSED be the man who invented cheap trains; cheap holiday trains; cheap summer excursion trains; family tickets; tickets that ensure the holder three days at the seaside! but above all the tourist's ticket. May his shadow never grow less, but expand yearly in the reflected-sunshine of many a heart made happier by this agreeable, and to the speculators not unremunerative, arrangement; an arrangement which enables thousands, at a trifling cost, to refresh mind and body, and makes the hope and expectation of one part of the year the pleasing reminiscence of the rest. To the hard-worked magazinist, the struggling artist, the desk-weary clerk, what a boon are these same tickets; franking them, a hundred, aye, hundreds of miles away from the scene of daily labour, with a whole month's leave if it suits them.

The author of "Vanity Fair" (after Walter Savage Landor, by the way) has avowed that travelling is an extinct enjoyment in our times, and that being whirled along a railway is no substitute for it, nor any positive enjoyment, but is simply endured as a necessity. All I can say is, that there are exceptions to the rule, and that the present writer has felt a very sensible quickening of the pulse, and exhilaration of spirits, under such circumstances, and is prepared to say that there is real joy in the sense of rapid motion, which, though it spoils the intervening prospects, is the more quickly bringing us to "fresh fields, and pastures new," in which our journey is to end.

It is nearly twelve months since I last purchased such a ticket, and, as a preliminary measure to its full enjoyment, effected an insurance on the spot, which made my personal safety worth a thousand pounds to the L. N. W. Company. I regard such a provision as an ancient friend of mine does his umbrella, without which he never stirs from home, as a sort of *fetish* against the ills we relatively deprecate. No rain falls, and no accident occurs, when we are thus in some degree prepared for them.

I had started from home with the intention of going westward, but missed my train by a minute, and drove back to Euston-square resolved on running down to Bangor. Here, again, I was foiled; but there was a train for Shrewsbury which would start in a few minutes, and would set me free for a month amongst the Shropshire hills.

I had once passed through Shrewsbury as Master Falstaff, of immortal memory, had done before me, and I remembered the beauty of its walks by Severn side, the quaint old market-house, the timber-frame dwellings, and the old-world names of its streets: Wyle-cop, Dog-pole, Pride-hill, Mardol, Shop, Latch, and the Double Butcher's-row; and I resolved once more to revisit the town that had refused to be made a city, and see a little more of its surroundings.

If I remember aright, a sketch of Shrewsbury appeared in these pages some time since; so I will not linger over any description of the ancient "Island of Alders," where the old kings of Powis kept regal state in walled palaces, the grandeur of which was estimated by the number of posts in the hall; or descant on the flight of the Britons hither from Wroxeter, pursued by the sacrilegious Easterlings and their fierce leader, Flamddwyn, or the Flame-bearer, as Taliepin calls him.

To visit Wroxeter was one of my reasons for returning to Shrewsbury; and my hastily-arranged plan was to locate myself at Upton Magna, which had been described to me as within walking distance of the Roman ruins, Haughmond Abbey, Uffington, and other picturesque and pleasant places, and yet so near to the town, that a few minutes by rail would take me to it.

I had dim visions of a quaint bedroom, with hangings snowy white, and sheets

lavender scented, and a cozy cottage sitting-room, with an oaken settle by the fire (though it was early autumn), and a carved clock lazily ticking out the slumberous hours, while the "blue-fly buzzed in the window-pane" and the open door let in a crowd of flower scents from the surrounding garden; a gardener's garden; the very lodging, in fact, that my friend *Plume d'Argente* had found twelve months before; for the social air was said to be sudorific at Upton Magna, and things had remained for generations pretty much unchanged. So the bright morning after my arrival at Shrewsbury found me following the road from the Upton Magna station to the village. There is the pond, and the little inn with its sign, a bird of ill-omen, if I remember (a raven I rather think), and a group of cottages on what I presume is the green. The inn looks dingy and uninviting; there are a few geese, and some pigs wandering in the road, and the only spot of verdure is the surface of the pond, covered with slime and duckweed. Can this be Arcady, I question? Nonsense. The flowery cottages are further on; though the grey timbered group to the right have garden plots before them.

Up the dusty road, between hedgerows almost as dusty, and so into the heart of Upton Magna. There is the primitive post-office, with a pretty little child tottering out to the low, white gate, and a huge pig coming leisurely over the doorstep, evidently as much at home as any of its congeners in an Irish cabin. There is the dunghill, and the pool of stagnant water too, and yet that stately looking, florid gentleman, with the whitest of clerical neckcloths and the black, double-breasted waistcoat, is not Father Connell.

It will all come right in time, I suppose. Yes; there is the cottage and the garden I am in search of, and other cottages; and the aged church, undergoing a course of reparation and cosmetics, the arch in the chancel taken down, the flooring taken up, the pews turned out, and the venerable porch removed; and in the lane beyond a new Elizabethan school-house, and Elizabethan cottages for the schoolmaster and mistress. No change at Upton Magna! Why, it has all changed; and instead of breathing the air of a sleepy hollow, here is the ringing of trowels, the sounds of axe and hammer, and adze, with sawing and grinding, and the noises of all sorts of implements, such as masons have used ever since their bands were scattered over the face of the earth, and the confusion of tongues forced them to signs as a means of recognition.

But there are no village men, or children, or women, except the little postmistress, who must keep house, and her little child, and two or three dames too old or too well off for leasing; for it is harvest time, and for the most part men, women, and children are in the fields. So the workmen have the village to themselves, and are buzzing in a busy crowd around the church. I hasten to make inquiries after the gardener's wife, whom I find ill, very ill, and therefore unable to accommodate me; nor can she recommend me to a lodging. Every house has two or three additional inmates quartered in it. And, moreover, I find, from glimpses of interiors, that the number of cottages in which I could be comfortably lodged are very limited indeed.

The kindly little postmistress is quite distressed that the village should lose a visitor, and runs to and fro amongst her neighbours, greatly desiring that something may be done to meet the exigencies of the case, and prevent my return to Shrewsbury. Everywhere, however, we meet the same answer: every room in every cottage is filled to its utmost capacity with Mr. N——'s men, "For you see, mum, it's contract work; and there's more on 'em coming, for they are bound to get the church finished by the first of October, and its getting nigh hand to it now."

There is nothing for it, then (having exhausted the church and field paths without seeing anything to make me regret the necessity) but to return to Shrewsbury. So, without shaking off the dust from my feet against the village, which I believe had every inclination to receive me, but could not, I retraced my path to the railway station.

There, upon reclaiming my luggage, which the solitary porter had promised to convey to my lodgings (when I should have taken them), the stationmaster and his man appeared to feel quite a personal indignation against the Upton Magna

housewives. Had I inquired at the Inn? Of course I had; but every room was engaged. "Did ever anyone hear of such a thing?" The—I rather think it was a scion of the Corbet Arms, a crow sable, or a field argent—filled beyond the power to make up a bed for a solitary stranger. Well, the porter only wished he had the Hin. His mistress would take precious care she wouldn't have turned a lodger hout for want of making up an extra bed; but it was the way with the Upton Magna people: when they might have visitors staying there, they wouldn't; and he did believe they would always keep the village jest as it was, the last spot God A'mighty had made.

During a part of this colloquy, a little man, of a compact figure, with keen, intelligent looks, and bright beard and whiskers, had entered the station, and to him the station master referred a question on my behalf, as to the best plan of visiting Wroxeter; for, having plenty of time, I had been out with a ticket for Wellington or Shrewsbury, and inquiring the mode of getting to the ruins from the former place. The stranger thought I should find nothing to interest me at Wellington, beyond its proximity to the Wrekin, which a day ticket would enable me to visit, whereas there were many things to interest a person of historical and archæological tastes in Shrewsbury and the vicinity, if I had not yet seen them; and, moreover, the present station was the nearest point of any to Wroxeter. So I returned by the next train to Shrewsbury, receiving much information by the way from my fellow traveller, who had been to put a refractory church clock in order, but whose conversation had a much wider range than horology. He had been out with the Archæological Society on the occasion of their then recent visit to the chief town of Shropshire; and I incidentally found that he personally knew some old literary friends of mine. Moreover, he had an extensive knowledge of the country, and was familiar with its mines and manufactures.

In brief, the terminus was reached before our topics of conversation were half exhausted, and he made his bow at the door of the omnibus which was to take me back to my lodgings in the Abbey Foregate. The vehicle made its circuit, and dropped its passengers, all but me, whose destination was the limit of its journey; and as we turned down Wyle-cop for the Abbey, my railway acquaintance suddenly re-appeared for a moment on the step, and threw in some pamphlets, poems, and other papers, which I afterwards found had reference to the subjects on which we had been conversing; and I was glad to discover a card—J. H., Watchmaker, Wyle-cop, Shrewsbury.—amongst them. Mrs. H. afterwards told me that she could not think what possessed her husband, when, at the instant of his return, he rushed up stairs to his bookcase, and out again, with the papers he had found, to throw them apparently in the street. Most genial of Nazarites (not from principle, but natural antipathy), most kindly of Odd-Fellows, most courteous of churchwardens, how much of the after pleasure and advantage of my visit did I not owe to this seemingly insignificant incident, which proved the most fortunate thing that could have happened to me. Here was I, a stranger, in a strange town, without acquaintance, or introductions, or other credentials than my calling; but on my looking in, on my way to the railway station, the next day, to thank Mr. H. for the pamphlets; books, information, and introductions were kindly and zealously placed at my disposal, and the mere change of scene I had projected on leaving home, gradually expanded into a scheme for obtaining some personal knowledge of the country, and a long-desired insight of the local manufactures.

The beauty and proximity of Coalbrook Dale, and its significance in the history of the mineral productions and commerce of our country, held out too strong temptations for me to resist; but intermediately there was Wroxeter to be visited, and Church Stretton, with its hills and mountains, and Ludlow, rich in historical and Miltonic memories. Once more, therefore, on a morning the most delicious for my purpose—a warm, yet breezy morning, with grey, filmy clouds that had turned their silver lining outwards, sailing in the upper currents upon the surface of the deep blue sky—I found myself alighting at the Upton Magna station. The path, after

crossing the railway bridge and a bit of marshy meadow, leads past a few cottages and a farmyard, through a lane flowery even at this season, with honeysuckle in its second bloom, with the flourishing flowers of the common mallow, the yellow ones of St. John's wort, and close beside them the puce-coloured heads of knap weed. Every little space the pretty blossoms of the pink or white campion shone through the vert; and patches of the great moon daisy made a delicate background for the lingering clusters of blue veronica, and bi-coloured toad flax, with bluegreen leaves, and slender spikes of amber, and primrose tinted flowers, which edged the borders of the road. Trailing amongst the hazel and thorn boughs shading the bank, the great bindweed blew out its large, white, trumpet-shaped flowers, and hung the hedges with wreaths of dark green overlapping leaves. Such a stillness there is in the air, that the wimpling of the streamlet wandering on beside the path makes itself heard under the overhanging ferns and the branching sprays of "water purples" (brook-lime) clustered in it; and the fall of the yellow leaves, and the sharp but cheerful song of a round-eyed robin, who hops down from an upper branch to have a peep at me, and then hops back into the shade, are the only sounds that disturb the soft, warm, sleepy, atmosphere. Out of the lane the air grows fresher, and there are signs of life, in neat, quaint cottages, with oaken dressers, looking very smart, placed opposite the door, and, by the fireside, the high-backed, never-absent, oaken settle.

Not a passenger has hitherto passed me; but now the gate of a field opens a little in advance of me, and a dog and pony, very rough and ill-groomed, with a lady mounted on him—whose make-up, to say the best of it, has been equally uncared for—her legs encased in a tight petticoat of one colour, while her shoulders are covered by a cape of another, makes an eccentric appearance. She has one arm full of books, of the district-visitor description, and is possibly bound upon their distribution; for which all honour to her. Only, instead of looking gentle, as "Mercy," in the old "Progress," at the stranger in her path, she turns her head at a most ungraceful angle with her body, into the nearest hedge, and calls sharply to her dog, who, like most dogs, seems to think he has a right to my acquaintance.

A grey farm-house now and then, with great fields of late ripe corn, and bands of reapers in them. An orchard or two, with a more than usually heavy crop of apples mellowing on the trees, with their ripest, ruddiest sides towards the road.

And now the path turns a sharp angle, flanked on both sides by the offices of a cottage, half hostel, half farm, but in which the rustic air prevails over that of the house of entertainment, and where, looking in at its freshly-ruddled brick floor, its flowery windows, and shining shelves, I promised myself to rest on my return.

Other farm-houses, and fields, and orchards, and—suddenly, as if I had opened my eyes in a land of giants—the great, dark mass of Roman wall—the mural monument that for fifteen hundred years has marked the site of the buried Roman city—straight before me! I declare the sight of Stonehenge did not affect me like the first sight of this stern, rough bit of ruined wall, the actual revelation of times and circumstances which had hitherto been but vaguely conceived of on the evidence of history. There it stands in the very centre of what was Uriconium, with its great, gaping horizontal aperture, letting in the pleasant sight, of the living corn-fields to the men working in the *débris* and the dust of the dead past.

The city is said to have covered an area of more than 300 acres, over which the plough has passed generation after generation turning up, from time to time, coins and sculptures, fragments of pottery and architecture, and other antiquarian treasures, much of which may be found in farm-yards and gardens, and, in spite of the recent rigid inquisitions and requisitions concerning all such discoveries, in almost every cottage in the neighbourhood.

"I had two o' them little black gods, as they calls 'em, my boy found in the field yonder: images of the Virgin Mary's I suppose they were. They must a' bin funny folks, they Romans, to say their prayers to them. But I wasn't agoing to give them up to any body, after having 'em for years. So my boy took 'em to Birmingham, when he went there, an' got a tidy bit for 'em," said a comely woman who, standing

at her garden gate to have a stare at the stranger, in answer to a smiling look, and a compliment to her flowers, tendered me some local gossip, which, had I heard it before instead of after my explorations, might have tempted me to withhold the modest offering which, on writing my name in the visitors' book, I naturally dropped into the subscription box for the furtherance of the excavations, which box my informant told me, with a wicked twinkle in her rich dark eyes, had not long since been broken open, robbed of its contents, and thrown into an adjacent field. "Old John," she said, "had left the box out that night, a thing he didn't ought to do." And what made it worse, there happened to be more in it, by what she could hear, than ordinary; more than four pounds, she believed. "Dear heart! such a piece a works the gentry made about it, though many on 'em never put a sixpence in it."

Stepping over the mounds of earth, and picking my way between heaps of animal bones, in which the tusks of the wild boar, the jaws and teeth of deer, and sheep, and oxen abound, and on many of which the mark of fire is plainly visible, and passing others of broken pottery, mixed with fragments of black Upchurch, and bright red Samian ware—the latter looking smooth and polished as if of quite recent manufacture—I found myself in an oblong cleared space, with a few steps leading to it, which has been pronounced by the savans to have been a market-place. Here weights and scales were found, and a steel-yard, similar to those still in use. Here I am joined by the foreman, who appears really pleased to have a visitor who has not expected too much, and who can find abundance to interest, even in the present condition of the works. "But as for them people from Birmingham and Wolverhampton, he did believe they came there expecting to see the people serving in the shops some on 'em, too, in carriages, as ought to be ashamed o' themselves." In brief, it would appear that the too enthusiastic accounts set forth by Mr. Wright are calculated to produce a reactionary feeling in persons who, not being archaeologists themselves, see no difference in the remnants of old Roman walls and flues, by whatever learned names they may be masked, and those occasioned by a fire of yesterday. Hence the indications of dwellings, and baths, and mart, which are sufficient to furnish to the eye of the antiquary the buildings as they stood, afford not even the outlines of them to the ignorant, or the unlearned in Roman architecture and customs. And such persons are too apt to speak slightly of the show they come so far to see, and to revenge the obtuseness of their perceptions in disparaging remarks—touching rubbish, &c.—especially in connection with the before-mentioned heaps of broken pottery, every fragment of which is destined for presentation to the museum, but which appears to the uninitiated identical with garden potsherds.

All the relics collected during the excavations have been deposited in the little silent museum at Shrewsbury where I had previously spent a quiet morning in making myself acquainted with them. Rings, bracelets, fibulæ, and hairpins; spoons, knives, choppers, &c.; precisely the things which brings the daily life of a people familiarly before us, and enables us, in imagination, to perfect and re-clothe with humanity the osseous fragments of Celt and Roman lying in the table-cases adjacent. Many of the skulls are insignificant in size; but a few of them, like the legs and arm bones, are of great size, and have the massive jaw-bones entire, and the teeth, with the enamel white and shiny remaining on them; but the front portion of the crania is in almost every instance low and narrow. The majority of these skulls, the superintendent tells me, were found pell-mell at the ford, at the bottom of the field yonder; as if their owners had fallen in and perished, trampled under the feet of other fugitives, or had been slaughtered by their pursuers in the act of making their escape. I wander about amongst the grey ruins, with their crumbling walls, hypocausts, anticipating by so many centuries the modern discovery of heating with hot air. Here are drain tiles too of the most approved construction; and many iron implements have been found, the forging of which was so excellent that, as I am subsequently informed by Mr. Whilks, the intelligent and kindly manager of the Horchray works, a small portion which he procured, on being re-smelted and re-forged proved after all the years of rust and decay which it had suffered of a finer and

harder quality than any produced in the present day; a fact which he attributed to the charcoal fires anciently used in smelting it.

Here is the floor of a presumed bath room, daintily inlaid with little oblong pieces of white, polished stone, quite perfect. In another part is a portion of herringbone pavement, a pattern usually distinctive of Roman work; and the foreman points me out the spot where a piece of tessellated pavement lies hidden. The walls of the dwellings, like the great block 70 feet in length, and 20 feet high, which stands in the centre of the city, and is supposed to be a portion of a temple, or some other public building, are composed of the common sandstone of the country, bound together with layers of Roman tiles, smooth and firm as any that are made at the Broseley works to-day.

As I step from the unearthed remnants of the old Roman city, into the "Wanderers Way," as the Watling-street—another proof of the broad, grand scale, and utilitarian spirit in which the public works of this imperial people were carried out—has been called, it seems to me more palpable than ever, that the seeds of all that is good and profitable for a people, like the good that is in an individual, dies not, nor is lost, but has perennial root and vigour living on from generation to generation, even as the rude potteries of the Romans in the Severn Valley, have survived and refined into such works as Rose's China factory at Coalport, and the forge fires flickering or glowing through the forest glooms in the neighbourhood of the wooded Wrekin, have burgeoned through the length and breadth of the adjoining districts into the giant furnaces, and gigantic or exquisite productions of the Horsehay, and Coalbrookdale Works, to which some day I hope to invite my readers to accompany me.

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The Registrar's Annual Report.

BY CHARLES HARDWICK, P.G.M.

SELF-GOVERNMENT.

THE annual report of the Registrar of Friendly Societies has latterly attracted more attention from those interested in the welfare of these institutions than is usual with dry official blue books upon what are considered non-political questions. Its publication is of great value to the cause of progress in many respects. Certain important economic facts, and statistical returns, are first introduced to the public notice in its pages; and opinions, not simply those of the Registrar himself, or his correspondents, but others of a kind of semi-official character, are from time to time propounded therein, which furnish material for profitable reflection and critical comment. All questions of great national importance present a widely different aspect from the legislative and executive platform, than they do from that of practical every day life. Acts of parliament, and particularly those bearing upon special sub-administrative organizations, such as the self-governed affiliated friendly societies, often seem to their framers the very perfection of senatorial wisdom, while those for whose benefit they were specially ushered into being, not only fail to appreciate all the theoretic beauty referred to, but sometimes detect shortcomings, overcomings, or other imperfections, which, to a great extent, nullify their practical value. Hence, the necessity of the hearty co-operation of those most interested, both in the framing and carrying out of any legislative enactment affecting the welfare of friendly societies. In this spirit, and in this spirit alone, I have previously reviewed Mr. Pratt's official report. It is infinitely more gratifying to me, when I find I can conscientiously endorse his suggestions or approve of his course of action, than it is when I deem it my duty to demur or protest against either the one or the other. Believing him equally anxious with

myself and others to still further develop the provident instinct of the operative population, and to reform and perfect its practical machinery, I can fully appreciate the value of his general services to the cause. But Mr. Pratt's official experience is of a totally different character to that of practical working officers and members. Many pet theories of professional as well as amateur legislators appear doubtless very satisfactory to the eyes of gentlemen who bask in the official sunshine of a despotic government, which are utterly repugnant to the habits, prejudices, sentiments, and traditions of a people like the British, accustomed to pride themselves on their freedom, and especially, on the most popular phase of its exhibition—the practice of self-government. Mr. Pratt has considerably modified his tone with regard to certain matters affecting the government of friendly societies, doubtless from a conviction that a majority of the members are determined, in spite of his attempted coercion, to exercise their own judgment and their legitimate right in the management of their own affairs. He hitherto appears to have favoured the views of a certain class of philanthropists, who appear to think that the clergy or upper classes generally ought to superintend, and, in the main, direct the action of working men in every effort for their social elevation; that the latter indeed are to a great extent incapable of self-government, and that it is even desirable, in order to achieve *their beau ideal* of a social Utopia, that they should ever remain so. He, however, appears now to think there does exist some little difference between the right of a member of a friendly society to spend his own money after his own fashion, and that of a pauper or felon to the disposal of a portion of the funds raised for his support by local or national taxation. In his "Instructions for the Establishment of Friendly Societies on Sound Principles," which are well worthy of careful study by all interested, he says, "The management of the Society should be vested in a committee consisting of *Honorary* and benefit members, or of *Benefit members only*." To this there can be no rational objection, providing the "*benefit*" or *contributing* members themselves decide the question. As a matter of recommendation, however, I still hold that the practice of the Manchester Unity, which confines its officers to the subscribing members, is most certainly preferable. Honorary members rarely for any length of time attend with the requisite punctuality to the routine duties, indeed they generally, in my own experience, very properly object to do more than simply express their approval of the society and its objects, with a view to the encouragement of the members and others in their efforts to promote habits of prudence and forethought among the masses. And this is all that self-reliant, provident men either wish or ought to ask at their hands.

ANNUAL RETURN AND BALANCE SHEETS.

Mr. Pratt justly complains of the apathy or incapacity of secretaries with respect to the "General Statement" or annual report. He says,—“In the month of December, 1860, the Registrar sent by post to 22,948 societies, the form of such General Statement, but up to the date of the present report, he has not received more than 8,140 general statements and annual reports. It is his intention not to allow this section of the act to be a dead letter, but to take proceedings for the recovery of the penalties against the secretaries of some of these societies, who, upon a second application, shall neglect to comply with the provisions of the law.” The statute provides that the penalty in each case shall not exceed twenty shillings and costs. The annual committees of the Manchester Unity have some time since, legislated upon this subject, with the view to secure all the necessary returns both for the Registrar and its own executive. It is desirable that other societies should follow the example, not

only for their own immediate interest, but for the sake of the public character of the great body of provident working men. There is no taunt so difficult to meet by the friends of these institutions, as that which reflects on the capacity or willingness of their officers to furnish this most important information. To say that the secretaries *object* to the additional labour, is not a legitimate answer to the demand; to say they are *incapable* is still less satisfactory. One of the first conditions of practical self-government, is the capacity to carry out efficiently its work in all its necessary details; and surely the keeping of proper books, and the presentation of correct and intelligible balance sheets, together with such other results of past experience as may be valuable for future guidance, ought not to be tasks beyond the intellectual power of some of the members of any friendly society. If any such exist, it is high time that they apply at the public market, and engage a competent bookkeeper at the current rate of such labour. This course would not only redound more to their credit, but to their private advantage. The losses sustained by Friendly Societies from inefficient book-keeping and careless and imperfect auditing of the accounts, have been so enormous that a relatively small fraction of the amount would have sufficed to pay handsomely for efficient services of the kind referred to. Every individual member of any branch of any Friendly Society cannot, therefore, do better service to the cause of progress, or better advance the best interests of his club, than by bringing all his influence to bear in this direction. The plea of incapacity will not serve in the present age of Mechanics' Institutes and parliamentary grants for educational purposes, whatever it may have done a quarter of a century ago. Besides, it is an unworthy and a humiliating one, and ought especially to be repudiated by every section of the class especially banded together to promote habits of prudence, forethought, and self-reliance. The right to demand these returns by the Registrar is surely not too high a price for the many valuable concessions of the Legislature to enrolled Friendly Societies, and especially as the only object proposed by the Government in their collection is the publication of such knowledge as will enable the members themselves to so regulate their financial arrangements as to prevent, to the greatest possible extent, the still frequent bankruptcy of individual branches and isolated clubs. Mr. Pratt naturally regrets the withdrawal of the Bill of last session, introduced by Mr. Sotheron Estcourt, at his suggestion, to compel "all Friendly and Assurance Societies to render to every member thereof, or person depositing money therein, a copy of their annual accounts." But if he himself finds a difficulty in obtaining the annual returns from many clubs under the present statute, he need not be surprised that the members generally objected to Governmental interference with their internal management, and brought their influence to bear upon their parliamentary representatives, and upon Mr. Sotheron Estcourt, in the manner they did. There can be no doubt Mr. Pratt's object, in the main, is right; but his recent scheme was in many respects simply impracticable, in others it would have unquestionably entailed much useless expenditure. The members of many, to my own knowledge, do voluntarily that which Mr. Pratt sought to enforce by law, yet even they objected to coercive measures, and contended that the members of each society on enrolment had reserved to them their previous right to the management of their internal affairs. If Mr. Pratt would but respect this feeling a little more, and endeavour to ascertain the wishes or prejudices, if he will, of those for whom he would legislate, before he procures the introduction of small bills, seeking to modify the provisions of the now well-known consolidated statute, much of his effort would unquestionably meet with a more cordial recognition than it has recently done. A better understanding on this subject is certainly a "consummation devoutly to be wished."

It appears, however, that the chief object of the recent Bill was to compel certain "office clubs," with numerous branches, to present more satisfactory balance-sheets, not only to the Registrar, but to their members themselves. Clubs of this class might, perhaps, with advantage, be subjected to a little special legislation, inasmuch as the members, as a body, take little or no part in their management. He refers to two societies of this class, the "Friend in Need," and the "Royal Liver." Their reports, as quoted by him, are certainly of a very unsatisfactory character. Will it be believed by the Members of the Manchester Unity that the former society is divided into 250 districts, employs 1,500 collectors; and includes 250,000 members; that it ensures for burial fees, relief in sickness, medical aid, and endowments, and that yet it only possessed a reserved fund, on the 31st December, 1860, of rather over *fifteen thousand pounds*? The "Royal Liver" is even in a worse position; it numbers about 250,000 members, and possesses a capital but slightly exceeding twelve thousand pounds, "including £3,400 lent to members, and in the hands of the officers." Of course, I am aware that the statement recently put forth in a pamphlet entitled, "What is the Manchester Unity?" as to the amount of reserved capital possessed by that body, is an exaggerated one, inasmuch as the average of the Metropolitan districts is improperly assumed as indicative of the average for the Unity. We may not possess, to meet the claims of 330,000 members, Two Millions of money as there stated; but to whatever extent this sum ought to be discounted, it is nevertheless very satisfactory, indeed, to contemplate our aggregate financial position in contrast with that of these once celebrated office clubs.

PUBLIC-HOUSE MEETINGS.

The Registrar has somewhat modified his tone upon this subject. He evidently begins to perceive that it will require considerable time to completely annihilate such ancient and popular institutions as public-houses; and that after all it is not so very bad or immoral a thing to induce even their devotees to join a provident friendly society. In his "Instructions," he says the place of meeting should, *if possible*, be at some public Institution or school-room. If that cannot be obtained, and there is no place except an inn or public-house, a certain fixed payment should be made for the use of the room, lights, and fire, *with a stipulation that no beer, etc., should be brought into the room until all business is concluded*, when each member should pay for any refreshment he may require. When an Anniversary or Annual Feast is held, the contribution thereto, and the attendance thereat, should be *voluntary*, though there seems no objection to a rule, that every member who lives within a given distance, should have a ticket sent him, which if not returned within a certain time, say a week before the day of the feast, he should be required to pay for."

Many lodges of the Manchester Unity have already adopted something in the spirit of this recommendation, consequently there can be no objection to its being submitted to the consideration of others, with this especial understanding, however, that the members themselves, in each individual case, *legislate* on the subject, and not the Registrar, who I have previously shown, possesses no such authority under the statute.

Mr. Pratt seems to think that the fact of a society or branch meeting at a public-house, is in itself an element of financial insecurity. He brings forward some plausible evidence in support of this view. He says "he had lately" occasion to enquire into some facts with reference to Friendly Societies in the county of Hereford, and he ascertained that in that county, 136 societies had had their rules certified since 1793, of the number 123 were held at public-houses, and 13 at schools and private rooms; but of the 123, no less than 42 had been dissolved, but of the 13, only one."

On the contrary, I know many clubs, established at schools or private rooms, that do not prosper simply because, in the present state of social manners and habits, other societies meeting at public-houses offer more attraction, or are brought more directly under the attention of parties likely to join. The Manchester Unity Members have spent thousands of pounds in buildings, with the view of aiding in the transference of its lodges to private rooms, and I am sorry to say not always with permanent advantage. But all Mr. Pratt's facts do not point in the same direction as those he quotes in support of his view. In the county of Lancaster, since his last report, he shows that nine societies have been dissolved, only five of which were held at public-houses! Two of them were indeed connected with Temperance Societies. In Yorkshire four have been dissolved in the same period, only one of which was held at a public-house! There may unquestionably be advantages in the meeting in private rooms; but if it is desirable to induce as large a proportion as possible of the operative population to support these institutions, we must yet continue for years to come, to go where we can find them; and not expect any very large section yet to come to us. If we do other societies will simply work up the ground which we blindly neglect, in a more primitive and imperfect manner, and consequently with less satisfactory results.

BURIAL CLUBS AND ALLEGED INFANTICIDE.

The great heart of the country has been again shocked by a renewal of the cry that a large proportion of the infant mortality amongst the labouring classes resulted from deliberate murder on the part of the parents for the sake of the few pounds to which, by the rules of these societies, they become entitled on the demise of their offspring. The manufacturing districts and the borough of Preston especially were pointedly referred to as localities where this murderous propensity was strikingly exhibited. Burgesses of "Proud Preston," jealous of their ancient renown, were naturally anxious for some explanation, refutation, or, if such was the dire fact, satisfactory confirmation of the astounding statement. Having written and spoken much on this subject when the foul aspersion was first thoughtlessly thrown upon the character of my townsmen especially, I, through the local press, soon exposed its utter falsehood. I saw the paternity of the blundering libel the moment I read the communication from Chester, republished by Mr. Pratt in his report without comment. My surprise was great, indeed, to find that he had not perceived that the whole was but a resuscitation of the so-called facts and statistical figures, which had been fully disposed of *above seven years ago* by a committee of the House of Commons, in the proceedings of which committee Mr. Pratt took much interest, as I know from personal contact with him at the time. As will be remembered, the whole case miserably broke down. The vaunted Preston statistics were shown to be utterly worthless, and led to no such inferences as the panic-mongers imagined. Their case could not be substantiated by even a single instance where murder had been proved to have been committed for burial fees in the town of Preston; and I am glad, indeed, to say that although much effort has been expended to discover one since the time referred to, it has been expended in vain. The cases sent for trial at Liverpool, accompanied by a special presentment by the grand jury; equally failed to lend a substantial form to this loudly-denounced horror. Baron Martin, who tried the case, intimated that the grand jury ought to have "cut" the bills, as there was not a shadow of evidence to substantiate a charge of murder at all, either for burial club fees or for any other consideration whatever. The report of the committee of the house was printed, and the Act of Parliament passed which is now in force. This Act limits the total amount assured on the death of a child under five years of age to six pounds.

Even this sum exceeds the maximum amount petitioned for by members of Preston clubs, in public meeting assembled, so thoroughly was the Legislature satisfied of the purely imaginary character of the murders referred to. Previously, some abuses undoubtedly existed. In Manchester, I think, one child was entered upon the books of about fourteen societies. This duplicate insurance of *dependent* children is now prohibited by law, and it is the interest, as well as the duty, of every officer and member to see that the penalties are enforced in all such cases. It is, however, not necessary here to enter more fully into the question. The subject was thoroughly discussed at the time by myself in two articles which appeared in "Eliza Cook's Journal," of the 4th and 25th of March, 1854. It is sufficient that the public are informed of the fact that the present small panic is but a partial disinterment of the mouldering remains of the greater defunct one, which I and others imagined we had for ever consigned to limbo in 1854.

I cannot, however, refrain availing myself of the present opportunity, to again call attention to the very primitive and consequently imperfect character, of the financial arrangements adopted by many of these burial societies. For a monthly contribution of four-pence, paid equally by all subscribers from infancy to forty-five years of age, the usual insurance at death is about five pounds ten shillings. A regular insurance company, with tables correctly graduated according to age on entrance, will ensure *ten* pounds at death for a monthly contribution of *three-pence*, to all parties joining at age fifteen. A similar sum is insured for *four-pence* per month to all parties joining at age twenty. But when the applicant for admission is forty five years of age, *seven-pence* per month is demanded for the assurance of ten pounds. Thus the members entering at fifteen, and for several years afterwards, are paying infinitely *more* than they ought, in equity for the amount assured. And yet, these clubs are generally possessed of reserved funds far too limited in amount to guarantee their future liability. I know of one with 30,000 members, that is not worth the same number of shillings, and it is considered by its members generally as one of the best of its class. This rotten state of things results mainly from the fact that the insurance of the infant lives is effected at the rates previously quoted, namely *four-pence* per month for the sum of five pounds ten shillings; and this, notwithstanding the well established fact, that the *risk* is enormously enhanced. The Registrar-General's reports testify, that, on the average of the whole population, amongst children under five years of age, between six and seven per cent annually die off. Between five and ten, the rate is rather less than one per cent., and between ten and fifteen, it is little over one in the two hundred. Afterwards the rate gradually increases, but it is not until after age seventy, that it reaches the percentage exhibited amongst infants under five years of age. Thus the surplus money improperly charged subscribers entering at fifteen, and for several years afterwards, is not even sufficient to counteract the financial errors induced by the inadequate contributions of the infantile section. Many of these clubs must, therefore, of necessity eventually collapse, even if they were otherwise perfect in financial matters, which, unfortunately, they are not, by any means. It is to be hoped that the increased intelligence of the leading members on this subject, will speedily be brought to bear on the mass, so that those societies which are utterly beyond redemption, may be at once dissolved; and, for the intellectual and moral credit of all concerned, that others may be founded, with such financial arrangements as shall, with perfect equity, guarantee to every number the full amount of benefit promised.

There are several other interesting matters touched upon in Mr. Pratt's Report, the consideration of which I must postpone to a future occasion.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE COTTAGE AUCTION.

BY SHELDON CHADWICK.

"We lived within a cottage neat,
My father drove the plough,
My mother walked, with aching feet,
Miles to the mill, I trow;
Brothers and sisters five had I—
Go ask the sexton where they lie!

"Of years a score my father wrought
'Neath iron-handed sway,
He dared to speak his honest thought,
And so was sent away;
And from that hour my mother's cheek
Seemed to be wasting week by week.

"However swift the shuttle sped
From my poor mother's hand,
She could not find us all in bread,
So many in a band;
Then she fell sick, and Bobby died,
I sat beside his grave and cried.

"Slowly my mother better got;
My father plied his spade;
The Squire's rich woods grew round our cot,
Where hares and rabbits played,
But father would not touch the game,
Though Death on Famine's pinion came.

"Then came a monster of mankind,
Down in our cot he sate,
My mother's face appeared resigned,
What'er might be our fate;
But father's eye flashed fire, and there
He stood the image of despair.

"You see we could not pay our rent,
Which left us in the lurch.
To chapel always father went,
Our landlord went to church;
I thought religion softened hearts:
'Tis not so in these heathen parts.

"The auctioneer said, 'Going! gone!'
And sacked our pretty cot;
Things we had purchased one by one
He bargained in a lot;
And craving hunger could not turn
That brigand from his purpose stern.

"With great feet on our old arm chair,
His lolling tongue he rolled,
While all his gloomy train did stare
To see our treasures sold.
I would have banged him 'gainst the wall
Had I been as my father, tall!

"My father's books, a costly store,
He brandished ceiling-high,
And shouted, as he thumbed them o'er,
'Come, make a bid! who'll buy?'
The Bible, mother's feelings crossed,
But 'Bloomfield's Poems' touched me most.

"The polished clock, with pictured face,
Of Ruth 'mid sheaves of corn;
The drawers, the cage, the glass book-case,
My grandsire's bugle-horn,
My father's fute, my mother's chair,
And Bobby's cradle, all were there!

"Each after other passed, 'mid tears,
To that dull hammer's swing,
The funeral knell of blissful years
It seemed to me to ring.
Were angels singing rapture songs
While we bore all these thorny wrongs?

"O what a picture was that scene,
In happy days of yore,
When not a home on all the green
A lovelier aspect wore:
The glowing fire, the chimney nook,
The circle glad, the open Book!

"Just at that hour, when hope seemed past,
My mother homeward flew,
God ope'd a way for us at last,
That sea of trouble through;
The debt was paid, the harpies fled,
Our home was saved, and tears we shed."

July, 1861.



The Queen's Diamonds.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH BY H. OWGAN, LL.D.

IN the year 1756, there was standing, in the most populous quarter of the town of Hamburgh, an old, massive, and fantastically-constructed mansion, in harmony with, though somewhat more irregular than the quaint edifices around it, which lent a peculiar and picturesque physiognomy to the neighbourhood. The centre of the front facade, which consisted of heavy pilasters meeting above in an arch, and almost concealing the deeply sunk entrance, was flanked by two wings as different in style as if the one had preceded the other by some centuries. The one, substantial and unadorned, admitted the daylight through apertures which resembled port-holes rather than windows; while the other, terminating in a pointed gable, was profusely and highly decorated with all the caprices of the most flowery Gothic style, which were, however, defaced and interrupted here and there by tasteless and discordant alterations.

The inside of the building, too, was of a not less eccentric character than the outside. Although covering an extensive area, and originally designed for the accommodation of a large establishment, it contained at this time but two inhabitants, who dwelt as far asunder as the extreme length of the building permitted, and the chambers which they severally occupied were concealed amid labyrinths of tortuous and interminable corridors, like nests amid the branches of a large tree; for the once spacious apartments had been cut up into small rooms, which gave entrance to each other in such a manner that one unacquainted with the topography must inevitably lose his way. All these arrangements, however, were admirably suited to the mysterious habits and devious life of the proprietor for the time being, who had, for more than ten years, admitted no visitor within his doors. Every morning he went out alone, and might have been seen traversing the streets on foot, greeted by everybody of importance as an old and valued acquaintance. The best houses in Hamburgh were open to him: nobles and citizens and merchants, all of every rank accosted him with respect, and seemed as if they would be only too happy to offer him the hospitality which they knew he never accepted. In the evening, when his day's business was done, he returned punctually to a slender and homely repast, which was always prepared at an unvarying hour by a female domestic, who was the other occupant of the house, and whose age and general appearance were such as to effectually disarm scandal. The apartment which he occupied, and where he generally sat up till an early hour in the morning, was a circular room in the Gothic wing, about ten feet in diameter. A lamp, suspended from the centre of the ceiling, burned during the whole night. Two large iron safes, which were opened and closed by a machinery of which the owner alone knew the secret, stood opposite each other by the wall, and between them lay a large soft mattress covered with rich Persian silk, on which he slept. The floor was thickly carpeted in such a manner that every footfall was noiseless, and the wall was hung round with arms and weapons of all times and climes, from the poisoned arrows of the Scythians to the matchlock of more civilized warfare. There were also some frames, edged with solid gold and silver, enclosing collections of gems and specimens of all the coins circulating throughout the known world. Amid all these curiosities there was but one book—a copy of the Talmud, written and illuminated on parchment, from which he read a portion every night, leaving it open on a small table until he returned to it again. Into this chamber three doors opened, of which one led to the stairs, and the other two to a closet and a long corridor, so that, in case of any sudden danger or assault, there were three several avenues of escape. One

evening, after his customary devotional exercise, he had just emptied his pockets of the money and business memoranda that had accumulated during the day, and having entered the latter in a ledger, was deliberately weighing the former piece by piece—the gold ducats of Holland and Lubeck, the sequins and pistoles of Venice—and smiling at the exactness of the weight, though he had already gone through the same process earlier in the day, when a dull noise, resembling a suppressed groan, struck on his ear. He listened sharply, and discovered that the sound proceeded from strange voices, rising and falling at intervals somewhere in the house. Assuring himself that the safes were firmly closed, and returning all the money on the table to his pockets, he laid his ear close to the nearest door, and ascertained that not only the voices but the footsteps of strangers were approaching. Unprepared for a resistance that might cost him his life, to which he clung more tenaciously even than to his money, he extinguished his lamp, and, as the intruders were advancing up the stairs, made for one of the side doors, in order to escape into the dark intricacies of the corridors, and to summon help from outside, while his visitors should be engaged in endeavouring to open the safes. There was not a moment to lose, for he already saw a light streaming through the chinks of the door, and at the same moment a commanding voice cried, "Open!"

Solomon laid his hand tremulously on the side door, but had scarcely touched it when there also the same voice was repeated; and was still reeling under the shock, when his exit through the remaining door was intercepted by the same menacing demand.

As he was yet hesitating in terror and perplexity, the plaintive voice of his old attendant Martha addressed him. "My dear master," she sobbed, "open the door if you would save both our lives! It is all my fault—all my folly!—and I am ready to submit to any punishment you choose to inflict. For the first time these ten years I quitted the house for a moment, and these three men followed me on my return so closely that I had not time to secure the door. With a pistol to my head, they compelled me to guide them hither. Forgive me, my good kind master! and if we both escape I will serve you for nothing all the rest of my days!"

"Will you open your door by fair means?" said one of the strangers, "or do you prefer that we should break it?"

With a heavy sigh for his money, and all the care and labour it had cost him, Solomon slowly and despairingly did as he was commanded; and three men in masks entered the room—one of them still holding Martha by the arm.

"You will be good enough now," said the same man who spoke for the others, "to count out to us in gold the value of thirty thousand Hamburg ducats!"

"Thirty thousand ducats!" cried Solomon. "Where do you imagine I am to find such a sum?"

"There!" replied the stranger, pointing to one of the iron safes. "Come, now, no nonsense! and be smart, as we're pressed for time."

"Are the thirty thousand ducats all that you want?" inquired Solomon, timidly.

"Have I not told you so already?"

"Because," said the Jew, "there may be a few rix-dollars in the safe, and I hope you will leave them with me. They will be all that I shall possess."

"On mature consideration," said the stranger, after a consultation in a foreign language with his companions, "and to guard against contingencies, I think we shall want five thousand more." But, observing that at this announcement Solomon was turning pale and beginning to look unwell—"Don't be alarmed," he continued; "we are not come to rob you; we are merely borrowing, and you shall have sufficient and safe security for the loan."

"Pardon me," said Solomon, opening his eyes wide, "but, if that be your intention, why come at this hour, and in disguise?"

"Silence!" said the stranger. "We answer no questions. Do as you are commanded!"

Accordingly, Solomon proceeded to reckon the money, pausing and looking up at intervals to offer letters of credit, payable anywhere in Europe for the amount, but these were all refused; nothing but ready money would do. As he laid each successive instalment of the sum on the table, it was thrown into a large oak box which the strangers had brought with them, and to which the whole amount was transferred—equal to three hundred thousand French francs. Solomon ventured to inquire respecting the security, and was commanded to assist in the removal of the box to a carriage that waited below, in which he was informed that he must accompany them.

"Whither are you going to take me?" he inquired, in agony.

"I have already told you that we can answer no questions," was the reply.

At this stage of the proceedings Martha became loud in her lamentations, but was assured that her master would be restored to her uninjured at the end of a fortnight, and would be brought back in the same manner as she saw him taken away.

Taking his Talmud under his arm, Solomon laid hold on a handle of the box, and moved on with the strangers toward the carriage, as sad and forlorn as if it were the bier of his father or his son. He then took his seat beside one of his captors and opposite the other two; and four fresh horses bore them away at such a pace that, as the night was dark, he was unable to ascertain through which of the gates they left the city. All night they travelled at the same rate, conversing with each other in a language which Solomon did not understand, but refusing to give him any information respecting their destination. With that exception, he had nothing to complain of. When daylight was just beginning to blush on the horizon, they politely requested that he would have the kindness to allow himself to be blindfolded, and regretted to say that they would be under the necessity of performing the same ceremony every morning during the journey. Solomon submitted quietly, with a bitter smile at the mockery of courtesy.

In about two hours after dawn the carriage was pulled up; he was assisted to alight, and two men, holding him firmly by the arms, led him cautiously along a narrow plank which swayed and bounded under their feet, until he felt and heard and smelt that he was on board a ship. The voyage, retarded by bad weather, lasted three days and three nights. Then they took to their carriage again, and on the evening of the fourth day, at the hour when he expected that his eyes would be uncovered, he received the welcome announcement that the journey was done. He was now left to the custody of one of his fellow travellers for about an hour, while the others had disappeared with the box; at the expiration of that time he was led away still blindfolded, and as soon as he heard a door softly closed behind him, the bandage was suddenly removed, and the brilliant light that suddenly burst upon his eyes so dazzled him that for some moments he was unable to distinguish surrounding objects.

He now found himself in a large room, glittering with the reflected light of a multitude of wax candles, and gorgeously furnished. Close beside him he saw the oak box, open and empty, and the gold which it had contained turned out in a pile upon a marble table. At the left side of the fireplace was seated a lady, whose calm and dignified features indicated the habit of command. Near her, but on a less elevated chair, sat another lady, considerably younger and surpassingly beautiful, and, at the other side, a gentleman of middle age and an easy and good-natured expression of countenance, was reclining carelessly in a deep arm-chair, and amusing himself with a huge greyhound that laid its head familiarly upon his knees. The rest of the company, nine in number, remained standing, and it was easy to perceive that the respect which they paid to the principal personages was greater than that usually accorded to a mere superiority of fortune. To complete the picture, it is necessary to include a child about ten years of age, and

remarkable for his frightful ugliness. His head, disproportionately large, was further disfigured by being unnaturally flattened on one side, and a prematurely faded complexion; while his long, slender, and loosely-attached legs and arms suggested, when in a sitting attitude, a hideous resemblance to a chimpanzee. All this deformity was redeemed only by a quick intelligence of look and the bright animation of his large eyes.

Before Solomon was invited to approach, the gentleman who seemed highest in authority held a consultation in a low voice with another who stood beside his chair.

"Twenty hats," he said, "are there not? How many will each of these cost?"

"Ten thousand double crowns."

"And the hunting caps?"

"Somewhere about the same sum altogether, for their number is more considerable."

"At that price you are certain of having them?"

"I should rather think so," thought Solomon. "Such a sum for things of that sort! Verily I have fallen among madmen."

He was now invited to inspect a jewel case containing a set of diamonds, which he examined with the practised eye of a man accustomed to such merchandise, and consented to accept as security for a third of the loan; after which other jewels were submitted for examination, until the entire sum was secured. The several clauses of this bargain were minutely discussed by the personage who sat opposite the two ladies, who also exacted from him a solemn promise that he would never reveal the particulars of the adventure, or seek to know whither he had been brought. Solomon swore on the Talmud to be discreet, and then, overcome by long and unusual fatigue, entreated to be conducted to some place where he might rest until he should be permitted to depart. This request, however, was promptly refused, and he was commanded to be in readiness to return immediately in the same manner as he had come. His eyes were accordingly bandaged again, and he was led away; and in ten minutes after, the same carriage in which he had arrived, started at the same headlong pace, containing the same four travellers.

"At last," cried Adolphus Frederic, as soon as the Jew was gone, "at last I feel myself the King of Sweden. This gold, which the illiberality of my country refuses me, shall counteract the subsidies lavished by France on the disloyal. Our thanks to the Queen, gentlemen! She has deprived herself of her jewels to establish our authority. My brother-in-law of Prussia is more fortunate than I; he commands and is obeyed. He has not been, like me, reduced to a phantom of royalty. Still, with the aid of Providence, gentlemen, and your good counsels, I shall rend asunder these degrading chains. So far, all has succeeded as we could wish; and to-morrow, on the opening of the session, the majority will be reversed in the three orders of nobles, clergy, and commons!"

All the company assented to these words of his majesty, except the child, who shook his head incredulously.

"You don't agree with us, Gustavus?" said the King.

"God grant that your majesty be not deceived!" replied the Prince, "and that your secret be safe."

"And why do you suppose, sir," said the King, "that it can be otherwise?"

"Because those thoughts which we do not utter are alone safe from repetition."

"What would you do, then, in my place?"

"Just what your majesty is doing, but alone and without witnesses."

"You are a child yet, Gustavus; but the time will come when you shall know how to appreciate loyalty and devotion."

"Sire," said the Count Tessin, who was the Prince's tutor, "though his Royal Highness is, of course, mistaken if he suspects treachery among us, his words

give proof of an intelligence and a diplomatic talent beyond his years. At ten years of age your majesty's son is a man; at twenty he will show Sweden a second Gustavus Adolphus."

"Though your lordship may intend no more than flattery, it may be that you have spoken the truth," replied the ill-shaped dwarf, looking significantly at the last speaker.

"You have promised much, my statesman in leading strings," said the King. "See that you fulfil your engagement."

A few minutes more and all were gone, except the King, Queen Louisa, and her first maid of honour, the lady Stephana Koller, who enjoyed the most intimate confidence of the royal family. The King himself, elated as a minor on the point of being relieved from his guardian, paced up and down the room, smiling and rubbing his hands. All his precautions had been successful, and the most impenetrable secrecy veiled every movement of the conspiracy. The abduction of the Jew, and the negotiation concluded with him, and even his very existence must be utterly unknown in Stockholm; and his majesty anticipated, with an almost childish exultation, the unexpected blow which was to discomfit his enemies. He was still indulging these flattering delusions, when one of the ushers in waiting came to announce that the Count Gyllemborg—who was known to be the leader of the party opposed to the Court—and three other members of the States-General, had come to demand an interview with her majesty upon business of most uncompromising urgency. At this unexpected intelligence Frederic suddenly stood aghast, and it was the Queen alone who could command sufficient composure to order them to be admitted.

Here it may be convenient to explain to the reader, that ever since the disastrous events that had followed the misfortunes of Charles XII., the influence and prerogatives of the Crown of Sweden had been gradually declining, principally under the agency of foreign intrigues. The faction adverse to the royal family, by some inexplicable association of ideas, were known by the soubriquet of "*the hats*;" the adherents of the Court appropriating the title of "*the caps*;" and those who were still fluctuating between the extreme sections taking the fanciful appellation of "*the hunting-caps*."

When Gyllemborg presented himself with the other deputies, he excused himself under an order of the Secret Committee for intruding at so unseasonable an hour.

"What is your pleasure, gentlemen?" inquired the King.

"Sire," replied the Count, "my commission addresses itself to her majesty the Queen, who will, I trust, be graciously pleased to permit me, in the name of the States, to inspect the crown jewels and those presented to her majesty in Berlin on the occasion of her marriage."

Frederic felt himself turning pale, and was glad that the request had not been addressed directly to himself; but the sister of Frederic the Second was not so easily daunted.

"Gentlemen," said she, "tell those who sent you that such a demand is insulting, and that I shall not submit to it!"

"Your majesty will be so kind as to remember that the Constitution gives this right to the States whenever they choose to exercise it. Such a request, madam, proceeding from me, would, I know, be insulting; but it is the law that speaks, and under these circumstances your majesty, I have no doubt, will pardon me, and comply."

"No, sir," replied the Queen, standing at her full height, "I repeat that I will submit to no such requisition!"

"In that case," said Gyllemborg, "I must suggest to your majesty that the States will probably take it for granted that the jewels are not at present in the royal treasury."

"I shall falsify that suspicion," answered the Queen, "but I shall do so at my own convenience, and then I shall separate the jewels which are my own from those to which you can have any claim. The latter I shall thenceforth consider it a degradation to wear."

"What is to be done now?" said Frederic, in a tone of dejection, throwing himself into a chair, when the Count was gone.

"Write at once to Stauffer," said the Queen, promptly, "to return immediately with the Jew, and send a courier to overtake him."

There was no other expedient to adopt; but, as a king, in all matters requiring secrecy, is less at liberty than any private individual, more than an hour passed away before a messenger was even chosen. Still, it was reasonably expected that the Jew and his fellow-travellers would be brought back before daybreak.

CHAPTER II.

As soon as Gyllemborg had taken his leave, the Lady Stephana entreated her majesty to dispense with her usual attendance, for the agitating scene that she had witnessed during the evening left her unfit for anything but solitude and repose. Louisa-Ulric readily granted the request, and Stephana withdrew to her own apartments.

Meanwhile the precious hours were flying away, and the King's anxiety was every moment increasing. The courier, relying on his horse, had undertaken to bring back the fugitives within four hours; the dawn was beginning to appear, and as yet there was no sign of his return. Frederic summoned his confidential friends to assemble secretly at the palace, whither they all repaired immediately, with the exception of Count Stœkenstrem, who could not be found. Their amazement was astounding when the King informed them of the visit of Gyllemborg, which coincided so mysteriously with the removal of the jewels; and as they all attested their fidelity by a solemn oath, suspicion at first naturally fell upon the absent accomplice; but the known honour and sincerity of Stœkenstrem refuted the imputation as soon as it arose. It was then resolved that, as the money was distributed and the votes secured, their further movements must be prompt and energetic. The Queen would most probably be repossessed of the jewels before the assembling of the States; and, in case of any further delay, would be able to continue her refusal under the plea of offended dignity, and in the interval the blow would be struck. On this understanding they separated, after receiving his majesty's assurance that, no matter how far it might compromise him, he would never desert them. During that solemn and anxious interview, another not less grave and interesting in its way was taking place in a distant apartment of the palace.

"What is the secret anxiety, dearest Stephana, that clouds your brow and trembles in your voice?" said Count Stœkenstrem. "It is now so late that I must leave you, and you send me away without a word or a smile! Think you, because you have given your heart to a conspirator, that you must be no longer kind and cheerful? Rest assured there will be no blood shed."

"How do you know that, Franz?" said the young lady, sorrowfully.

"Still desponding! Come, my dear girl, bring back the smile to your lips and the light to your eyes; give me but one cheering word, and let me depart happy."

"Are you going now, Franz?" she asked, in the same comfortless tone.

"Inevitably, for I must be found at home by daybreak. Your paleness and dejection," said he, drawing her gently toward him, "make me miserable, Stephana; and why so alarmed? You know our secret is safe, and secrecy is success. For myself, I never felt my confidence surer or my heart more steady."

"Do you believe in presentiments, Franz?" she asked in a trembling voice, as if her tears were ready to start.

"Yes! and mine, I believe, will not deceive me this time."

"To-morrow will decide," she murmured.

"To-morrow, then, your heart will be lighter; but, in smiles or in sadness, Stephana, I am yours for ever."

He was gone, and she was alone; and then the effort by which she had maintained some show of composure gave way to the strong emotion of long-suppressed sorrow, and tears flowed without restraint. Agitated by conflicting passions, her first impulse was to hasten after her lover and to recall him, as if she longed to extract a secret to which she had not yet ventured to allude, or repented of some want of candour on her own part. And again, strengthening herself in her former resolution, she reproached herself for her weakness and confirmed her doubts, while the dark fire that burned in her eyes and the unnatural smile that distorted her lips betrayed the tempest that raged within and the reluctant obstinacy of some fixed purpose. All this was unknown and unsuspected by Stœkenstrem, who was too deeply engrossed by cares of more serious importance to waste much thought on the capricious humours of a young lady.

In the meantime, and at the distance of about six leagues from Stockholm, the carriage was stopped by six men armed to the teeth, who, after a desperate resistance, succeeded in making prisoners of the four travellers. They had scarcely effected this when they were interrupted by a distant noise like that of a horse advancing at full speed; and, as the road was darkened on one side by a grove of pine-trees, drawing the carriage into the shade, they left free space for the rider, who passed them the next moment, and shot away into the darkness like a phantom. Then, returning to the road, they took the way back to Stockholm; and, shortly after daybreak, the carriage and its escort, entering the capital by the southern gate, was driven to the house of Count Gyllemborg, where a council had been sitting during the night. Of the four prisoners all were bound except Solomon, who lay, nearer to death than life, under the conviction that his strange adventure was wound up by falling into the hands of half-a-dozen brigands.

In about an hour after their arrival, proclamation was made, through the streets of Stockholm, of the arrest, upon a charge of high treason, of the Counts Stauffer, Stœkenstrem, Horn, Brahe, Stramfeld, and others — a decisive mode of proceeding, which effectually strangled the conspiracy, and struck terror into all those members of the National Council who had received money for their votes, and were now resolved to retain the payment without giving in exchange the stipulated value. An indictment was drawn up the same day against the prisoners, and as they were led to their trial, the same troops who were to have aided them in the revolution, formed a hedge on each side of their way.

There was still one slender chance of partial safety remaining. Though condemned beforehand in the minds of their judges, they could not be fatally convicted without some direct evidence, and this could be supplied by Solomon alone, who must have a personal interest in their escape, for on that alone depended the restitution of his money. This view of the case was suggested by the young Prince, who recommended that, in the event of the Jew's conscience being inflexible, precautions should be taken for ensuring his silence; but these measures were of such a nature that they were rejected with horror by the King.

The proceedings on the trial were short and conclusive. All the prisoners sat together; and, as they met then for the first time since their arrest, having been confined separately during the interval, it was interesting to observe the anxiety with which they looked round upon each other. They were all there; there was no traitor among them; and how then was the secret discovered? To all questions they opposed only an obstinate silence; so that the burden of proof rested altogether upon Solomon, and he, without hesitation, identified them all. An

hour later, and sentence of death was recorded, to be carried into execution in the evening.

"Gentlemen," said Solomon, addressing the Court, "I have lent thirty-five thousand ducats on three cases of jewels. Who is to repay me or give me security against loss?"

"The jewels belong to Sweden," was the reply. "The persons who pledged them had no right to dispose of them in any way; you must look for payment to those who have your money."

"Jew!" said the Count Horn, "your silence might have saved our lives and your own money. These gentlemen and I would have mortgaged our fortunes to make good our promises and secure you from loss. But you could not or would not understand how deeply you were interested in our safety."

It was all over, and the Court was rising, when Count Stöckenstrem requested permission to send a letter to a person whom he would name when it was ready, and was informed that it should be safely delivered.

Evening came on—a dark, chilly, comfortless twilight. The city was all silent, and seemed shocked and terrified into quiescence. That morning all were unanimous in denouncing the conspirators; now, the universal sentiment was pity for their fate; and probably, amid this general revulsion of feeling, if only one among them had escaped, he might have urged the citizens to a revolt; for the multitude that assembled in front of the scaffold, which was within view of the palace, were irritated by their ignorance of the author of the discovery, and directed their suspicions against the royal family.

Presently the melancholy scene was lighted up with the lurid blaze of torches, bringing out its more prominent features into startling relief, and falling upon the pale fixed features of the condemned. Twice already had the axe resounded upon the block, and the snow which was beginning to fall thickly was furrowed with dark streams of blood; when a female figure, with her long hair streaming wildly upon her bare shoulders, came rushing through the crowd toward the scaffold.

"Franz!" she cried, "I come to die with you!"

"No, Stephana," said the prisoner, "do rather as I have asked you. Console and protect my helpless and erring sister!" and then, as the executioner beckoned him to approach, "take my turn, brother," he said to Count Stauffer; "I want yet a moment or two of life."

"Your sister!" cried Stephana. "Alas! why did you never tell me that she was your sister who used to visit you in secret? I was jealous!—jealousy deranged my reason; I believed you faithless, and I goaded myself on to revenge! Heavens! what have I done? It is I—I whom you loved—that gave up your secret to your enemies! Pardon, Franz!—oh Franz, say you forgive me before we die!"

"Ask pardon of Heaven!" he replied, coldly—"of me, never!" Turning away, deaf to her cries and entreaties, he bowed his head upon the block, and the blow that descended cut short two lives. Stephana fell to rise no more; and in her hand was grasped a paper, on which these words were written:

"My hours are numbered, dearest Stephana, and my last thoughts are of thee. The service I ask will give you strength to survive me. My sister Matilda, of whom you have heard me speak, has come from Upsal to find with me an asylum from disgrace. I have been awaiting the moment when I should avenge her wrongs. Her betrayer must now go unpunished. Mingle your tears with hers, Stephana, and let my memory; like your sorrow, be shared between you!"

H. O

Zadkiel's Prophecies.

BY JOHN LEAF.

IF it be true that half the world knows not how the other half lives, it is not the less probable that half the world has no conception what the other half *reads*. There is a literature existing for almost every diversity of taste and culture. Even absolute unintelligence and stupidity have their organs, and peculiar oracles, which stupidity and unintelligence everywhere apparently find it interesting to consult. Here, for instance, is an almanac,* which, as the author boasts, has a yearly sale of 27,000, concocted expressly for the benefit of such as have a lingering belief in *magic*. It is a work quite wonderful in its kind—a very miracle of brazen impudence and absurdity—but which, nevertheless, to all appearance, has a charm for certain mental constitutions and, as we can affirm from personal knowledge, is confidently believed in by at least *some* of the human race. This astonishing civilization in the midst of which we live, this widely diffused enlightenment, whercof the age so loudly boasts, is in a very curious manner linked with as strange a mass of spiritual stupor and dark mindedness as ever perhaps existed at any period within the range of modern history. Let us peep a little into the book of the prophet Zadkiel, and see what it is that these twenty seven thousand human heads are expected to take for gospel.

We should not presume to bring such a work before the readers of this Journal, did we at all suppose that any of them would suspect us of thinking it in any degree probable that they have the slightest faith in Zadkiel, or are at all liable to be misled or imposed on by his pretensions. We take it for granted, on the contrary, that very few of them have ever heard of him, and that still fewer are aware of the nature of those singular revelations which, under his name, have for the last twenty years been published to his disciples. It is only lately that we ourselves became acquainted with his writings or had even heard any, but a confused rumour of his existence. We are now thoroughly convinced, however, that he is a sentient and living personage. He appears, moreover, to be possessed of certain human faculties, writes English somewhat "like a native," notwithstanding the oriental pretensions of his name, and has at least *one* recognizable and distinct article of *faith*; namely, a faith in human gullability! A probable "social nondescript," of keen vulpine cunning and esuriency, we figure him at his outset as a sort of human fox, prowling about the out-yards of society, with predatory intents upon unprotected geese. A sure instinct informs him that geese do probably abound, and that, in spite of the progress of refinement, they have not yet learnt the use of firearms. He accordingly advances with becoming craftiness, and fares prosperously as long as geese are plentiful.

Not to indulge further in a style perhaps too figurative, it appears to us that Roy-nard Zadkiel long ago conceived the possibility of living by his wits, and to this end he began to "calculate nativities," to advertise his gifts for giving seasonable "advice in all cases of trouble, anxiety as to absent friends, journeys, marriage, success in life," and so forth, and finally to publishing the astrological almanac now before us, where-in he sets forth, along with sundry predictions about the weather, the authentic "voices of the stars," and "most wonderful revelations from the world of spirits," obtained, it seems, by the aid of a "magic crystal, in which numerous spirits of the dead have appeared! illustrated by woodcuts of the appearances of the spirits!" Thus it will be seen that if "Old Moore" and Partridge were great, Zadkiel is greater. The rogue knows well enough that an enlightened British government, that the highly scrupulous and enlightened religious sects of England, have virtually proclaimed to large masses of the people, "We, in our imbecility and short-sightedness, have unanimously agreed that ye shall none of you be educated; that the state contemptuously called ignorance is the best for you. Work, brothers, or suffer, as the case

* Zadkiel's Almanac for 1861.

may be, but know that it is presumption in you to aspire after knowledge! You may learn to *read* a little, friends, if the existing machinery of parish schools will suffice for the expense of it; but don't trouble your heads about *understanding* anything; it is a perversion of the faculties, and will only make you discontented with the established state of things." Zadkiel is doubtless thankful to the British government, and to the pious sects of England; for he has manifestly an interest, and even an actual property, in the ignorance and superstition which abound throughout the country. It is the raw material in which he works. We think it not unlikely that he overstates his circulation; for being by natural disposition and profession a decided liar, it is not to be expected that he should scruple about saying anything which might seem to magnify his consequence: yet the very existence and regular publication of his book is proof sufficient that he can make it *pay*; proof also that it is acceptable to the tastes and prurient modes of thought of a very considerable multitude of persons. It is chiefly in its character as a *psychological curiosity* that we have been induced to draw attention to it. Intrinsically stupid and contemptible as it may be, and on that account beneath the dignity of criticism, it nevertheless reflects to us a certain portion of the *mind* of the community; for, as already hinted, it is obvious that even the aberrations of pretended magic and astrology must obtain in some quarters a sort of credit and acceptance, or, according to the natural fate of aberrations, they would cease to be promulgated. Zadkiel undoubtedly has his disciples and believers: let us see, then, what it is that uneducated and stupid mortals will believe.

We shall not dwell long on our astrologer's predictions in relation to the "weather," but will just mention, in passing, that we have taken pains to consult him regularly for several days prior to the present writing, and in every instance have we found him a lying prophet. On the 6th instant (January) we were led to expect a fall of snow; but no snow has fallen in our parts, nor, considering the temperature, is any likely to have fallen elsewhere in the kingdom. If Zadkiel means only, as we suspect he does, that snow would possibly fall on that day *somewhere upon the globe*, without deigning to indicate particular localities, why, then it is not unlikely that the prediction may have been fulfilled, and in that case our weather-seer's meteorological foresight must pass for what it is worth. For the rest, when he does not describe the weather for particular days, he is as vague and common-place as the celebrated "Francis Moore, Physician." Thus, he sets down for January that "damp, raw weather and fogs prevail": a prediction probable enough, and pointing to a state of atmosphere as plainly characteristic of any January in a century as of the present. Then in June, he prophesies of "fair summer weather," interspersed with "thunder, lightning, and wind," along with heavy showers; as indeed he may safely do without danger of contradiction. It evidently does not require a wizard to tell the weather in this wise: on such terms anybody might succeed in prophecy.

But quitting this, we pass on to report the "voices of the stars." And in the first place we may mention, that our investigations in this department have disclosed to us that Zadkiel, in his last year's visions, had no forecast of the "Papal Bull." Of wars and tumult on the continent, such as the previous newspaper accounts of the continental countries led everybody to look for, he has frequent mention; but of this grand disturbance at home the stars had not given him the slightest intimation. We have tried to strain particular passages, to make them apply to that astonishing "aggression," but in strict conscientiousness we have been compelled to admit, that no such accommodating detection of prophecy after the fact is practicable under the circumstances. We will glance, however, at what Zadkiel calls his "fulfilled predictions;" and we will take them in precisely the same terms in which he himself has stated them. For the month of April, 1849, he writes, "Frederick of Prussia has, &c., strange waywardness on his part, and mighty changes in his dominions—trouble and turmoil to himself. I judge that he will abdicate." On this passage, in his Almanac for the present year, he sets forth the following comment: "The mighty changes and troubles in that king's dominions were beyond all precedent; and he did

speak of abdicating, which for some time it was rumoured he had done!" Zadkiel calls that a "fulfilment." Then, for April last he intimates, "Strange and serious interruptions of the peace of this country:" a prediction which is stated to have been realized as follows: "A kind of naval warfare occurs by our fleet now blockading the coasts of Greece. The French ambassador was withdrawn." For the same month it is written, "Plots and conspiracies come to light, and singular attempts to overthrow the existing state of things;" and further on, in another part of the work, "Some secretary of state may be publicly exposed and tormented, or *even meet his death*." In his quotation of the latter passage, in the present Almanac, with a view to show the accomplishment of the prediction, the words in italics have been suppressed: however, coupling the two passages together, Zadkiel states the "fulfilment" in these terms: "There was an intrigue to overthrow the ministry. A large majority of the House of Lords voted against them, and in the other House a violent effort was made to expose and torment a *secretary of state*;" presumably Lord Palmerston. Now, overlooking the prophetic hint of probable *death* to a secretary, which should at least imply that his *life* would be in danger, we invite the reader to consider the incongruous adaptation of this fulfilment to its prediction, and to mark how clumsily the purport of the two is reconciled. Zadkiel prophesies of "conspiracies and plots," and "singular attempts to overthrow the *existing state of things*," and then informs us that the same have come to pass, inasmuch as a majority of the House of Lords voted against the ministry! That, surely, is not an occurrence which needed to be dignified by the name of a "conspiracy." Then, we should like to know how Zadkiel can justify his modesty in calling such an affair a "*singular attempt*," &c. Ministers are outvoted often enough, and no harm comes of it, beyond the trifling inconvenience or vexation they themselves experience. For Zadkiel to give us such mouse-abortions of "fulfilment" for such mountain promises of prophecy, is, to say the least of it, beneath him as a grave astrologer. One other example of this sort of prophecy-made-easy will suffice for the illustration of our author's gift in this department. At page 41 of last year's Almanac, he says, "Some very lamentable shipwrecks are denoted, and the death of numbers of poor people by water, such as emigrants." The fulfilment of this is thus announced in the record of verified predictions for the present year: "The Orion steamer was lost, and many persons drowned; also a vessel in the mouth of the Thames, and nearly 200 souls lost, I believe; and also others." Can anybody remember any year of his existence when such a prediction could not have been hazarded with the most perfect certainty of being fulfilled? These, however, are Zadkiel's strongest proofs of his prophetic mission. Of the many events predicted which he does not even pretend have come to pass, it is needless to say anything.

You will naturally say, that the whole business is so palpably absurd as not to require or deserve the solemnity of contradiction. And in this we should agree, were it not that Zadkiel can point exultingly to the 27,000 families into which his Almanac is regularly received. These people must have a certain kind of faith in Zadkiel; or it may be probable that the most of them do neither decidedly believe nor disbelieve in him, and only "know not what to think of it;" for whom it would be well if they *did* know what to think of it. Such humbugs as Zadkiel are helping the cause of the old enemy, by scandalously trafficking in their ignorance, exciting their superstitions, cheating them of hard-earned sixpences, in a variety of ways perplexing and deluding them. For it is not to be supposed that these people have the habit of *analyzing* Zadkiel, or of comparing his predictions with the pretended "fulfilments" which he from time to time puts forth. Their imperfect scholarship necessarily leads them to take Zadkiel very much according to his own representations; and they come to conclude from what look like his successes, that, if he does not *always* correctly foresee the future, he has still a partial power of discerning it. Now, *lies* of all kinds are decidedly objectionable, since they do unquestionably occupy quarters in the human head which ought to be occupied by truths, by rational and practicable knowledge; and if it can be shown that even stupid and grossly unintelligent people

are any way imposed upon by ridiculous pretensions, it surely is right that something should be done to undeceive them. And though it may be objected that what is attempted to be done here will not come before the parties now in question, yet if it succeeds in showing to the more intelligent what absurd notions are still current and accredited among us, it may lead some of them to inquire, with due impatience, how it is that such preposterous hallucinations can possibly be sustained. And the one answer must be, "It is because of the *lack of knowledge*; because of the want of a really national plan of education, whereby the people might be so intellectually and morally improved as of free consent to choose a better class of teachers. And then, it may, by and by, be further asked, "How comes it, that in an empire of such vast resources, the people are not adequately educated?" and perhaps, at length, after sufficient ponderings, the powerful heart and common sense of England may arise in sublime and steady resolution, and say, "It shall be done."

If we seem too serious over Zadkiel, it is because we know something of the difficulty of disabusing simple minds of the kind of prejudices which pretensions, such as his, are apt to foster in them. Whoso believes in Zadkiel, or even "knows not what to think of him," is, in a manner, disabled from apprehending the authentic laws of things, and cannot, while in such condition, attain to any rational insight respecting the order and true reality of the universe, and the established dispensations of human life. However, we will now proceed to some examination of those mysterious "revelations from the world of spirits," which stand so prominently emblazoned on Zadkiel's title-page. In a part of his work expressly devoted to the consideration of "magic," our astrologer sets forth, "Wherever we turn among the literature of the Eastern world, we find evidence of a deep-seated faith in magic, or, in other words, of the possibility of communication with the spiritual world. And since a pretended power to hold converse with the spirits of the mighty dead could not long have existed among such an intelligent people as the ancient Egyptians, without being exposed as false and unfounded, if it really were so, we have some grounds for believing that there must have been some *truth* in the matter. In India it is well known that *magic crystals*, such as Mr. Aubrey mentions [in a passage previously quoted from his *Miscellanies*], have been in use among the Brahmins, &c., for ages. They still exist; and one of large size (four inches in diameter), was a few years since brought over by a friend of Lady Blessington; after the sale of whose effects it recently fell into the hands of a friend of mine; and having tested its powers, I have resolved on giving my readers an account of this wonderful mode of communicating with the spirits of the dead." It seems that crystals of this kind are usually "consecrated to the angels of the planets," and that the common sort are "therefore far less powerful than Lady Blessington's; which, being consecrated to the archangel of the sun, *Michael*, may be consulted during four hours each day; whereas the others can generally be used only for a very brief space of time, nor can any very potent spirits be called into them, or made to render themselves visible." In bringing the matter of the spiritual revelations obtained by this wonderful instrument before the public, Zadkiel declares that he is "acting according to the advice and injunctions of the spirits themselves." He adds, further, that he has "no theory to maintain, no crotchet to uphold;" that he "merely states *facts*, to which there are very numerous witnesses," and for the accuracy of which he pledges—what think you?—his "*veracity*!"

After such an introduction, Zadkiel goes on to tell, that on the "29th, of January 1850," there was seen in Lady Blessington's crystal the following imposing vision. "A tall man appears with a helmet on, and in armour; a large club in his hand; a bear on his hind legs near him." He is fierce-looking, but has a pleasant smile. He calls himself "*Orion*," and has written on his breast, "*Sent from God*." Words appear near him, "*Do not publish it the first half of this year. Tell it only to your friends*." "*It is sent from God*." Then he declares, in the same way, that the crystal in which he appears was made in the year 675 B.C.; and says also, "*Ask any questions you like, except wicked ones*." "*You cannot always be told*." Then

Zadkiel asks, "Art thou a spirit of the moon?" And the answer is, "No, I am not: I come from the atmosphere." Having been "shown some other planets," our astrologer desired "to see Jupiter;" whereupon he is given to understand that he "can have a spirit from Jupiter," but that he is not privileged to "see Jupiter." He learns, also, that he is destined to "go to Jupiter" when he dies. "In letters of fire," and in the types called *capitals*, he reads sundry grave and moral admonitions; and then the spirit signifies, "I AM WANTED. LET ME GO." Then Zadkiel says, "*Thou mayst depart!*" and accordingly *exit* Orion. On the 3rd of February, Zadkiel, resolved to "try the spirits" further, called up Orion again; but the conversation between them on that occasion, as here reported, is particularly dull; so that we do not intend to quote from it. On the 26th he asks Orion, "What is death?" and the answer given is, "Life awaking from a dream;" by which it will appear that Orion knows a little of human literature. On this same occasion our astrologer had the audacity to summon John Calvin, and ask him where he dwelt; a thing which we think he hardly would have ventured on had he expected to encounter Calvin in the flesh, and could have guessed how the rigorous reformer would probably have dealt with him. However, we have by this means ascertained that Calvin has a country seat in Jupiter. He seems to have conversed with our magician with surprising freedom, considering the reputed sternness of the man. On being asked whether he had always been in Jupiter since his death, he answered, "No," and intimated that he had been, for the most part, "in the atmosphere;" a circumstance which perhaps accounts for the prevalence of storms. "How long," said Zadkiel, "have you been in Jupiter?" And the reformer told him in reply, "A week since last Sunday;" which, by calculation, appears to have been the 10th of February. It may be interesting to many, and perhaps surprising, to hear that Calvin has lately repudiated Calvinism. This, however, seems to be the fact; for when Zadkiel asked him, "Are your doctrines right for men to follow?" he briefly, but meekly answered, "No." Encouraged by his communicativeness, our astrologer, among multifarious other questionings, ventured to interrogate him about the death of poor Servetus. Calvin admits, with sufficient candour, that he made a martyr of the man, but states that he has seen reason to repent of it. He adds, further, that Servetus is now a near neighbour of his in the planet Jupiter, is living happily, and consorts with him in friendly terms; all which, if one could rely upon it, is very satisfactory.

As in an article like the present we are necessarily straitened in point of space, we are only able to give mere *glimpses* of these crystal visions, the full account of which extends to nearly twenty pages of the Almanac. We are even somewhat at a loss to select the most astonishing particulars, and must take them for the most part at random, without regarding dates or other circumstantial matters. As there is no method in the work, this plan will answer quite as well as any. Zadkiel inquires of Orion, "Did the witch of Endor really raise the spirit of Samuel?" To which Orion responds, "Yes." "Is the account of it correct?" "Not quite." "Is it a wicked thing to raise the spirits of the dead?" "No; but don't you do it." "Is it not a good thing, then?" "No. The practice of magic generally is bad; but a little of it is no harm." "Is there a head or leader to evil spirits?" "Yes." "Tell me his name." "ANTIPPO." "Is there a being called Satan?" "That is him. He is in the form of a serpent." . . . "Will these revelations be readily received by the world?" "Not very." "Will the clergy generally oppose them?" "Yes." "Where is King George IV., that was King of England?" "In Jupiter." "Where is the old King, George III?" "In the sun. He was a good old man." "Is the present state of things in Europe likely to continue?" "No, not long." On the same page with the foregoing, we have a "representation of Orion as he appeared to several persons." He reminds us very much of a figure we have seen at Sadler's Wells. Orion gives his interrogator decided assurance of the millennium. He says, it will be "a state of pure peace and happiness," and will last for a thousand years. In about fifty years' time, the Christian religion is to be "spread over India." That religion,

indeed, is to become universal, and then the "millennium will follow." It may be interesting to classical antiquarians to know that Homer's birth place is now capable of being settled. His spirit lately informed Zadkiel that he "lived about 400 years before Alexander the Great, and was born at Athens." He intimated, also, that he "knows Virgil." It may be well to hear the opinion of Tacitus concerning Cæsar's Commentaries, and of the state of the arts among the ancient Druids. That great historian, by communications rendered through "Lady Blessington's crystal," admitted "that his account of the Britons was not so good as Cæsar's." He intimated, likewise, that "the Druids did often sacrifice human beings," and that they "did sometimes practice astrology," having "derived their rules from India;" but they were "stupid fellows in general." . . . "A tall, graceful female figure, having beautiful wings, glittering like silver, going down to her heels, clothed in a white, dazzling robe, a halo round her head," and who seems to be named "Eve"—is represented as having appeared to "Master ———," and who confidentially informed him, "that astrology will be taught in some of the colleges of England before 20 years." Zadkiel throws in an "N.B.," to inform us that this lady "Eve" is "not the mother of mankind, but a spirit from the moon."

The reader has probably had enough; but there are a few other passages which we feel constrained to quote, on account of their peculiar raciness. There is the last news from Harold, who fell at Hastings. "Harold, the last Saxon king, appeared in armour, *cap-a-pied*, with sword girt on, and a shield on his arm; a tall, fine man, with red hair and red whiskers, moustache, and beard. He said he was not killed by an arrow, as history reports, but by an axe, and was buried in Hastings, and not in consecrated ground, which he *did not understand*; but he said that his body was "blessed by a holy man." He said that he is now in Jupiter, and very happy; that "his wife retired to Waltham Abbey." Zadkiel has had interviews with many of the distinguished personages of sacred history. The following, out of several, seems worth reporting. "Solomon, king of Israel, appeared; a fine, tall old, man, with a very grey beard, and long flowing grey locks. He had a long, purple, velvet robe reaching to his feet, a golden crown on his head, and a sceptre in his hand ornamented at the top. He said he did not remember how many Proverbs he had written; that he did write the Book of Wisdom (which ought therefore to be admitted into the canonical collection); that he taught the Queen of Sheba to believe in a future life; that the sect of the Sadducees existed in his time, and also the Essenes, to which latter he belonged. That he did once worship *Astarte*, the goddess of the Zidonians, out of compliment to his wife, but not habitually or sincerely. In answer to my question, "Did you understand astrology?" he replied, "Yes; but *not so well as you do!*" It is scarcely modest of Zadkiel to report that compliment; but being enjoined by the spirits to publish these revelations it is to be supposed that he was bound to do so under penalties. The next passage conveys a hint which ought to put the person interested upon his guard. On the 3rd of February, "Orion and other spirits answered several questions of a private nature to the company; also stated that L. N. would never be Emperor of France, but that he *would be assassinated*; that in time there would be a King of France again; not the Duc de Bordeaux, nor the Count de Paris." In another crystal vision some interesting news was obtained of Sir John Franklin. Orion answered for him, that he was quite well, as also was Captain Crozier; that young H. (a gentleman apparently inquired after) was likewise well, and "had just killed a bear;" further, that the expedition was then "to the north-west of Melville Island." The ghost of Swedenborg being summoned, he offered to give some further information about Sir John; whereupon Zadkiel asks, "What is the best way to communicate with him?"; signifying that he should like to know, "for his wife's sake!" Swedenborg replies, "*By the natives: they speak to him sometimes.*" "Will he be home next summer?" "No." "Why?" "Because he cannot help himself: he is stopped by ice; but his heart does not fail him; he wants to explore." "How will he do for provisions?" "He will find bears, dogs, and wolves." "Will he find the passage?" "No; there is a continent there." "But there is also a passage?" "There is one;

but he will not find it." "What latitude does it lie in chiefly?" "I do not know. *Good bye.*" One regrets to find Swedenborg so much at fault in his geography, and should be almost inclined to think him something of a "muff," were we not informed in another place that spirits, "from some peculiar idiosyncrasy, do not *well understand* about latitude and longitude." What Zadkiel could want with *Socrates*, it would be hard to tell. He, however, called him into the crystal, and he appeared in rather curious habiliments. "A tall, middle-aged man, rather bald, dressed with striped, coarse trowsers, very loose at the top and tight near the feet, a kind of frock, open in front, and without sleeves." On being asked, "What is the best thing to do here?" he answered, quite in character, "To gain wisdom." Being solicited to mention the "best means" of acquiring wisdom, he replied, rather absurdly, "Astrology, phrenology, and prayer." Zadkiel is extremely fulsome in his religion; but we do not wish to interfere with him in that particular. We may insert, however, his account of the state and prospects of a great Scripture criminal. Judas Iscariot would seem (not without reason) to be rather a shy man. He did not at all like having to appear before Zadkiel in the crystal. We learn, moreover, that at the time of his appearance he was "very wretched," which is not unlikely, as he admitted he had had a long spell of purgatory, or rather, something worse; though he expected to "be happier after the next Sunday." That would be on the 10th of February, 1850, terrestrial reckoning. So that if there be anybody as sympathetic as the Highland preacher, who desired to "pray for the puir De'il," and such a one feels an interest in the fate of Judas, it may be gratifying to him to learn how matters stand. Here, perhaps, it will be well to stop; for though we might quote a great many other astonishing passages, we have probably given as many as the reader will care to see.

Further Illustrations of Friendly Societies' Law.

It is a trite remark that what is true of individuals is true of societies. Clubs are no more eternal than men and women; both are liable to arrive at an untimely end by indiscretion and recklessness. The same prudence which induces John Smith, the honest collier, to make a purse for the wife of his bosom, to receive and enjoy, after he has been laid low in the damp cold earth, dictates that he and his fellows should make decent and proper arrangement for the interment of a society, and winding-up its affairs, when its dissolution has become inevitable, or even expedient. The legislature has made several provisions on this head, which statutory law has been the subject of mature Common Law Judgments; and the rules of any society may add other regulations touching this matter, which are not repugnant to the acts of Parliament in question.* An attention to the law in this respect, by Trustees, where there are Trustees, and where there are no Trustees, by the Treasurer of a Society, or other person who has the custody of the society's money (who is a Treasurer within the meaning of the Act), is of the first importance. If the society is not legally dissolved, or if the terms of dissolution are departed from in the slightest degree, although honestly, and in good faith, these officers may be dragged through vexatious and costly litigation, by any one selfish, or cantankerous member; and where the suspicion of improper motive can be raised, they may be indicted in a criminal tribunal.

The Friendly Societies' Consolidation Act† provided that a society might be dissolved by resolution, passed at "some meeting thereof, to be specially called in

* Tidd Pratt's "Law relating to Friendly Societies," 5th edit. p. 20.

† 18 and 19 Vict. cap. 63, sec. 13.

that behalf, providing that certain requisites and conditions were also satisfied." This act rendered it a condition precedent upon the dissolution that "five-sixths in value of the then existing members, including the honorary members, if any," should vote for the dissolution; and it enacted that for the purpose of ascertaining the votes of such five-sixths in value of the members, every member should be entitled to have one vote, and an additional vote for every five years that he might have been a member, but limited the number of votes which any single member might give. Another exceedingly important condition precedent to the dissolution of a society is embodied in the same section of the act. No society can be dissolved without the consent, in writing, "of all persons, if any, then receiving, or entitled to receive any relief, annuity, or other benefit from the funds thereof, unless the claim of every such person be first duly satisfied, or adequate provision made for satisfying such claim." This clause of the Friendly Societies' Consolidation Act also made it necessary to state in the agreement for dissolving a society,—before obtaining the assents of its members, in the manner and to the extent pointed out—the mode in which its funds were to be distributed, or applied; but, in consequence, it may be inferred of the difficulty of meeting the wishes of all—and, sometimes, the very unreasonable demands of some—of the parties interested, this part of the section has been amended by a subsequent enactment. The agreement may now refer to the decision of "the Registrar of Friendly Societies, or to the Actuary of the Commissioners for the reduction of the National Debt, or to an Actuary of some Life Assurance Company, established in London, Edinburgh, or Dublin, who shall have exercised the profession of an actuary for at least five years, to be named in the agreement,"* the appropriation or division of any funds then in hand. The provisions of the two acts already pointed out, relate to the dissolution of societies, by consent, and at the discretion of their members, under any circumstances. The obvious design of the legislature, when it imposed such obstacles in the way of dissolving a society, was the prevention of fraud, by, it might be, new or young members, upon the old contributors, or the aged annuitants; and the justice of such provisions is self-evident.

Whenever a society is insolvent, it may be dissolved by the Registrar, or an Actuary of London, Edinburgh, or Dublin, of five years' standing, "on the application in writing, of not less than one-fourth," of its members.* None of the formalities mentioned in the previous paragraph are requisite in the present case. A statement in writing, with the requisite number of signatures, setting forth "that the funds of the society are insufficient to meet the claims thereon, with the grounds thereof," is the only document necessary to be prepared. The Registrar, or Actuary, as the case may be, thereupon investigates the matter, and decides whether the society should be dissolved or not. If he arrives at the conclusion that the society should be dissolved, he next proceeds to settle "in what way the funds and property shall be divided," and the award is final, conclusive, and binding "on all the members, and other persons interested in, or having any claim on, the funds of the society." Mr. Tidd Pratt, in his last Report, gives the particulars of many of these cases, and very fully explains the mode of procedure which he adopts. He makes an appointment to meet the members, either at his office, or at some convenient place of meeting in the town where the club has held its meetings, he hears Attorney and Counsel, when the parties interested choose to employ such professional aid, and decides upon his award at his leisure. The expenses such an this enquiry are a first charge upon the assets of an insolvent society.

From the award of the Registrar or an actuary, under the provisions of the Act last referred to there is no appeal; but any member of a Society dissolved by consent under a special meeting, and the Consolidation Act, who may be

* 21 and 22 Vict. cap. 101, sec. 8.

dissatisfied with the provision made by his fellow members may apply "to the judge within which the usual place of business is situated,"* or in the City of London, to the Judge of the Sheriffs' Court, in the cities of Dublin and Cork, to the Recorder thereof,† at any time during the six calendar months next following the date of the resolution,‡ "for relief or other order," and it is enacted that the judicial officers named shall have power to make "such order or direction, in relation thereto as he may think the justice of the case may require." The powers and mode of enforcing orders and directions are duly set forth in these Statutes, and in a very lucid judgment of the Court of Common Pleas, Mr. Justice Willes gave a liberal interpretation to the words of the sections which confer an equitable jurisdiction upon the authorities just mentioned.§ An injunction restraining the dissolution of the Society, and calling upon the Trustees not to divide the funds of the Society may be cheaply obtained. The Courts|| to which jurisdiction in these matters is given may indeed exercise all the powers now exercised "in the Court of Chancery in respect either of its ordinary, or its special, or its statutory jurisdiction," and the decision of such Court is not subject to any appeal.¶ To secure obedience to its order or directions such Court may also attach a penalty for non-compliance,** or grant relief by way of a payment in cash to the party interested†† and either the penalty, or the relief in cash may be enforced or recovered "in the same manner as a judgment for debt, or damages in such Court."‡‡ These ample powers are moreover such as the judges and others having jurisdiction betray no disinclination to enforce. These statutory provisions—unlike the protection against Sheriff's executions and Bankruptcy—do not clash with the general principles of the Common Law, or with judicial prejudices, and they will always be readily acted upon.|||| There is yet another provision in the Consolidation Act to which some reference must be made. If a Society should be dissolved by the resolution of its own members, under the presumption that the Consolidation Act had been complied with, and it should be proved that any portion of the funds had been otherwise appropriated—say that the claim of a member had not been "duly satisfied," or that "adequate provision" had not been made for satisfying such claim—the trustee or other officer, or person, aiding or abetting therein, is liable to be "committed to the common gaol, or house of correction, and there kept to hard labour for any term not exceeding three calendar months."† It will, of course, be impossible to obtain a conviction under this penal enactment, unless gross and palpable malversation of the funds has been committed, or without the person claiming to set the law in motion, can prove a case of exceeding personal hardship—the evidence of dishonest intention, which is the *gravamen* of a criminal offence, must be exhibited to the magistrate's satisfaction—but a *prima facie* case, justifying the charge, although not establishing the crime, might be easily got up by a dissatisfied member against a perfectly honest Trustee or other officer. Whenever a Society must be dissolved, too much care is not possible, in order to steer quite clear of the penal, and not get entangled in the civil meshes of the statute.

The case of "the Penydarren Firemen's Club," as recorded in the annals of the Merthyr Tydfil County Court, is an interesting and instructive example of the law as stated above. Thomas Jones, the plaintiff, in an action which elicited from the learned Judge of this court an elaborate exposition of the law, was a member of the society, when all the other members resolved upon its dissolution. Thomas Jones, it must be confessed, was one of those men who were present to the eyes of the Legislature when they drew the 41st Section of the Consolidation

* 18 and 19 Vic., cap 63, sec. 13.

+ 21 and 22 Vic., cap. 101, sec. 1.

‡ 11 and 12 Vic., cap. 43, sec. 11; 12 and 13 Vic. cap. 70, sec. 11.

§ Holy v. Macfarlane, "Jurist," Vol. 2, p. 785.

|| *Ibid.* ¶ 18 and 19 Vic. cap 63, sec. 41.

** 18 and 19 Vic., cap. 63, sec. 42.

†† *Ibid.* ‡‡ *Ibid.* §§ *Ibid.*

||| 18 and 19 Vic., cap 63, sec. 13.

Act. He was fifty years old, and was suffering from a disease of both lungs. The malady had taken such a firm hold of him that his recovery was pronounced "neither to be expected nor possible." It is not therefore, perhaps, to be at all wondered at, if, as one of his fellow-members stated, poor Tom Jones objected to have the society broken up and the funds divided, although upon what the Penydarrarians thought an equitable basis. They didn't want any lawyer to meddle in the affairs of their society. They intended to act "fair and square" to each other, and couldn't see the use of looking into the Act of Parliament. On the evening appointed for the division of the fund, we are told that the members "made a great row, and insisted upon dividing the money," but Thomas Jones, to the great annoyance of all the rest, kept repeating a protest against the course pursued, and exclaimed that he "was not willing to divide or dissolve the club." Thomas Thomas was landlord of the Vulcan Inn, and was Treasurer to the Penydarran Club. The Society had appointed no Trustees, so that their Treasurer became "a Trustee within the meaning of the Act." He appears to have been a thoroughly upright man. He was prepared to hand over the cash he then held, and apply it in any mode that would satisfy all parties. All he was anxious about was to secure himself from rival claimants. Eleven members gave him, by way of indemnity, a promissory note for £60, and, in obedience to the order of the Committee, he paid each man the amount to which he was entitled, under the adopted mode of distribution. In the words of the law report, "each man had a share, according to what he had paid, deducting what he had received" in the shape of benefits. We don't know whether, upon this mode of distribution, every man came off as well as Thomas Jones. Unless he was exceptionally treated, the healthy members, who had been long upon the books, must have drawn very acceptable sums. Thomas Jones had received, "by reason of sickness," £22 more than he had paid in to the club, and at the dissolution they offered him a further sum of 13s. 6d., which he took under protest, that he should regard it only as sick relief. Thus ended the endeavours of the Penydarran Club to wind up and liquidate its own affairs.

Shortly afterwards Thomas Jones was advised to make an application to the County Court, for such order or relief as the Judge of that tribunal might consider him entitled to. The case was heard patiently, and, as we have said, an elaborate judgment was pronounced. The Court felt it desirable that the reasons influencing its judgment should be very clearly made known, and hence a decision was pronounced in *Merthyr Tydfil* not at all unworthy of Westminster Hall. For many reasons, which he explained, the learned Judge thought it would not be expedient to grant an injunction restraining any further steps in the dissolution of the Society, which would have been a practical direction to reconstitute the Club, but as he considered that Thomas Jones was "entitled to the same extent of relief as if the Society still existed in operation," he declared that Thomas Thomas—notwithstanding he had parted with all the funds of the Club—should continue the payments of 2s. per week to the plaintiff, and that whenever his disease culminated in death the defendant should pay to the plaintiff's representatives the further sum of five pounds. Thus, so far as Thomas Jones was concerned, the dispute and litigation ended; but the affairs of the Penydarran Firemen's Club, having been brought into the sphere of law, they were doomed to furnish another case for our edification and enlightenment. We have already explained that when Thomas Thomas, "the Trustee within the meaning of the act," found a dissident who would not agree to dissolve the Club, or divide its funds, sagaciously demanded an indemnity, before he parted with the cash, in his hands, and got one, in the form of the promissory note for £60. After he had been fixed with a liability to continue the weekly allowance and make a provision on the death of this dissident member, Thomas Thomas availed himself of what lawyers call his "remedy over" against, or in plain untechnical

language, he turned round upon his eleven fellow members, who had made this note. In a few weeks the learned Judge who had decided the case already narrated, was called upon to make one William Griffiths, and ten other men pay to Thomas Thomas £50—the sum of £10 having been abated, so as to give the County Court a jurisdiction. The lawyers retained for the plaintiff and for the defendants exhausted their legal ingenuity upon this cause, but the decision was, an example of self-demonstrative equity. It was contended that the Treasurer or Trustee, under the terms of the act, the honest and upright landlord of the Vulcan Inn, Thomas Thomas, had been guilty of a *legal*, although *not a moral* fraud, and that he could not recover upon a promissory note, the consideration for which disclosed a breach of trust—that is the irregular distribution of the Society's funds. The learned Judge, however, put aside all the legal sophistries, and in his judgment (based upon several precedents extracted from recognised Equity Reports) held that Thomas Thomas could recover upon his indemnity, because the eleven defendants knew of and concurred in the breach of trust. Thomas Thomas, to speak exactly, could not however so make a purse for himself, if he had been disposed, but the money thus obtained would vest in him as the Trustee, for a Society which had not been legally dissolved, and must be held by him to answer the Society's obligations. The most practical result of this curious litigation was, however, a suggestion from the learned Judge, that the members should meet together and legally dissolve the Society.

In conclusion, we ought, perhaps, also to say that on the first trial we mention, the Judge quoted the words of the act which direct that "in the event of the dissolution or determination of any society, or the division or appropriation of the funds thereof (except in the way provided for by the act), any Trustee, or other officer, or person," aiding, or abetting therein, were liable, on conviction for this offence, "to be imprisoned and kept to hard labour for any term not exceeding three months." He thought the persons concerned in distributing the Penydarran Club monies were liable to this fate. He did not think that his judgment would release them. His emphatic words were, "No order that I can make can discharge the parties from this liability." He also proceeded to say that "if Trustees are threatened with violence, it is their duty to seek protection (which they assuredly will effectually obtain) from magistrates, or from the ordinary courts of law, but, if instead of so doing, they weakly comply with illegal demands, they must remember that their weakness will be no excuse to relieve them from the liabilities of the trust they surrendered, nor from the personal penalties or punishments, which their compliance may subject them to endure. To such language, uttered under such circumstances, it is needless to add a word of our own in support of the position laid down on the opening of this article.

J. J. M.

Chances and Changes.

BY H. OWGAN, LL.D.

CHAPTER I.

MONEY!—the god of this world, in whose worship alone is no hypocrisy—the measure of all social rank—the talisman that dresses up every vice in presentable disguise, and lends an extra charm to every virtue—the great master of the ceremonies, who gives the *entrée* to all society. Yes, money, and not knowledge, is power. And what power? The power to gratify every highest aspiration; every most generous impulse of our nature; and to enjoy the bounty and the beauty of this fair world. And here I am, with the desire, and the taste, and the faculties to drink deep of all these pleasures; to enjoy

the city, and the landscape, the land and the ocean; the wild sublimity and grandeur of rude nature, and the magic of woman's loveliness; of all these there is none for me. Here I am, within this wooden fortress, not even moving from scene to scene, for in that there would be some life, some excitement, something to make the eye kindle and the blood run fast—not less a prisoner than if, like those around me, I were guilty of some crime. Crime! yes, I am guilty of that which is the darkest and least pardonable of crimes in every civilized community; the crime of which alone there is no atonement—I am poor. "Money the root of all evil." I don't believe it. I cannot feel it. No, it is the want of money; the uncompromising necessity of having it; the burning fiery thirst of the all-powerful elixir; that is what makes the mischief. And is it then so strange or culpable that, rather than be held guilty of that never-forgiven offence, men will fly to others on which the world looks with more indulgence.

It was something like this style of soliloquy that a young gentleman, aged about five-and-twenty, was conversing with himself, listlessly holding a book which he was not reading; for he was gazing with a long, wistful, dreamy look upon the twilight-softened roofs, and spires, and cupolas of a city which he must not just then approach; gazing through the narrow vista of a small square window, that gave light to a little cabin in one of those floating prisons which, until within a few years past, were considered the safest durance for convicts under sentence of transportation. It was the house, most of all other, where distance clothes in beauty things vulgar and common in themselves—the soft, hazy, roseate hour of twilight, when thoughts and memories, like the outward eye, love to wander far away, and to find in that long dim perspective, a charm borrowed from hopes and recollections, which the actual and the present can never bear. And so he wandered on vaguely in thought, dreaming of all that he would achieve and enjoy if he had only been born to a fortune, free to follow every impulse of his fancy, and all the caprices of his taste, instead of being the poor surgeon of a convict depôt, when he was awakened from his reverie by the evening gun from a ship of war that rode, springing on her cable, within a short distance. Just at that moment, too, he was more effectually summoned back to reality by a visit from one of the warders.

"He's very bad to-night, Doctor," said the kinsman of Cerberus, swinging a large bright key upon his two fore fingers; "you'd better step down and see him, perhaps."

"Worse, is he?"

"He says he's dying, Sir; I think, myself, he's near his end. I have seen some men die in my time."

"It's very unaccountable, and not at all pleasant," said the doctor, as he descended to that part of the prison called the hospital, "the interest I cannot help feeling in this man. He sometimes almost makes me a believer in the 'evil eye.' I feel as if there was something I cannot escape from. And after all, he's not a mere brute, like the rest of them. I should like to know the history of his life—I'm sure he has a story to tell."

"Are we alone, Doctor?" inquired the convict, abruptly, after some short conversation respecting his health, "I have something important to tell you."

"Yes; if you have anything to say, speak freely, but lose no time."

"I want to speak to you very seriously, Doctor Vernon," said the patient, rising on his bent arm, and exposing in the effort his breast, scored and seamed with the scars of many wounds. "Bah! these scratches," he continued, "they are nothing now—nothing to the wounds inside. I know I have not long to live, Doctor, if I remain in this narrow dungeon. Liberty alone is life to me; the broad sunshine—the tranquil moonlight—the license

to wander far and wide—to come and go; anything with freedom; even if it were to live, like a wild animal, upon the green buds and berries by the wayside. Yes, you look astonished at this wreck, this wretched skeleton. You see what this shattered frame once had of strength and symmetry. You see I was not always what I am; and now you wonder why I am here, a felon and a convict. No matter, it is a long tale to tell. It was the thirst for gold to fill the witching cup of pleasure. It was impatience of the slow, mean, patient, drudgery by which they earn it whom the world calls honest, because they plunder within the limit of the law. All that signifies nothing now; let it pass, and listen to something of the future. You are young, Doctor Vernon; you are impulsive—enthusiastic—ambitious; this sort of thing is weary slavery for such a man as you; what can you ever hope to realize from it? Would you not see the world abroad? You have many years to enjoy it yet, and cull here and there all the pleasures it holds out to the full hand. I know you would; you have within you the love and the aptitude for all graceful and refined, and sensuous enjoyments; one thing only is wanted—the command of money—the ready and assiduous slave, for to you it would be a slave and not a master.”

“And what then? Suppose I would enjoy the world, and that I want but that master-key to open it?”

“Well, then, I can give it you; enough, and to spare.”

“You; and what am I to give you in return? for I suppose there must be some equivalent.”

“Liberty! It is dark and quiet enough, now. Bring me to your cabin—an open window—a plunge into the water, and I am free.”

“You must be raving, friend. You give me a fortune for that chance. Granted even that I were ready to betray my trust and forfeit my honour, where is it?”

“It is but natural that you should doubt me,” replied the convict with a grim and bitter smile, “but as heaven hears us both, I do not deceive you. I have nothing here, as you see; but only set me free and follow me, and within three days I will place your hand upon a treasure to which no other human being can guide you.”

“Keep yourself quiet, friend,” said the Doctor, “your brain is wandering a little; other thoughts should occupy you now. You have much to be forgiven it seems, and I fear the time is short.”

“Heaven and Earth, how can I convince you?” cried the convict, wildly; “I am not raving; I tell you it is no delusion. Do not cast away the richest opportunity that Fate may ever open for you. Picture to yourself the power of money, to which no other on earth can be compared. All the delights of sense and intellect; the ever changing scene; ever new, and ever captivating; the worship of society; the flattery of men; the soft intoxication of the beaming smile, and the murmuring music of the voice of woman; all that this rich and beautiful world reserves for Fortune’s favourites. I can give you all this—I ask but one poor service—one slight act of charity. I care but little now for life itself. I have stood too often where it was not worth two minutes’ purchase; but I would not die in this dungeon and fill a felon’s grave—save me from that, and all is yours.”

“This is a frightful temptation,” said the surgeon, “seducing as the silvery tongue of Belial himself; but if you or he could make me forget that I am an honourable and true man, where is the proof?”

“The proof is short and easy enough; but promise me that, whether refused or accepted, my secret shall never pass your lips, or be written by your hand.”

The promise was given, and the convict, seizing the listener by the arm, poured a few hurried and earnest sentences into his ear.

Dazzled, bewildered, and undecided, it was not to sleep that Dr. Vernon retired to his bed that night; but to look alternately upon the two pictures painted on his mind. On the one there stood before him the man of wealth and fashion carelessly fluttering away the gay and sun-lighted hours; the arbiter of taste; the welcome guest; the favoured lover. On the other he saw the obscure, overworked, under-paid, neglected professional; until, in restless and nervous agony, he tossed and flung himself round and vainly sought relief in sleep. Yielding to fatigue, he was at last sinking into slumber when he was shaken up by the report of a musket, fired apparently close above his head, and starting up to ascertain the cause, found that his tempter of the previous night, having overpowered a warder, and possessed himself of his key, had made his way to the deck and been shot by a sentry while attempting to swim ashore.

"Shot like a dog at last," said the Governor, who arrived on the scene just as the dead body was drawn on board and sank heavily on the deck, "that man was born to a fortune, and squandered it away almost as soon as he possessed it; enlisted, and fought like a bulldog; fell back again into the old ways, and has broken loose from half the gaols in England."

CHAPTER II.

It was about two years after the time of the first chapter, if the accommodating reader will dispense, like Aristotle, with the least of the unities, when Mr. Horace Vernon, for he did not just then care to be recognised as a physician, was the most noticeable and most highly-considered guest of the most fashionable boarding-house in Bath. It was late in the evening, so late that it might more properly be called morning. The household was all dark and silent, except that one passing stealthily along the upper corridor might have heard some diligent sleeper or two giving voice to the luxury of rest, for the elder inhabitants, weary of their tea-table, and their whist, and their small talk, and trite reminiscences, had gone to refresh the few energies and the imperfect faculties that Time still spared them. No charm now for such as they had the quick throb of the high-beating heart, the low tremulous passionate words, and the agitating hopes and fears of glorious overflowing youth. It was their evening, and they had given place to those for whom the dew-drops still glistened on the young flowers. And so it is; each one has his little case of perfume—the aroma of romance—some more and some less; and when that all exhales away, one may as well break the alabaster; or, if hallowed by some dear sad memories, keep it there to weep over, as if it held the ashes of the dead.

Well, all the old people were asleep, and the only three young persons in the house—two ladies and a gentleman, who had accompanied them to the theatre, sat in the deserted drawing-room; opera-cloaks, fans, and gloves were thrown carelessly aside, and in that interesting languor that follows a long parade, the two girls sank into two deep chairs, pushing aside their stray ringlets, and discoursing that low soft music that flows so smoothly from the lips of youth and beauty.

Mr. Horace Vernon listened with smiles and gentle interjections, while he dispenses the *petit souper* that awaited their return. He was very happy to all appearance; but, as human nature is never satisfied with anything positive or negative in the way of enjoyment, he had already made up his mind to play a game with fortune, and to pour into his cup a drop or two of the piquant zest of uncertainty. Later again, when the lamps were burning low, and an occasional sound of waking life echoed in the empty streets, there is one lady still remaining with Mr. Vernon. They speak in low, earnest, and

broken tones, but it is the same old story—no need to report the dialogue—only there was a long pressure of the hand, and a lingering look given and returned at the conclusion; and Vernon thought—as every man does think, while he sees through the coloured light of the same strong illusion, that with such an angel as he has chosen, the stream of life must flow on with eternal calm and sunshine on the waters.

At the same refuge for the lonely and *lunugèd*, where Mr. Vernon had established himself, were residing during the winter months, a Mr. Beauchamp and his only daughter; and it was between that young lady and the *ci-devant* surgeon, that the peculiar understanding, mentioned above, had grown up to so mature a development. Mr. Beauchamp, for some cause, was blessed with those quiet, haughty, and politely-repulsive manners, that neither encourage familiarity nor conciliate confidence on the true *nil-admirari* principle; he had never been astonished or interested, or moved in the slightest perceptible way or degree by the dashing, ostentatious, money-no-object style of doing things with which Mr. Vernon was constantly unscaling the eyes of the rest of the circle. Whether he was naturally reserved, or harsh experience and bitter thoughts had made him sceptical and misanthropic, in any case, he seemed scarcely disposed to cultivate any new acquaintance, or to regard anything whatever otherwise than a matter of course; and the frigid refusal for himself and his daughter, with which he declined Mr. Vernon's invitation to a cruise round the Mediterranean in his new yacht, rendered it an especially nervous ordeal for that young gentleman to approach the far more delicate negotiation which he now desired to arrange. Cold, hard, and polished as a Toledo blade, Mr. Beauchamp observed, that in a matter so momentously important to his only child, he hoped he should be excused for presuming to look a little below the surface. Appearances were certainly satisfactory. It was not his habit to be intrusive, but he had lived for some years very quietly, and he must claim indulgence for not knowing who Mr. Vernon really was, or any facts concerning his property. The suitor, on his part, was anxious to be full and candid in his explanations. He was a physician, fortunately released from his profession by an unexpected legacy; his property was in the funds, as anybody sufficiently curious, might ascertain; and, as to preliminary arrangements, he was quite ready to accede to any reasonable suggestion. Mr. Beauchamp considered all that fair and explicit enough, but he must really apologize for one apparently singular request. It might seem strange, frivolous, whimsical, but would Mr. Vernon pardon him for asking permission to examine the peculiarly-shaped diamond ring which he wore. It was a sudden and very sickening shock. The words felt like alternate darts of ice and fire tingling into his brain. Fool! why had he not foreseen the danger of wearing that ring. However, a refusal would be a confession—it might, after all, mean nothing; and so with a forced smile and a quivering hand, he presented the jewel.

"It is very remarkable," said Mr. Beauchamp, "but this ring was in the possession of my family for some generations. An unpleasant accident deprived me of it. I have used many unavailing efforts to regain it, with some other property lost on the same occasion; and it is also a most curious coincidence that your investment in the funds corresponds precisely with the amount which it was then so very inconvenient to me to part with."

"Mr. Beauchamp," said Vernon, rising up pale and trembling, "I am at your mercy; but I am innocent: the facts are these. A notorious convict, at the point of death, entrusted me with the secret, that he had alone, and unaided, effected such a robbery. It was under a tall cliff by the water's edge, in North Wales, where a tourist known to be very wealthy, was expected to

pass. The publicity attending the crime, and the minute description of the lost property, rendered it too dangerous to return to the spot where he concealed the gold and jewels that night. In a cavern, half-way up the rocks, they remained until I removed them. They are again all yours, undiminished, and once more I return to the struggles of my humble practice, with the consciousness of having performed a stern duty, and kept my home without a stain.'

Thanking him formally, Mr. Beauchamp assured him that he was safe from any further inquiries, but refrained from expressing any opinion of his motives, and so they parted for the last time.

But there was another, and far different leave-taking that evening—wild, passionate, and agonizing—amid tears and choking utterances. There was one last yearning look—a long farewell kiss, that thrilled into two hearts, and Horace Vernon was gone, nobody knew whither, hasting away as if he would outspread the broad-winged angel of death.

Two years more are gone, and one passing through the aristocratic end of a small seaside village in the south of England, might have read on the door-plate of a moderately-ambitious residence, that there was to be found "*Mr. Vernon, Surgeon.*" The sunny days and the rich invalids are coming again; and the poor practitioner, after having been in very low water during the winter, is waiting for his own little tide to flow. It was one of the first genial days of the spring—one of the days when the fresh brilliancy of all external things almost smiles away the heavy clouds of weariness and dejection. Dr. Vernon is heedlessly turning over the last week's *Lancet*, and thinking, wistfully, of the gay and careless days that can come back no more—so transient, so suddenly flown, so like a golden dream of the morning, that it seems now as if they could never have been real. A servant in mourning livery knocks at the door, and sends in a note.

"Here comes the first of them," he thought, until he read the one line enclosed, "Come to me, if you still remember Isabelle." It was a bewildering tumult—that rush of conjectures, fears, hopes, and speculations, that crowded in and whirled round him, as he prepared to follow the messenger. The next moment he stood before her; but her long silence, and the consequent belief that he was forgotten, still left some soreness in his mind, and one of those strange caprices in which we sometimes gratuitously and mercilessly torment ourselves, prompted the feeling that he had been injured, and he merely inquired if he were visiting Miss Beauchamp as a patient.

"If much suffering," she answer, with a faint smile, "and long wasting and deep sorrow, and forced silence leaving the tears to fall, and the heart to bleed in secret—if that can entitle me to be called a patient, I am, indeed, doctor, a subject for your skill."

Then, as he saw her there, worn and languid, and the hue of those wan features whitened by the contrast of her deep mourning, gentle feelings arose, "Isabelle, dearest," he said, raising one of those thin hands, "tell me all that has happened since we parted."

"Do you not see it here? My father died in Florence, where he persuaded himself that I should recover; as if—no matter! With my aunt, who accompanied us, I have hastened back. I was home-sick. I came here, because—because—" and the cause she could give only by hiding her face and sobbing on his breast.

It was long before either could speak; for he could only repeat her name, until at length she looked up, with a brighter smile shining through her tears, and said,

"Would it not have been better to be spared all this suffering? Surely, it signified but little to which of us the fortune belonged!"

Maxims

FOR MARRIED GENTLEMEN.

1. THERE are two ways of governing a family. The first by force—the other by mild and vigilant authority. The first is brutal, and you certainly lose your happiness in adopting it. The second will occasion you to be respected, and your directions to be observed. A husband deserves to lose his empire altogether, by making an attempt to force it by violence.

2. Never contradict your wife; you never did so before marriage, and do not begin it now. There is something so harsh about contradiction in a man, that it always generates an unkindly feeling. It prevents that confidence which ought to exist in married persons; and confidence destroyed, we cannot hope for much good after.

3. You cannot possibly have a better or a trustier confidant than your wife; she will always advise for the best, and very safely too. Trust her wholly.

4. Be strictly moral in your conduct. How can you pretend to be a guide to your house, if you are not? Consider what you would think if your wife would become immoral in her conduct.

5. Be as attentive in reason after marriage as you were in courtship. Attention to your wife is respect to yourself; it is her due, and shows clearly that you do not regret your choice.

6. Pride yourself only on those qualities which a man ought to possess, and give your wife credit for hers. You ought to have a manly understanding; but remember that infers no superiority over the lady's.

7. When your wife has given you counsel, which, from your knowledge of the world, you judge cannot safely be acted upon, do not reproach her, but convince her by mild reasoning that it is inappropriate. Give her always the merit of good intentions.

8. Should your wife be out of temper, do not see it; there are many little vexations you know not of; never speak harshly to her, nor be rude.

9. Be careful in your choice of friends; you have one that will never desert you; cherish her.

10. Dress well, according to your station in society; be neither a sloven nor a dandy. Commend your wife's taste in dress, and you may keep her heart as long as you like. Nothing so much secures a lady's good will as this, and it is a very slight sacrifice made at the altar of her vanity.

11. Never meddle with domestic or household concerns, they are not for a man's care. Be careful in your expenditure, and waste nothing, though you must be liberal to the poor. Never swear, nor storm, nor blow up. Let your home be the pole-star of your affections, and always spend your evenings there.

12. Always pay attention to your wife, in society as well as in private, and show yourself fully aware of her good qualities. All your happiness is reposed in her. Never show any thing like indifference or slight; she will repay your kindness by that tenderness of affection which is worth all the world beside. Seek no pleasure to which she cannot be made a party.

FOR MARRIED LADIES.

1. Let every wife be persuaded that there are two ways of governing a family; the first is by the expression of that which will belong to force; the second to the power of mildness, to which every strength will yield. One is the power of the husband; a wife should never employ any other arms than of gentleness. When a woman accustoms herself to say, I will, she deserves to lose her empire.

2. Avoid contradicting your husband. When we smell at a rose, it is to imbibe the sweets of its odour; we likewise look for everything that is amiable in woman. Whoever is often contradicted feels insensibly an aversion for the person who contradicts, which gains strength by time; and, whatever be her qualities, is not easily destroyed.

3. Occupy yourself only with household affairs; wait till your husband confides to you those of higher importance, and do not give your advice till he asks it.

4. Never take upon yourself to be a censor of your husband's morals, and do not read lectures to him. Let your preaching be a good example, and practice virtue yourself to make him in love with it.

5. Command his attention by being always attentive to him; never exact any thing, and you will obtain much; appear always flattered by the little he does for you, which will excite him to perform more.

6. All men are vain; never wound his vanity, not even in the most trifling instances. A wife may have more sense than her husband, but she should never seem to know it.

7. When a man gives wrong counsel, never make him feel that he has done so; but lead him on by degrees to what is rational, with mildness and gentleness; when he is convinced, leave him to the merit of having found out what is just and reasonable.

8. When a husband is out of temper, behave obligingly to him; if he is abusive, never retort; and never prevail over him to humble him.

9. Choose well your friends, have but few, and be careful of following their advice in all matters.

10. Cherish neatness with luxury, and pleasure without excess; dress with taste, particularly with modesty; vary the fashions of dress, especially in regard to colour. It gives a change to the ideas, and recalls pleasing recollections. Such things may appear trifling, but they are of more importance than is imagined.

11. Never be curious to pry into your husband's concerns, but obtain his confidence at all times, by that which you repose in him. Always preserve order and economy; avoid being out of temper, and be careful never to scold; by these means he will find his own house pleasanter than any other.

12. Seem always to obtain information from him, especially before company; though you may pass yourself for a simpleton. Never forget that a wife owes all her importance to that of her husband. Leave him entirely master of his own actions, to go or come whenever he thinks fit. A wife ought to make her company amiable to her husband, that he will not be able to exist without it, then he will not seek for pleasure abroad, if she do not partake of it with him.

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Regulations of the Post Office Savings Banks.

FROM THE AUTHORISED ABSTRACT ISSUED BY HER MAJESTY'S POSTMASTER-GENERAL FOR THE INFORMATION OF THE PUBLIC.

The following is a FULL ABSTRACT of the regulations made under the authority of the Act of Parliament, 24 Victoria, cap. 14, entitled "An Act to Grant Additional Facilities for Depositing Small Sums at Interest, with the Security of the Government for due Repayment thereof."

1. *Hours of Business.*—Every post office, being a money order office, at which the Postmaster-General shall permit deposits to be received for remittance to his principal office, will be open for that purpose, and for the repayment of

moneys withdrawn, during the hours appointed for the transaction of money order business at the said post office. Any post office, not being a money order office, at which the Postmaster-General shall permit deposits to be received or repaid, shall be open for that purpose during such hours and such days as the Postmaster-General shall determine.

2. *Amount of Deposits.*—Deposits of one shilling, or of any number of shillings, or of pounds and shillings, will be received from any depositor at the post office savings banks, provided the deposits made by such depositor in any year ending on the 31st day of December do not exceed £30, and provided the total amount standing in such depositor's name in the books of the Postmaster-General do not exceed £150, exclusive of interest. When the principal and interest together, standing to the credit of any one depositor, amount to the sum of £200, all interest will cease so long as the same funds continue to amount to the said sum of £200.

3. *Name, Address, and Occupation of Depositors to be furnished.*—Every depositor, on making a first deposit shall be required to specify his Christian name, surname, occupation, and residence to the officer of the Postmaster-General appointed to receive the deposit, and make and sign the following declaration, to be witnessed by the officer of the Postmaster-General appointed to receive the deposits, or by some person known to him, or by the minister or a churchwarden of the parish in which the depositor resides, or by a justice of the peace; and if such declaration, or any part thereof, shall not be true, the depositor making the same shall forfeit and lose all right and title to his deposits:—

| | |
|-------------------|--|
| Depositor's Book. | COPY OF DECLARATION TO BE SIGNED BY DEPOSITOR ON MAKING FIRST DEPOSIT. |
| Place | |
| No. | |

In pursuance of an Act of Parliament, I,
 of do hereby declare to the Postmaster-General that I am desirous, on my own behalf, to become a Depositor in the Post Office Savings Bank. I do further hereby declare that I am not directly, or indirectly entitled to any deposit in, or benefit from the Funds of this or any other Savings Bank in Great Britain and Ireland, nor to any sum or sums standing in the name or names of any other person or persons in the books of the said Post Office Savings Bank; and I do hereby also testify my consent that my deposits in the said Post Office Savings Bank shall be managed according to the Regulations thereof.

Witness my hand this day of 186 .
 Signed by the said Depositor,
 in the presence of me,
 }
 }

Save and except such benefit as I may be entitled to from being a member of a Friendly Society legally established; or from such sum or sums as may be standing in my name as Trustee jointly with the name or names and on behalf of any other Depositor or Depositors.

A copy of the above Declaration shall be printed within the cover of every Depositor's Book.

4. On making the declaration, and in all cases in which the signature of the

depositor is required, if the depositor cannot write, his mark must be affixed in the presence of a witness, and attested by the signature of that witness.

5. Deposits, how received, entered, reported to the Postmaster-General, and acknowledged.—Every deposit received by an officer of the Postmaster-General appointed for that purpose, shall be entered by him at the time in a numbered book, with the entry so attested by him, and by the dated stamp of his office; and the said book, with the entry so attested, shall be given to the depositor, and retained by him as primary evidence of the receipt of the deposit. The depositor shall sign his name in a place to be provided for his signature in the depositor's book. The amount of each deposit, and the name, occupation, and residence of the depositor shall, upon the day of the receipt thereof, be reported to the Postmaster-General; and the acknowledgment of the Postmaster-General for the said deposit, signified by the officer whom he shall appoint for the purpose, shall be forthwith transmitted by post to the depositor as the conclusive evidence of his claim to the repayment of the deposit with interest thereon. If the depositor does not receive the said acknowledgment within ten days from the day on which he made the deposit, he must apply to the Postmaster-General, by letter, and if necessary, he must renew his application to the Postmaster-General until he receives the said acknowledgment.

6. Interest.—Interest, calculated yearly, at the rate of Two Pounds Ten Shillings per cent. per Annum, shall be allowed on every complete pound deposited, and shall be computed from the first day of the calendar month next following the day on which a complete pound shall have been deposited, or on which deposits of a less amount shall have made up a pound, up to the first day of the calendar month in which moneys are withdrawn.* The interest will be calculated to the 31st December in every year, and will be added to, and become part of the principal money.

7. Trust Accounts.—Deposits to be made by a trustee on behalf of another person in the joint names of such trustee and the person on whose account such money shall be so deposited; but repayment of the same, or any part thereof, shall not be made without the receipt and receipts of both the said parties, or the survivor or survivors, or the executors or administrators of such survivor, whose receipt and receipts either personally or by agent appointed by power of attorney, which power of attorney may be executed by an infant of or exceeding the age of fourteen years, shall alone be a valid discharge, except in case of insanity or imbecility of the party on whose behalf the deposits were made, when the Postmaster-General may, on proof of the fact to his satisfaction, allow repayment so to be made to the trustee alone.

8. Minors.—Deposits may be made by, or for the benefit of any person under twenty-one years of age, and repayment shall be made to such minor, after the age of seven years, in the same manner as if he were of full age. In case of minors under the age of seven years, the declaration must be made by one of the parents, or a friend, on behalf of the minor.

9. Married Women.—Deposits may be made by married women, and deposits so made, or made by women who shall afterwards marry, will be repaid to any such woman, unless her husband shall give notice in writing of such marriage to the Postmaster-General, and shall require payment to be made to him.

10. Friendly and Charitable Societies, and Penny Banks.—The trustees of any friendly society, the rules of which have been certified by the Registrar of Friendly Societies in England, Scotland, or Ireland (as the case may be), or of any charitable or provident society, or penny savings bank, approved of by the National Debt Commissioners, may deposit their funds, without restriction as

* The interest thus calculated will be at the rate of one half-penny per calendar month for every complete pound.

to amount, in post office savings banks, provided always that such deposits shall not be of less amount than one shilling, nor of any sum not a multiple thereof, and that a copy of the rules be forwarded by post to the Postmaster-General with the names and addresses of the trustees, who will then be furnished with the necessary instructions.

NOTE.—Special Forms of Declaration are provided for trustees, and also for Friendly, Charitable, and Provident Societies, and for Penny Savings Banks.

11. *Annual Transmission of Depositor's Book to Principal Office of Postmaster-General.*—Every depositor shall, once in each year, on the anniversary of the day on which he made his first deposit, forward his book to the principal office of the Postmaster-General, in a cover to be obtained at any post office savings bank, in order that the entries in said book may be compared with the entries in the books of the Postmaster-General, and that the interest due to the depositor may be inserted in his book.

12. *Depositors' Books.*—No charge shall be made upon depositors for the books at first supplied to them, or for books issued to them in continuation thereof; but if any depositor shall lose his book, and shall desire a new book, application must be made by him to the Postmaster-General, by letter, stating the circumstances, and enclosing postage stamps of the value of one shilling to pay for the new book, should the application be granted, and the Postmaster shall, if he thinks fit, issue a new book and charge the depositor any sum not exceeding one shilling for the same.

13. *Postage.*—No charge for postage shall be made upon the depositors for the transmission of their books to the Postmaster-General, or for the return thereof to them, or for any applications they may have to make for acknowledgments of deposits, or for any application or necessary letter of inquiry respecting the sums deposited by them, or for the replies thereto.

14. *Transfer of Deposits to or from other Savings Banks.*—Any depositor in the Post Office Savings Bank who may desire to transfer his deposits to any other savings bank, legally established, shall, on his written application, accompanied by his book, to the chief office of the Postmaster-General, in a form to be obtained at any post office savings bank, be furnished with a certificate of the whole amount due to him, and his account with the post office savings bank shall thereupon be closed.

Upon delivery of such certificate to the trustees or managers of the savings bank to which it is proposed by the depositor to transfer the deposit, they shall, if they think fit, open an account for the amount stated in such certificate, upon the depositor making the usual declaration.

Any depositor in any legally-established savings bank who may desire to transfer his account to the post office savings bank, may require from the trustees or managers of such bank a certificate, signed by two trustees of such savings bank, stating the amount due to him, and thereupon his account with such bank shall be closed.

The said certificate may be delivered to any officer of the Postmaster-General authorized to receive deposits under the post office savings bank act, and shall be received by him as if it were a deposit of the amount there set forth; and on the said certificate being forwarded to London, and verified by the National Debt Commissioners, an account for the amount thereof shall be opened with the said depositor.

15. *Withdrawals.*—Any depositor wishing to withdraw the whole or part of the sum deposited by him, must make application for the same to the Postmaster-General, in a form, a printed copy of which may be obtained at any post office savings bank.

In this form the depositor must specify the number of his book, the name of the office at which his first deposit was made, the sum he wishes to withdraw, his occupation and residence, and the post office at which he wishes to receive his money. On receipt of this application, a warrant for the amount required, payable at the office named shall be sent to him by post.

This warrant must be presented by the depositor at the post office named thereon, together with the depositor's book, in which the postmaster shall enter the amount repaid, and attest the entry with his signature, and the dated stamp of his office. The postmaster shall take a receipt from the depositor on the warrant for the amount repaid to him, which receipt is not chargeable with stamp duty.

The Postmaster-General will endeavour to prevent fraud, and to identify every depositor transacting business with the post office savings bank; but if any person shall fraudulently represent himself to be a depositor, and by forwarding the proper notice of withdrawal, and by presentation of the depositor's book, and compliance with the rules of the department, shall obtain any sum of money belonging to that depositor, the Postmaster-General will not be responsible for the loss thereof.

16. Repayment to a Depositor unable to attend personally.—Repayments shall be made only to the depositor in person, or to the bearer of an order under his hand, signed in the presence either of the minister or a churchwarden of the parish in which the depositor resides; of a justice of the peace, or, in case of sickness, of the medical attendant. If the depositor be resident abroad, the signature must be verified by some constituted authority of the place in which he resides.

The form of order to be signed by the depositor on such occasions, may be obtained at the post office at which the warrant is made payable.

17. Withdrawals by Friendly or Charitable Societies, and Receipts for the same.—Applications to withdraw money deposited by any friendly, charitable, or provident society, or penny savings bank, must be signed by two of the trustees of any such society, or penny savings bank, or where there is no trustee, then by the treasurer, and the names of the trustee or treasurer, or other officer of the society authorized to receive the amount to be withdrawn, shall be stated in the notice of withdrawal, and the warrant for payment of the amount shall be made out in the name of such trustee, treasurer, or officer, and the receipt of such person apparently authorized shall be a sufficient discharge for the same.

18. Funds of Deceased Depositors not exceeding Fifty Pounds.—In case any depositor shall die leaving any sum of money not exceeding £50, exclusive of interest, deposited in the post office savings bank, and probate of his will, or letters of administration, be not produced to the Postmaster-General, or if notice in writing of the existence of a will, and intention to prove the same, or to take out letters of administration, be not given to the Postmaster-General at his principal office within the period of one month from the death of the depositor; or if such notice be given, but such will be not proved, or letters of administration be not taken out, and the probate or letters of administration (as the case may be) produced to the Postmaster-General within the period of two months from the death of the depositor, it shall be lawful for the Postmaster-General after such period of one or two months, as the case may be, to pay and divide such funds at his discretion to or amongst the widow, or relatives, of the deceased depositor, or any one or more of them; or if he shall think proper, according to the statute of distributions.

19. Funds of Deceased Depositors above Fifty Pounds.—In case any depositor

shall die leaving any sum of money in the post office savings bank, which (exclusive of interest) shall exceed the sum of £50, the same shall only be paid to the executor or administrator on the production of the probate of the will, or letters of administration, of the estate or effects of the deceased depositor to the Postmaster-General.

20. *Payment on Death of a Depositor, being illegitimate, and dying intestate.*—If any depositor, being illegitimate, shall die intestate, leaving any person or persons who, but for the illegitimacy of such depositor, and of such person or persons, would be entitled to the money due to such deceased depositor, it shall be lawful for the Postmaster-General, with the authority, in writing, of the barrister-at-law appointed to certify the rules of savings banks, to pay the money of such deceased depositor to any one or more of the persons, who, in his opinion, would have been entitled to the same, according to the statute of distributions, if the said depositor, and such person or persons, had been legitimate.

21. *Certificate for exemption from Stamp Duty.*—In all cases wherein a certificate shall be required of the amount of the balance standing in the books of the post office savings bank to the credit of a deceased depositor for the purpose of obtaining, free of stamp duty, a probate of will or letters of administration, such certificate shall be in the form authorized by the regulations.

22. *Incapacitated Depositors.*—If any depositor shall become insane, or otherwise incapacitated to act, and the same shall be proved to the satisfaction of the Postmaster-General, and if the Postmaster-General shall be satisfied of the urgency of the case, he may authorize payment, from time to time, out of the funds of such depositor to any person whom he shall judge proper, and the receipt of such person shall be a good discharge of the same.

23. *Settlement of Disputes.*—If any dispute shall arise between the Postmaster-General and individual depositor, or any executor, administrator, next of kin, or creditor, or assignee of a depositor who may become bankrupt or insolvent, or any person claiming to be such executor, administrator, next of kin, creditor, or assignee, or to be entitled to any money deposited in the post office savings bank, then, and in every such case, the matter in dispute shall be referred in writing to the barrister-at-law appointed under the savings banks acts; and whatever award, order, or determination shall be made by the said barrister, shall be binding and conclusive on all parties, and shall be final, to all intents and purposes, without any appeal.

24. *Secrecy.*—The officers of the Postmaster-General engaged in the receipt or payment of deposits shall not disclose the name of any depositor, nor the amount deposited or withdrawn by him except to the Postmaster-General, or to such of his officers as may be appointed to assist in carrying out the provisions of the post office savings banks act.

25. *Interpretation.*—In the construction of these regulations, unless there is something in the subject or context repugnant thereto, every word importing the singular number only shall mean and include several persons or things, as well as one person or thing, and the converse; and every word importing the masculine gender only shall mean and include a female as well as a male; and the word month shall refer to a calendar and not a lunar month.

TWELVE ADVANTAGES OF POST OFFICE SAVINGS BANKS.

1. They will be quite safe. Money placed in them is placed in the hands of the Government, which is bound by law to repay it when it is wanted.

2. They will be near to every man. He will pass them as he goes to his work and as he returns from it.

3. They will be open for eight hours of every working day. A man may walk into one and deposit his money at his own convenience, and he may do this when none of his neighbours or friends are by to see what he is about.

4. They will enable men to save up money by degrees. As small a sum as one shilling can be deposited in them.

5. They will give a fair interest for the money deposited in them. If a man deposits one shilling a week in them for ten years, he will then have nearly thirty pounds of principal and interest.

6. Persons depositing money in them will not be at any expense. There will be no charge for books, or forms, or postage. There will be no entrance fees and no fines.

7. Those who put money into them, and want it out again, can get it quickly—that is, in three or four days—and without trouble.

8. Women and children may deposit money in them in their own names.

9. If a man begins to deposit in one Post Office Savings Bank, at Durham, for instance, and afterwards goes to Sunderland, or Newcastle, or some other town, he can go on depositing wherever he may be.

10. And if he has put his money into a Post Office Savings Bank in Durham, for instance, and wants it repaid to him in some other town, he can have it so repaid without difficulty.

11. The Postmasters are strictly ordered not to disclose the name of any depositor in a Post Office Savings Bank, or to mention the amount which he or she may have saved.

12. Lastly, those who put money into Post Office Savings Banks will have the advantage of feeling that they are doing their duty by their families and by themselves, and that they are placing their money where it will be safe until sickness, or old age, or some other cause, compels them to ask for it again.

Provident Institutions of the People.

UNDER this head may be classed not only the Benefit or Friendly Societies, existing under various names throughout this country, from the isolated Village Club, the highly-patronised local Benefit Society, those huge and widely extended Associations the "Manchester Unity," and "Foresters" (composed of upwards of half a million of members), but also the numerous building and Loan Societies, Money Clubs, and also the Savings Banks of our country, presenting an aggregate of numbers and capital exceeding that of all the nations of Europe put together. It has been computed by competent authorities that upwards of four millions of persons in Great Britain are contributors, the accumulated capital exceeding one hundred millions sterling.

The objects for the accomplishment of which these great efforts have been made by the industrious population of these Islands, may be classed under

the following heads. 1st. To insure a suitable amount of relief in sickness, annuities in old age, and a sufficient payment at death to secure a decent interment. 2nd. By provident frugality, to lay aside a portion of the earnings of youth and manhood, to provide for the constantly-recurring wants of a rising family, and to make, as far as possible, some provision for the future, or when removed from this world by the hand of death, to leave something, it may be, for the widowed mother, or the fatherless children. All these Societies are based more or less upon the principle of self-dependence or self-help, which combined with the laudable objects for which they are established, must render their progress deeply interesting to all classes. It is not too much to say that it is a matter of national concern that these Societies should be formed upon sound principles.

The annual Report of the Registrar-General will henceforth be looked forward to with no common interest. The Report for the year 1860, which has just been published by order of the House of Commons, conveys a great amount of valuable information, not only affecting the Friendly Societies of this country, but also of foreign states. The Registrar says, "From communications received by the Registrar, it appears that in France, one of every seventy-six of the inhabitants is a member of a Friendly Society; in Belgium, one of every sixty-six; and in England and Wales, one of every nine." Nothing can speak more conclusively; it shows how far the inhabitants of this country are in advance in provident habits over two of the most civilized and industrious peoples of Europe. May it not be fairly conceded that much of the contentment and loyalty, which now exists amongst the working men of this country, is to be attributed to the fact that through the agency of these Societies, they feel they have acquired "a stake" in the country, and are as deeply concerned in the preservation of that peace and order upon which the security of property depends, as their more wealthy fellow-countrymen.

Doubtless numerous defects in the constitution of many of these Societies may be found, nor should this be a matter of surprise or condemnation, for although the practice of working men forming themselves into Sick and Burial Clubs, is by no means of modern date, as is shown by the fact that clubs established for the same purposes and with rules, which are still extant, nearly identical, flourished under the Roman Empire. It was not till the year 1789, that a legal recognition of Friendly Societies took place in this country, a Bill having been passed in that year by Parliament, encouraging their formation. Since that year, numerous Bills, having a similar object, have also been passed. Yet their development for many years rested mainly in the hands of uneducated working men; hence it should not be a matter of surprise that grave and serious errors were committed in the original construction of their rules: indeed, the same results would have followed had the task of forming these societies been confided to the better instructed, so little was known of "vital statistics" or the laws that regulate life and health so far back as 1815, when affiliated benefit societies began to take root and spread themselves over the land. But with a better knowledge derived from experience, great and successful have been the efforts to place the Provident Societies of the people upon a durable basis. Yet it is notorious that *speculative* concerns, in the shape of Sick or Investment Societies, have been started by individuals, nay, adventurers, the failure of which have inflicted wide-spread misery and ruin upon those who have been unfortunately duped by the promise of advantages which it was impossible could be realized. Two examples of the condition of existing Societies are given in the Registrar's Report; he says:—

"From the Quinquennial return to 31st December, 1860, of a Friendly

Society called The Friend in Need Life and Sick Society, made to the Registrar during the year, it appears that the total number of

| | |
|---------------------------------|--------------|
| Sick Policies issued, was | 19,338 |
| Lapsed | 4,941 |
| Of Deaths | 102 |
| | <hr/> 5,043 |
| | <hr/> 14,295 |
| Life Policies— | |
| Total number of admission | 86,224 |
| Lapsed | 18,350 |
| Death | 1,164 |
| | <hr/> 19,514 |
| | <hr/> 66,710 |

Total number of Policies for Sickness and Death 81,005

The Balance Sheet of this Society, from 25th March, 1860, to 25th March, 1861, discloses, that the receipts with former balance for the year, amounted to £33,186 10s. 8d., the expenditure to £24,152 8s. 5½d., only half of which was expended for payments in Sickness or Death claims, the balance being only £9,034 2s. 2½ and available assets £17,430 6s. 10½d., to meet the liabilities of 81,005 Policies for Sickness and Death. Another Society, The Royal Liver, at Liverpool, is alluded to by the Registrar, which boasts that it had 250,000 Members, spread over 250 Districts, employing 1,500 Collectors, who received from contributors during the year 1860, upwards of £45,000. The total worth of this Society, established eleven years, was on the 31st December, 1860, £15,280 4s. 1d."

The Registrar concludes, in reference to these two Societies :—"The foregoing Balance Sheets appear very unsatisfactory to the Registrar; in neither of them is there any statement as to the number of Members, or amount of Liabilities of the Society. In the Friend in Need Society, it is stated in one of their advertisements, that in the last year, 30,000 Members have been enrolled, and by the Quinquennial return, it appears there were on 31st December, 1860, 81,005 Policies in existence, and although the Receipts are about £27,000 the expenses of management are about £10,000, the payments for Deaths, &c., nearly £12,000. Neither of the Balance Sheets of these Societies contain the names of the Trustees or other Officers."

It cannot be doubted that much useful information is urgently needed amongst the labouring population with regard to the kind of Societies to which they should entrust their savings, effect insurances upon life, or provide against sickness. In a future article it is proposed to enter more minutely upon this important subject.—*Nottingham Spectator*.

LIFE'S MISSION.

BY JOHN GRIMER.

THE morn is sprung, and the knell is rung
 Of sloth in his drowsy cave ;
 And Nature smiles with a thousand wiles
 For the patient, the good, the brave.

Tha zephyr blows, and the queenly rose
 Flings her fragrance far and nigh ;
 And Phœbus gleams with his softest beams,
 As he spans the orient sky.

Then up, 'mid the strife of active life !
 For there's much for all to do ;
 The toilsome way in each passing day
 Must be trod by me and by you.

Arise, and go forth, in honest worth,
 And fear not to toil in vain ;
 A blessing will fall on one and all,
 The trustful, the zealous, the fain.

A bliss untold, the promise of old,
 Be rendered in measure rare ;
 The heart be light, with a fresh delight,
 As its fullness we daily share.

Thy labour done at the set of sun,
 And manfully played thy part ;
 E'en as it ought, thy work as been wrought,
 By thews, and sinews, and heart.

Yet on, still on, till the prize be won,
 But fret not thy soul for wealth ;
 Content to abide the eventide,
 As it brings thee repose and health.

And onward press to a happiness
 Unfelt of the base and vile ;
 Rich thy dower for that great power,
 Who looks on well pleased the while.

 Review.

Sheen and Shade : Lyrical Poems by WILLIAM BILLINGTON. Blackburn: John Neville (Haworth). London: Hall & Virtue, Paternoster row. 1861.

This small volume of poems has been forwarded to us by an officer of the Blackburn District, who informs us that the author, Brother William Billington, of the Prosperous Youth Lodge, Blackburn District, is a self-taught working man, a power-loom weaver. The volume is dedicated to Thomas Clough, Esq., of Holly Bush, Blackburn, by whose generous aid the author has been

enabled to place the offspring of his muse before the public. We find many pleasing and meritorious pieces, from which we select a specimen :—

TO MARY.

When, weary with the labours of the day,
And nature needs replenishment and rest,
From Mammon's Mill I homeward bend my way,
Like travelled bird returning to its nest,
Repose and richest viands are to me
But dust and ashes, save when sunned by smiles from thee.

When haste or business bids me hence depart,
By cities, hills, and hamlets fair to roam,
Thine image, like an angel in my heart,
Sits smiling, as thou wilt when I come home,
While every bud and blossom that I see
Is emblemizing thy beauty, life, and love to me.

When on my lonely couch at dead of night,
While in the clasp of Death all nature seems,
Before my fancy flits a Form of light,
Filling the land of sleep with golden dreams
And fairest forms, which, waking, still I see,
With eyes so dark and beautiful—bright Eidolons of thee.

Thou art the sun that lights my path by day,
The moon whose glory gilds my darkest night,
And whether near to thee or far away,
Thy love is like a beacon burning bright ;
Yea! night or day, wherever I may be,
Dear maiden, thou art more than all the world to me !



The Lodge Room.

BANBURY.—The anniversary of the British Queen Lodge, 2419, was held on Tuesday, the 24th of September, 1861, when upwards of fifty members and their friends dined in the Lodge-room, at the White Hart Inn, the lodge was stated to be in a flourishing condition, having increased both in members and funds.

BECCLES, SUFFOLK.—The Beccles Lodge of the Norwich District held an anniversary in the Assembly Rooms, on the evening of Thursday last, when about 130 of the members and friends sat down to a good and substantial dinner, prepared by Mr. James Walne, of the White Horse Inn. Mr. W. M. Crowfoot, surgeon, occupied the chair, and Mr. Horsley the vice-chair. The dinner gave great satisfaction, and in the evening a public meeting was held, which partook of both a social and intellectual character. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts had been given by the Chairman, he proposed "The health of the Bishop of the Diocese, and Clergy of all denominations," coupled with the name of the Rev. Mr. Groom, of Earl Soham. The rev. gentleman said it gave him great pleasure to be present at that meeting. He did not feel himself out of position at a meeting like the present. A meeting like that he thought a great and promising feature of the present age—men of all shades of opinion had learned to assemble upon the Odd-Fellows' platform. There was an opinion abroad that these meetings tended to habits of intemperance, but, as far as he had seen, they

tended to form habits of sobriety. He felt sure that the Odd Fellows' Society held a high position, and taught men habits of industry and economy. The rev. gentleman concluded an able and practical address, which frequently gained the applause of his hearers. Mr. W. E. Crowfoot (surgeon to the lodge) said, he felt great pleasure in proposing a toast, which, in some respects, was the most important toast of the evening. There was no country on which the sun shone where the Odd-Fellow would not meet with his brother Odd-Fellow, and that alone was a strong evidence of the value of a society like the present. He thought that this society established habits of independence, and made the honest and careful workman feel that in the hour of need he was not dependent upon the charity of another. He had to propose "Success to the Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows," coupling with the same the name of Mr. Daynes, whom he considered the life and soul of the society in this district. Mr. Daynes, in returning thanks, observed that the Temple of Friendship Lodge, at Becclea, had every reason to be proud of the progress it had made. He did not purpose taking up their time with a speech upon the general features of the order, but he would for a moment refer to the progress that had been made in this district. Since he last had the honour of addressing them they had added 1,200 members to the District; at that time they possessed a capital of £33,000, but now they had a capital of £50,000. They were told some years since that a decadence of Odd-Fellowship had set in, but he was sure that if what he had described was a decadence, it was one they all desired. Mr. Daynes then gave examples of men, who, although once in a flourishing condition, had nevertheless gladly received in the hour of need the weekly allowance which this society afforded. In concluding his speech, he proposed "Prosperity to the Temple of Friendship Lodge," coupled with the name of Brother Aldous. Mr. Aldous, in acknowledging the toast, observed that when they held their last anniversary, in 1859, the number of members was 131—at present they had 141—average age twenty-eight years and four months—and they had increased their funds to £670 2s. 6½d. Brother Aldous made appropriate remarks upon the advantages of the order. "The health of the Volunteers" was proposed by Mr. Mullett, coupled with the name of Captain Crowfoot. Captain Crowfoot returned thanks. "The health of the District Officers" and "The health of the Lodge Surgeon" were given in succession, and ably responded to. The harmony of the evening was well supported by the singing of Messrs. Aldous, Hindes, Winson, Horsley, and others.

BRIGHTON.—On Wednesday evening, October 30th, the members of the Beulah Lodge, 4,067, held their Anniversary at the Odd-Fellows Hall, Queen's Road. The Chair was occupied by Provincial G.M. George Palmer; the Vice-Chair being filled by P.G. John Funnell. Among those present were Brother Richards, Lodge Surgeon; P.P.G.M. Curtis, District C.S.; P.P.G.M. Aucock, the paterfamilias and first N.G. of the Lodge; P.P.G.M. Pike, &c., &c. About 80 Members sat down to a good old English dinner, provided by P.S. George Carter, Treasurer of the Lodge. On the cloth being removed the usual loyal toasts were given, and the (non) usual compliments paid to the Volunteers. The G.M. and Board of Directors were given from the Chair, and responded to by the District C.S., who paid high and well-deserved eulogiums on those gentlemen, and also on the C.S. of the Order, whose whole hearts and minds were devoted to the well-being and prosperity of the Unity. He dwelt largely on the A.M.C., and concluded by expressing his earnest wishes that the Brighton District would give the Officers and Delegates such a welcome as would resound from John o'Groat's to Land's End. From the warmth with which these remarks were received, one would feel assured that as far as the Beulah Lodge was concerned, this would be the case. P.P.G.M. Aucock then followed, with the toast of "The Beulah Lodge," commenting upon its rapid growth, and especially since its

removal to the Hall. He formerly was in the habit of calling it the "Little Beulah," but he was now compelled to call it the "Great Beulah." The toast was responded to by P.G. John Newcombe, Secretary of the Lodge, who stated that the total amount of funds was £649 18s. 3½d., showing an increase of £155 10s. 7d., on the past year. The total number of members good on the books at the present time is 275. The "Widow and Orphan's Fund" was given from the Vice-Chair, and responded to by P.P.G.M. E. Saunders, late C.S. of the District. The "Odd Fellow's Hall," produced an able and eloquent speech from P.G. W. Ridley, the Minute Secretary, which was warmly responded to by P.P.G.M. John Nunn. The "Lodge Surgeons," the "Odd-Fellows' Band" (which enlivened the proceedings during the evening), the "Caterer," the "Ladies," and the "Chair and Vice-Chair," concluded the business of the evening, which was really a very pleasant one, and calculated to enhance the good feeling and kindly sentiments which should exist amongst a brotherhood of the Manchester Unity.

BRIGHTON.—The Loyal Brunswick Lodge, No. 118, celebrated its 39th anniversary on Monday, December 2. The Members dined together in the Odd-Fellows' Hall, P.P.G.M. E. Saunders presiding: P.P.G.M. Atcock officiating as deputy. Prov. C.S. James Curtis, in proposing the toast of the evening, paid a passing but touching tribute of respect to the memory of P.G.M. Roe, whose devotion to the Cause of Odd-Fellowship, and the high honour he had achieved therein, he held forward as an incentive to the younger members. P.P.G.M. Dubbins, in the course of the evening, enlarged upon the coming A.M.C. to be held at Brighton; the Committee were bestirring themselves, and they hoped by the co-operation of the Members generally to render the meeting second to none that had preceded it.

BRIGHTON.—Initiation of the Members for the borough.—On Thursday evening, the 12th December, on the proposition of Dr. Edgar Barrett, our Borough Members, Messrs. Coningham and White, were admitted members of the Manchester Unity of Odd-Fellows, in connection with the Western Star Lodge, held at the Odd-Fellows' Hall. The ceremony of initiation over, an adjournment took place to the upper room of the Hall, where a very pleasant evening was passed under the able presidency of Mr. J. R. Morgan, Mr. Wilmshurst acting as deputy. Mr. George Pike, in an eloquent speech, proposed "The Manchester Unity," and Mr. Thompson ably introduced the toast of the evening, "The health of the Borough Members." In responding, Mr. Coningham assured the members of his willingness to assist them in his place in Parliament, whenever they might require it, and Mr. White took occasion, in a speech of some length, to "lay it on thick," as our trans-atlantic brethren would say, concerning his worthy colleague, who, he told the company, was an "extraordinary" man, for he was the same in the House as on the hustings, and, said Mr. White, "I would to God I could say the same of twenty men in that House." On Tuesday evening, at the Waterloo Lodge, held at the Unicorn Inn, North Street, on the proposition of Mr. James Curtis and Mr. Councillor Nunn, our excellent Mayor was admitted a member. His Worship, in joining the Unity, was accompanied by seven other gentlemen, including two of the Council, Messrs. Silverthorpe and Woollett, and three officers of the Artillery Corps, Messrs. Branwell, Silverthorne, and Chittenden. The members of No. 5 Battery of the Artillery Corps, consisting of members of the Manchester Unity, will, in a few days, be sworn in. It is intended that the recruits, who have long been engaged in preliminary drill, should assemble at the Odd-Fellows' Hall, that the band of the Artillery Corps and a guard should attend them, and that they should march to the Town Hall, there to be publicly received by their brothers in arms. The annual Manchester Unity Ball in aid of the funds of the Hospital is announced for Monday, January 20.

BRISTOL.—LOYAL PHENIX LODGE OF ODD-FELLOWS.—PRESENTATION

SUPPER.—On Tuesday evening, October 1, between fifty and sixty of the members of the Loyal Phoenix Lodge of the Order of Odd-Fellows, M.U.B.D., partook of an excellent dinner at the Swan Tavern, Temple Gate, to celebrate a very gratifying presentation to the indefatigable permanent Secretary of the Lodge, P.P.G.M. J. Leworthy. The dinner was served in first-rate style, and was admired by all present. After the cloth was removed, the chair was taken by P.P.G.M. John Tovey, who was supported by P.G.M. Jesse Dickes, and the C.S., Thomas Adams. The vice-chair was taken by Mr. G. Knight. The usual loyal and patriotic and other toasts were honoured, and afterwards the presentation took place. It consisted of a beautifully-finished patent lever watch and gold Albert chain, supplied by Brother P.G. Cromey, Nicholas Street. The following inscription was engraved upon it:—"Presented by the members of the Loyal Phoenix Lodge, M.U.B.D., to P.P.G.M. John Leworthy, for his faithful services as Secretary during eight years, August, 1861." The presentation was made by the C.S. of the District, Thomas Adams, who delivered a short but interesting address. Brother Leworthy replied in a very appropriate speech, and referred to his connection with the Society for the last fourteen years, during the whole of which time he held some office, and thanked them in feeling terms for the handsome testimonial which they had presented to him. The company remained together until a late hour, and altogether a very pleasant evening was spent.

CORK.—The annual soiree and ball of the Cork Odd-Fellows' Society took place last night in the Athenæum; and its success was very decided. The attendance was large and respectable, and included members of many of the most respectable families in the city. There was a great number of ladies present, and their appearance in nearly all cases fully supported the reputation of Cork as regards the personal beauty of the female portion of its inhabitants. Everything was managed in the best way by the stewards and the committee, so that the evening and night passed off without a hitch, and to the satisfaction of all present. An excellent quadrille band, conducted by Mr. Wood, furnished the music for the evening. The refreshments were supplied by Miss Johnson, Grand Parade, and were of the best description, and on the most liberal scale. On the whole, the ball was a decided success, and out of the extensive number of ladies and gentlemen present, there was scarcely any but expressed themselves highly pleased with the excellence of the arrangements, the attention of the members of the Society, and the agreeable manner in which, from these various reasons, the entire entertainment passed off.

At half-past eight o'clock there was on the platform erected at the end of the hall, Mr. J. F. Maguire, M.P.; Cornelius Keller, Ald., T.C.; C. J. Cantillon, T.C.; M. J. Collins, T.C.; V. Fitzgibbon, T.C.; Dr. Hobart, and a great number of other gentlemen—visitors and members of the Society.

Mr. Maguire, M.P., the Chairman, delivered a most able address, eloquently illustrating the principles of the Order.

DUBLIN.—PRESENTATION.—On September the 19th, a large number of the officers and brethren of the Dublin District met at the house of Mr. M. J. Ralph, D.G.M., to present an address, together with an ornamented clock and a purse of sovereigns, to C.S. John Quigley, in testimony of their esteem. D.G.M. Ralph occupied the chair, and the evening was agreeably spent in the enjoyment of the good fare provided by the worthy host, during which a number of toasts were proposed and ably responded to.

DUBLIN.—The Odd Fellows' Ball.—The annual ball of this Society took place on the 18th November, at the Rotundo, Dublin, under most favourable circumstances. The entire suite of rooms were thrown open, and the attendance was numerous and respectable. Dancing commenced at ten o'clock, at which time the Round Room presented a most animated appearance, many of

the members appearing in full costume. The rooms were decorated with handsome flags, presented by Mr. H. Webb, of the Queen's Royal Theatre. By the kind permission of the Colonels of the 11th Hussars and of the 87th Royal Irish Fusiliers, the splendid bands of both regiments were in attendance. The band of the 11th performed a series of pieces of dance-music, under the direction of Signor Operti. A string band, under the direction of Mr. Connolly, performed a well-selected programme in the Pillar Room. Messrs. Friengley, G.M., Ralph, D.G.M., and John Quigley, C.S., conducted the several arrangements in an admirable manner. The dancing was kept up with great spirit to an advanced hour. The refreshments were supplied by Mr. Ralph, of New-comen place.

GLOSSOP.—The Temple of Odd-Fellowship Lodge celebrated their eighteenth anniversary on Wednesday evening last, at the house of host James Owen, Junction Inn. Upwards of sixty of the members and friends sat down to a repast, which all the company united in testifying did infinite credit to the host and his sister, Miss Owen. Mr. Joseph Woodcock, the Deputy Grand Master of the Order, was unanimously called to the chair. The chairman was supported on the right by Mr. Gale, of Liverpool, the present Grand Master of the Order, and Mr. Noon, of Belper, Member of the Board of Directors; and on his left he was supported by Mr. Crispin, of Ipswich, also Member of the Board of Directors, and Mr. J. Lewis, P.P.G.M., of the Mottram District. The chairman, in opening the meeting, said that he should not trouble them with a long speech, as the programme was a long one, and he was surrounded by speakers both able and eloquent. As it was usual to begin loyally, the first toast he would propose was "the Queen," which was heartily responded to by the whole company. After which, Miss Broadbent sang "God save the Queen," the company joining in the chorus. The chairman proposed "the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Manchester Unity," of which the "Temple of Odd-fellowship" was one of the Lodges. Mr. Crispin: "I find myself called upon to fill what appears to be a rather anomalous position, though at the same time it gives me very great pleasure to occupy that, to me, proud position; for it is one of the greatest pleasures of my life to belong to the Manchester Unity, and to be privileged to take a part in its management. I also think it a very high honour to be called upon by our worthy chairman to respond to the toast put into my hand, though at the same time it may seem somewhat presumptuous in me, who am comparatively but a young Odd-fellow, to say anything about what Odd-fellowship has done for Glossop, seeing that Odd-fellowship existed in this locality long before I was born, and may in some measure be considered to have originated in this neighbourhood." (Cheers.) The Grand Master, Mr. Gale, and Mr. Noon having addressed the meeting, Mr. France stated that the funds of the lodge amounted to £620, the number of members 69, shewing an average of £9 per member.

GODALMING.—The members and friends of the Victory Lodge, 3759, M. U., met at the Lodge-house, George Inn, High-street, Godalming, on which occasion a most excellent supper was provided by the worthy host, Mr. B. Batson. The chair being taken by P.G. R. Whitburn, Esq., the Treasurer of the Lodge. The usual loyal toasts having been drunk, the Chairman said, he now came to the business of the evening, that of presenting to Prov. C.S. Henry Bridger, a silver lever watch, value five guineas, bearing the following inscription:—"Presented to Prov. C.S. H. Bridger, by the officers and brethren of the Victory Lodge, M.U., Godalming, as a token of respect and appreciation of his services, Oct. 29th, 1861." The Chairman expressed great delight in having to discharge so agreeable a duty. Observing that Prov. C.S. Bridger, during his fourteen years' connection with the Lodge, had performed many important

services, having filled the various offices of the Lodge, and, in every respect proved himself worthy of all the esteem and regard they could manifest towards him. Prov. C.S. Bridger, in receiving the testimonial said, he sincerely thanked them for their highly-prized present, which he should ever look upon with pride and gratitude; he had been a member and servant of his Lodge fourteen years, and trusted his labours had not been in vain; he should look upon this evening as one of the most gratifying of his life. "Allow me," said he, "to thank you, and say that I trust my future efforts in the cause of Odd-Fellowship may continue unabated, and ever meet your kind approval. Brother Odd-Fellows I sincerely thank you." The song and toast went merrily round, the members and friends spent a very happy evening.

HALIFAX.—On Monday evening, September 16th, at a meeting of the Good-Intent Lodge, held in the large room, Odd-Fellows' Hall, Halifax, Colonel Akroyd, of Bank Field, was initiated an honorary member of the order. A very numerous attendance of members from 18 Lodges were highly gratified at hearing the gallant colonel express his approval of the principles of the order—and his gratification upon having been admitted a member.

MANCHESTER.—The forty-first anniversary of the Loyal Earl of Oxford Lodge, Manchester District, was celebrated on Saturday evening, September 14th, at the house of host Wm. G. Newton, at the Sir Ralph Abercrombie Inn, Ancoats, Manchester, P.G.M. John Ormond, C.S. of the District, in the chair; the vice-chair was filled by Mr. Fredk. Richmond, P.P.G.M., a member of the Board of Directors. The usual loyal toasts having been drunk, the Chairman gave "The G.M. and Board of Directors," which was most ably responded to by Mr. Richmond. "The Officers of the Manchester District," responded to by the Grand Master, Mr. J. Hudson. The toast of the evening, "Prosperity to the Earl of Oxford Lodge," was proposed in very suitable terms by P.P.G.M. Richmond—eliciting an interesting reply from the Permanent Secretary of the Lodge, Mr. John Davies. Many other toasts and sentiments, aided by the excellent singing of Messrs. Davies, Newton, Barlow, Crother, and Grills, contributed to the enjoyment of an evening which will long be remembered with satisfaction by those present at the forty-first anniversary of the Loyal Oxford Lodge.

MIDDLESBROUGH-ON-TEES.—The Joseph Warburton Lodge of the above society, being the parent Lodge of the District, has for some time past been making rapid advances, by adding to its numbers many of the respectable working men of the town, and also a goodly sprinkling of the middle and higher classes. A special meeting of the Lodge was held on Friday, the 13th inst., for the purpose of initiating Mr. Councillor William Doughty, of this town. On this occasion the members generally were in full regalia, which gave the Lodge-room a very cheerful and gay appearance. To observe the change of feeling which has taken place in the public mind generally in respect of this society—for, since we can remember, all Odd-Fellows and Odd-fellows' Lodges were treated as very dangerous men and very dangerous things—is to have made evident the fact that the principle that governs all the branches of the order—particularly those properly conducted—is looked upon in a different light, and that the middle and higher classes now feel it an honour instead of a disgrace to belong to such institutions. On the evening alluded to, the N.G.'s chair was ably filled by P.G. John Musgrove. P.G. Timothy Henderson acting as lecture master. After the making ceremony was concluded, J. H. Anderson, P.P.G.M., rose to propose the health of the new-made member, Mr. Doughty, and, in doing so, prefaced the toast by observing that, however much the young members of the Lodge might be gratified by a meeting like the present, and the purpose for which they had met, it must be

much more gratifying to him, who had spent now upwards of twenty years amongst them, and had taken a very active part that had tended to promote their welfare. It was a source of great pleasure to him to reflect on the great changes that had taken place in the Joseph Warburton Lodge since he first became a member of it. It had risen from obscurity to be one of the most influential Lodges in the Unity, and he sincerely trusted they would continue in the way they were going, for there was nothing more certain than that as long as they continued to deserve the respect hitherto manifested to them, there was no doubt such respect would not only be maintained but increased, and concluded an interesting speech by proposing the health of the new-made brother, Wm. Doughty. Mr. Doughty briefly acknowledged the compliment, and assured those present that the Manchester Unity of Odd-Fellows was a society he had always had a great respect for. He was glad he was now a member, and trusted he should never disgrace the obligations he had that night taken, but prove a good and useful Odd-Fellow. A variety of toasts, &c., closed a most interesting evening.

FREMANTLE, WESTERN AUSTRALIA.—New Swan Lodge, No. 4406, I.O.O.F. M.U.—The anniversary of the above Lodge was commemorated on Thursday and Friday, the 15th and 16th August last, at Host Lodge's Castle Hotel. At 3 p.m., the brethren met at their Lodge-room and went to church in procession, with their new banner, headed by the band of the Royal Engineers. At the church an eloquent and impressive discourse was delivered by the Rev. Br. Bostock, after which the procession moved through the principal streets of the town, and on passing through Cliff-street, drew up in front of the residence of P.P.G.M. Shipton, the worthy founder of Odd-Fellowship in Western Australia, whose absence, from illness, was most deeply felt by all the members of the Lodge: the band playing the tune of the "Old English Gentleman." At 6 o'clock H. E., the Governor, with his usual punctuality, accompanied by his private secretary and Major Henderson, R.E., arrived, and was received by a guard of honour, consisting of about 70 pensioners, under the command of Captain Finnerty, Staff Officer; the band playing the National Anthem. His Excellency and party were received by several of the Past Officers of the Lodge and Order. In the absence of P.P.G.M. Shipton, P.G.M. Broun, at the request of the Lodge, presided, and P.G.M. Harwood, occupied the vice chair, about 70 sitting down to dinner, amongst whom were Captain Grain, R.E., Captain Finnerty, the resident magistrate of Fremantle, &c., &c. After dinner, the usual loyal toasts were proposed and duly honoured. His Excellency the Governor's health was then proposed by Br. Samson, M.L.C., who eloquently enlarged on the urbanity evinced and hospitality at all times displayed by his Excellency. His Excellency's health was drank amidst loud cheers, the band playing "The Sprig of Shillelah." His Excellency rose, amidst loud applause, to respond to the toast, and said nothing had given him greater pleasure than the honour paid him by an invitation from the Odd-Fellows Lodge. He felt sure that such societies were formed on a sound basis, and much good emanated from them. His Excellency concluded an able and eloquent address by wishing continued prosperity to the New Swan Lodge, and resumed his seat amidst long-continued cheering.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—On Monday evening last an animated and very successful meeting of the Wolverhampton District of the Manchester Unity of Odd-Fellows was held in the Corn Exchange. The circumstances contributing to render the meeting so successful and interesting were the announcement that a large banner, promised to the Odd-Fellows of this town in July last by Charles Clark, Esq., the then Mayor, was to be presented on this occasion; and also that Mr. Hardwick, Past Grand Master of the Order, was to deliver an address on the importance of Friendly Societies to the working classes. Prior to the meeting in the

Corn Exchange, the members of the Chillington Lodge met at the house of Mr. Willcock, in North Street, when the Lodge initiated the following gentlemen as honorary members, who, from their rank and position in the town, will add strength and honour to its ranks; G. L. Underhill, Esq. (Mayor), Charles Clark, jun., Esq., Mr. Edward Bagley, G. H. Chambley, Esq., solicitor, Captain Seagrave, Mr. B. Hault, and others. The initiation ceremony was read by the Rev. J. H. Iles, rector of St. Peter's, who is also an honorary member of the Order. After the interesting ceremony was completed, several toasts were given and received with much enthusiasm, amongst others the health of the Mayor, and were suitably acknowledged. About eight o'clock the Mayor entered the Exchange, accompanied by a number of gentlemen, amongst whom were C. Clark, Esq., ex-Mayor, Mr. C. Hardwick, Messrs. Gatis, Stokes, H. Vaughan, Dolman, Dunn (surgeon), E. J. Hayes (Town Clerk), Hyatt, Captain Seagrave, Hault, Collins, M. L. Feibusch, Jones (Corresponding Secretary of the District), Willcock, Dr. Fraser, &c. Mr. Hardwick having delivered a most able Lecture, resumed his seat amidst loud applause. The large and beautiful flag was then unfurled, the whole audience joining in a tremendous cheer as it was held up to view. It is a large blue silk banner, measuring nine feet by six feet, fringed with yellow edgings and tassels. On the front side is beautifully painted in various hues the arms of the Order, and the Mayor's crest, and also the words—"Presented by Charles Clark, Esq., Mayor, July 10, 1861." On the reverse are the royal arms, the arms of the borough, and the following motto:—"Obey the laws, cultivate the arts, remain the friends of peace, order, and progress." Charles Clark, Esq., came forward, and said he had much pleasure in presenting the banner to the Wolverhampton District of Odd-Fellows. When he presided at their demonstration in July, he was much struck with the good feeling that prevailed among them, and was exceedingly glad to find some of his own workmen amongst the Order, and he so much appreciated the objects of the Society that he at once became an honorary member, and though he had become an honorary member of that Order, he wished it to be understood that it was not because he deprecated other societies, as he was also a member of the Catholic Friendly Society. (Cheers.) He was so impressed with the value of those institutions that he could recommend them to every young man. It was very heart-rending to see a woman left with a large family, with not a penny to face the world. He hoped, therefore, that every young man, whether married or single, would join some Friendly Society. And if by his endeavours he could forward the general interests of the Order, by inducing men to enrol themselves as members, he should consider he had been a benefit to society.

Obituary.

DEATH OF JAMES ROE, P.G.M.

At a time when a whole nation mourns with sincerest sorrow the death of His late Royal Highness the Prince Consort, we also have, in our own sphere, to add yet another cause for unfeigned sorrow and lasting regret. It may be truly said, that the removal by the hand of death of JAMES ROE, leaves a void in the Manchester Unity, which will not easily be filled.

For upwards of twenty years the deceased held a most conspicuous position in the order—during that long period, he may be said as Prov. C.S., to have con-

ducted the affairs of the North London District—the largest in the Unity—with the most complete success—whilst his attention to his duties as a Director of the Order—and the ability with which he represented his district at twenty-one consecutive A.M.C.'s, deservedly won for the deceased an affectionate regard amongst a wide circle of friends in all parts of the kingdom. Of the deceased it may, with great truth be said, that he “died in harness.” In the course of the month of October he was seized with an alarming and dangerous malady, which almost proved fatal to his feeble frame—but from this attack he slowly recovered, sufficiently so, in the opinion of his medical advisers, to justify his attendance at the November meeting of the Board of Directors; during the week he paid his usual strict attention to the business of the meeting, affording his sound and clear judgment upon the various matters submitted to the consideration of the Board—but his brother Directors could not fail to mark the deep traces of the severe affliction from which he had just emerged. The tale of sorrow may now be briefly told. With kind words and good wishes to all, he bade adieu to his colleagues on the 15th November, never more to meet again on earth. After a brief illness—his enfeebled frame unable to bear up under a second attack—all that was mortal of James Roe ceased to exist; he died on Sunday night, November 24th, in the presence of his family and the Grand Master of the North London District. His last words were of the order he had served so faithfully and so well. Throughout the Unity there can be but one feeling, that of sorrow and regret for the loss his family and the order have sustained.

It may not be out of place here to convey to our readers some idea of the services James Roe has rendered to, and the estimation in which he has been held by, the order.

In April, 1847, his portrait appeared in the magazine. We extract from the memoir then published the following account of his career as an Odd-Fellow:—

“JAMES ROE is a native of Fazeley, in Staffordshire, where he was born, October 18th, 1805. He had the advantage of receiving two years' instruction in Sir Robert Peel's Free School—and was one of six scholars selected by Sir Robert for admission to a preparatory academy with a view to college training—which distinction indicates early attention and merit on the part of our young pupil. Unfortunately, Sir Robert was diverted from his praiseworthy intentions, by the prejudice then existing against the education of the “lower orders,” and young James was obliged to be content with such instruction as the slender means of his parents could afford and his own exertions procure. At a proper age he was apprenticed to an uncle, a fancy brush maker, at Birmingham. That his habits were characterised by aptitude, industry, and enterprise, is evidenced by the fact, that coming to London, in 1832, with his master, he soon after commenced business on his own account, and though his capital consisted only in the knowledge of his trade, and a small stock of tools provided by his father—he, aided by the better fortune still of an independent spirit and determination to succeed, overcame all difficulties, and established a respectable connection in trade.

“His next connection (excepting the pleasant one of marrying) was with the Manchester Unity. Early in 1839, he was attracted by the grotesque wood-cut which adorned Mr. Hetherington's periodical, entitled the “Odd-Fellow.” He purchased a copy, which happened to contain a lucid article on Odd-Fellowship, by P.G.M. Peiser, of Manchester. This induced him to inquire further, and in July, 1839, he joined the Good Samaritan Lodge, of the North London District, which at that time contained only 28 members, and the whole District but 370. His attention to Lodge business was such as became a young member—it was earnest and perfect, and he passed through every office as fast as the General Laws allowed.

"In December of the same year, 1840, he was without any solicitation or expectancy on his part, appointed to the important and responsible office of C.S. of the North London District, which he still holds, with credit to himself and the unanimous satisfaction of the Lodges. His first step was consistent. He reduced his own financial precepts to practice, and with such success, that though for many quarters the Auditors appointed were persons theoretically opposed to him, and consequently lynx-eyed for the detection of mistake, the accounts have in every instance been pronounced without error. A wide-spread confidence in the affairs of the District sprung up. On C.S. Roe's appointment, the District numbered but 10 Lodges and 500 Members—since which time 100 new Lodges have been added, and now the District boasts of 7,000 Members. Of course others have taken part in producing this flattering augmentation, but how honourable a share C.S. Roe had in it, the District itself testified in 1843, by presenting him with a valuable gold watch, as a mark of appreciation of his services. And it is not easy to estimate too high the value of the arithmetical reform which he instituted. Money is not more the sinew of war than is accuracy in accounts the sinew of confidence, wherever pounds shillings and pence are concerned. A safe Actuary is the soul of a Provident and Benevolent Society.

"These qualities achieved for Mr. Roe distinction in a wider sphere. He has been elected to represent the North London District at the A. M. C's. held at the Isle of Man, Wigan, Bradford, Newcastle, Glasgow, and Bristol, and is now appointed to attend the ensuing one at Oxford. Three A. M. C's. have appointed him a Director of the Order, and during three successive years he has been one of the Trustees of the Unity. These duties have ever been discharged with honour to himself. His practical good sense secures him the respect of his Fellow Directors and the attention of the Annual Meetings.

"No man has juster notions than James Roe of the vast powers of combination, whether for good or evil, possessed by the Manchester Unity, and no one is more honestly resolved to direct them wisely. He is one of the acknowledged opponents of ignoble content with partial good and evident imperfection, and ranks with the foremost friends of temperate and judicious progression, and he has creditably identified himself with the great measures of equalized representation and sound financial reform.

"That useful principle enunciated in one of the Ethical "Lectures" recently adopted by the Order—that moral worth lies in the continuity of a man's proper duties well fulfilled—is strikingly illustrated in the character of James Roe. No man knows better what it is expected that as an officer he should know. With the laws and usages of the Order he is well acquainted. Such is his familiarity with them that by some of his friends he is pleasantly styled the "Follett of the District"—the late Sir William Follett seeming not to be more at home in the jurisprudence of the British Empire, than C. S. Roe in the Manchester Unity. He is frequently made an umpire in disputed cases, and the confidence placed in his decisions reflects credit on his judgment and intellectual habits. It is known that he will thoroughly examine *both* sides of the question. From his verdict there has seldom if ever been an appeal; and in declaring his opinion he so happily combines the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re* that justice and fraternity are both maintained.

"An attractive characteristic of James Roe in his evident honesty. You feel at once that there is no reserve about him. His friendly offices are all frank. He never stoops to *finesse*. When he rises to speak, you perceive that he is going to speak what he thinks. He may be in the wrong, but he has no double meanings. He never means but one thing, and that the right one. And if an error in his conceptions is pointed out to him, he has the courage and manliness to own and correct it at once. With him "Friendship, Love, and Truth" are not so many words learned by rote to be given with "quick fire"—or

to round periods with at annual dinners—but words of sincere import, breathing their influence over thought and conduct. These are the men who give freshness to society, and we turn from the din of “cheers” and blaze of eulogy, too often won by clap-trap and hollow profession, as from an unhealthy excitement, and seek the wholesome company and converse of the less glittering, but the more estimable—the unassuming, the frank, and the true.”

To complete this biography we may add, that the steady course of James Roe in the order continued to the close of his useful life. At the subsequent A.M.C.'s held at Oxford, Southampton, Blackburn, Halifax, and Dublin, he was continued in the office of Director. At Carlisle, in 1852, he was elected D.G.M. of the order, and the following year at Preston, succeeded to the proudest position that can be attained by an Odd-Fellow—he became *Grand Master* of the Manchester Unity.

In 1854, he remained a Member of the Executive as Past Grand Master. At the A.M.C. held at Durham in the following year, he was again elected a Member of the Board of Directors; and, at the banquet, as some acknowledgment of his great services to the Unity, as one of the principal movers in obtaining the passing of the act which has enabled the order to become a legalized Institution of the country, he was presented with a purse containing one hundred guineas. He continued a Director to the close of his life, not unfrequently being elected at the head of the poll. The deceased for many years also held the honourable position of Trustee to the order, which office becomes vacant by his death. We believe there is but one other instance of a member of the Board of Directors, whilst in office, having been removed by the hand of death—the late Mr. Edward Powell, of the Potteries and the Newcastle District, having died on the 31st May, 1848, whilst holding the office D.G.M. of the order. It would be unjust to the memory of the deceased to pass over the services rendered by James Roe, as Parliamentary Agent to the order; for years he watched the course of Parliament in reference to Friendly Societies. Ever watchful that no absurd or mischievous Bill should become law—his constant attendance at the House when any measure for regulating these societies was under discussion, the information he afforded to many members of both Houses of Parliament with regard to the probable effects of the proposed measure, we feel persuaded, prevented the passing of obnoxious clauses, which would have proved most vexatious to Friendly Societies. It remains for us to say that the mortal remains of James Roe were interred on Sunday, December 1st, in the Great Northern Cemetery, Colney Hatch. Upwards of 2,000 members being present with the sorrowing relatives of the deceased.

James Roe has left a widow and two Children, a son and daughter to mourn their irreparable loss. We are not sufficiently informed to speak with certainty; but it may be that the Unity may have an opportunity of testifying their appreciation of the worth of the departed. The last moments of James Roe were, perhaps, cheered with the consciousness that his widow and fatherless children, if in need, would not be forgotten by that Unity he had served so well. The writer of this humble but sincere tribute to his memory can testify how the deceased, with warm heart and open hand, was ever ready to relieve and cheer the sorrowing ones who had claims upon the sympathy of the members of our great Unity.

A brother and kind friend is lost to us for ever. May the memory of his useful and blameless life he cherished throughout the order, and serve as an incentive to those who may succeed him to walk in the path which he trod with unswerving truth and unbending integrity and honour.





Yours truly
William B. Smith.

THE
ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1862.

Mr. Wm. B. Smith, P.G.M.

MR. WILLIAM B. SMITH was born September, 1821, at Kingswood, near Birmingham, in which town he was educated, and served an apprenticeship in a factor's warehouse, in the iron and hardware trade. But the sympathies of the young man were more attracted by the stormy events of public life than by the routine pursuits of the counting-house. When scarcely twenty years of age, Mr. Smith became a member of the True Briton's Lodge, Birmingham District, was elected Secretary on the night of his initiation, and very quickly passed through the various offices. His capacity for business was soon recognised. In the year 1841 he was appointed a Deputy to the Quarterly Committee, and in the same year District Auditor, also undertaking the Superintendence of the Odd-Fellows' Sunday Adult School. Continuing his career of usefulness, and anxious for the promotion of the mental culture of his Brother Odd-Fellows, he earnestly desired that a building should be erected in which, not only the business of the District might be transacted, but that such Lodges as chose might hold their meetings therein. He also sought to provide accommodation for all who might desire to increase their store of knowledge, by attending the school he so ably conducted. In accordance with these views, in 1843, he submitted a proposition for building an Odd-Fellows' Hall, which was adopted and speedily carried into effect. This building was not destined to have a lengthened existence. The requirements of the Birmingham and Bristol Railway Company enabled the District to effect a most advantageous sale of the property to that company, the proceeds of which were applied in building the present spacious Hall, in Temple Street, one of the best sites in the town. At the close of this year he was elected D.G.M., and at the next Annual Meeting, Grand Master of the Birmingham District, then containing upwards of 6,000 members. In 1846 he was appointed Prov. C.S. During these years he was not less assiduous in pro-

moting the general welfare of the Unity, which had spread itself with extraordinary rapidity, having extended its operation to every county in England and many parts of Scotland and Wales. Branches were also established in our most distant colonies. Mr. Smith, in 1844, first took a part in the general affairs of the Order, having been appointed a Deputy from his District to the Newcastle A.M.C. Up to this period Lodges shared in an equal degree with Districts the right of appointing Deputies to the Annual Meeting. Mr. Smith, although so young a man, saw at once the absurdity of this arrangement, and brought powerful arguments to bear upon the question with singular clearness. He established the fact, that in any case the meeting could be literally inundated with representatives from Lodges situated in the locality in which the meeting was held. He urged also that, owing to the extension of railway accommodation throughout the country, the facilities afforded might lead to the Annual Meeting becoming an unmanageable crowd, owing to excess of numbers. In fact, he saw that the time had arrived for giving a new constitution to the Order. Upon his motion, Lodge representation was abolished, and to him is therefore mainly due the credit of having established the present system of District representation, which has worked so well and remained unaltered for eighteen years. At this meeting, Mr. Smith was appointed a Member of the Sub-Committee and a Director of the Order: a success rarely achieved by so young a member upon his first appearance.

At the Glasgow Meeting, in 1845, Mr. Smith submitted the celebrated resolutions destined to initiate a revolution in the financial arrangements of the Unity. The storm that arose in that meeting amongst those who clung to the existing order of things will not readily be forgotten; but Mr. Smith, with admirable temper, determination, and ability, defended his propositions both by his voice and pen. The success then obtained, led to a rebellion by a large section of Members in Manchester and its neighbourhood. In three Districts—Manchester, Salford, and Liverpool—no less than 135 Lodges, containing upwards of 15,000 Members, withdrew from the Unity rather than submit to the new financial arrangements, the adoption of which, alone, could give them the smallest chance of escaping impending ruin. These Members, then called "Seceders," subsequently adopted the title of "Nationals," under which name they still exist as a separate Unity. The more enlightened of them at the present day regret the step then so rashly taken, and deplore the condition to which they have been reduced. It should be mentioned that so strongly did the secessionist party feel assured of defeating Mr. Smith's financial scheme, that they determined to send a Deputation to Birmingham to beard the young reformer on his own ground. The challenge was accepted, and a full discussion ensued. Again, with singular ability and earnest eloquence, Mr. Smith defended his scheme. Resolutions expressive of confidence in the executive were passed almost unanimously; and the talent of the originator excited the admiration of all who took an interest in the future well-being of the Order. At the Glasgow Meeting Mr. Smith was re-elected a Member of the Board of Directors.

At the Bristol A.M.C., in 1846, Mr. Smith moved a resolution abolishing the law which gave to the Manchester District the exclusive privilege of providing the Unity Officers. The time and the man had arrived. The Manchester Unity, now no longer a locally governed society, rapidly became a really national institution, and took the foremost place amongst the provi-

dent societies of the empire. Mr. Smith was rewarded by being selected as the first Officer of the Order, not a Member of the Manchester District.

At the Oxford Annual Committee, in 1847, the Birmingham Deputies introduced a petition in favour of the legalization of the Order, which had been sanctioned by that District. Mr. Smith himself had previously brought forward the question at the Bristol A.M.C., and now being D.G.M. of the Order, advocated the adoption of the petition in a speech of great length, replete with cogent reasoning. The result was, the meeting adopted the petition with few alterations, and thus was laid the foundation of that agitation which resulted in the enrolment of the laws of the Order by resolutions passed at the Dublin A.M.C. in 1851.

There can be little doubt that out of these proceedings arose the serious misunderstanding between the Officers of the Order, the Directors, and the late Secretary, at the end of 1847 and the early part of 1848, which culminated at the extraordinary meeting in the Corn Exchange, in February, 1848. The proceedings were fully reported at the time, and will be well remembered by all who then took an interest in the prosperity of the Unity. Mr. Smith's vindication of himself and refutation of the charges brought against him, was able and eloquent, completely destroying the case of his opponent. A provisional government was established, which claims the honour of having preserved the Manchester Unity in the hour of its greatest peril; the names of P.G.M. Smith, P.G.M. Daynes, P. Prov. G.M. Simeon, and others, will long be remembered in connection with these memorable proceedings.

A visit paid by Mr. Smith to Ireland, in his capacity of Grand Master of the Order (to which high office he had been appointed by the Oxford A.M.C.), in the autumn of 1847, in consequence of the difference arising in connection with the Relief Fund, is believed to have done much good to the cause of Odd-Fellowship. His reception by the various municipal authorities was of the most flattering and gratifying kind.

The Birmingham District at this time marked its sense of the past services the Grand Master had rendered to the Order, and the credit he had reflected upon his District, by presenting him with a valuable gold watch, guard chain, pencil case, and a set of mathematical instruments.

In 1848 Mr. Smith gave valuable evidence before a Committee of the House of Lords, appointed to report on a Bill which had been introduced into Parliament for the purpose of enabling Odd-Fellows' Lodges to become legalized societies. After an examination, extending over three hours, he was highly complimented by the late Lord Beaumont for the able manner in which he had communicated much valuable information to their lordships.

During 1847-8, the annual returns of sickness and mortality were placed in Mr. Smith's hands for compilation and analysis; but the turmoil in which he was then engaged in Manchester rendered it impossible for him to bring his labours to a close, and, at the request of the Directors, he handed over all the books and data to the present Secretary, by whom the work was completed. At the Southampton A.M.C., in 1848, Mr. Smith presided as Grand Master of the Order. At this meeting he was honourably acquitted of all the imputations which had been cast upon him.

Shortly afterwards Mr. Smith may be said to have ceased his active labours as an Odd-Fellow, his connexion with the Board, at which he

attended as Past Grand Master, terminating at the May meeting in 1849. Mr. Smith, we feel assured, gratefully remembers the aid he received in his early struggles to improve the Order, from the late James Roe, of London, Mr. Daynes, and Mr. Charles Ashdown, of Stepney. Upon retiring from active exertion in the cause of Odd-Fellowship, Mr. Smith established the *Birmingham Mercury*, a newspaper which was amalgamated with another journal advocating similar views in 1858.

Mr. Smith has actively and ably exerted himself on many important questions of a political or social character. Some years ago, in conjunction with his friend Mr. James Taylor, he successfully established Land and Building Societies, which have since attained great magnitude and importance in Birmingham. A man of decidedly liberal opinions in politics, Mr. Smith has consistently and earnestly sought to forward the views of his party.

With regard to Mr. Smith's domestic life, in which our readers, of the fair sex at least, take some interest, we may say that he is blessed with a wife and two children; and all his old friends who may have lost sight of him for years, will rejoice to learn that in his domestic matters as well as pecuniary means, little remains to be desired.

We may close this notice by expressing our earnest conviction, that never was the honour of having a portrait placed in the Magazine more fairly won or more richly deserved than by the able and eloquent Past Grand Master, William Benjamin Smith, a name that will ever be honourably associated with the most important measures that have conduced to the preservation of the Manchester Unity as a great Provident Society.

To the Readers of the Odd-Fellows' Magazine.

THE directors of the Manchester Unity having confided to me the editorship of the Magazine, a few words, on assuming its responsibilities, will, perhaps, not be considered out of place. And yet, I have but little to say. Although I have expended many words in my life-time in advocating the cause of Odd-Fellowship, and in promoting the intellectual, moral, and social advancement of our industrial population, I entertain infinitely greater regard for active deeds than for verbal protestations, however eloquent in expression, or truthful in sentiment. Fortunately for me, I am pretty well known to a large and influential section of the members of our great unity. To them, I think, I may, without undue egotism, confidently refer to my past career, as the best guarantee for my future effort. The editorship of an organ, established for the purpose of diffusing the great principles of Odd-Fellowship, or, in other words, for inculcating the practice of beneficence and kindness, of fraternal sympathy and manly self-reliance, will be to me not simply a professional duty, but a "labour of love," in its most

exalted sense. Signal failure in such a cause is scarcely to be feared when the emotions of the heart vibrate in harmony with the intellectual conviction. It is this sentiment, which, while it does not blind me to the difficulties and responsibilities of my task, inspires me with a degree of rational confidence. I feel assured I shall have the hearty co-operation of many valued friends—friends whose kindly sympathy and good-will I have gained while fighting with them, shoulder to shoulder, in the ranks of that potent though peaceful army, which seeks to uproot, or, at the least, to considerably mitigate, the evils attendant upon improvidence, pauperism, and crime; and to elevate the physical, moral, and social condition of the labouring masses. It will be my constant care, while catering with a willing mind for the healthy recreation or intellectual amusement of my readers, so to direct the general tone of the Magazine, that its great educational purpose shall become strengthened and expanded, rather than impaired. The organ of the most extensive self-governed provident institution of the people in the world, in this age of popular progression, has no ignoble mission confided to it. If it be true to the self-relying instincts which called it into being, it cannot fail to do some good service in the great cause of civilization, and in the extension of its blessings to every section of our common humanity. The readers of the Magazine, generally, as members of the Manchester Unity, are directly interested in its well-being. May I not, therefore, confidently hope, that each will cheerfully aid me, in however limited a degree, while I earnestly strive to promote its objects, and extend its influence? An increased circulation, is, after all, the great distinguishing feature of literary success. Towards its achievement my humblest friends can, with but little effort, render most valuable service. From past experience, I feel some confidence it will not be withheld.

CHARLES HARDWICK.

100, City-road, Manchester,
February, 1862.

NEVER DESPAIR.

"FAINT not, oh spirit! in dejected mood,
Thinking how much is planned, how little done;
Revolt not, heart, though still misunderstood;
For gratitude of all things 'neath the sun,
Is easiest lost, and insecurest won.
Doubt not, clear mind, that worketh out the right
For the right's sake: the thin thread must be spun,
And Patience weave it, ere that sign of might,
Truth's banner, wave aloft, full flashing to the light."

Hon. Mrs. Norton's "Child of the Islands."

Insolvent Friendly Societies.

It is a trite saying that a man, or even a community of men, may become so accustomed to the action of any particular evil, social, political, or moral, that it ceases to a large extent to exhibit its normal qualities to either their mental or physical vision. All know the influence of habit in determining the amount of soap and water, and the frequency of its application to the human skin, necessary to ensure conventional personal cleanliness. Men, women, and children, pass their lives with at least some show of contentment, in localities, whose filthy squalor is an abomination to the sight, and the reeking odour from which, in Trinculo's phraseology, excites "indignation in the nostrils" of those who think that Cleanliness ranks next to Godliness in the scale of Christian virtues. Year by year, medical men report that the condition of such and such localities furnishes the malaria that poisons the deadly typhoid arrow, and renders it the most destructive of Disease's many fatal weapons; yet, it is nevertheless true that those who suffer to the greatest extent and in the most direct manner from the terrible scourge, often appear practically to ignore the fact, that they are yearly sacrificing hetacombs of their relations and friends at the shrine of the demon Dirt, and his satellites—Insufficient Drainage and Imperfect Ventilation. Such is the force of habit that, in some instances, not only does the action of the intellect become partially paralysed, but the nostril loses its cunning. Time after time has the burning lava leaped from the furnace bosom of Vesuvius and entombed in its fiery embrace fertile pastures, thriving villages, elegant villas, and populous cities. Yet, after a little while, brave but imprudent men erect new homesteads and temples, plant new vineyards and pleasure gardens, on the stiffened crust of the lava cement that sepulchres the remains of a past age, happy in the hope that the slumbers of the subterranean fire will not be disturbed in their day and generation. Truly, with a large portion of mankind, the apostolic axiom, "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," is accepted in its literal rather than in its more extensive signification.

Many well meaning provident men have latterly become so accustomed to the wail of lugubrious prophecy respecting the future of a large number of existing Friendly Societies, that they have ceased to regard the vaticination as anything more than one of the many weapons fashioned by slanderous malice, and covertly aimed by pretended friends or open enemies, at the very existence of their cherished institutions. This feeling of indifference is increased by the circumstance, that the demise of a Friendly Society is not exactly an every day affair, in any given limited locality, although the seeds of destruction may be as certainly germinating in their life blood as the fire is smouldering in the entrails of the slumbering volcano. When such an event does occur, it is more than probable that the true cause or causes of the special collapse is but partially, if at all, understood by those most interested. I was told but very recently by some of the members of a friendly society, situated in one of the densest centres of our manufacturing industry, that they found a difficulty in prevailing upon eligible individuals amongst their comrades or fellow-workmen to join their club, because other societies in the neighbourhood *promise* similar benefits for a less annual subscription. I recommended the propriety of their impressing upon the minds of such applicants, that there really existed a large amount of truth in the adage which asserted that *promises* and *pie-crusts* were equally destined to fracture, and the promises of many Friendly Societies had proved no exception to the rule. To my surprise, I found that my friends, who were members of a lodge of the Manchester Unity using the improved scales, fancied they had been defeated on this very point, because, when asked, they were unable to point out an instance, within

their own knowledge where a society, paying the lower rates and promising high benefits had failed to fulfil its engagements. If the true history of all the societies in existence twenty years ago within the distance of three miles from the house in which our conversation took place, had been available for reference, not only one but many instances of insolvency and ultimate dissolution might easily have been adduced. But such a record has not been compiled. If it had we should, doubtless, find in many cases, anything but the real cause of the failure recorded.

In a paper published in the ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE, in January, 1881, I referred to a paragraph in Mr. J. Tidd Pratt's previous report, in which he stated that "Notices of dissolution had been received from fifty-two societies during the year ending the 31st December, 1859; of which number forty-eight were in England and Wales; the causes of dissolution generally arising from the claims made on the funds by pensioners, the number of members being small, and no increase of young members." In that article I stated that it was desirable that Mr. Pratt should in future publish the name, locality, constitution, and special cause, as far as known, why each of the collapsed or bankrupt clubs had failed to fulfil the promises originally made to the members on their introduction. I assigned as a reason why I thought the cause of financial reform would profit by the adoption of this course—that "such authentic information would prove of great value both in arousing the attention of the members of societies with similar laws and constitutions, and directing their energies in the right direction towards timely adjustment * * * * It would likewise indicate to the more intelligent members of the rising generation, what class of society it is their interest to join, and what class to avoid." In his last report, Mr. Pratt appears to have acted upon this suggestion. He gives a list of the societies in England and Wales, which have been dissolved since the publication of his previous report, from which it appears that no fewer than eighty-four of these institutions have ceased to exist, and their dissolutions have been duly advertised in the *London Gazette*, pursuant to 23 and 24 Vic. c. 58, s. 3. The mortality of these provident institutions seems to be confined to no particular section of the kingdom, though the death-rate is, in some counties, relatively much higher than in others, as will be seen from the following analysis:—Berkshire, 3; Buckinghamshire, 2; Cheshire, 3; Cornwall, 4; Derby, 1; Dorset, 1; Durham, 1; Essex, 4; Gloucester, 1; Hampshire, 4; Huntingdon, 1; Kent, 2; Lancashire, 9; Middlesex, 11; Monmouth, 4; Norfolk, 4; Northampton, 1; Oxford, 1; Somerset, 1; Stafford, 6; Suffolk, 1; Surrey, 6; Warwick, 3; Worcester, 1; Yorkshire, 4; Brecknock, 3; Carmarthen, 1; Montgomery, 2.

The simple fact that during the past year a large number of Friendly Societies have been dissolved in England and Wales, is in itself sufficient to seriously arrest the attention of every well wisher to the progress of provident habits amongst our industrial population. But there is another feature even more significant and more alarming in connection with this most important and truly national question, and that is, the annual death-rate is evidently on the increase. In the previous year the number of clubs which ceased to exist was fifty-two; in the present eighty-four have succumbed, being an increase of thirty-two, or about sixty per cent.!! Should this rate of progressively-increasing mortality continue for many years, the majority of existing Friendly Societies will have followed in the wake of their unfortunate predecessors, to be replaced, let us hope, by others, founded upon principles learned from past experience, which will secure as far as human knowledge and human forethought can secure, their future reliability.

I am well aware that a large number of Friendly Societies are, at present, suffering from chronic financial ailment, to such an extent, that to them, recovery

is hopeless. It must not be forgotten that Mr. Pratt's return includes only the enrolled Friendly Societies, dissolved according to law, and advertized in the Gazette. Amongst the mass of unenrolled clubs, doubtless the seeds of dissolution are even more thickly strewn. The best course these insolvent bodies can take is to terminate their own existence as early as possible, and thus lessen and more equally distribute the pecuniary loss amongst the whole of their members. Suicide, in their corporate capacity, under the circumstances, will violate no law either religious, political, or moral. It is infinitely better that a tradesman should compound with his creditors at once, if he be hopelessly insolvent, than that he should continue year after year to add to his liabilities without more than a corresponding increase in the amount of his assets. The case of an insolvent Friendly Society is precisely similar. Some well-meaning philanthropists, with more zeal than discretion, or even practical knowledge, sometimes gladly seize upon a text of this kind, and rate the working classes soundly, *en masse*, for presumed incapacity and even dishonesty. Such never has been my practice, nor is it my present intention. For a long time to come, in the very nature of things, we shall have to contemplate a certain annual per-centage of mortality amongst Friendly as amongst other Societies. We shall rapidly be approaching the era of the millennium, when the London Gazette ceases, for lack of matter, to publish its periodical list of bankrupt tradesmen. The reports of the Registrar-General, must, of necessity, ever show a certain number of deaths per thousand, per annum, notwithstanding the progress of sanatory knowledge and its practical application. But, if we cannot arrive at a state of utopian beatitude in any given direction, we may, at least, direct our energies in such a way as to materially lessen the amount of evil, suffering, and sorrow, to which our frail terrestrial humanity is every day exposed. It is a most unmanly as well as a most illogical resolve, which prefers lethargic indifference or impotent denunciation, to active exertion, simply because the march of progress in any given path is necessarily toilsome and slow. It may seem at first sight a relatively unimportant result, when the Registrar-General informs us that in a certain populous city, the rate of mortality has decreased from twenty-seven to twenty-five per thousand, per annum, and especially so, if we enter into details of the cost of street and house drainage, the construction of water-works and other material aids to healthy physical and moral existence. But when thoroughly understood, what does the statistical fact proclaim? That in this large city of five hundred thousand inhabitants, one thousand, *at least*, as proved by the experiment, have been heretofore annually slaughtered by agencies which were removable! In other words, the duration of the life of every resident has been more or less unnecessarily curtailed. I fancy, if rate-payers, whether rich or poor, looked directly at the question of sanatory improvement as a simple money purchase of so much health and longevity, there would be much less murmuring at the cost than obtains even at the present day. Sickly men pay heavily in a pecuniary sense, for their loss of health, and dying ones would, as a rule, cheerfully fee a physician most liberally for a small increase in the duration of their lease of life.

The excessive mortality amongst Friendly Societies can unquestionably be prevented, if those most interested in their healthy existence, manfully resolve to set about its achievement in a thoroughly practical spirit. No amount of good intention will, alone, serve the purpose. The prayers and good wishes of kind friends are valuable things in their way, but they will not safely amputate a limb, or stop the progress of disease. The practised skill of the surgeon or physician is still imperative to success. So it is with Friendly Societies' financial maladies. If we wish to get at the roots of their disorders, we must retain the services of men skilled in financial anatomy and the ramifications of vital statistical science, and subject some of, the carcasses of the defunct to a kind of post-

mortem examination. When the *causes* of decline and death have been fully and satisfactorily ascertained, the application of the proper remedies to the relatively more healthy constitutions of existing societies will present but few difficulties which earnest purpose cannot easily overcome. The distribution of accurate information on this subject amongst the masses of reflective provident men is of infinitely greater national importance than may at first sight appear. The pecuniary interest involved in the success of these self-governed economic institutions is enormous; but this, great as it is, sinks into comparative insignificance, when contrasted with the extent and character of their social and moral influence. No nobler field for the exercise of philanthropic impulse exists. No class of secular education is calculated to develop a larger amount of immediate as well as permanent benefit to the great body of the nation than that which shall render intelligible to the manly self-reliant spirit of the provident operative, those scientific truths, the due recognition of which is essential for the ultimate prosperity of their cherished provident institutions. If it be true that "Heaven helps those who help themselves," surely it is not intimating too much to the educated social reformer, that some portion of his zealous efforts might be judiciously and profitably expended in this direction. But the great labour, after all, to be effectual, must be done by the members themselves. Self-reliance implies self-help and self-sacrifice. All permanent moral or social improvement must mainly emanate from within. It is therefore highly gratifying to find, that, during the past few years, the spirit of inquiry on this subject has been gradually extending itself amongst those most immediately interested. Since the publication of the experience of the Manchester Unity, in 1851, a proper valuation of the assets and liabilities of individual lodges, with a view, if found necessary, to a revision of the financial arrangements, has been sought, and obtained, at a trifling cost, by many of its branches. The gradual increase in the number of such applications is one of the healthiest, and, therefore, one of the most encouraging signs of progress at the present day, and augurs well for the future stability, and increased usefulness of our extensive Unity. In this respect, other branches of the Order and other Friendly Societies, of every class, cannot do better than follow the example. The discovery that any given branch is in a healthy financial condition, must prove a source of great satisfaction to its members; while the early acquisition of the knowledge that incipient disease has manifested itself will enable others to apply the proper remedies before increased virulence shall have rendered such application useless. The forthcoming publication by the Grand Master and Directors of the Manchester Unity, of the experience of its members, during the quinquennial period 1856—60, compiled by Mr. Henry Ratcliffe, will doubtless further stimulate this commendable spirit of inquiry. By a thorough digestion of the experience of the past alone, are we enabled to shape our conduct in matters of Friendly Societies' finance, so as to rationally prognosticate successful results to future operations.

With the view to aid in the diffusion of practical knowledge on this important question, I propose, in a future article, to analyse, as far as practicable, the cause of the failure of some of the societies which have recently announced their dissolution in the columns of the London Gazette.

C. H.

THE PALACE AND THE COLLIERY.

Wnen within the silken-curtained room,
The dear Husband of our State lay dying,
All the land was shrouded with that gloom,
Every household echoed to that crying.

"Think of all those children," said the parents,
"One in Prussia, one across the sea;
One far south, and five within the Palace;
Little Beatrice on her mother's knee,

Just as in the portraits we see daily."
Ah! what fellow-feeling touched the land,
What a mist of tears went up to Windsor,
For a grief that all could understand.

In the churches on that Sunday morning,
Trembling congregations heard the prayer
With his name omitted, for the first time
Since we placed the youthful bridegroom there.

All that week, upon the roads and markets
Gathered groups of listening heads were seen—
And we heard "the women in the railways"
Talk in tearful whispers of "the Queen."

Ere a month has passed, a royal message
Flies electric through the anxious crowd,
But this time it is the Queen's commissions—
Words of fellow-feeling deep—not loud.

"Is there any hope that we can save them?"
Asked the Widow to those death-struck wives.
"Any hope!" But hark! the throbbing answer:
"No! the Lord hath taken all their lives."

All those "canny fellows," all the husbands,
Sweethearts, striplings, children even, slept
A not unpeaceful slumber, seated patient
While the deadly vapour on them crept.

Twice within a month the Lord hath smitten
England with a very heavy hand;
Twice has roused all hearts with tender mourning
For a grief that all can understand.

But if love possesses any healing,
It has sprung to life amidst these woes—
Taught the nation what a fellow-feeling
Through the pulses of a people flows.

And although the price has been most bitter,
England gains a truth in making known
To her millions what a common nature
Tends the cottage hearth, and fills the throne.

—*The Englishwoman's Journal.*

BESSIE PARKS.

A Paper on Pets.

BY ELIZA COOK.

THERE appears to be a natural tendency in the human race, or, at least, the better portion of it, to pet and cherish something belonging to the lower orders of creation. We occasionally come across an individual who repudiates the notion of extending a degree of patronage to anything beneath "a child," with utter contempt. In some women this assumes a hard and almost repulsive feature of character. They shrink from touching the sleek back of a household tabby, or the honest head of a sportsman's retriever, with a sort of sneering shudder, which does not arise from any constitutional antipathy or dread, but entirely from a desire to be thought incapable of entertaining the slightest sympathy with any nature inferior to that which is incorporated in God's own image. They imagine that such an exhibition of indifference, if not aversion, to the subordinates of creation, indicates an exalted state of feminine feeling which claims peculiar respect and appreciation from the world at large. A great mistake is made in psychological estimate and human deduction by these hyper-womanly women; and it may be a strong doubt whether one of them has ever elicited an opinion from those around, which placed them in a superior moral, or mental position to those "foolish, simple" beings who condescend to talk a little "dog Latin" to a rough Newfoundland, or tounce a kitten in kindly play. We do not advocate the adoption of a Blenheim spaniel, ring-tailed monkey, or grey parrot, to the position of a chief member of the domestic circle. We do not think it right that a cover should be laid for an idolized poodle, nor that the taste of a tortoiseshell darling should be consulted as to its preference for the breast or leg of a chicken. We have no sympathy with the tenderness which trembles lest Fido should take cold from wading through a duck-pond; and have no respect for the olfactory delicacy of those who insist on keeping white mice within nasal recognition. We entirely abjure the absurd extremes of dotage and fondling which frequently mark a tendency to nurture dumb things; but we must confess we have a great regard for the disposition which inclines to pet some dependent, living thing, apart from the paramount and exalted demands which "children" make on our care and affections. There is nothing especially derogatory in the social combination, nor unpicturesque in the artistic grouping, of a "toddling wee thing" and a slightly over-fed "bow-wow," both rolling about together on the hearth-rug; the biped hugging and lugging the quadruped with undue intimacy of confidence, and the quadruped enduring the punch and the pull with Spartan endurance, until, when the treatment is too bad for even canine temper to put up with, a low, significant growl calls back the young tyrant to a notion that even dear, old Bounce may be taken *too* many liberties with; and a little administration of coaxing and stroking is found to be necessary before dear, old Bounce condescends to lie in elegant, full length again beside his companion. What a pretty picture is afforded by the wicker cage, holding a pair of doves, suspended amid the curling tendrils and glossy leaves on a vine-covered wall; or, perhaps, hung beneath the old, cottage porch, where honeysuckle and jasmine sprawl under and over in delicious luxuriance. Of course, there must be a merry girl or two, with flying hair, attending, with busy devotion, to the sustenance and comfort of the cooing couple. One of the waiting-maids may be obliged to stand on tiptoe, while making a ruby dish of her mouth for the lady dove to take a tempting morsel of peach from; and another is balancing a crystal-filled vase, with trembling anxiety lest the water should damp the floor of the rustic residence. The youngest of the tribe has probably secured the advantage of a rickety garden chair, and is sedulously endeavouring to persuade doves

that it would be pleasant to have their polls scratched, or tails pulled—no great matter which, as regards the satisfaction to the manipulator—speculating in earnest volubility meantime, as to whether a bit of apple tart or fragment of currant cake would not add to the felicity of their "*menage*." A charming picture, we say, is formed from these simple constituents, and we stand, looking on, warmly admiring the combinations of household "pets." Few can resist smiling, and enjoying the scene, when a spoilt squirrel, having upset the sugar basin, or thrust his nose in the toast-plate, escapes the hand that threatens a reproving tap, scampers up the curtain, taking his seat on the pole, and chatters at those below with defiant impudence. The mischief of the little animal is unlimited, and his trespasses on decorum most flagrant; but "Brush" is a "pet," and it would be a serious offence, indeed, that induced greater punishment than a slight pinch of the ear, and an apoplectic number of nuts to compensate for the same.

There is a natural tendency, we again declare, in all truly kind and generous natures to "pet" something; and every-day-life affords plenty of evidence that our opinion is not to be easily invalidated. We go into Mrs. Thompson's residence, where a large family and small means are wonderfully made to balance every Christmas; and though we are perfectly aware that every quatern loaf is a matter of consequence, and pocket-money a thing unknown by the juveniles, yet we find a scarlet bullfinch and amber canary lighting up the window looking into the narrow forecourt, and inhabiting a pagoda style of domiciles which must have involved the disbursement of an important amount of capital, considering Mr. Thompson's compressed state of weekly salary. Mrs. Thompson and the little Thompsons are so fond of "Bully" and "Bijou," that a rich uncle has been kept waiting in the back parlour, while the necessities of the feathered darlings have received the finishing attentions in the front one; and so impressed are the "olive branches" with the value and importance of the birds, that their affection and admiration are scrupulously exempt from the usual juvenile admixture of insult and injury. The Thompsons' house is certainly small, but we question if they would not deem it much smaller if it did not hold that couple of dear little "pet birdies."

Let us call on the wealthy family of the Stockmans, in Park Lane. There we see all that alloyed gold and refined taste can procure to shelter us from the east winds of Existence, and cherish the exotics of Peace and Plenty all the year round. Carpets so rich and glowing, that we might fancy a slice of an American prairie in full bloom had been laid down. Couches and ottomans so bright and soft, that any "detective" fay or fairy would be justified in claiming them as stolen property from the realms of Queen Mab; and there we see stretched on the very choicest of the silken rugs, a dingy-hided Skye terrier, with tangible proofs on his person of having been recently out in a heavy shower, without overcoat or goloshes, and, moreover, of having entirely forgotten to rub his feet on the hall mat when he returned. There we see a precocious kitten, exercising the most wondrous acrobatic power in the refulgent card-basket in the centre of the dazzling ormolu table; flinging "*Lady Suffasstarche*" up on the highest lustre of the chandelier, and tossing the Honourable Adolphus Milkisoppe to be drowned in the elegant ink bath. The Stockmans are charming people, there is no doubt about *that*. The elders carrying their full "years of discretion" with a degree of genial youth which at once inspires respect and cordiality; and the juniors possessing the spirit, intelligence, and feeling, which must ever find a response in all loving and well-bred natures. No being of sympathetic tendency or delicate perception would think of being on pleasant terms with the Stockmans if they did not take dear old "Charlie" (the terrier) and all the sedate cats and "fast" kittens thereabouts, into good fellowship as well. We plead guilty to a strong prejudice in favour of the Stockmans, and are apt to think that no small

amount of our esteem and affectionate sympathy has been elicited by their open avowal of a love for dumb things, and their adoption of "pets."

We are slightly acquainted with the tiresome, obstreperous young Binkles, in Tooley Street, and certain affinities of disposition led to the discovery a short time since that they had surreptitiously established a rabbit hutch in the lower department of the household, and were in great perturbation lest the fact should become cognizant to "pater" and "mater." However, we have gladly ascertained that within the last week "pater" was seen peering into the secret chamber, and giving instruction and advice that the doe had better have a larger hutch, now she had young ones; and concluded his visit with a remark that she was a beautiful creature, and had very fine lop ears; while Mrs. Binkle was seen on the top of the stairs, and heard to inquire in the true maternal tone, breathing something of the cradle hymn and caudle cup, "How many has she?"

Yes, true it is, that "pets" are in very general existence. Monkeys are tolerated in some domestic establishments (we are simply alluding to the original of that animal genus). We have heard of pet "pigs" (and again we would intimate that we imply only the quadruped order). Silkworms are patronised by many, though, as regards the latter, we fully concur in the opinion of a neighbour touching their recluse and unsocial habits, that he could "see no fun in keeping them."

Fashion has a control over this domestic institution, as it has over every other. Long-eared, short-nosed, bullet-headed spaniels were in the ascendant when King Charles never walked in the Mall without one under each of his arms. Monkeys were the rage a century since. Then poodles became prominent on the face of English society. More lately, Argyle terriers, and dwarfed, unnatural-looking, toy, tanned terriers, have asserted their supremacy; and the last epoch of petting fancies (according to *fashion*) was marked by the adoption of the strange and "unfamiliar creatures of the vasty deep." We now have our "Aquariums," where we may gaze on the star fish without a telescope. We may boast our growth of anemones, but dare not gather them. We revel in "sea cucumber," without thinking of the "cruets" in conjunction. We have skeletons of coral bones, and cannot help thinking, while gazing on them, that *our* remains are not nearly as beautiful. We perceive "weeds" which we never think of hoeing up. We cherish marine spiders which the most sensitive and timid Lady Amarynthia can look at without screaming. We have prawns which we prefer unboiled. We wet our fingers in waiting on the "miller's thumb," and train a stud of scaly coursers to go "round and round" in pursuit of nothing: the "great globe itself" representing a fluid "Batty's circle." For our own part, we find little interest in *this* phase of "petting," and infinitely prefer less cold-blooded associations. At this moment we are being victimised by a respectable elderly cat and her impertinent child. The parent is content with "proving her talons" on our last, new Russia-leather pocket-book, and occasionally thrusting her head against our nose; but her offspring has entirely disarranged the window curtain, nibbled the points of our three favourite quills, turned over the waste-paper basket, and is at this moment on our shoulder, handling our curls in anything but "Truitt" style, and appearing most anxious to ascertain whether we wear our own hair or a wig. Really the intrusion is growing too presuming, and we must give up our place at the writing-table, lest a whispered anathema should be heard to mingle a somewhat discordant note in the musical score of our "Paper on Pets."



Heber, or for Eber.

(*An hour with Alessandro Cagliostro.*)

BY HENRY OWGAN, LL.D.

"You thought it strange, my dear children," said Madame de Vilbelle, addressing a family party of grown-up grandchildren to whom she was in the habit, like the generality of superannuated belles, of recounting the gay and glittering and triumphant scenes of her fondly-remembered youth, which she had fluttered away in the magnificent Court of Louis the XV.—"You thought it strange, if not something less pardonable, when I smiled yesterday evening at the ghost-stories of our visitors; but that smile was provoked by the conviction that I had the power to make you shudder and turn pale by the recital of a true and genuine ghost-story repeated from my own personal experience. You must know that I have actually seen and spoken to, and supped with the disembodied spirit of my great-great-grandmother! The adventure was one for which I was indebted to my aunt and namesake, Madame de Vilbelle, who was, as you know, one of the most distinguished ornaments of the court of Maria de Medici, consort of Louis XIII., and I need not remind you that that Princess was not only the munificent patroness of all who professed to hold intercourse with the unseen world, but herself a necromancer of considerable skill. It was the time, my dear children, when the celebrated and mysterious Count Cagliostro was the great Lion, or rather the great Sphinx of the brilliant and intellectual City of Paris, and when all civilized Europe was deeply and, in fact, tremulously interested in the miraculous pretensions of the mystic fraternity of the *Rosey Cross*.

"It happened one day—I remember it most distinctly—in the month of January 1681, that my Aunt, of whom I have spoken, informed us by a message—my sister Valentine de Solmene and myself—that she was confined by a slight illness to her own apartments; and that, if we found it agreeable to spend an hour or two with her, she would be happy to receive us there. We accordingly transferred ourselves and our work-baskets to the museum—for, such it really was—which she inhabited. In that old room were fantastically mingled together family pictures and portraits of saints; breviaries, missals, and volumes of romance; pieces of gobelin tapestry, legendary and historic; the old lady herself—nearly as old as I am now—pillowed up in her deep arm-chair with her gold snuff-box in her hand; and—what seemed to us the strangest curiosity in the whole collection, a short, ill-favoured, red-faced, corpulent man, to whom she was listening with all the interest and reverence due to an oracle.

"My dears," said the Countess, as the stranger arose at our approach—"allow me to present to you a gentleman whose name must be already familiar to you. Though nearly related to Lucifer, he is a sufficiently good-natured devil when not provoked, and injures those only who treat him unkindly. You behold the Count Cagliostro!" On hearing that name pronounced, my sister turned as pale as if all the powers of darkness were suddenly let loose before her. I was indeed, myself, scarcely less disconcerted, but contrived to stammer one or two commonplace phrases of courtesy, and placed myself beside Valentine, who had taken a seat as far away from the magician as the dimensions of the apartment would permit. The Countess, however, resumed the conversation which our arrival had interrupted, and asked him if he had yet found any neophytes in Paris; to which he replied that every day brought him in numerous applications from candidates for initiation—from ladies especially.

"Just what I should expect," said the Countess, "In my young days, it was

precisely the same when the sorceries of the Princess and the Prince Regent were in fashion. Women alone had the courage to believe them.

"Do you call it courage, Aunt?" I said, trembling at my own audacity, "it seems to me rather the servility of superstition."

"You are mistaken, my dear," she answered, "It requires some strength of nerve, I assure you to believe in the devil; and at the same time to act as if there was no such personage; but, my dear," she continued, "you look at the Count as if you expected to see hoofs and horns!—Do you believe in his power?"

"I must plead guilty, I fear," I said timidly, "to being very incredulous."

"Can you not vindicate your science, Count Cagliostro?" said my Aunt.

"I am here to be commanded," he answered, "any proof the lady may require, she shall have."

"That is very tempting," I replied, "I take you at your word."

"Command me, Madame—you shall be obeyed."

"It is said," I continued, "that you can conduct persons into the presence of their dead ancestors; well then, give my sister and me an interview at supper with our great-grandmother, the Marchioness de Vilbelle, whose portrait you see there, and whose beauty was celebrated in 1600, I have a question to ask her;" and while I spoke Valentine pulled me by the sleeve.

"The portrait to which I pointed, represented our great grandmother, one of the suite of Anne of Austria, and a celebrated personage in the days of the *Fronde*: we had always traced a resemblance between it and my Aunt, and it interested us also very much because of an illegible inscription on a book which the Marchioness held in her hand. Cagliostro surveyed it attentively for some time, and then said, turning toward me,

"On next Wednesday night, at twelve o'clock, you shall see her face to face. At eight o'clock a carriage will come for you. You may choose one of your servants—and but one—and you will ask no questions; will that arrangement suit you?"

"I assented, though at the moment I felt a chilly shudder from head to foot: for the magician spoke and looked so calmly and confidently, that pride alone held me back from retracting. Valentine feared to displease him by refusing; but feared also that she should not be able to persevere. It may be easily believed that the interval preceding the awful meeting was passed in the most nervous uncertainty, and that we sometimes wished that our Aunt would forbid our keeping the appointment: but, at length we decided upon seeing the adventure to the end; and Valentine, when once she resolved to be courageous, was more so than I. Wednesday evening arrived at last; we sat waiting for the carriage: every knock at the door startled and set me trembling; and Valentine used to smile and remind me quietly that it was not yet eight o'clock. That hour, however, had no sooner struck, than we heard the noise of wheels below; and our servant Beauville, whom we had chosen to take with us, came up to announce that all was ready.

"Valentine," said I, "there is still time to change our minds—have you any wish to remain?"

"Certainly not, my dear—I have made up my mind—we will see it out."

"Because," I continued, "we are going alone and unprotected, among perfect strangers—we know not what accidents may happen; and we shall be laughed at if we are mystified."

"I do not suspect any mystification," she answered, "and as for danger, Beauville is armed with pistols. Come, let us be polite to the old lady, and not keep her waiting."

"The carriage that awaited us was drawn by two black horses; the coachman, dressed in black, remained like a statue on his box, and the whole equipage, in short, very closely resembled a hearse.

"Beauvielle took his place beside the coachman; we went in, and all moved off in unbroken silence. I mentioned above that it was January; it was abominably cold: the trees were powdered with frost; the snow was beginning to come down thickly, and the wind was sighing so mournfully through the bare branches, that it seemed as if all external things were conspiring to damp our courage. The windows of the carriage, too, were so darkened by blinds, which we could not move, that we could see nothing of the road we travelled; we knew only that we were leaving the city.

"In silent suspense we rolled on for some time, until Valentine sounded her watch, and told me that it was half-past ten, as calmly as if she were seated by the fire in the Rue St. Dominique.

"Still we went on, and my suspense was beginning to fret itself into impatience, when the coachman pulled up, and we heard the clanking of a bell echoing loudly in the silence of the night, and the desolate emptiness of a large court-yard. Presently, a heavy gate rolled back on its grating hinges, and we found ourselves in front of a spacious building, silent and dark as a tomb. There were towers on the four angles; one of larger size in the centre, and a vast number of windows not one of which was lighted. A man in a mask and a grotesque costume, with a torch in his hand, received us at the foot of the staircase, and said in a very solemn but respectful tone,

"These ladies are requested to refrain from speaking until they are in presence of the master; one word uttered before they have seen him may be dangerous. If they will kindly take the trouble to follow me, I will guide them."

"We then began to ascend a narrow, winding staircase, where a rope attached to the wall at intervals by rings, served as a balustrade. It was a strange and wild looking procession. The man in the mask led the way apathetically, as if accustomed to such scenes. Next to him the graceful and slender figure of Madame de Solmene, with a little black hat and crimson feathers, drawing her violet velvet robe close round her to save it from contact with the rough wall. I followed her, dressed in a cherry-coloured hat and robe of grey damask silk, looking very fearless but dreadfully frightened. The rear was brought up by our faithful Beauville, with his loaded pistols in his hands, and looking the picture of most unmitigated amazement. Having ascended the stairs, we found ourselves in a long gallery, at the further end of which was another staircase, which we began to descend, so far that it seemed to lead us deep into the earth. A small door at length stayed our progress. Our guide knocked three times, and, when the door opened of itself, led us into a room which I scarcely venture to describe. It was about twenty feet square, with a ceiling so high that in the partial and dusky light of the torch it was invisible. Down through the centre hung a massive iron chain, to the end of which were attached two arm-chairs, where our guide requested us to be seated. We looked at each other, and hesitated, until my companion, suddenly and with an air of the most careless gaiety, took possession of one. Our guide bound us firmly in our seats, and sounded a silver whistle, and we were strongly and steadily drawn up. Seeing that Beauvielle was left below, apparently forgotten, I was going to speak, when Valentine placed her hand upon my lips, and showed me the pistols which she had placed behind her in the chair. We were then some twelve or fifteen feet from the ground, and the noise of wheels and pulleys was so frightful that you may well imagine the satisfaction of landing in safety, and being transferred to a second guide much more courteous than the first. With him we passed through several doors, at each of which my sister exchanged with him a most ceremonious salutation. When I asked her afterwards why she exhibited such courtesy, she said it was because one does not know in the infernal regions whom one may meet. A few minutes more and we stood in front of a door sealed with three large medallions of black wax, which flew

open and admitted us into a large apartment divided across by a black curtain. One half was in deep darkness, but we could perceive that the other was brilliantly lighted; and here we were left by ourselves, attended only by Beauville, who had been brought up after us. The doors were closed, and one might have heard the beatings of our hearts almost, when suddenly a voice which we recognised as Cagliostro's, pronounced these words, to all appearance close beside us, though no speaker was visible:

"When the first stroke of midnight sounds you will be in presence of the lady whom you wished to see. Until the last stroke has sounded you are not permitted to address her with any question. Then she shall be at your service for one hour. Be careful not to overstep the circle drawn round you on the floor, else I cannot answer for the consequences.' There was silence again; amid the stillness, and darkness, and all the dreadful preliminaries, I was painfully agitated. At the first stroke of the clock the curtain rose, and we found ourselves separated by a low partition from the upper part of the capacious chamber. Right in front, on an oak panel, stood the portrait of our grandmother, not only illumined itself, but casting a brilliant light across the room, in which there were no lamps or candles of any sort. The portrait was certainly hers. There was the marchioness herself in her robe of black velvet, her guimp gorget, her close-banded hair, her book in her hand, and that pensive and austere expression of eye with which we were so familiar. At the second stroke of the clock the figure stood erect; and, to our intense astonishment, came forth from the frame and glided forward, moving neither foot nor eye, to the partition. I confess I fancied myself in a dream, and my heart beat quick, until, at the twelfth stroke, Cagliostro's voice informed us that we might speak. I was unable to utter a word; but Valentine, pale as a ghost, raised a scent-bottle to her nose, and said in a low, tremulous voice:

"Will you condescend to pardon us, madame, in consideration of our motives; you, who know all things now, know the innocence of our thoughts?"

"Yes, my child," said the spectre, in a voice unlike any sound of earth. "I know what you are, but I know not yet why you summons me hither."

"My sister will state our wishes," answered Valentine. "It is her choice that has selected you from all our house."

"My request," said I, as she fixed her eyes on mine, "is to decipher the inscription on your book."

"This was the only answer I could invent in the agitation of the moment, and I accompanied it with a genuflexion down to the very floor. I must, indeed, have looked singularly ridiculous just then; for Valentine, as she confessed to me afterwards, could scarcely refrain, in spite of her terror, from laughing in my face. The spectre, however, turned the book toward me, and I could read distinctly on an otherwise blank page, the English words, "*never, or for ever*;" but, this only aggravated our curiosity. Valentine ventured to ask for the history, of which the words appeared to be the mysterious memento.

"I am compelled to obey you, were it even against my will, my dear children," replied the portrait. "For an hour you can command me. The spells of the powerful sorcerer who has led you hither, leave me no choice to refuse you. There is nothing in my history to call up a blush, even if the emotion could still evoke it; and, as to remorse, recollections are all that belong to the dead. Here, then, is the history for which you ask me. You wish to hear of the passions, and sorrows, and joys of a heart that ceased to beat a century ago. It is quite possible that you may not understand me, so far are we from each other; for my youth was not passed like yours, in a brilliant and well-ordered court. I never knew the tranquil and softly-fleeting days that glide away over your enjoyments. I lived among men of iron, among women whom the accident of sex alone prevented from bearing corslet and sword. In short, I lived in the days of the

Fronde. I was married when very young, and we had not been long united when my husband fell in a duel by the hand of a notorious fire-eater, and I was left a widow with an infant son, who transmitted the name which you bear. He was my only consolation, and I lived in retirement from all the rivalries of society devoting all my cares to him, and looking forward to the day when he should avenge his father. About that time my illustrious mistress, Anne of Austria, near whom I did not then occupy the position which I afterwards held, condescended to admit me to confidential intimacy, which provoked the jealousy, and, consequently, the hatred of many around me; of two, especially, who never forgave the offence of being so distinguished. These were, the cardinal—because I loved the Queen too sincerely; and Madame Chevreuse—because her Majesty returned my affection. These two persons exerted all their ingenuity to estrange us; but she knew my devotion, and they were unheeded.

“During this position of affairs, there came an embassy from England, to negotiate the marriage of Henrietta, daughter of the late King Henry, with the unfortunate Charles I. You may be aware that the Duke of Buckingham was the principal agent, and that the Queen was accused—most unjustly—of having been captivated by him to some extent; and, after all, unhappy as she was, pursued by calumnies, victimized by the hatred of the cardinal, and looking round her in vain for one warm and sympathising heart, it would not have been strange or unreasonable if she had found some pleasure in his society. Of the famous interview in the garden, at Amiens, I was a witness. I saw only that she shed tears, and may Heaven spare you the sight of a queen weeping.

“Among the gentlemen who accompanied George Villiers, was one whose manners and appearance attracted universal admiration. This was Lord Charles Monteith, who was Buckingham’s especial favourite, and enjoyed his confidence so unreservedly that he was entrusted with his sacred messages to the Queen and the Princess Henrietta. One day, while the Court was at St. Germain, and was making an excursion on horseback in the forest, dressed in that imposing equestrian costume, which was just then introduced by the English, and universally adopted, the heat of the morning obliged us to take shelter under a bower, where a collation awaited us. The Queen having requested me to cut an orange, I unfortunately drew the knife across my finger, letting the blood flow upon the orange and upon my dress. The company immediately pressed around me, and the Queen herself kindly bound up the wound with her own handkerchief; but, when I raised my eyes, I was startled to see Lord Monteith standing beside me with an expression of the most intense anxiety, and that fixed and haunting look which revealed to me at the same time his feelings and my own. When we resumed our saddles I found him still near me, where he remained all that day, devoting to me all those attentions which are dictated by an appeal so unmistakeably to the heart, though we spoke but little to each other during the time. In the evening there was some dancing, in which I took no part—for I had not danced since I became a widow, but sat apart listening to my own thoughts, and following with my eyes one whom I already loved as I had never loved any till then. At length I arose and approached a window, where the cool, perfume-loaded breeze, the moon mirrored in the Seine, and the soft strains of distant music—all spoke to the imagination. As I leaned forward on the balustrade I could not repress my tears, and yet I was happy at that moment—happy in the emotion awakened by the first consciousness of a first love—that feeling, fresh from heaven, which haunts all the after life like a dream, and comes but once, and for ever. I knew that he was near me then, though I could not look round—I felt that he was there.

“‘Madame,’ said he, while I trembled and started at the words, ‘I have a favour to ask—will you permit me to keep the fruit which caused me so much alarm this morning? The blood which consecrates it makes it more precious to me than the apples of the Hesperides.’

"I made no answer—I could not speak.

"You are silent," he continued; "have I offended you? Forgive me! The fault is mine. Why are you so beautiful and so dangerous?"

"I scarcely understand you, my lord," I said. "I feel no resentment toward you. Our paths lie different ways. You are soon to return to the English Court, whose beauty is the theme of poets. You must soon forget St. Germain, and it signifies little how you may be remembered there."

"I perceive, madam," he answered, "that I have displeased you, for you doubt my sincerity. I leave you until you condescend to recall me."

"Lovers in these days are less timid and respectful. They say nothing of golden apples, or the dangerous power of beauty; but then, they are also less faithful and tender than ours were. In that fashion we passed about a month, which was spent in festivals and amusements of all sorts. We exchanged some words, some looks, and that was all. One morning, the Queen, at whose toilette I happened to be in attendance, asked me maliciously, why it was that Lord Monteith had given up dancing, and wore an orange doublet trimmed with blood-colour, so contrary to his usual good taste?"

"I blushed very deeply, I believe, as I answered that I knew nothing about it.

"But I know," she replied. "It is because he means to take a Lady Monteith with him to the Court of London; and because my sister Henrietta will be glad to have a travelling companion. What do you think of it, Claire?"

"Your majesty," I answered, "is very gracious to ask my opinion—I have no other than the Queen's."

"I am most happy," she said, "and I hope the king will approve it as I do."

"From that day forth I thought only of my marriage, which I looked upon as certain; since the Queen wished it, Lord Monteith longed for it impatiently, and I made no objection to it. Alas! how soon clouds darken the sunshine! The Queen continued to speak to me of the expected event during a week, and after that became cold and constrained, and seemed to have altogether forgotten the negotiation she had undertaken. What amazed me still more was the change in Lord Monteith. Instead of seeking my society as at first, and exerting himself to please me, he appeared to wish to avoid me. In company, and on promenades, I found myself alone, and, of course, forsaken by all, as I had lost favour with Royalty. One person alone remained faithful to me, the Count de Tauny, the Equerry of Prince Gaston, the king's brother. His manner was unchanged. Still more, he besieged me with the most flattering attentions. Previously, indeed, I used to receive him rather coldly, but his generosity and courage on this occasion conciliated me, and I permitted him to speak without seeming offended. Lord Monteith now flashed furious glances of indignation upon me, and vindicated his taste by abandoning the orange doublet. It was only when I first saw him dressed in blue, that I felt how miserable it was in his power to make me. I could conjecture no plausible reason for his inconstancy. My conscience was clear, and I would have died rather than ask an explanation.

"One Sunday, after the mass, when the gentlemen were lounging on the terrace, and we were sitting with the Queen, inside the open windows, we suddenly heard voices raised as if in anger, and the tumult soon grew so loud that the guards stood to their arms.

"What is that?" said her majesty, turning to Madame de Chevreuse.

"Nothing very serious, madame," was the reply; "only Lord Monteith does not approve of the Count de Tauny's choice of colours."

"Nothing to justify such an uproar, I should think," said the Queen.

"These gentlemen seem to forget where they are."

"The peculiar expression with which Madame de Chevreuse fixed her eyes upon me during that dialogue, made me nervously anxious to learn more of the quarrel; and my astonishment was bewildering when I saw the Count shortly

after wearing an orange scarf, with fringes of blood-colour. The Queen and the Duchess exchanged a look which explained all. I knew then what I was accused of, and saw that a diabolical snare had been laid for me. The contemptuous indifference of Lord Monteith, and the ostentation with which he wore his sea-green scarf, were all explained. He was led to believe me inconstant, and had ceased to love me. The Duchess saw and enjoyed my ill-suppressed agitation, and proceeded mercilessly to compliment him on the taste of his selection of ribands and other decorations, asking me at last if I understood the motto of his coat of arms.

"I answered with a careless negative, disguising the wound she had inflicted.

"Well then," she continued, 'it signifies *'never, or, for ever,'* and I believe it is the watch-word of his heart also.'

"His heart!—mine was full almost to suffocation; and yet, I must appear calm and indifferent. You know what torture that is! It was only when I was alone that tears came to my relief. I could neither forgive him for having judged me so lightly, nor myself for loving him still. All that night I spent in bitter tears; and on the following evening a book was brought to me, bound in black morocco, and bearing on the cover the inscription, *'never, or, for ever.'* When I opened it, a letter fell from between the leaves, containing these words—'I loved you, madame, and trusted in your affection. That illusion you have yourself dissipated, and compelled me to renounce the happiness it seemed to promise. I could not, however, permit an insolent rival to wear in my presence the colours which I was once so proud of assuming. I have defied him to single combat, and, be the result what it may, you shall never see me more. I shall release you from the inconvenience of my presence either by my death or my departure. Farewell, madame! I regret my wasted love, and trust in God and my own pride to heal my wounded heart.' After reading that letter I could control myself no longer. I hastened to the Queen, and threw myself at her feet, entreating her to prevent the duel, and to give me back my lover. Raising me affectionately, she requested me to confess all that I knew of the affair, and agreeably astonished to find that I was innocent, confessed that I had been calumniated, and that she too, persuaded by my inconstancy, had helped to deceive Lord Monteith. 'I will have him summoned immediately,' she continued; 'fear nothing—I will set all right. My assurances will satisfy him, and your tears are sufficient proof that you love the truant.' She immediately sent a captain of the guards to look for Lord Monteith, but he was nowhere to be found. Since an early hour in the morning he had not been seen. The duel had taken place at a distance of some ten leagues. The Count de Tauny was dangerously wounded, and Lord Monteith went on to London in such haste that a messenger failed to overtake him before he embarked. Unfortunately, the Queen was just then the object of so much suspicion respecting the English, that she feared to take any further steps that might compromise herself, or even to offer any explanation to the Duke of Buckingham. It was only in their last formal interview that she had an opportunity of telling him how I had been wronged by my enemies, and he then promised to send me back Lord Monteith, submissive and penitent. The ambassador was too late; for Lord Monteith, in his impatience to place a gulf between us for ever, had, in the meantime, married one of his cousins. Hearing this intelligence, I made a vow never to listen to another lover, and to be faithful to the memory of my only love. He, too, driven to despair by the discovery of his mistake, entreated me to see him once again. My refusal cost me much suffering, but heaven gave me strength to bear it.'

"Just then the clock struck one; we felt ourselves forcibly driven back. The light was suddenly extinguished, and we saw only the circle within which we stood glimmering with a line of dull fire through the darkness. We were

really frightened; my companion pressed close to me; we dared not even speak to each other; nor, in any case, had we time, for at that moment the voice of the invisible Cagliostro fell upon our ears, and said, 'The hour is past! Now you may go and sup with your great-grandmother, according to your request; but, once again, do not overstep the limits I have marked for you, or you are lost.'

"Then there was a minute of horrible suspense, during which we neither saw nor heard anything; and, suddenly, just where we had seen the portrait in front of us—as if the wall had parted asunder of itself—we perceived a doorway opening into a large apartment blazing with tapers, gilding, flowers, and jewels, and containing the materials of the most piquant supper you can imagine. Around the table were standing twelve persons in masks. The spectre's face alone was visible, and she sat at the upper end between two vacant chairs. As she arose and came towards us, the partition opened without any visible agency; but we were spell-bound by terror to the spot, until the magician said, in a low, deep voice, 'Go on—you are free!'

"We advanced into the supper-room, unable to conjecture in what company we were, and I scarcely ventured to raise my eyes lest they should encounter some horrible forms, until I reached Valentine, laughing irrepressibly, and the general peal of merriment that followed hers.

"It is exquisite," she exclaimed. "I shall never forget this during my life; your acting is perfect, my dear Aunt, in these old portraits."

"I then looked toward the venerable apparition, and through the most artistic disguises of costume and paint, recognised Madame de Vilbelle. The rest of the company then removed their masks, and we found ourselves surrounded by friendly and familiar faces, who had all been delighted witnesses of our mystification. I felt somewhat ashamed, and a little sulky, too, for having contributed to their amusement. Cagliostro himself seemed still more humiliated, fearing that his supernatural power might be questioned, in case the adventure should become public.

"How did you contrive, my dear Aunt," said Valentine, 'to assume so perfectly the air, and tone, and appearance of our great-grandmother?'

"For that, my dear," she replied, 'I am indebted to the instructions of the worthy sorcerer, who intended to bring you really and actually into your grandmother's presence; and consented, at my earnest request, to limit himself to the resources of the living world. We had several rehearsals. The Count de Mans lent us this old mansion, which M. Cagliostro transformed as he pleased; and then painted and dressed me in character, reminding me that in personating a portrait I must look only straightforward.'

"Madame de Vilbelle has told you the truth," said the magician; 'but for her I would have really introduced you to your great-grandmother; and, if you still desire it, I shall be happy at any time to receive your commands.'

"Thanks," I replied. "I am satisfied without further proof; but, as to the narrative and the motto?"

"They are both true," he answered, seriously. "Though you have not spoken to the original of the portrait, I have been more fortunate. I have heard from her all that the Countess repeated to you."

"A long conversation—as you may well suppose—ensued on subjects relating to the supernatural. Some were credulous; some sceptical; and Cagliostro, with his customary air of grave solemnity, seemed confidently indifferent to the opinions of others respecting his pretensions. At length serious emotions gave place gradually to those of a gayer cast, and we returned to Paris as day began to dawn."

THE MOORLAND FLOWER.

BY EDWIN WAUGH.

BENEATH a crag, whose forehead rude
O'erfrowns the mountain side,—
Stern monarch of the solitude,
Dark-heaving, wild and wide,—
A floweret of the moorland hill
Peeped out unto the sky,
In a mossy nook, where a limped rill
Came tinkling blithely by.

Like a star-seed, from the night-skies flung,
Upon the mountain lone,
Into a gleaming floweret sprung,—
Amid the wild it shone ;
And bush and briar, and rock and rill,
And every wandering wind,
In interchange of sweet good-will
And mutual love did bind.

In the glowing grey, at the close of day,
Beneath the deepening blue,
It lifted up its little cup
To catch the evening dew.
The rippling fall, the moorfowl's call,
The wandering night-wind's moan ;
It heard, it felt, it loved them all,
That floweret sweet and lone.

The green fern wove a screening grove
From noontide's fervid ray ;
The pearly mist of the brooklet kist
Its leaves with cooling spray ;
And, when dark tempests swept the waste,
And north winds whistled wild,
The brave old rock kept off the shock,
As a mother shields her child.

And when it died the south wind sighed,
The drooping fern looked dim ;
The old crag moaned, the lone ash groaned,
The wild heath sung a hymn ;
The leaves crept near, though fallen and sere,
Like old friends mustering round,
And the dew-drop fell from the heather-bell
Upon its burial ground.

For it had bloomed content to bless
Each thing that round it grew ;
And on its native wilderness
Its store of sweetness strew ;
Fair link in Nature's chain of love,
To noisy fame unknown—
There is a register above,
E'en when a flower is gone.

So lovingly embrace thy lot,
 Though lowly it may be,
 And beautify the little spot
 Where God hath planted thee:
 To win the World's approving eyes
 Make thou no foolish haste,—
 Heaven loves the heart that lives and dies
 To bless its neighbouring waste.

The Oxford Sausage : a Tale of a Coincidence.

BY JOHN GRIMER.

[The compiler of the subjoined narrative deems it a duty on his part to the public to premise that Fiction enters *not* into its composition—the Facts, without embellishment or exaggeration, are given precisely as they occurred. The CAMBRIDGE TART was published as a companion to the OXFORD SAUSAGE. The first edition numbered (if I be correct in my recollection) five hundred copies. It went off rapidly; and a second, of one thousand, immediately planned by the sanguine and delighted aspirant. But, as will be seen, a notice of it in an organ, always very influential in the field of criticism, followed close: it was unfavourable, and the speculation was abandoned.]

I FRET at coincidences, and hold them as perfectly unaccountable things—remarkable psychological facts, indeed. I never could understand or account for them in any way, and have invariably failed in building up any theory or even hypothesis that might afford a faint chance for their elucidation. I feel nettled at their occurrence; they impertinently happen when least expected, when no preparation has been made for their mental reception: they seem to set forth thought at defiance—to confound ideas of time, place, and circumstances—to convey a censure upon our wisest plans, and altogether to laugh us to scorn. There appears something mysterious connected with them, bordering on the superstitious. *Not* being able to account for them, I feel somehow lessened in my own estimation, and impatient when they take place—as a sort of reproach upon my understanding. All this may seem very puerile, but so it is. Astronomers calculate the advent of eclipses with the greatest nicety, and have made some respectable “hits” and shrewd “guesses” touching comets; but for coincidences—good luck! poor mortals that we are—sagacity is here at fault, and we must, and do, succumb.

Coincidences are often spoken of by the terms, “singular,” “remarkable;” but, I fancy, are more commonly alliteratively described as *curious*. The writers of the “unreal” are partial to the word “fortunate,” as applied to them. Be these things as they may, they are my version; but perhaps I should be somewhat puzzled to say *why* I so much dislike them, or suffer my philosophic temperament to be in the slightest degree disturbed on this point, seeing that I really cannot call to mind a single instance in which a coincidence has ever interfered with my worldly prosperity, or in any shape interrupted my happiness. Possibly, in *my* case, the feeling may arise from (for I profess myself a candid, very candid man) nervousness, or a weakish mind, and though one is not over ready to admit of the latter solution, the reader will be kind enough to observe that I use the word *possibly*. It must be my inability to account for them, that inflicts (here I justify my claim to the appellation “candid”) a wound upon my pride of intellect. Yet, though I have met with several in the course of my life, none of them at all important, or calculated to shake any of my

stern resolves, or turn me from the path of duty,—yet (here candour again steps in, and eventuates in the humiliating admission), that they frequently used to give me a dreadful fit of the fidgets, sometimes terminating in undignified gloom and distressing dyspepsia, is a great fact.

Byron never enacted a sounder remark than that regarding “truth and fiction.” Now, I disclaim fiction, it would be too much trouble. In such an attempt I should quickly mystify my readers, and next myself. Coincidences are not necessarily disagreeable. One instance was productive indeed to me of unalloyed pleasure. As the circumstance has always tenaciously held its place as a reminiscence; and, having disclaimed fiction, I at once proceed, in the language of unadorned truth, to deliver the tale.

It will be found to be no very mighty affair; but the incident may be fairly considered as a *curious* one, to say the least of it. It is now some thirty-nine years since, that I was domiciled in the “Wen,” as Cobbett savagely designated it, and had, like most other men, friends and acquaintances of similar age and standing. Amongst the former, was one who had come to London to try conclusions with his pen. He was at the time a student of St. John’s College, Cambridge; of rather humble but respectable extraction, very poor, inexperienced in the mart and uncertain pursuits of literature, but very sanguine and persevering.

Having then, as now, that common disease the *cacoethes scribendi* pretty, strong upon me, I naturally sympathised with him; and being tolerably well-to-do in worldly goods, felt quite inclined (may I never lose the inclination to succour my fellow-man) to aid and assist him to the utmost. We turned over many plans, rejected almost as soon as formed. What aerial castles did we not erect? How many anxious consultations we held; what hopes and fears were present by turns; yet in spite of repeated disappointments, we bore bravely up, and quailed not. That we might the better advance our projects, I took him to reside with me as my guest; and, as he possessed several, in *his* eyes, valuable manuscripts, he from day to day tried their force upon this or that book publisher. But no,—constantly dismissed with the customary regret at not being able to entertain his proposals, or adventure with him—they were full—there was little demand for works of such description—nevertheless wished him every success, &c., &c.

I fear there was something of the “sardonic” in the smile with which I used to listen to his grievances; and, as we are all of us but too apt to believe what we wish, I might have been hopeful to an extent, I admit; but my friend was *immensely* credulous, and the simplicity with which, after all his unsuccessful exertions, he would describe to me the *certainty* of ultimate profit and renown, was marvellous. But I lent an attentive ear, notwithstanding, for I could not, for the life of me, say or do anything that might tend to crush his hopes, or cast a damper on his expectations. So, on he would go, narrating, most unsuspectingly, the courtesy of the “head” of one great establishment in Pater-noster-row, or the bland inquiries of a magnate in Burlington-street or elsewhere, as to his prospects, his possession of any already-made reputation, or what influence he had in aristocratic circles.

The man seemed not to have the most distant idea that these gentle refusals might have their origin in the circumstance, fatal in most instances to the investing their capital in such speculations, that, as an author, he was untried, and, more fatal still, *unknown* to general fame. He evidently had something of poor “Goldy” in his composition; for, one day, after a longer absence than common, he rushed into our pleasant apartment, clearly under some excitement of a pleasing kind, and began his outpourings to the effect that he, in some tavern-parlour, had luckily stumbled upon an old magazine; that he had at last discovered a method of raising the wind effectually, and kept on joyously exclaim-

ing, "Yes, 'twill *do*, it *must* do, 'twill *take*. I'm sure of it, it *must* take, &c." I stared; but patiently awaited an explanation, which he proceeded to give in the following shape: that in the said ancient magazine he had seen an announcement of the publication, reputation, and extensive patronage accorded to a little work with the very quaint and singular appellation of the *Oxford Sausage*.^{*} "Well, and what then, my boy?" I replied. His rejoinder was, "Why, my good fellow, you must be blind; don't you see?" Having confessed to a certain amount of obtuseness on the point, I quietly requested to be enlightened—to be informed by what chain of reasoning and what process of ratiocination, he anticipated such vast benefits, or any, arising from such a source. "Sir," he exclaimed, "cause and effect—OXFORD is OXFORD, but (here he reined up) CAMBRIDGE also is CAMBRIDGE! Who has the presumption to award the palm? though I have *my* opinion. Now," (a favourite word with him) he went on, getting grandiloquent, "Oxford has its SAUSAGE, and why not Cambridge its TART? Sir, I will immortalize *my* ALMA MATER, for Cambridge shall have its TART, prepared even though by *my* hands!" The chap infected me to a certain degree with his enthusiasm, and we forthwith took long, sage, and sweet counsel together. I suggested the propriety, and indeed downright necessity, of procuring a copy of this said *Oxford Sausage*, with a view to discover from its style, arrangement, and the subject matter altogether, the nature of the work. This he cordially agreed to, and then burst out with, taking me firmly by the hand "My dear and best friend, fancy the *Cambridge Tart* by the side of the *Oxford Sausage*! *Delicia Ambæ*! myself at the pinnacle of literary—" Here I stopped him, and, begging him to cease his raptures, exhorted him to action. Where to procure the book was the next question, and, fortified by an extra glass to our success, we started that very afternoon, and carefully scrutinized the contents of a certain number of book-stalls, without avail. Nothing daunted, we resumed our investigations on the following morning, going forth early, and to the same literary founts. Not the humblest stall of the modern "Lackingtons" throughout the vast city did we omit diligently to explore. We tried very many of the second-hand booksellers in vain. Fortune had taken the field against us for the present, and our patience and our boots were fast wearing away. Our peregrinations had now consumed a week, and on a Saturday evening we were sitting at home in a lugubrious state of spirits; my companion's visage long, dismal, and portentous to an alarming extent, when I shortened it considerably by the sudden announcement that I had *not* lost all hope of succeeding in our search—that there was *one* mine unexplored—a large, very old-established, likely, second-hand bookshop at the west end of the town, that I was of old, acquainted with a son of the proprietor—that the article would be found *there*, if anywhere; and I actually felt a kind of presentiment that (*pssha!* presentiments? I refuse to enter upon them, for *that* way a fit of fidgets *also* lies) we should *there* at length clutch the prize. I further announced that I was always made most welcome at their table, and my intention of dining there the next day, and of fully exploring every shelf, nook, and cranny of the house, for the wished-for copy. All of which ideas my listener much approved; and accordingly I made my appearance at the hospitable abode, abutting upon Wigmore-street, an hour before the prandial meal, paying my first "respects" to the tall, bony, stalwart senior. Methinks I now see him sitting in the capacious apartment (the shop, indeed,) below; his speech curt, abrupt, and authoritative in manner, and his venerable head ensconced in a black velvet cap. Fool! fool that I was! not to have logged his anecdotes (he was rather partial to, and chatty with me); for when "assistant," then called "journeyman," to Dodsley, the celebrated bookseller of that period, he had frequently in bodily person beheld the redoubtable Dr.

^{*} I am by no means certain, but imagine it to have been published some time in the latter half of the Eighteenth Century.



Samuel Taylor Settle
P. Prov. G. M.

THE
ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1862.

Samuel Taylor Settle, P. Prov. G.W.

MR. SAMUEL TAYLOR SETTLE, whose portrait accompanies the present number of the Magazine, was born at Turton, near Bolton, Lancashire; on the 13th of July, 1811. At an early age he was employed in a cotton mill, and continued engaged in various departments in connection with the staple manufacture of his native county till 1855, when, under the auspices of his cousin, John Orrell Lever, Esq., M.P., he undertook the management of the "Howard Arms Hotel," built for the accommodation of invalids and other visitors to the celebrated alkaline and chalybeate waters at "Whittle Springs," near Chorley, Lancashire.

Mr. Settle's lengthy career as an Odd-Fellow has been marked by unceasing devotion to its best interests. He was initiated a member of the Order, in the "Welcome Traveller" Lodge, of the Bolton District, on the 9th of March, 1833. He almost immediately commenced his career of active usefulness. He served several inferior offices, and afterwards filled to the satisfaction of his Lodge the offices of V.G. and N.G. On his receiving the purple degree in 1836, the members expressed their appreciation of his services by the presentation of a handsome silver medal, suitably inscribed. At a subsequent period, he again satisfactorily performed the duties of the superior offices of the "Welcome Traveller" Lodge. In 1843, a new Lodge was opened, chiefly through Mr. Settle's instrumentality. He was one of its first officers, and, for a lengthened period, he took a very lively interest in its welfare. This Lodge, in compliment to its founder, was named the "Settle's Pride," and is at present in a very prosperous condition. Mr Settle's activity and zeal in the cause of Odd-Fellowship caused him willingly to render assistance to his brethren in other sections of the then extensive Bolton District. He has served the office of N.G. in various

Lodges, no fewer than six different times. Scarcely any better proof of his hearty approval of the great principles of our Society could possibly be given.

His zeal in the cause of Odd-Fellowship soon found a larger area for its exhibition. In 1838, he was elected Corresponding Secretary of the Bolton District, and, in the following year, the Prov. Grand Master. He did good service to the cause of progress during this period of his labours, and especially in discountenancing the partial division of Lodge funds, a practice then not uncommon in seasons of commercial depression, when the benevolent, sick, and funeral funds formed one common stock. During the troubled times which succeeded the passing of the celebrated financial resolutions at Glasgow, Mr. Settle again cheerfully accepted the office of Corresponding Secretary of the District, and in December, 1846, he was re-elected Provincial Grand Master. His conciliatory manners and firm adherence to the law and the cause of progress, won him many friends during this trying period. Mr. Settle had been early impressed with the necessity for financial improvement in many of the Lodges in his neighbourhood, and, as early as 1843, when the "Settle's Pride" Lodge was opened, he persuaded the members to commence with a higher rate of contributions than was at that time customary. In consequence of this enlightened policy, Mr. Settle has lived to see many then supposed wealthy branches decay, while a recent valuation of the assets and liabilities of the Lodge which was nursed in its infancy by his fostering hand, as calculated by the C.S. of the Order, shows that a very trifling additional annual contribution would enable the Society to safely promise to its members an annuity of about three shillings per week for life to all who survived the age of sixty-five.

Until within the last few years, during which his business necessities have curtailed his active labours, but not lessened his affection for the good old cause, Mr. Settle was a well known and respected deputy to the Annual Moveable Committees of the Order. When deputies were appointed by lodges, he represented the "Welcome Traveller," at North London, in 1837. He afterwards represented the Bolton District at Birmingham, the Isle of Man, Wigan, Glasgow, Bristol, Southampton, Blackburn, Halifax, Dublin, Carlisle, Preston, and London. He received an appointment for Durham in 1855, but his acceptance of the management of the extensive establishment at Whittle Springs prevented his attendance. Mr. Settle was elected on four different occasions one of the Directors of the Unity, viz., at Blackburn (1849), at Dublin (1851), Carlisle (1852), and Preston (1853). He likewise represented the Bolton District at the celebrated "Cern-Bexchange" special meeting at Manchester, in 1848. In common with many other of the best friends of the Institution, Mr. Settle, at that time, entertained the greatest possible faith in the professions and general integrity of the late C.S., and accordingly he supported his cause with his habitual zeal. After listening to the proceedings of the Southampton A.M.C. however, and carefully weighing the additional evidence from time to time produced, Mr. Settle arrived at the conclusion now universally endorsed, that the confidence of a large section of the Unity in the then C.S. had been misplaced. In the frankest possible manner Mr. Settle acknowledged the change which his opinion had undergone, and laboured as zealously in the cause of the executive as he

had previously done for its opponent. His straightforward, manly conduct on this occasion, gained him many friends amongst those to whom he had previously been conscientiously opposed.

Mr. Settle was one of the Founders of the Widow and Orphans' Fund, of the Bolton District, and one of its earliest Presidents. He has on several occasions acted as trustee, both for Lodge and District. He has ever been a warm supporter of all propositions which he believed were calculated to promote the progressive improvement of the Society. He was especially active in inducing the various Lodges in his neighbourhood to enrol themselves under the act passed in consequence of the efforts of the Manchester Unity Directors, and others, in 1850, and so secure their legal standing in the courts of the National Executive Government, and their thorough respectability in the estimation of the country at large.

On leaving Bolton for Whittle Springs, the Members of his District determined to exhibit their appreciation of his services and their personal regard for him as an honourable man and a true Odd-Fellow, by a public demonstration. In this they were heartily supported by the neighbouring district of Chorley. An excursion to the beautiful grounds at Whittle Springs was determined upon. About one thousand friends from Bolton availed themselves of the liberal arrangements entered into by the railway company for the occasion. Nearly four hundred of the Chorley brethren and friends met them at the station, and joined in the procession to Mr. Settle's residence. It was computed that about four thousand persons were present in the gardens on the occasion. A public meeting was held in a spacious tent erected for the purpose. The chair was occupied by the then Grand Master of the Order, Mr. Councillor Jno. Schofield, of Bradford, and the meeting was addressed at length by Mr. W. Aitken, of Ashton-under-Lyne, Mr. Charles Hardwick, of Preston and others. Mr. Nicholls, the Grand Master of the Bolton District, occupied the vice-chair. In the name of the Members whom he represented, he presented to Mr. Settle a handsome gold watch and chain of the value of twenty-two guineas, suitably inscribed, together with an address beautifully engrossed, conveying the thanks of his brethren for his valuable services during twenty years, their regret on his leaving the District, and their best wishes for his future prosperity. Mr. J. C. Prince, the Lancashire poet, was expected to attend and deliver an original poetic address. Circumstances prevented his attendance, but the poet subsequently enclosed an ode to the beautiful locality and its medicinal springs, in a metrical apology to Mr. Settle, for his unavoidable absence.

Mr. Settle was elected about two years ago a member of the Board of Guardians for the Chorley Union, which office he at present holds. On two occasions he has exhibited his philanthropic disposition and sympathy with the poor, by gratuitously treating the inmates of each of the work-houses of the union to a substantial repast. He was married in October, 1856, to the widow of Mr. Michael Ross, a Member of the Bolton District of the Manchester Unity. At the present time he has two children. Mr. Settle is likewise a Freemason, and a past officer of the ancient order of Druids. By the latter body, on the completion of his period of office, he was presented with an emblem of the Order, as a mark of the respect in which he was held by his brethren. Mr. Settle is thoroughly a self-made man. He has acquired the respect, confidence,

and esteem o his brethren and friends, not by the exhibition of great oratorical power, but by patient labour, hearty love for the cause of Odd-Fellowship, and general integrity of purpose. The almost unanimous vote by which the proposition for the insertion of his portrait and memoir in the MAGAZINE was carried at the Bolton Annual Meeting, must have convinced him that he still retains the regard and best wishes of his old colleagues and fellow labourers.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

BLEST morn ! by the Redeemer made the holiest of the year,
 In the encircling silence now I feel thy drawing near ;
 The very frost-wind, stealing past, upon my forehead flings
 A freshness wafted by the stir of thy advancing wings ;
 In clustering constellations, too, the star-troops seem to burn
 With all their best emblazonry, to welcome thy return.
 Hail to thy coming once again, thou spiritual time,
 Morn of a mighty mystery, soul-saving and sublime !

Rejoice, my spirit, hopefully ; yon temple's holy tower
 Gives to the far-pervading night the consecrated hour,
 And human voices, here and there, uplift with glad acclaim
 A sweet old song of homage to Jehovah's holy name,
 While fancy hears the angel hymn, and sees the star whose ray
 Shone on the lowly manger-roof where God incarnate lay.
 Hail to thy coming once again, thou praise-inspiring time,
 Morn of a mighty mystery, soul-saving and sublime !

Imagination hovers o'er thee, glorious Palestine !
 Proud birthplace of the Saviour, that prodigy divine,
 Thou saw'st His miracles of love, His excellence of life,
 And how He bore with Holy calm the malice and the strife
 Of cruel and calumnious power, of unbelieving pride,
 Though sold, scourged, menaced, and reviled, and by his own denied.
 Hail to thy coming once again, thou meditative time,
 Morn of a mighty mystery, soul-saving and sublime !

Land which beheld upon His brow the diadem of thorns,
 Planted by ruffian hands amid indignities and scorns,
 While some, more reckless than the rest, exulting in their deeds,
 Spat in that pale and patient face, distained with bloody beads,
 The while he uttered in his heart these words of sorrow true,
 " Father, forgive their ignorance, they know not what they do !"
 Hail to thy coming once again, thou sympathizing time,
 Morn of a mighty mystery, soul-saving and sublime !

Land which beheld, when Heaven had brimmed his earthly cup with woes,
His ordeal of sanguine sweat, His agonizing throes,
What time in lone Gethsemane's funereal depth of shade,
A more than human misery was on his spirit laid,
The while with pinched and parching lips he murmured, "From thy son
Oh! pass this draught of bitterness, but still Thy will be done."
Hail to thy coming once again, thou musing, mournful time,
Morn of a mighty mystery, soul-saving and sublime!

Land which beheld the final scene of man-redeeming love,
When the dear Jesus loosed his soul, to wing its way above,
While rude remorseless men looked on with wild and wolfish eyes,
Laughed at the spectacle, nor deemed how great the sacrifice,
Till earth put on a dreary robe of black, unnatural night,
Shook tower and temple on her breast, and smote them with affright.
Hail to thy coming once again, thou awe-creating time,
Morn of a mighty mystery, soul-saving and sublime!

Sweet to behold thy influence o'er all the Christian world,
To see the banner of good-will spontaneously unfurled,
To find our daily fears forgot, our enmities forgiven,
And hearts grow nearer each to each, and nearer unto Heaven;
To know that 'mid the multitudes one simultaneous tone
Of joyance and benevolence respondeth to our own.
Hail to thy coming once again, thou humanizing time,
Morn of a mighty mystery, soul-saving and sublime!

In crowded cities men forego their wretchedness and wrongs,
New pleasure lighteth up their eyes and leapeth from their tongues;
In palace and in cottage-homes one sentiment is rife,
On mountain slopes, in quiet glens, awakes more buoyant life,
In stern and lonely forest glooms, on wildering seas and wide,
Hand claspeth hand, soul clings to soul, and care is cast aside.
Hail to thy coming once again, thou elevating time,
Morn of a mighty mystery, soul-saving and sublime!

Blest season! when the friendly draught, in darkness prisoned long
Flows o'er the laughing lip, and wakes the slumbering voice of song,
When music stirs the holly-bough and thrills the languid breast,
And frankly from the glowing heart is flung the harmless jest,
When modest maidenhood grows gay, and childhood frolics wild,
And age remembers lovingly that Jesus was a child.
Hail to thy coming once again, thou free and festive time,
Morn of a mighty mystery, soul-saving and sublime!

Blest season! yet not blest to all, save in the holy sense
Of sweet salvation, and the power of high Omnipotence;
How many at this festal time confront the coming year
With desperate hearts, upbraiding eyes, and souls that know no cheer!
Oh! that the human family might each and all partake
One creed, one comfort, and one joy, blithe Christmas, for thy sake.
Hail to thy coming once again, thou hope-awakening time,
Morn of a mighty mystery, soul-saving and sublime!

Glimpses of Shropshire.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. WHITE.

BLESSED be the man who invented cheap trains; cheap holiday trains; cheap summer excursion trains; family tickets; tickets that ensure the holder three days at the seaside! but above all the tourist's ticket. May his shadow never grow less, but expand yearly in the reflected-sunshine of many a heart made happier by this agreeable, and to the speculators not unremunerative, arrangement; an arrangement which enables thousands, at a trifling cost, to refresh mind and body, and makes the hope and expectation of one part of the year the pleasing reminiscence of the rest. To the hard-worked magazinist, the struggling artist, the desk-weary clerk, what a boon are these same tickets; franking them, a hundred, ay, hundreds of miles away from the scene of daily labour, with a whole month's leave if it suits them.

The author of "Vanity Fair" (after Walter Savage Landor, by the way) has avowed that travelling is an extinct enjoyment in our times, and that being whirled along a railway is no substitute for it, nor any positive enjoyment, but is simply endured as a necessity. All I can say is, that there are exceptions to the rule, and that the present writer has felt a very sensible quickening of the pulse, and exhilaration of spirits, under such circumstances, and is prepared to say that there is real joy in the sense of rapid motion, which, though it spoils the intervening prospects, is the more quickly bringing us to "fresh fields, and pastures new," in which our journey is to end.

It is nearly twelve months since I last purchased such a ticket, and, as a preliminary measure to its full enjoyment, effected an insurance on the spot, which made my personal safety worth a thousand pounds to the L. N. W. Company. I regard such a provision as an ancient friend of mine does his umbrella, without which he never stirs from home, as a sort of *fetish* against the ills we relatively deprecate. No rain falls, and no accident occurs, when we are thus in some degree prepared for them.

I had started from home with the intention of going westward, but missed my train by a minute, and drove back to Euston-square resolved on running down to Bangor. Here, again, I was foiled; but there was a train for Shrewsbury which would start in a few minutes, and would set me free for a month amongst the Shropshire hills.

I had once passed through Shrewsbury as Master Falstaff, of immortal memory, had done before me, and I remembered the beauty of its walks by Severn side, the quaint old market-house, the timber-frame dwellings, and the old-world names of its streets: Wyle-cop, Dog-pole, Pride-hill, Mardol, Shop, Latch, and the Double Butcher's-row; and I resolved once more to revisit the town that had refused to be made a city, and see a little more of its surroundings.

If I remember aright, a sketch of Shrewsbury appeared in these pages some time since; so I will not linger over any description of the ancient "Island of Alders," where the old kings of Powis kept regal state in walled palaces, the grandeur of which was estimated by the number of posts in the hall; or descant on the flight of the Britons hither from Wroxeter, pursued by the sacrilegious Easterlings and their fierce leader, Flamddwyn, or the Flame-bearer, as Taliepin calls him.

To visit Wroxeter was one of my reasons for returning to Shrewsbury; and my hastily-arranged plan was to locate myself at Upton Magna, which had been described to me as within walking distance of the Roman ruins, Haughmond Abbey, Uffington, and other picturesque and pleasant places, and yet so near to the town, that a few minutes by rail would take me to it.

I had dim visions of a quaint bedroom, with hangings snowy white, and sheets

lavender scented, and a cozy cottage sitting-room, with an oaken settle by the fire (though it was early autumn), and a carved clock lazily ticking out the slumberous hours, while the "blue-fly buzzed in the window-pane" and the open door let in a crowd of flower scents from the surrounding garden; a gardener's garden; the very lodging, in fact, that my friend *Phume d'Argente* had found twelve months before; for the social air was said to be sudorific at Upton Magna, and things had remained for generations pretty much unchanged. So the bright morning after my arrival at Shrewsbury found me following the road from the Upton Magna station to the village. There is the pond, and the little inn with its sign, a bird of ill-omen, if I remember (a raven I rather think), and a group of cottages on what I presume is the green. The inn looks dingy and uninviting; there are a few geese, and some pigs wandering in the road, and the only spot of verdure is the surface of the pond, covered with slime and duckweed. Can this be Arcady, I question? Nonsense. The flowery cottages are further on; though the grey timbered group to the right have garden plots before them.

Up the dusty road, between hedgerows almost as dusty, and so into the heart of Upton Magna. There is the primitive post-office, with a pretty little child tottering out to the low, white gate, and a huge pig coming leisurely over the doorstep, evidently as much at home as any of its congeners in an Irish cabin. There is the dunghill, and the pool of stagnant water too, and yet that stately looking, florid gentleman, with the whitest of clerical neckcloths and the black, double-breasted waistcoat, is not Father Connell.

It will all come right in time, I suppose. Yes; there is the cottage and the garden I am in search of, and other cottages; and the aged church, undergoing a course of reparation and cosmetics, the arch in the chancel taken down, the flooring taken up, the pews turned out, and the venerable porch removed; and in the lane beyond a new Elizabethan school-house, and Elizabethan cottages for the schoolmaster and mistress. No change at Upton Magna! Why, it has all changed; and instead of breathing the air of a sleepy hollow, here is the ringing of trowels, the sounds of axe, and hammer, and adze, with sawing and grinding, and the noises of all sorts of implements, such as masons have used ever, since their bands were scattered over the face of the earth, and the confusion of tongues forced them to sign as a means of recognition.

But there are no village men, or children, or women, except the little post-mistress, who must keep house, and her little child, and two or three dames too old or too well off for leasing; for it is harvest time, and for the most part men, women, and children are in the fields. So the workmen have the village to themselves, and are buzzing in a busy crowd around the church. I hasten to make inquiries after the gardener's wife, whom I find ill, very ill, and therefore unable to accommodate me; nor can she recommend me to a lodging. Every house has two or three additional inmates quartered in it. And, moreover, I find, from glimpses of interiors, that the number of cottages in which I could be comfortably lodged are very limited indeed.

The kindly little postmistress is quite distressed that the village should lose a visitor, and runs to and fro amongst her neighbours, greatly desiring that something may be done to meet the exigencies of the case, and prevent my return to Shrewsbury. Everywhere, however, we meet the same answer: every room in every cottage is filled to its utmost capacity with Mr. N——'s men, "For you see, mum, it's contract work; and there's more on 'em coming, for they are bound to get the church finished by the first of October, and its getting nigh hand to it now."

There is nothing for it, then (having exhausted the church and field paths without seeing anything to make me regret the necessity) but to return to Shrewsbury. So, without shaking off the dust from my feet against the village, which I believe had every inclination to receive me, but could not, I retraced my path to the railway station.

There, upon reclaiming my luggage, which the solitary porter had promised to convey to my lodgings (when I should have taken them), the stationmaster and his man appeared to feel quite a personal indignation against the Upton Magna

housewives. Had I inquired at the Inn? Of course I had; but every room was engaged. "Did ever anyone hear of such a thing?" The—I rather think it was a scion of the Corbet Arms, a crow sable, or a field argent—filled beyond the power to make up a bed for a solitary stranger. Well, the porter only wished he had the Hin. His mistress would take precious care she wouldn't have turned a lodger out for want of making up an extra bed; but it was the way with the Upton Magna people: when they might have visitors staying there, they wouldn't; and he did believe they would always keep the village just as it was, the last spot God A'mighty had made.

During a part of this colloquy, a little man, of a compact figure, with keen, intelligent looks, and bright beard and whiskers, had entered the station, and to him the station master referred a question on my behalf, as to the best plan of visiting Wroxeter; for, having plenty of time, I had been debating a ticket for Wellington or Shrewsbury, and inquiring the mode of getting to the ruins from the former place. The stranger thought I should find nothing to interest me at Wellington, beyond its proximity to the Wrekin, which a day ticket would enable me to visit, whereas there were many things to interest a person of historical and archaeological tastes in Shrewsbury and the vicinity, if I had not yet seen them; and, moreover, the present station was the nearest point of any to Wroxeter. So I returned by the next train to Shrewsbury, receiving much information by the way from my fellow traveller, who had been to put a refractory church clock in order, but whose conversation had a much wider range than horology. He had been out with the Archaeological Society on the occasion of their then recent visit to the chief town of Shropshire; and I incidentally found that he personally knew some old literary friends of mine. Moreover, he had an extensive knowledge of the country, and was familiar with its mines and manufactures.

In brief, the terminus was reached before our topics of conversation were half exhausted, and he made his bow at the door of the omnibus which was to take me back to my lodgings in the Abbey Foregate. The vehicle made its circuit, and dropped its passengers, all but me, whose destination was the limit of its journey; and as we turned down Wyle-cop for the Abbey, my railway acquaintance suddenly re-appeared for a moment on the step, and threw in some pamphlets, poems, and other papers, which I afterwards found had reference to the subjects on which we had been conversing; and I was glad to discover a card—J. H., Watchmaker, Wyle-cop, Shrewsbury.—amongst them. Mrs. H. afterwards told me that she could not think what possessed her husband, when, at the instant of his return, he rushed up stairs to his bookcase, and out again, with the papers he had found, to throw them apparently in the street. Most genial of Nazarites (not from principle, but natural antipathy), most kindly of Odd-Fellows, most courteous of churchwardens, how much of the after pleasure and advantage of my visit did I not owe to this seemingly insignificant incident, which proved the most fortunate thing that could have happened to me. Here was I, a stranger, in a strange town, without acquaintance, or introductions, or other credentials than my calling; but on my looking in, on my way to the railway station, the next day, to thank Mr. H. for the pamphlets; books, information, and introductions were kindly and zealously placed at my disposal, and the mere change of scene I had projected on leaving home, gradually expanded into a scheme for obtaining some personal knowledge of the country, and a long-desired insight of the local manufactures.

The beauty and proximity of Coalbrook Dale, and its significance in the history of the mineral productions and commerce of our country, held out too strong temptations for me to resist; but intermediately there was Wroxeter to be visited, and Church Stretton, with its hills and mountains, and Ludlow, rich in historical and Miltonic memories. Once more, therefore, on a morning the most delicious for my purpose—a warm, yet breezy morning, with grey, filmy clouds that had turned their silver lining outwards, sailing in the upper currents upon the surface of the deep blue sky—I found myself alighting at the Upton Magna station. The path, after

crossing the railway bridge and a bit of marshy meadow, leads past a few cottages and a farmyard, through a lane flowery even at this season, with honeysuckle in its second bloom, with the flourishing flowers of the common mallow, the yellow ones of St. John's wort, and close beside them the puce-coloured heads of knap weed. Every little space the pretty blossoms of the pink or white campion shone through the vert; and patches of the great moon daisy made a delicate background for the lingering clusters of blue veronica, and bi-coloured toad flax, with bluegreen leaves, and slender spikes of amber, and primrose tinted flowers, which edged the borders of the road. Trailing amongst the hazel and thorn boughs shading the bank, the great bindweed blew out its large, white, trumpet-shaped flowers, and hung the hedges with wreaths of dark green overlapping leaves. Such a stillness there is in the air, that the wimpling of the streamlet wandering on beside the path makes itself heard under the overhanging ferns and the branching sprays of "water purples" (brooklime) clustered in it; and the fall of the yellow leaves, and the sharp but cheerful song of a round-eyed robin, who hops down from an upper branch to have a peep at me, and then hops back into the shade, are the only sounds that disturb the soft, warm, sleepy, atmosphere. Out of the lane the air grows fresher, and there are signs of life, in neat, quaint cottages, with oaken dressers, looking very smart, placed opposite the door, and, by the fireside, the high-backed, never-absent, oaken settle.

Not a passenger has hitherto passed me; but now the gate of a field opens a little in advance of me, and a dog and pony, very rough and ill-groomed, with a lady mounted on him—whose make-up, to say the best of it, has been equally uncared for—her legs encased in a tight petticoat of one colour, while her shoulders are covered by a cape of another, makes an eccentric appearance. She has one arm full of books, of the district-visitor description, and is possibly bound upon their distribution; for which all honour to her. Only, instead of looking gentle, as "Mercy," in the old "Progress," at the stranger in her path, she turns her head at a most ungraceful angle with her body, into the nearest hedge, and calls sharply to her dog, who, like most dogs, seems to think he has a right to my acquaintance.

A grey farm-house now and then, with great fields of late ripe corn, and bands of reapers in them. An orchard or two, with a more than usually heavy crop of apples mellowing on the trees, with their ripest, ruddiest sides towards the road.

And now the path turns a sharp angle, flanked on both sides by the offices of a cottage, half hostel, half farm, but in which the rustic air prevails over that of the house of entertainment, and where, looking in at its freshly-ruddled brick floor, its flowery windows, and shining shelves, I promised myself to rest on my return.

Other farm-houses, and fields, and orchards, and—suddenly, as if I had opened my eyes in a land of giants—the great, dark mass of the Roman wall—the mural monument that for fifteen hundred years has marked the site of the buried Roman city—straight before me! I declare the sight of Stonehenge did not affect me like the first sight of this stern, rough bit of ruined wall, the actual revelation of times and circumstances which had hitherto been but vaguely conceived of on the evidence of history. There it stands in the very centre of what was Uriconium, with its great, gaping horizontal aperture, letting in the pleasant sight, of the living corn-fields to the men working in the *débris* and the dust of the dead past.

The city is said to have covered an area of more than 300 acres, over which the plough has passed generation after generation turning up, from time to time, coins and sculptures, fragments of pottery and architecture, and other antiquarian treasures, much of which may be found in farm-yards and gardens, and, in spite of the recent rigid inquiries and requisitions concerning all such discoveries, in almost every cottage in the neighbourhood.

"I had two o' them little black gods, as they calls 'em, my boy found in the field yonder: images of the Virgin Mary's I suppose they were. They must a' bin funny folks, they Romans, to say their prayers to them. But I wasn't agoing to give them up to any body, after having 'em for years. So my boy took 'em to Birmingham, when he went there, an' got a tidy bit for 'em," said a comely woman who, standing

at her garden gate to have a stare at the stranger, in answer to a smiling look, and a compliment to her flowers, tendered me some local gossip, which, had I heard it before instead of after my explorations, might have tempted me to withhold the modest offering which, on writing my name in the visitors' book, I naturally dropped into the subscription box for the furtherance of the excavations, which box my informant told me, with a wicked twinkle in her rich dark eyes, had not long since been broken open, robbed of its contents, and thrown into an adjacent field. "Old John," she said, "had left the box out that night, a thing he didn't ought to do." And what made it worse, there happened to be more in it, by what she could hear, than ordinary; more than four pounds, she believed. "Dear heart! such a piece a works the gentry made about it, though many on 'em never put a sixpence in it."

Stepping over the mounds of earth, and picking my way between heaps of animal bones, in which the tusks of the wild boar, the jaws and teeth of deer, and sheep, and oxen abound, and on many of which the mark of fire is plainly visible, and passing others of broken pottery, mixed with fragments of black Upchurch, and bright red Samian ware—the latter looking smooth and polished as if of quite recent manufacture—I found myself in an oblong cleared space, with a few steps leading to it, which has been pronounced by the savans to have been a market-place. Here weights and scales were found, and a steel-yard, similar to those still in use. Here I am joined by the foreman, who appears really pleased to have a visitor who has not expected too much, and who can find abundance to interest, even in the present condition of the works. "But as for them people from Birmingham and Wolverhampton, he did believe they came there expecting to see the people serving in the shops some on 'em, too, in carriages, as ought to be ashamed o' themselves." In brief, it would appear that the too enthusiastic accounts set forth by Mr. Wright are calculated to produce a reactionary feeling in persons who, not being archaeologists themselves, see no difference in the remnants of old Roman walls and flues, by whatever learned names they may be masked, and those occasioned by a fire of yesterday. Hence the indications of dwellings, and baths, and mart, which are sufficient to furnish to the eye of the antiquary the buildings as they stood, afford not even the outlines of them to the ignorant, or the unlearned in Roman architecture and customs. And such persons are too apt to speak slightly of the show they come so far to see, and to revenge the obtuseness of their perceptions in disparaging remarks—touching rubbish, &c.—especially in connection with the before-mentioned heaps of broken pottery, every fragment of which is destined for presentation to the museum, but which appears to the uninitiated identical with garden potsherds.

All the relics collected during the excavations have been deposited in the little silent museum at Shrewsbury where I had previously spent a quiet morning in making myself acquainted with them. Rings, bracelets, fibulæ, and hairpins; spoons, knives, choppers, &c.; precisely the things which bring the daily life of a people familiarly before us, and enables us, in imagination, to perfect and re-clothe with humanity the osseous fragments of Celt and Roman lying in the table-cases adjacent. Many of the skulls are insignificant in size; but a few of them, like the legs and arm bones, are of great size, and have the massive jaw-bones entire, and the teeth, with the enamel white and shiny remaining on them; but the front portion of the crania is in almost every instance low and narrow. The majority of these skulls, the superintendent tells me, were found pell-mell at the ford, at the bottom of the field yonder; as if their owners had fallen in and perished, trampled under the feet of other fugitives, or had been slaughtered by their pursuers in the act of making their escape. I wander about amongst the grey ruins, with their crumbling walls, hypocausts, anticipating by so many centuries the modern discovery of heating with hot air. Here are drain tiles too of the most approved construction; and many iron implements have been found, the forging of which was so excellent that, as I am subsequently informed by Mr. Whilks, the intelligent and kindly manager of the Horchray works, a small portion which he procured, on being re-smelted and re-forged proved after all the years of rust and decay which it had suffered of a finer and

harder quality than any produced in the present day; a fact which he attributed to the charcoal fires anciently used in smelting it.

Here is the floor of a presumed bath room, daintily inlaid with little oblong pieces of white, polished stone, quite perfect. In another part is a portion of herringbone pavement, a pattern usually distinctive of Roman work; and the foreman points me out the spot where a piece of tessellated pavement lies hidden. The walls of the dwellings, like the great block 70 feet in length, and 20 feet high, which stands in the centre of the city, and is supposed to be a portion of a temple, or some other public building, are composed of the common sandstone of the country, bound together with layers of Roman tiles, smooth and firm as any that are made at the Broseley works to-day.

As I step from the unearthed remnants of the old Roman city, into the "Wanderers Way," as the Watling-street—another proof of the broad, grand scale, and utilitarian spirit in which the public works of this imperial people were carried out—has been called, it seems to me more palpable than ever, that the seeds of all that is good and profitable for a people, like the good that is in an individual, dies not, nor is lost, but has perennial root and vigour living on from generation to generation, even as the rude potteries of the Romans in the Severn Valley, have survived and refined into such works as Rose's China factory at Coalport, and the forge fires flickering or glowing through the forest glooms in the neighbourhood of the wooded Wrekin, have burgeoned through the length and breadth of the adjoining districts into the giant furnaces, and gigantic or exquisite productions of the Horsehay, and Coalbrookdale Works, to which some day I hope to invite my readers to accompany me.

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The Registrar's Annual Report.

BY CHARLES HARDWICK, P.G.M.

SELF-GOVERNMENT.

THE annual report of the Registrar of Friendly Societies has latterly attracted more attention from those interested in the welfare of these institutions than is usual with dry official blue books upon what are considered non-political questions. Its publication is of great value to the cause of progress in many respects. Certain important economic facts, and statistical returns, are first introduced to the public notice in its pages; and opinions, not simply those of the Registrar himself, or his correspondents, but others of a kind of semi-official character, are from time to time propounded therein, which furnish material for profitable reflection and critical comment. All questions of great national importance present a widely different aspect from the legislative and executive platform, than they do from that of practical every day life. Acts of parliament, and particularly those bearing upon special sub-administrative organizations, such as the self-governed affiliated friendly societies, often seem to their framers the very perfection of senatorial wisdom, while those for whose benefit they were specially ushered into being, not only fail to appreciate all the theoretic beauty referred to, but sometimes detect shortcomings, overcomings, or other imperfections, which, to a great extent, nullify their practical value. Hence, the necessity of the hearty co-operation of those most interested, both in the framing and carrying out of any legislative enactment affecting the welfare of friendly societies. In this spirit, and in this spirit alone, I have previously reviewed Mr. Pratt's official report. It is infinitely more gratifying to me, when I find I can conscientiously endorse his suggestions or approve of his course of action, than it is when I deem it my duty to demur or protest against either the one or the other. Believing him equally anxious with

myself and others to still further develop the provident instinct of the operative population, and to reform and perfect its practical machinery, I can fully appreciate the value of his general services to the cause. But Mr. Pratt's official experience is of a totally different character to that of practical working officers and members. Many pet theories of professional as well as amateur legislators appear doubtless very satisfactory to the eyes of gentlemen who bask in the official sunshine of a despotic government, which are utterly repugnant to the habits, prejudices, sentiments, and traditions of a people like the British, accustomed to pride themselves on their freedom, and especially, on the most popular phase of its exhibition—the practice of self-government. Mr. Pratt has considerably modified his tone with regard to certain matters affecting the government of friendly societies, doubtless from a conviction that a majority of the members are determined, in spite of his attempted coercion, to exercise their own judgment and their legitimate right in the management of their own affairs. He hitherto appears to have favoured the views of a certain class of philanthropists, who appear to think that the clergy or upper classes generally ought to superintend, and, in the main, direct the action of working men in every effort for their social elevation; that the latter indeed are to a great extent incapable of self-government, and that it is even desirable, in order to achieve *their beau ideal* of a social Utopia, that they should ever remain so. He, however, appears now to think there does exist some little difference between the right of a member of a friendly society to spend his own money after his own fashion, and that of a pauper or felon to the disposal of a portion of the funds raised for his support by local or national taxation. In his "Instructions for the Establishment of Friendly Societies on Sound Principles," which are well worthy of careful study by all interested, he says, "The management of the Society should be vested in a committee consisting of *Honorary* and benefit members, or of *Benefit members only*." To this there can be no rational objection, providing the "*benefit*" or *contributing* members themselves decide the question. As a matter of recommendation, however, I still hold that the practice of the Manchester Unity, which confines its officers to the subscribing members, is most certainly preferable. Honorary members rarely for any length of time attend with the requisite punctuality to the routine duties, indeed they generally, in my own experience, very properly object to do more than simply express their approval of the society and its objects, with a view to the encouragement of the members and others in their efforts to promote habits of prudence and forethought among the masses. And this is all that self-reliant, provident men either wish or ought to ask at their hands.

ANNUAL RETURN AND BALANCE SHEETS.

Mr. Pratt justly complains of the apathy or incapacity of secretaries with respect to the "General Statement" or annual report. He says,—“In the month of December, 1860, the Registrar sent by post to 22,948 societies, the form of such General Statement, but up to the date of the present report, he has not received more than 8,140 general statements and annual reports. It is his intention not to allow this section of the act to be a dead letter, but to take proceedings for the recovery of the penalties against the secretaries of some of these societies, who, upon a second application, shall neglect to comply with the provisions of the law.” The statute provides that the penalty in each case shall not exceed twenty shillings and costs. The annual committees of the Manchester Unity have some time since, legislated upon this subject, with the view to secure all the necessary returns both for the Registrar and its own executive. It is desirable that other societies should follow the example, not

only for their own immediate interest, but for the sake of the public character of the great body of provident working men. There is no taunt so difficult to meet by the friends of these institutions, as that which reflects on the capacity or willingness of their officers to furnish this most important information. To say that the secretaries *object* to the additional labour, is not a legitimate answer to the demand; to say they are *incapable* is still less satisfactory. One of the first conditions of practical self-government, is the capacity to carry out efficiently its work in all its necessary details; and surely the keeping of proper books, and the presentation of correct and intelligible balance sheets, together with such other results of past experience as may be valuable for future guidance, ought not to be tasks beyond the intellectual power of some of the members of any friendly society. If any such exist, it is high time that they apply at the public market, and engage a competent bookkeeper at the current rate of such labour. This course would not only redound more to their credit, but to their private advantage. The losses sustained by Friendly Societies from inefficient book-keeping and careless and imperfect auditing of the accounts, have been so enormous that a relatively small fraction of the amount would have sufficed to pay handsomely for efficient services of the kind referred to. Every individual member of any branch of any Friendly Society cannot, therefore, do better service to the cause of progress, or better advance the best interests of his club, than by bringing all his influence to bear in this direction. The plea of incapacity will not serve in the present age of Mechanics' Institutes and parliamentary grants for educational purposes, whatever it may have done a quarter of a century ago. Besides, it is an unworthy and a humiliating one, and ought especially to be repudiated by every section of the class especially banded together to promote habits of prudence, forethought, and self-reliance. The right to demand these returns by the Registrar is surely not too high a price for the many valuable concessions of the Legislature to enrolled Friendly Societies, and especially as the only object proposed by the Government in their collection is the publication of such knowledge as will enable the members themselves to so regulate their financial arrangements as to prevent, to the greatest possible extent, the still frequent bankruptcy of individual branches and isolated clubs. Mr. Pratt naturally regrets the withdrawal of the Bill of last session, introduced by Mr. Sotherton Estcourt, at his suggestion, to compel "all Friendly and Assurance Societies to render to every member thereof, or person depositing money therein, a copy of their annual accounts." But if he himself finds a difficulty in obtaining the annual returns from many clubs under the present statute, he need not be surprised that the members generally objected to Governmental interference with their internal management, and brought their influence to bear upon their parliamentary representatives, and upon Mr. Sotherton Estcourt, in the manner they did. There can be no doubt Mr. Pratt's object, in the main, is right; but his recent scheme was in many respects simply impracticable, in others it would have unquestionably entailed much useless expenditure. The members of many, to my own knowledge, do voluntarily that which Mr. Pratt sought to enforce by law, yet even they objected to coercive measures, and contended that the members of each society on enrolment had reserved to them their previous right to the management of their internal affairs. If Mr. Pratt would but respect this feeling a little more, and endeavour to ascertain the wishes or prejudices, if he will, of those for whom he would legislate, before he procures the introduction of small bills, seeking to modify the provisions of the now well-known consolidated statute, much of his effort would unquestionably meet with a more cordial recognition than it has recently done. A better understanding on this subject is certainly a "consummation devoutly to be wished."

It appears, however, that the chief object of the recent Bill was to compel certain "office clubs," with numerous branches, to present more satisfactory balance-sheets, not only to the Registrar, but to their members themselves. Clubs of this class might, perhaps, with advantage, be subjected to a little special legislation, inasmuch as the members, as a body, take little or no part in their management. He refers to two societies of this class, the "Friend in Need," and the "Royal Liver." Their reports, as quoted by him, are certainly of a very unsatisfactory character. Will it be believed by the Members of the Manchester Unity that the former society is divided into 250 districts, employs 1,500 collectors; and includes 250,000 members; that it ensures for burial fees, relief in sickness, medical aid, and endowments, and that yet it only possessed a reserved fund, on the 31st December, 1860, of rather over *fifteen thousand pounds*? The "Royal Liver" is even in a worse position; it numbers about 250,000 members, and possesses a capital but slightly exceeding twelve thousand pounds, "including £3,400 lent to members, and in the hands of the officers." Of course, I am aware that the statement recently put forth in a pamphlet entitled, "What is the Manchester Unity?" as to the amount of reserved capital possessed by that body, is an exaggerated one, inasmuch as the average of the Metropolitan districts is improperly assumed as indicative of the average for the Unity. We may not possess, to meet the claims of 330,000 members, Two Millions of money as there stated; but to whatever extent this sum ought to be discounted, it is nevertheless very satisfactory, indeed, to contemplate our aggregate financial position in contrast with that of these once celebrated office clubs.

PUBLIC-HOUSE MEETINGS.

The Registrar has somewhat modified his tone upon this subject. He evidently begins to perceive that it will require considerable time to completely annihilate such ancient and popular institutions as public-houses; and that after all it is not so very bad or immoral a thing to induce even their devotees to join a provident friendly society. In his "Instructions," he says the place of meeting should, *if possible*, be at some public Institution or school-room. If that cannot be obtained, and there is no place except an inn or public-house, a certain fixed payment should be made for the use of the room; lights, and fire, *with a stipulation that no beer, etc., should be brought into the room until all business is concluded*, when each member should pay for any refreshment he may require. When an Anniversary or Annual Feast is held, the contribution thereto, and the attendance thereat, should be *voluntary*, though there seems no objection to a rule, that every member who lives within a given distance, should have a ticket sent him, which if not returned within a certain time, say a week before the day of the feast, he should be required to pay for."

Many lodges of the Manchester Unity have already adopted something in the spirit of this recommendation, consequently there can be no objection to its being submitted to the consideration of others, with this especial understanding, however, that the members themselves, in each individual case, *legislate* on the subject, and not the Registrar, who I have previously shown, possesses no such authority under the statute.

Mr. Pratt seems to think that the fact of a society or branch meeting at a public-house, is in itself an element of financial insecurity. He brings forward some plausible evidence in support of this view. He says "he had lately occasion to enquire into some facts with reference to Friendly Societies in the county of Hereford, and he ascertained that in that county, 136 societies had had their rules certified since 1793, of the number 123 were held at public-houses, and 13 at schools and private rooms; but of the 123, no less than 42 had been dissolved, but of the 13, only one."

On the contrary, I know many clubs, established at schools or private rooms, that do not prosper simply because, in the present state of social manners and habits, other societies meeting at public-houses offer more attraction, or are brought more directly under the attention of parties likely to join. The Manchester Unity Members have spent thousands of pounds in buildings, with the view of aiding in the transference of its lodges to private rooms, and I am sorry to say not always with permanent advantage. But all Mr. Pratt's facts do not point in the same direction as those he quotes in support of his view. In the county of Lancaster, since his last report, he shows that nine societies have been dissolved, only five of which were held at public-houses! Two of them were indeed connected with Temperance Societies. In Yorkshire four have been dissolved in the same period, only one of which was held at a public-house! There may unquestionably be advantages in the meeting in private rooms; but if it is desirable to induce as large a proportion as possible of the operative population to support these institutions, we must yet continue for years to come, to go where we can find them, and not expect any very large section yet to come to us. If we do other societies will simply work up the ground which we blindly neglect, in a more primitive and imperfect manner, and consequently with less satisfactory results.

BURIAL CLUBS AND ALLEGED INFANTICIDE.

The great heart of the country has been again shocked by a renewal of the cry that a large proportion of the infant mortality amongst the labouring classes resulted from deliberate murder on the part of the parents for the sake of the few pounds to which, by the rules of these societies, they become entitled on the demise of their offspring. The manufacturing districts and the borough of Preston especially were pointedly referred to as localities where this murderous propensity was strikingly exhibited. Burgesses of "Proud Preston," jealous of their ancient renown, were naturally anxious for some explanation, refutation, or, if such was the dire fact, satisfactory confirmation of the astounding statement. Having written and spoken much on this subject when the foul aspersion was first thoughtlessly thrown upon the character of my townsmen especially, I, through the local press, soon exposed its utter falsehood. I saw the paternity of the blundering libel the moment I read the communication from Chester, republished by Mr. Pratt in his report without comment. My surprise was great, indeed, to find that he had not perceived that the whole was but a resuscitation of the so-called facts and statistical figures, which had been fully disposed of *above seven years ago* by a committee of the House of Commons, in the proceedings of which committee Mr. Pratt took much interest, as I know from personal contact with him at the time. As will be remembered, the whole case miserably broke down. The vaunted Preston statistics were shown to be utterly worthless, and led to no such inferences as the panic-mongers imagined. Their case could not be substantiated by even a single instance where murder had been proved to have been committed for burial fees in the town of Preston; and I am glad, indeed, to say that although much effort has been expended to discover one since the time referred to, it has been expended in vain. The cases sent for trial at Liverpool, accompanied by a special presentment by the grand jury, equally failed to give a substantial form to this loudly-denounced horror. Baron Martin, who tried the case, intimated that the grand jury ought to have "cut" the bills, as there was not a shadow of evidence to substantiate a charge of murder at all, either for burial club fees or for any other consideration whatever. The report of the committee of the house was printed, and the Act of Parliament passed which is now in force. This Act limits the total amount assured on the death of a child under five years of age to six pounds.

Even this sum exceeds the maximum amount petitioned for by members of Preston clubs, in public meeting assembled, so thoroughly was the Legislature satisfied of the purely imaginary character of the murders referred to. Previously, some abuses undoubtedly existed. In Manchester, I think, one child was entered upon the books of about fourteen societies. This duplicate insurance of *dependent* children is now prohibited by law, and it is the interest, as well as the duty, of every officer and member to see that the penalties are enforced in all such cases. It is, however, not necessary here to enter more fully into the question. The subject was thoroughly discussed at the time by myself in two articles which appeared in "Eliza Cook's Journal," of the 4th and 25th of March, 1854. It is sufficient that the public are informed of the fact that the present small panic is but a partial disinterment of the mouldering remains of the greater defunct one, which I and others imagined we had for ever consigned to limbo in 1854.

I cannot, however, refrain availing myself of the present opportunity, to again call attention to the very primitive and consequently imperfect character, of the financial arrangements adopted by many of these burial societies. For a monthly contribution of four-pence, paid equally by all subscribers from infancy to forty-five years of age, the usual insurance at death is about five pounds ten shillings. A regular insurance company, with tables correctly graduated according to age on entrance, will ensure *ten* pounds at death for a monthly contribution of *three-pence*, to all parties joining at age fifteen. A similar sum is insured for *four-pence* per month to all parties joining at age twenty. But when the applicant for admission is forty five years of age, *seven-pence* per month is demanded for the assurance of ten pounds. Thus the members entering at fifteen, and for several years afterwards, are paying infinitely *more* than they ought, in equity for the amount assured. And yet, these clubs are generally possessed of reserved funds far too limited in amount to guarantee their future liability. I know of one with 30,000 members, that is not worth the same number of shillings, and it is considered by its members generally as one of the best of its class. This rotten state of things results mainly from the fact that the insurance of the infant lives is effected at the rates previously quoted, namely *four-pence* per month for the sum of five pounds ten shillings; and this, notwithstanding the well established fact, that the *risk* is enormously enhanced. The Registrar-General's reports testify, that, on the average of the whole population, amongst children under five years of age, between six and seven per cent annually die off. Between five and ten, the rate is rather less than one per cent., and between ten and fifteen, it is little over one in the two hundred. Afterwards the rate gradually increases, but it is not until after age seventy, that it reaches the percentage exhibited amongst infants under five years of age. Thus the surplus money improperly charged subscribers entering at fifteen, and for several years afterwards, is not even sufficient to counteract the financial errors induced by the inadequate contributions of the infantile section. Many of these clubs must, therefore, of necessity eventually collapse, even if they were otherwise perfect in financial matters, which, unfortunately, they are not, by any means. It is to be hoped that the increased intelligence of the leading members on this subject, will speedily be brought to bear on the mass, so that those societies which are utterly beyond redemption, may be at once dissolved; and, for the intellectual and moral credit of all concerned, that others may be founded, with such financial arrangements as shall, with perfect equity, guarantee to every number the full amount of benefit promised.

There are several other interesting matters touched upon in Mr. Pratt's Report, the consideration of which I must postpone to a future occasion.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE COTTAGE AUCTION.

BY SHELDON CHADWICK.

" We lived within a cottage neat,
My father drove the plough,
My mother walked, with aching feet,
Miles to the mill, I trow ;
Brothers and sisters five had I—
Go ask the sexton where they lie !

" Of years a score my father wrought
'Neath iron-handed sway,
He dared to speak his honest thought,
And so was sent away ;
And from that hour my mother's cheek
Seemed to be wasting week by week.

" However swift the shuttle sped
From my poor mother's hand,
She could not find us all in bread,
So many in a band ;
Then she fell sick, and Bobby died,
I sat beside his grave and cried.

" Slowly my mother better got ;
My father plied his spade ;
The Squire's rich woods grew round our cot,
Where hares and rabbits played,
But father would not touch the game,
Though Death on Famine's pinion came.

" Then came a monster of mankind,
Down in our cot he sate,
My mother's face appeared resigned,
What'er might be our fate ;
But father's eye flashed fire, and there
He stood the image of despair.

" You see we could not pay our rent,
Which left us in the lurch.
To chapel always father went,
Our landlord went to church ;
I thought religion softened hearts :
'Tis not so in these heathen parts.

"The auctioneer said, 'Going! gone!'
And sacked our pretty cot;
Things we had purchased one by one
He bargained in a lot;
And craving hunger could not turn
That brigand from his purpose stern.

"With great feet on our old arm chair,
His lolling tongue he rolled,
While all his gloomy train did stare
To see our treasures sold.
I would have banged him 'gainst the wall
Had I been as my father, tall!

"My father's books, a costly store,
He brandished ceiling-high,
And shouted, as he thumbed them o'er,
'Come, make a bid! who'll buy?'
The Bible, mother's feelings crossed,
But 'Bloomfield's Poems' touched me most.

"The polished clock, with pictured face,
Of Ruth 'mid sheaves of corn;
The drawers, the cage, the glass book-case,
My grandsire's bugle-horn,
My father's plate, my mother's chair,
And Bobby's cradle, all were there!

"Each after other passed, 'mid tears,
To that dull hammer's swing,
The funeral knell of blissful years
It seemed to me to ring.
Were angels singing rapture songs
While we bore all these thorny wrongs?

"O what a picture was that scene,
In happy days of yore,
When not a home on all the green
A lovelier aspect wore:
The glowing fire, the chimney nook,
The circle glad, the open Book!

"Just at that hour, when hope seemed past,
My mother homeward flew,
God ope'd a way for us at last,
That sea of trouble through;
The debt was paid, the harpies fled,
Our home was saved, and tears we shed."

July, 1861.



The Queen's Diamonds.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH BY H. OWGAN, LL.D.

In the year 1756, there was standing, in the most populous quarter of the town of Hamburg, an old, massive, and fantastically-constructed mansion, in harmony with, though somewhat more irregular than the quaint edifices around it, which lent a peculiar and picturesque physiognomy to the neighbourhood. The centre of the front facade, which consisted of heavy pilasters meeting above in an arch, and almost concealing the deeply sunk entrance, was flanked by two wings as different in style as if the one had preceded the other by some centuries. The one, substantial and unadorned, admitted the daylight through apertures which resembled port-holes rather than windows; while the other, terminating in a pointed gable, was profusely and highly decorated with all the caprices of the most flowery Gothic style, which were, however, defaced and interrupted here and there by tasteless and discordant alterations.

The inside of the building, too, was of a not less eccentric character than the outside. Although covering an extensive area, and originally designed for the accommodation of a large establishment, it contained at this time but two inhabitants, who dwelt as far asunder as the extreme length of the building permitted, and the chambers which they severally occupied were concealed amid labyrinths of tortuous and interminable corridors, like nests amid the branches of a large tree; for the once spacious apartments had been cut up into small rooms, which gave entrance to each other in such a manner that one unacquainted with the topography must inevitably lose his way. All these arrangements, however, were admirably suited to the mysterious habits and devious life of the proprietor for the time being, who had, for more than ten years, admitted no visitor within his doors. Every morning he went out alone, and might have been seen traversing the streets on foot, greeted by everybody of importance as an old and valued acquaintance. The best houses in Hamburg were open to him: nobles and citizens and merchants, all of every rank accosted him with respect, and seemed as if they would be only too happy to offer him the hospitality which they knew he never accepted. In the evening, when his day's business was done, he returned punctually to a slender and homely repast, which was always prepared at an unvarying hour by a female domestic, who was the other occupant of the house, and whose age and general appearance were such as to effectually disarm scandal. The apartment which he occupied, and where he generally sat up till an early hour in the morning, was a circular room in the Gothic wing, about ten feet in diameter. A lamp, suspended from the centre of the ceiling, burned during the whole night. Two large iron safes, which were opened and closed by a machinery of which the owner alone knew the secret, stood opposite each other by the wall, and between them lay a large soft mattress covered with rich Persian silk, on which he slept. The floor was thickly carpeted in such a manner that every footfall was noiseless, and the wall was hung round with arms and weapons of all times and climes, from the poisoned arrows of the Scythians to the matchlock of more civilized warfare. There were also some frames, edged with solid gold and silver, enclosing collections of gems and specimens of all the coins circulating throughout the known world. Amid all these curiosities there was but one book—a copy of the Talmud, written and illuminated on parchment, from which he read a portion every night, leaving it open on a small table until he returned to it again. Into this chamber three doors opened, of which one led to the stairs, and the other two to a closet and a long corridor, so that, in case of any sudden danger or assault, there were three several avenues of escape. One

evening, after his customary devotional exercise, he had just emptied his pockets of the money and business memoranda that had accumulated during the day, and having entered the latter in a ledger, was deliberately weighing the former piece by piece—the gold ducats of Holland and Lubeck, the sequins and pistoles of Venice—and smiling at the exactness of the weight, though he had already gone through the same process earlier in the day, when a dull noise, resembling a suppressed groan, struck on his ear. He listened sharply, and discovered that the sound proceeded from strange voices, rising and falling at intervals somewhere in the house. Assuring himself that the safes were firmly closed, and returning all the money on the table to his pockets, he laid his ear close to the nearest door, and ascertained that not only the voices but the footsteps of strangers were approaching. Unprepared for a resistance that might cost him his life, to which he clung more tenaciously even than to his money, he extinguished his lamp, and, as the intruders were advancing up the stairs, made for one of the side doors, in order to escape into the dark intricacies of the corridors, and to summon help from outside, while his visitors should be engaged in endeavouring to open the safes. There was not a moment to lose, for he already saw a light streaming through the chinks of the door, and at the same moment a commanding voice cried, "Open!"

Solomon laid his hand tremulously on the side door, but had scarcely touched it when there also the same voice was repeated; and was still reeling under the shock, when his exit through the remaining door was intercepted by the same menacing demand.

As he was yet hesitating in terror and perplexity, the plaintive voice of his old attendant Martha addressed him. "My dear master," she sobbed, "open the door if you would save both our lives! It is all my fault—all my folly!—and I am ready to submit to any punishment you choose to inflict. For the first time these ten years I quitted the house for a moment, and these three men followed me on my return so closely that I had not time to secure the door. With a pistol to my head, they compelled me to guide them hither. Forgive me, my good kind master! and if we both escape I will serve you for nothing all the rest of my days!"

"Will you open your door by fair means?" said one of the strangers, "or do you prefer that we should break it?"

With a heavy sigh for his money, and all the care and labour it had cost him, Solomon slowly and despairingly did as he was commanded; and three men in masks entered the room—one of them still holding Martha by the arm.

"You will be good enough now," said the same man who spoke for the others, "to count out to us in gold the value of thirty thousand Hamburg ducats!"

"Thirty thousand ducats!" cried Solomon. "Where do you imagine I am to find such a sum?"

"There!" replied the stranger, pointing to one of the iron safes. "Come, now, no nonsense! and be smart, as we're pressed for time."

"Are the thirty thousand ducats all that you want?" inquired Solomon, timidly.

"Have I not told you so already?"

"Because," said the Jew, "there may be a few rix-dollars in the safe, and I hope you will leave them with me. They will be all that I shall possess."

"On mature consideration," said the stranger, after a consultation in a foreign language with his companions, "and to guard against contingencies, I think we shall want five thousand more." But, observing that at this announcement Solomon was turning pale and beginning to look unwell—"Don't be alarmed," he continued; "we are not come to rob you; we are merely borrowing, and you shall have sufficient and safe security for the loan."

"Pardon me," said Solomon, opening his eyes wide, "but, if that be your intention, why come at this hour, and in disguise?"

"Silence!" said the stranger. "We answer no questions. Do as you are commanded!"

Accordingly, Solomon proceeded to reckon the money, pausing and looking up at intervals to offer letters of credit, payable anywhere in Europe for the amount, but these were all refused; nothing but ready money would do. As he laid each successive instalment of the sum on the table, it was thrown into a large oak box which the strangers had brought with them, and to which the whole amount was transferred—equal to three hundred thousand French francs. Solomon ventured to inquire respecting the security, and was commanded to assist in the removal of the box to a carriage that waited below, in which he was informed that he must accompany them.

"Whither are you going to take me?" he inquired, in agony.

"I have already told you that we can answer no questions," was the reply.

At this stage of the proceedings Martha became loud in her lamentations, but was assured that her master would be restored to her uninjured at the end of a fortnight, and would be brought back in the same manner as she saw him taken away.

Taking his Talmud under his arm, Solomon laid hold on a handle of the box, and moved on with the strangers toward the carriage, as sad and forlorn as if it were the bier of his father or his son. He then took his seat beside one of his captors and opposite the other two; and four fresh horses bore them away at such a pace that, as the night was dark, he was unable to ascertain through which of the gates they left the city. All night they travelled at the same rate, conversing with each other in a language which Solomon did not understand, but refusing to give him any information respecting their destination. With that exception, he had nothing to complain of. When daylight was just beginning to blush on the horizon, they politely requested that he would have the kindness to allow himself to be blindfolded, and regretted to say that they would be under the necessity of performing the same ceremony every morning during the journey. Solomon submitted quietly, with a bitter smile at the mockery of courtesy.

In about two hours after dawn the carriage was pulled up; he was assisted to alight, and two men, holding him firmly by the arms, led him cautiously along a narrow plank which swayed and bounded under their feet, until he felt and heard and smelt that he was on board a ship. The voyage, retarded by bad weather, lasted three days and three nights. Then they took to their carriage again, and on the evening of the fourth day, at the hour when he expected that his eyes would be uncovered, he received the welcome announcement that the journey was done. He was now left to the custody of one of his fellow travellers for about an hour, while the others had disappeared with the box; at the expiration of that time he was led away still blindfolded, and as soon as he heard a door softly closed behind him, the bandage was suddenly removed, and the brilliant light that suddenly burst upon his eyes so dazzled him that for some moments he was unable to distinguish surrounding objects.

He now found himself in a large room, glittering with the reflected light of a multitude of wax candles, and gorgeously furnished. Close beside him he saw the oak box, open and empty, and the gold which it had contained turned out in a pile upon a marble table. At the left side of the fireplace was seated a lady, whose calm and dignified features indicated the habit of command. Near her, but on a less elevated chair, sat another lady, considerably younger and surpassingly beautiful, and, at the other side, a gentleman of middle age and an easy and good-natured expression of countenance, was reclining carelessly in a deep arm-chair, and amusing himself with a huge greyhound that laid its head familiarly upon his knees. The rest of the company, nine in number, remained standing, and it was easy to perceive that the respect which they paid to the principal personages was greater than that usually accorded to a mere superiority of fortune. To complete the picture, it is necessary to include a child about ten years of age, and

remarkable for his frightful ugliness. His head, disproportionately large, was further disfigured by being unnaturally flattened on one side, and a prematurely faded complexion; while his long, slender, and loosely-attached legs and arms suggested, when in a sitting attitude; a hideous resemblance to a chimpanzee. All this deformity was redeemed only by a quick intelligence of look and the bright animation of his large eyes.

Before Solomon was invited to approach, the gentleman who seemed highest in authority held a consultation in a low voice with another who stood beside his chair.

"Twenty hats," he said, "are there not? How many will each of these cost?"

"Ten thousand double crowns."

"And the hunting caps?"

"Somewhere about the same sum altogether, for their number is more considerable."

"At that price you are certain of having them?"

"I should rather think so," thought Solomon. "Such a sum for things of that sort! Verily I have fallen among madmen."

He was now invited to inspect a jewel case containing a set of diamonds, which he examined with the practised eye of a man accustomed to such merchandise, and consented to accept as security for a third of the loan; after which other jewels were submitted for examination, until the entire sum was secured. The several clauses of this bargain were minutely discussed by the personage who sat opposite the two ladies, who also exacted from him a solemn promise that he would never reveal the particulars of the adventure, or seek to know whither he had been brought. Solomon swore on the Talmud to be discreet, and then, overcome by long and unusual fatigue, entreated to be conducted to some place where he might rest until he should be permitted to depart. This request, however, was promptly refused; and he was commanded to be in readiness to return immediately in the same manner as he had come. His eyes were accordingly bandaged again, and he was led away; and in ten minutes after, the same carriage in which he had arrived, started at the same headlong pace, containing the same four travellers.

"At last," cried Adolphus Frederic, as soon as the Jew was gone, "at last I feel myself the King of Sweden. This gold, which the illiberality of my country refuses me, shall counteract the subsidies lavished by France on the disloyal. Our thanks to the Queen, gentlemen! She has deprived herself of her jewels to establish our authority. My brother-in-law of Prussia is more fortunate than I; he commands and is obeyed. He has not been, like me, reduced to a phantom of royalty. Still, with the aid of Providence, gentlemen, and your good counsels, I shall rend asunder these degrading chains. So far, all has succeeded as we could wish; and to-morrow, on the opening of the session, the majority will be reversed in the three orders of nobles, clergy, and commons!"

All the company assented to these words of his majesty, except the child, who shook his head incredulously.

"You don't agree with us, Gustavus?" said the King.

"God grant that your majesty be not deceived!" replied the Prince, "and that your secret be safe."

"And why do you suppose, sir," said the King, "that it can be otherwise?"

"Because those thoughts which we do not utter are alone safe from repetition."

"What would you do, then, in my place?"

"Just what your majesty is doing, but alone and without witnesses."

"You are a child yet, Gustavus; but the time will come when you shall know how to appreciate loyalty and devotion."

"Sire," said the Count Tessin, who was the Prince's tutor, "though his Royal Highness is, of course, mistaken if he suspects treachery among us, his words

give proof of an intelligence and a diplomatic talent beyond his years. At ten years of age your majesty's son is a man; at twenty he will show Sweden a second Gustavus Adolphus."

"Though your lordship may intend no more than flattery, it may be that you have spoken the truth," replied the ill-shaped dwarf, looking significantly at the last speaker.

"You have promised much, my statesman in leading strings," said the King. "See that you fulfil your engagement."

A few minutes more and all were gone, except the King, Queen Louisa, and her first maid of honour, the lady Stephana Koller, who enjoyed the most intimate confidence of the royal family. The King himself, elated as a minor on the point of being relieved from his guardian, paced up and down the room, smiling and rubbing his hands. All his precautions had been successful, and the most impenetrable secrecy veiled every movement of the conspiracy. The abduction of the Jew, and the negotiation concluded with him, and even his very existence must be utterly unknown in Stockholm; and his majesty anticipated, with an almost childish exultation, the unexpected blow which was to discomfit his enemies. He was still indulging these flattering delusions, when one of the ushers in waiting came to announce that the Count Gyllemborg—who was known to be the leader of the party opposed to the Court—and three other members of the States-General, had come to demand an interview with her majesty upon business of most uncompromising urgency. At this unexpected intelligence Frederic suddenly stood aghast, and it was the Queen alone who could command sufficient composure to order them to be admitted.

Here it may be convenient to explain to the reader, that ever since the disastrous events that had followed the misfortunes of Charles XII., the influence and prerogatives of the Crown of Sweden had been gradually declining, principally under the agency of foreign intrigues. The faction adverse to the royal family, by some inexplicable association of ideas, were known by the soubriquet of "*the hats*;" the adherents of the Court appropriating the title of "*the caps*;" and those who were still fluctuating between the extreme sections taking the fanciful appellation of "*the hunting-caps*."

When Gyllemborg presented himself with the other deputies, he excused himself under an order of the Secret Committee for intruding at so unseasonable an hour.

"What is your pleasure, gentlemen?" inquired the King.

"Sire," replied the Count, "my commission addresses itself to her majesty the Queen, who will, I trust, be graciously pleased to permit me, in the name of the States, to inspect the crown jewels and those presented to her majesty in Berlin on the occasion of her marriage."

Frederic felt himself turning pale, and was glad that the request had not been addressed directly to himself; but the sister of Frederic the Second was not so easily daunted.

"Gentlemen," said she, "tell those who sent you that such a demand is insulting, and that I shall not submit to it!"

"Your majesty will be so kind as to remember that the Constitution gives this right to the States whenever they choose to exercise it. Such a request, madam, proceeding from me, would, I know, be insulting; but it is the law that speaks, and under these circumstances your majesty, I have no doubt, will pardon me, and comply."

"No, sir," replied the Queen, standing at her full height, "I repeat that I will submit to no such requisition!"

"In that case," said Gyllemborg, "I must suggest to your majesty that the States will probably take it for granted that the jewels are not at present in the royal treasury."

"I shall falsify that suspicion," answered the Queen, "but I shall do so at my own convenience, and then I shall separate the jewels which are my own from those to which you can have any claim. The latter I shall thenceforth consider it a degradation to wear."

"What is to be done now?" said Frederic, in a tone of dejection, throwing himself into a chair, when the Count was gone.

"Write at once to Stauffer," said the Queen, promptly, "to return immediately with the Jew, and send a courier to overtake him."

There was no other expedient to adopt; but, as a king, in all matters requiring secrecy, is less at liberty than any private individual, more than an hour passed away before a messenger was even chosen. Still, it was reasonably expected that the Jew and his fellow-travellers would be brought back before daybreak.

CHAPTER II.

AS soon as Gyllemborg had taken his leave, the Lady Stephana entreated her majesty to dispense with her usual attendance, for the agitating scene that she had witnessed during the evening left her unfit for anything but solitude and repose. Louisa-Ulric readily granted the request, and Stephana withdrew to her own apartments.

Meanwhile the precious hours were flying away, and the King's anxiety was every moment increasing. The courier, relying on his horse, had undertaken to bring back the fugitives within four hours; the dawn was beginning to appear, and as yet there was no sign of his return. Frederic summoned his confidential friends to assemble secretly at the palace, whither they all repaired immediately, with the exception of Count Støkenstrem, who could not be found. Their amazement was astounding when the King informed them of the visit of Gyllemborg, which coincided so mysteriously with the removal of the jewels; and as they all attested their fidelity by a solemn oath, suspicion at first naturally fell upon the absent accomplice; but the known honour and sincerity of Støkenstrem refuted the imputation as soon as it arose. It was then resolved that, as the money was distributed and the votes secured, their further movements must be prompt and energetic. The Queen would most probably be repossessed of the jewels before the assembling of the States; and, in case of any further delay, would be able to continue her refusal under the plea of offended dignity, and in the interval the blow would be struck. On this understanding they separated, after receiving his majesty's assurance that, no matter how far it might compromise him, he would never desert them. During that solemn and anxious interview, another not less grave and interesting in its way was taking place in a distant apartment of the palace.

"What is the secret anxiety, dearest Stephana, that clouds your brow and trembles in your voice?" said Count Støkenstrem. "It is now so late that I must leave you, and you send me away without a word or a smile! Think you, because you have given your heart to a conspirator, that you must be no longer kind and cheerful? Rest assured there will be no blood shed."

"How do you know that, Franz?" said the young lady, sorrowfully.

"Still desponding! Come, my dear girl, bring back the smile to your lips and the light to your eyes; give me but one cheering word, and let me depart happy."

"Are you going now, Franz?" she asked, in the same comfortless tone.

"Inevitably, for I must be found at home by daybreak. Your paleness and dejection," said he, drawing her gently toward him, "make me miserable, Stephana; and why so alarmed? You know our secret is safe, and secrecy is success. For myself, I never felt my confidence surer or my heart more steady."

"Do you believe in presentiments, Franz?" she asked in a trembling voice, as if her tears were ready to start.

"Yes! and mine, I believe, will not deceive me this time."

"To-morrow will decide," she murmured.

"To-morrow, then, your heart will be lighter; but, in smiles or in sadness, Stephana, I am yours for ever."

He was gone, and she was alone; and then the effort by which she had maintained some show of composure gave way to the strong emotion of long-suppressed sorrow, and tears flowed without restraint. Agitated by conflicting passions, her first impulse was to hasten after her lover and to recall him, as if she longed to extract a secret to which she had not yet ventured to allude, or repented of some want of candour on her own part. And again, strengthening herself in her former resolution, she reproached herself for her weakness and confirmed her doubts, while the dark fire that burned in her eyes and the unnatural smile that distorted her lips betrayed the tempest that raged within and the reluctant obstinacy of some fixed purpose. All this was unknown and unsuspected by Støkenstrem, who was too deeply engrossed by cares of more serious importance to waste much thought on the capricious humours of a young lady.

In the meantime, and at the distance of about six leagues from Stockholm, the carriage was stopped by six men armed to the teeth, who, after a desperate resistance, succeeded in making prisoners of the four travellers. They had scarcely effected this when they were interrupted by a distant noise like that of a horse advancing at full speed; and, as the road was darkened on one side by a grove of pine-trees, drawing the carriage into the shade, they left free space for the rider, who passed them the next moment, and shot away into the darkness like a phantom. Then, returning to the road, they took the way back to Stockholm; and, shortly after daybreak, the carriage and its escort, entering the capital by the southern gate, was driven to the house of Count Gyllemborg, where a council had been sitting during the night. Of the four prisoners all were bound except Solomon, who lay, nearer to death than life, under the conviction that his strange adventure was wound up by falling into the hands of half-a-dozen brigands.

In about an hour after their arrival, proclamation was made, through the streets of Stockholm, of the arrest, upon a charge of high treason, of the Counts Stauffer, Støkenstrem, Horn, Brahe, Stramfeld, and others — a decisive mode of proceeding, which effectually strangled the conspiracy, and struck terror into all those members of the National Council who had received money for their votes, and were now resolved to retain the payment without giving in exchange the stipulated value. An indictment was drawn up the same day against the prisoners, and as they were led to their trial, the same troops who were to have aided them in the revolution, formed a hedge on each side of their way.

There was still one slender chance of partial safety remaining. Though condemned beforehand in the minds of their judges, they could not be fatally convicted without some direct evidence, and this could be supplied by Solomon alone, who must have a personal interest in their escape, for on that alone depended the restitution of his money. This view of the case was suggested by the young Prince, who recommended that, in the event of the Jew's conscience being inflexible, precautions should be taken for ensuring his silence; but these measures were of such a nature that they were rejected with horror by the King.

The proceedings on the trial were short and conclusive. All the prisoners sat together; and, as they met then for the first time since their arrest, having been confined separately during the interval, it was interesting to observe the anxiety with which they looked round upon each other. They were all there; there was no traitor among them; and how then was the secret discovered? To all questions they opposed only an obstinate silence; so that the burden of proof rested altogether upon Solomon, and he, without hesitation, identified them all. An

hour later, and sentence of death was recorded, to be carried into execution in the evening.

"Gentlemen," said Solomon, addressing the Court, "I have lent thirty-five thousand ducats on three cases of jewels. Who is to repay me or give me security against loss?"

"The jewels belong to Sweden," was the reply. "The persons who pledged them had no right to dispose of them in any way; you must look for payment to those who have your money."

"Jew!" said the Count Horn, "your silence might have saved our lives and your own money. These gentlemen and I would have mortgaged our fortunes to make good our promises and secure you from loss. But you could not or would not understand how deeply you were interested in our safety."

It was all over, and the Court was rising, when Count Stöckenstrem requested permission to send a letter to a person whom he would name when it was ready, and was informed that it should be safely delivered.

Evening came on—a dark, chilly, comfortless twilight. The city was all silent, and seemed shocked and terrified into quiescence. That morning all were unanimous in denouncing the conspirators; now, the universal sentiment was pity for their fate; and probably, amid this general revulsion of feeling, if only one among them had escaped, he might have urged the citizens to a revolt; for the multitude that assembled in front of the scaffold, which was within view of the palace, were irritated by their ignorance of the author of the discovery, and directed their suspicions against the royal family.

Presently the melancholy scene was lighted up with the lurid blaze of torches, bringing out its more prominent features into startling relief, and falling upon the pale fixed features of the condemned. Twice already had the axe resounded upon the block, and the snow which was beginning to fall thickly was furrowed with dark streams of blood; when a female figure, with her long hair streaming wildly upon her bare shoulders, came rushing through the crowd toward the scaffold.

"Franz!" she cried, "I come to die with you!"

"No, Stephana," said the prisoner, "do rather as I have asked you. Console and protect my helpless and erring sister!" and then, as the executioner beckoned him to approach, "take my turn, brother," he said to Count Stauffer; "I want yet a moment or two of life."

"Your sister!" cried Stephana. "Alas! why did you never tell me that she was your sister who used to visit you in secret? I was jealous!—jealousy deranged my reason; I believed you faithless, and I goaded myself on to revenge! Heavens! what have I done? It is I—I whom you loved—that gave up your secret to your enemies! Pardon, Franz!—oh Franz, say you forgive me before we die!"

"Ask pardon of Heaven!" he replied, coldly—"of me, never!" Turning away, deaf to her cries and entreaties, he bowed his head upon the block, and the blow that descended cut short two lives. Stephana fell to rise no more; and in her hand was grasped a paper, on which these words were written:

"My hours are numbered, dearest Stephana, and my last thoughts are of thee. The service I ask will give you strength to survive me. My sister Matilda, of whom you have heard me speak, has come from Upsal to find with me an asylum from disgrace. I have been awaiting the moment when I should avenge her wrongs. Her betrayer must now go unpunished. Mingle your tears with hers, Stephana, and let my memory, like your sorrow, be shared between you!"

H. O

Zadkiel's Prophecies.

BY JOHN LEAF.

IF it be true that half the world knows not how the other half lives, it is not the less probable that half the world has no conception what the other half *reads*. There is a literature existing for almost every diversity of taste and culture. Even absolute unintelligence and stupidity have their organs, and peculiar oracles, which stupidity and unintelligence everywhere apparently find it interesting to consult. Here, for instance, is an almanac,* which, as the author boasts, has a yearly sale of 27,000, concocted expressly for the benefit of such as have a lingering belief in *magic*. It is a work quite wonderful in its kind—a very miracle of brazen impudence and absurdity—but which, nevertheless, to all appearance, has a charm for certain mental constitutions and, as we can affirm from personal knowledge, is confidently believed in by at least *some* of the human race. This astonishing civilization in the midst of which we live, this widely diffused enlightenment, whercof the age so loudly boasts, is in a very curious manner linked with as strange a mass of spiritual stupor and dark mindedness as ever perhaps existed at any period within the range of modern history. Let us peep a little into the book of the prophet Zadkiel, and see what it is that these twenty seven thousand human heads are expected to take for gospel.

We should not presume to bring such a work before the readers of this Journal, did we at all suppose that any of them would suspect us of thinking it in any degree probable that they have the slightest faith in Zadkiel, or are at all liable to be misled or imposed on by his pretensions. We take it for granted, on the contrary, that very few of them have ever heard of him, and that still fewer are aware of the nature of those singular revelations which, under his name, have for the last twenty years been published to his disciples. It is only lately that we ourselves became acquainted with his writings or had even heard any, but a confused rumour of his existence. We are now thoroughly convinced, however, that he is a sentient and living personage. He appears, moreover, to be possessed of certain human faculties, writes English somewhat "like a native," notwithstanding the oriental pretensions of his name, and has at least *one* recognizable and distinct article of *faith*; namely, a faith in human gullability! A probable "social nondescript," of keen vulpine cunning and esuriency, we figure him at his outset as a sort of human fox, prowling about the out-yards of society, with predatory intents upon unprotected geese. A sure instinct informs him that geese do probably abound, and that, in spite of the progress of refinement, they have not yet learnt the use of firearms. He accordingly advances with becoming craftiness, and fares prosperously as long as geese are plentiful.

Not to indulge further in a style perhaps too figurative, it appears to us that Reynard Zadkiel long ago conceived the possibility of living by his wits, and to this end he began to "calculate nativities," to advertise his gifts for giving seasonable "advice in all cases of trouble, anxiety as to absent friends, journeys, marriage, success in life," and so forth, and finally to publishing the astrological almanac now before us, where in he sets forth, along with sundry predictions about the weather, the authentic "voices of the stars," and "most wonderful revelations from the world of spirits," obtained, it seems, by the aid of a "magic crystal, in which numerous spirits of the dead have appeared! illustrated by woodcuts of the appearances of the spirits!" Thus it will be seen that if "Old Moore" and Partridge were great, Zadkiel is greater. The rogue knows well enough that an enlightened British government, that the highly scrupulous and enlightened religious sects of England, have virtually proclaimed to large masses of the people, "We, in our imbecility and short-sightedness, have unanimously agreed that ye shall none of you be educated; that the state contemptuously called ignorance is the best for you. Work, brothers, or suffer, as the case

* Zadkiel's Almanac for 1861.

may be, but know that it is presumption in you to aspire after knowledge! You may learn to read a little, friends, if the existing machinery of parish schools will suffice for the expense of it; but don't trouble your heads about *understanding* anything; it is a perversion of the faculties, and will only make you discontented with the established state of things." Zadkiel is doubtless thankful to the British government, and to the pious sects of England; for he has manifestly an interest, and even an actual property, in the ignorance and superstition which abound throughout the country. It is the raw material in which he works. We think it not unlikely that he overstates his circulation; for being by natural disposition and profession a decided liar, it is not to be expected that he should scruple about saying anything which might seem to magnify his consequence: yet the very existence and regular publication of his book is proof sufficient that he can make it *pay*; proof also that it is acceptable to the tastes and prurient modes of thought of a very considerable multitude of persons. It is chiefly in its character as a *psychological curiosity* that we have been induced to draw attention to it. Intrinsically stupid and contemptible as it may be, and on that account beneath the dignity of criticism, it nevertheless reflects to us a certain portion of the *mind* of the community; for, as already hinted, it is obvious that even the aberrations of pretended magic and astrology must obtain in some quarters a sort of credit and acceptance, or, according to the natural fate of aberrations, they would cease to be promulgated. Zadkiel undoubtedly has his disciples and believers: let us see, then, what it is that uninstructed and stupid mortals will believe.

We shall not dwell long on our astrologer's predictions in relation to the "weather," but will just mention, in passing, that we have taken pains to consult him regularly for several days prior to the present writing, and in every instance have we found him a lying prophet. On the 6th instant (January) we were led to expect a fall of snow; but no snow has fallen in our parts, nor, considering the temperature, is any likely to have fallen elsewhere in the kingdom. If Zadkiel means only, as we suspect he does, that snow would possibly fall on that day *somewhere upon the globe*, without deigning to indicate particular localities, why, then it is not unlikely that the prediction may have been fulfilled, and in that case our weather-seer's meteorological foresight must pass for what it is worth. For the rest, when he does not describe the weather for particular days, he is as vague and common-place as the celebrated "Francis Moore, Physician." Thus, he sets down for January that "damp, raw weather and fogs prevail": a prediction probable enough, and pointing to a state of atmosphere as plainly characteristic of any January in a century as of the present. Then in June, he prophesies of "fair summer weather," interspersed with "thunder, lightning, and wind," along with heavy showers; as indeed he may safely do without danger of contradiction. It evidently does not require a wizard to tell the weather in this wise: on such terms anybody might succeed in prophecy.

But quitting this, we pass on to report the "voices of the stars." And in the first place we may mention, that our investigations in this department have disclosed to us that Zadkiel, in his last year's visions, had no forecast of the "Papal Bull." Of wars and tumult on the continent, such as the previous newspaper accounts of the continental countries led everybody to look for, he has frequent mention; but of this grand disturbance at home the stars had not given him the slightest intimation. We have tried to strain particular passages, to make them apply to that astonishing "aggression," but in strict conscientiousness we have been compelled to admit, that no such accommodating detection of prophecy after the fact is practicable under the circumstances. We will glance, however, at what Zadkiel calls his "fulfilled predictions;" and we will take them in precisely the same terms in which he himself has stated them. For the month of April, 1849, he writes, "Frederick of Prussia has, &c., strange waywardness on his part, and mighty changes in his dominions—trouble and turmoil to himself. I judge that he will abdicate." On this passage, in his Almanac for the present year, he sets forth the following comment: "The mighty changes and troubles in that king's dominions were beyond all precedent; and he did

speak of abdicating, which for some time it was rumoured he had done!" Zadkiel calls that a "fulfilment." Then, for April last he intimates, "Strange and serious interruptions of the peace of this country:" a prediction which is stated to have been realized as follows: "A kind of naval warfare occurs by our fleet now blockading the coasts of Greece. The French ambassador was withdrawn." For the same month it is written, "Plots and conspiracies come to light, and singular attempts to overthrow the existing state of things;" and further on, in another part of the work, "Some secretary of state may be publicly exposed and tormented, or *even meet his death*." In his quotation of the latter passage, in the present Almanac, with a view to show the accomplishment of the prediction, the words in italics have been suppressed: however, coupling the two passages together, Zadkiel states the "fulfilment" in these terms: "There was an intrigue to overthrow the ministry. A large majority of the House of Lords voted against them, and in the other House a violent effort was made to expose and torment a *secretary of state*;" presumably Lord Palmerston. Now, overlooking the prophetic hint of probable *death* to a secretary, which should at least imply that his *life* would be in danger, we invite the reader to consider the incongruous adaptation of this fulfilment to its prediction, and to mark how clumsily the purport of the two is reconciled. Zadkiel prophesies of "conspiracies and plots," and "singular attempts to overthrow the *existing state of things*," and then informs us that the same have come to pass, inasmuch as a majority of the House of Lords voted against the ministry! That, surely, is not an occurrence which needed to be dignified by the name of a "conspiracy." Then, we should like to know how Zadkiel can justify his modesty in calling such an affair a "*singular attempt*," &c. Ministers are outvoted often enough, and no harm comes of it, beyond the trifling inconvenience or vexation they themselves experience. For Zadkiel to give us such mouse-abortions of "fulfilment" for such mountain promises of prophecy, is, to say the least of it, beneath him as a grave astrologer. One other example of this sort of prophecy-made-easy will suffice for the illustration of our author's gift in this department. At page 41 of last year's Almanac, he says, "Some very lamentable shipwrecks are denoted, and the death of numbers of poor people by water, such as emigrants." The fulfilment of this is thus announced in the record of verified predictions for the present year: "The Orion steamer was lost, and many persons drowned; also a vessel in the mouth of the Thames, and nearly 200 souls lost, I believe; and also others." Can anybody remember any year of his existence when such a prediction could not have been hazarded with the most perfect certainty of being fulfilled? These, however, are Zadkiel's strongest proofs of his prophetic mission. Of the many events predicted which he does not even pretend have come to pass, it is needless to say anything.

You will naturally say, that the whole business is so palpably absurd as not to require or deserve the solemnity of contradiction. And in this we should agree, were it not that Zadkiel can point exultingly to the 27,000 families into which his Almanac is regularly received. These people must have a certain kind of faith in Zadkiel; or it may be probable that the most of them do neither decidedly believe nor disbelieve in him, and only "know not what to think of it;" for whom it would be well if they *did* know what to think of it. Such humbugs as Zadkiel are helping the cause of the old enemy, by scandalously trafficking in their ignorance, exciting their superstitions, cheating them of hard-earned sixpences, in a variety of ways perplexing and deluding them. For it is not to be supposed that these people have the habit of *analyzing* Zadkiel, or of comparing his predictions with the pretended "fulfilments" which he from time to time puts forth. Their imperfect scholarship necessarily leads them to take Zadkiel very much according to his own representations; and they come to conclude from what look like his successes, that, if he does not *always* correctly foresee the future, he has still a partial power of discerning it. Now, *lies* of all kinds are decidedly objectionable, since they do unquestionably occupy quarters in the human head which ought to be occupied by truths, by rational and practicable knowledge; and if it can be shown that even stupid and grossly unintelligent people

in any way imposed upon by ridiculous pretensions, it surely is right that something should be done to undeceive them. And though it may be objected that what is attempted to be done here will not come before the parties now in question, yet if it succeeds in showing to the more intelligent what absurd notions are still current and accredited among us, it may lead some of them to inquire, with due impatience, how it is that such preposterous hallucinations can possibly be sustained. And the one answer must be, "It is because of the *lack of knowledge*; because of the want of a really national plan of education, whereby the people might be so intellectually and morally improved as of free consent to choose a better class of teachers. And then, it may, by and by, be further asked, "How comes it, that in an empire of such vast resources, the people are not adequately educated?" and perhaps, at length, after sufficient ponderings, the powerful heart and common sense of England may arise in sublime and steady resolution, and say, "It shall be done."

If we seem too serious over Zadkiel, it is because we know something of the difficulty of disabusing simple minds of the kind of prejudices which pretensions, such as his, are apt to foster in them. Whoso believes in Zadkiel, or even "knows not what to think of him," is, in a manner, disabled from apprehending the authentic laws of things, and cannot, while in such condition, attain to any rational insight respecting the order and true reality of the universe, and the established dispensations of human life. However, we will now proceed to some examination of those mysterious "revelations from the world of spirits," which stand so prominently emblazoned on Zadkiel's title-page. In a part of his work expressly devoted to the consideration of "magic," our astrologer sets forth, "Wherever we turn among the literature of the Eastern world, we find evidence of a deep-seated faith in magic, or, in other words, of the possibility of communication with the spiritual world. And since a pretended power to hold converse with the spirits of the mighty dead could not long have existed among such an intelligent people as the ancient Egyptians, without being exposed as false and unfounded, if it really were so, we have some grounds for believing that there must have been some *truth* in the matter. In India it is well known that *magic crystals*, such as Mr. Aubrey mentions [in a passage previously quoted from his *Miscellanies*], have been in use among the Brahmins, &c., for ages. They still exist; and one of large size (four inches in diameter), was a few years since brought over by a friend of Lady Blessington; after the sale of whose effects it recently fell into the hands of a friend of mine; and having tested its powers, I have resolved on giving my readers an account of this wonderful mode of communicating with the spirits of the dead." It seems that crystals of this kind are usually "consecrated to the angels of the planets," and that the common sort are "therefore far less powerful than Lady Blessington's; which, being consecrated to the archangel of the sun, *Michael*, may be consulted during four hours each day; whereas the others can generally be used only for a very brief space of time, nor can any very potent spirits be called into them, or made to render themselves visible." In bringing the matter of the spiritual revelations obtained by this wonderful instrument before the public, Zadkiel declares that he is "acting according to the advice and injunctions of the spirits themselves." He adds, further, that he has "no theory to maintain, no crotchet to uphold," that he "merely states *facts*, to which there are very numerous witnesses," and for the accuracy of which he pledges—what think you?—his "*veracity*!"

After such an introduction, Zadkiel goes on to tell, that on the "29th, of January 1850," there was seen in Lady Blessington's crystal the following imposing vision. "A tall man appears with a helmet on, and in armour; a large club in his hand; a bear on its hind legs near him." He is fierce-looking, but has a pleasant smile. He calls himself "*Orion*," and has written on his breast, "*Sent from God*." Words appear near him, "Do not publish it the first half of this year. Tell it only to your friends." "It is sent from God." Then he declares, in the same way, that the crystal in which he appears was made in the year 675 B.C.; and says also, "*Ask any questions you like, except wicked ones*." "*You cannot always be told*." Then

Zadkiel asks, "Art thou a spirit of the moon?" And the answer is, "No, I am not: I come from the atmosphere." Having been "shown some other planets," our astrologer desired "to see Jupiter;" whereupon he is given to understand that he "can have a spirit from Jupiter," but that he is not privileged to "see Jupiter." He learns, also, that he is destined to "go to Jupiter" when he dies. "In letters of fire," and in the types called *capitals*, he reads sundry grave and moral admonitions; and then the spirit signifies, "I AM WANTED. LET ME GO." Then Zadkiel says, "*Thou mayst depart!*" and accordingly *exit* Orion. On the 3rd of February, Zadkiel, resolved to "try the spirits" further, called up Orion again; but the conversation between them on that occasion, as here reported, is particularly dull; so that we do not intend to quote from it. On the 26th he asks Orion, "What is death?" and the answer given is, "Life awaking from a dream;" by which it will appear that Orion knows a little of human literature. On this same occasion our astrologer had the audacity to summon John Calvin, and ask him where he dwelt; a thing which we think he hardly would have ventured on had he expected to encounter Calvin in the flesh, and could have guessed how the rigorous reformer would probably have dealt with him. However, we have by this means ascertained that Calvin has a country seat in Jupiter. He seems to have conversed with our magician with surprising freedom, considering the reputed sternness of the man. On being asked whether he had always been in Jupiter since his death, he answered, "No," and intimated that he had been, for the most part, "in the atmosphere;" a circumstance which perhaps accounts for the prevalence of storms. "How long," said Zadkiel, "have you been in Jupiter?" And the reformer told him in reply, "A week since last Sunday;" which, by calculation, appears to have been the 10th of February. It may be interesting to many, and perhaps surprising, to hear that Calvin has lately repudiated Calvinism. This, however, seems to be the fact; for when Zadkiel asked him, "Are your doctrines right for men to follow?" he briefly, but meekly answered, "No." Encouraged by his communicativeness, our astrologer, among multifarious other questionings, ventured to interrogate him about the death of poor Servetus. Calvin admits, with sufficient candour, that he made a martyr of the man, but states that he has seen reason to repent of it. He adds, further, that Servetus is now a near neighbour of his in the planet Jupiter, is living happily, and consorts with him in friendly terms; all which, if one could rely upon it, is very satisfactory.

As in an article like the present we are necessarily straitened in point of space, we are only able to give mere *glimpses* of these crystal visions, the full account of which extends to nearly twenty pages of the Almanac. We are even somewhat at a loss to select the most astonishing particulars, and must take them for the most part at random, without regarding dates or other circumstantial matters. As there is no method in the work, this plan will answer quite as well as any. Zadkiel inquires of Orion, "Did the witch of Endor really raise the spirit of Samuel?" To which Orion responds, "Yes." "Is the account of it correct?" "Not quite." "Is it a wicked thing to raise the spirits of the dead?" "No; but don't you do it." "Is it not a good thing, then?" "No. The practice of magic generally is bad; but a little of it is no harm." "Is there a head or leader to evil spirits." "Yes." "Tell me his name." "ANTIPOO." "Is there a being called Satan?" "That is him. He is in the form of a serpent." . . . "Will these revelations be readily received by the world?" "Not very." "Will the clergy generally oppose them?" "Yes." "Where is King George IV., that was King of England?" "In Jupiter." "Where is the old King, George III?" "In the sun. He was a good old man." "Is the present state of things in Europe likely to continue?" "No, not long." On the same page with the foregoing, we have a "representation of Orion as he appeared to several persons." He reminds us very much of a figure we have seen at Sadler's Wells. Orion gives his interrogator decided assurance of the millennium. He says, it will be "a state of pure peace and happiness," and will last for a thousand years. In about fifty years' time, the Christian religion is to be "spread over India." That religion,

indeed, is to become universal, and then the "millennium will follow." It may be interesting to classical antiquarians to know that Homer's birth place is now capable of being settled. His spirit lately informed Zadkiel that he "lived about 400 years before Alexander the Great, and was *born at Athens*." He intimated, also, that he "knows Virgil." It may be well to hear the opinion of Tacitus concerning Cæsar's Commentaries, and of the state of the arts among the ancient Druids. That great historian, by communications rendered through "Lady Blessington's crystal," admitted "that his account of the Britons was not so good as Cæsar's." He intimated, likewise, that "the Druids did often sacrifice human beings," and that they "did sometimes practice astrology," having "derived their rules from India;" but they were "stupid fellows in general." . . . "A tall, graceful female figure, having beautiful wings, glittering like silver, going down to her heels, clothed in a white, dazzling robe, a halo round her head," and who seems to be named "Eve"—is represented as having appeared to "Master ———," and who confidentially informed him, "that astrology will be taught in some of the colleges of England before 20 years." Zadkiel throws in an "N.B.," to inform us that this lady "Eve" is "not the mother of mankind, but a spirit from the moon."

The reader has probably had enough; but there are a few other passages which we feel constrained to quote, on account of their peculiar raciness. There is the last news from Harold, who fell at Hastings. "Harold, the last Saxon king, appeared in armour, *cap-a-pied*, with sword girt on, and a shield on his arm; a tall, fine man, with red hair and red whiskers, moustache, and beard. He said he was not killed by an arrow, as history reports, but by an axe, and was buried in Hastings, and not in consecrated ground, which *he did not understand*; but he said that his body was "blessed by a holy man." He said that he is now in Jupiter, and very happy; that "his wife retired to Waltham Abbey." Zadkiel has had interviews with many of the distinguished personages of sacred history. The following, out of several, seems worth reporting. "Solomon, king of Israel, appeared; a fine, tall old, man, with a very grey beard, and long flowing grey locks. He had a long, purple, velvet robe reaching to his feet, a golden crown on his head, and a sceptre in his hand ornamented at the top. He said he did not remember how many Proverbs he had written; that he did write the Book of Wisdom (which ought therefore to be admitted into the canonical collection); that he taught the Queen of Sheba to believe in a future life; that the sect of the Sadducees existed in his time, and also the Essenes, to which latter he belonged. That he did once worship *Astarte*, the goddess of the Zidonians, out of compliment to his wife, but not habitually or sincerely. In answer to my question, "Did you understand astrology?" he replied, "Yes; but *not so well as you do!*" It is scarcely modest of Zadkiel to report that compliment; but being enjoined by the spirits to publish these revelations it is to be supposed that he was bound to do so under penalties. The next passage conveys a hint which ought to put the person interested upon his guard. On the 3rd of February, "Orion and other spirits answered several questions of a private nature to the company; also stated that L. N. would never be Emperor of France, but that he *would be assassinated*; that in time there would be a King of France again; not the Duc de Bordeaux, nor the Count de Paris." In another crystal vision some interesting news was obtained of Sir John Franklin. Orion answered for him, that he was quite well, as also was Captain Crozier; that young H. (a gentleman apparently inquired after) was likewise well, and "had just killed a bear;" further, that the expedition was then "to the north-west of Melville Island." The ghost of Swedenborg being summoned, he offered to give some further information about Sir John; whereupon Zadkiel asks, "What is the best way to communicate with him?" signifying that he should like to know, "for his wife's sake!" Swedenborg replies, "*By the natives*: they speak to him sometimes." "Will he be home next summer?" "No." "Why?" "Because he cannot help himself: he is stopped by ice; but his heart does not fail him; he wants to explore." "How will he do for provisions?" "He will find bears, dogs, and wolves." "Will he find the passage?" "No; there is a continent there." "But there is also a passage?" "There is one;

but he will not find it." "What latitude does it lie in chiefly?" "I do not know. *Good bye.*" One regrets to find Swedenborg so much at fault in his geography, and should be almost inclined to think him something of a "muff," were we not informed in another place that spirits, "from some peculiar idiosyncrasy, do not *well understand* about latitude and longitude." What Zadkiel could want with *Socrates*, it would be hard to tell. He, however, called him into the crystal, and he appeared in rather curious habiliments. "A tall, middle-aged man, rather bald, dressed with striped, coarse trowsers, very loose at the top and tight near the feet, a kind of frock, open in front, and without sleeves." On being asked, "What is the best thing to do here?" he answered, quite in character, "To gain wisdom." Being solicited to mention the "best means" of acquiring wisdom, he replied, rather absurdly, "Astrology, phrenology, and prayer." Zadkiel is extremely fulsome in his religion; but we do not wish to interfere with him in that particular. We may insert, however, his account of the state and prospects of a great Scripture criminal. Judas Iscariot would seem (not without reason) to be rather a shy man. He did not at all like having to appear before Zadkiel in the crystal. We learn, moreover, that at the time of his appearance he was "very wretched," which is not unlikely, as he admitted he had had a long spell of purgatory, or rather, something worse; though he expected to "be happier after the next Sunday." That would be on the 10th of February, 1850, terrestrial reckoning. So that if there be anybody as sympathetic as the Highland preacher, who desired to "pray for the puir De'il," and such a one feels an interest in the fate of Judas, it may be gratifying to him to learn how matters stand. Here, perhaps, it will be well to stop; for though we might quote a great many other astonishing passages, we have probably given as many as the reader will care to see.

Further Illustrations of Friendly Societies' Law.

It is a trite remark that what is true of individuals is true of societies. Clubs are no more eternal than men and women; both are liable to arrive at an untimely end by indiscretion and recklessness. The same prudence which induces John Smith, the honest collier, to make a purse for the wife of his bosom, to receive and enjoy, after he has been laid low in the damp cold earth, dictates that he and his fellows should make decent and proper arrangement for the interment of a society, and winding-up its affairs, when its dissolution has become inevitable, or even expedient. The legislature has made several provisions on this head, which statutory law has been the subject of mature Common Law Judgments; and the rules of any society may add other regulations touching this matter, which are not repugnant to the acts of Parliament in question.* An attention to the law in this respect, by Trustees, where there are Trustees, and where there are no Trustees, by the Treasurer of a Society, or other person who has the custody of the society's money (who is a Treasurer within the meaning of the Act), is of the first importance. If the society is not legally dissolved, or if the terms of dissolution are departed from in the slightest degree, although honestly, and in good faith, these officers may be dragged through vexatious and costly litigation, by any one selfish, or cantankerous member; and where the suspicion of improper motive can be raised, they may be indicted in a criminal tribunal.

The Friendly Societies' Consolidation Act† provided that a society might be dissolved by resolution, passed at "some meeting thereof, to be specially called in

* Tidd Pratt's "Law relating to Friendly Societies," 5th edit. p. 20.

† 18 and 19 Vict. cap. 63, sec. 13.

that behalf, providing that certain requisites and conditions were also satisfied." This act rendered it a condition precedent upon the dissolution that "five-sixths in value of the then existing members, including the honorary members, if any," should vote for the dissolution; and it enacted that for the purpose of ascertaining the votes of such five-sixths in value of the members, every member should be entitled to have one vote, and an additional vote for every five years that he might have been a member, but limited the number of votes which any single member might give. Another exceedingly important condition precedent to the dissolution of a society is embodied in the same section of the act. No society can be dissolved without the consent, in writing, "of all persons, if any, then receiving, or entitled to receive any relief, annuity, or other benefit from the funds thereof, unless the claim of every such person be first duly satisfied, or adequate provision made for satisfying such claim." This clause of the Friendly Societies' Consolidation Act also made it necessary to state in the agreement for dissolving a society,—before obtaining the assents of its members, in the manner and to the extent pointed out—the mode in which its funds were to be distributed, or applied; but, in consequence, it may be inferred of the difficulty of meeting the wishes of all—and, sometimes, the very unreasonable demands of some—of the parties interested, this part of the section has been amended by a subsequent enactment. The agreement may now refer to the decision of "the Registrar of Friendly Societies, or to the Actuary of the Commissioners for the reduction of the National Debt, or to an Actuary of some Life Assurance Company, established in London, Edinburgh, or Dublin, who shall have exercised the profession of an actuary for at least five years, to be named in the agreement,"* the appropriation or division of any funds then in hand. The provisions of the two acts already pointed out, relate to the dissolution of societies, by consent, and at the discretion of their members, under any circumstances. The obvious design of the legislature, when it imposed such obstacles in the way of dissolving a society, was the prevention of fraud, by, it might be, new or young members, upon the old contributors, or the aged annuitants; and the justice of such provisions is self-evident.

Whenever a society is insolvent, it may be dissolved by the Registrar, or an Actuary of London, Edinburgh, or Dublin, of five years' standing, "on the application in writing, of not less than one-fourth," of its members.* None of the formalities mentioned in the previous paragraph are requisite in the present case. A statement in writing, with the requisite number of signatures, setting forth "that the funds of the society are insufficient to meet the claims thereon, with the grounds thereof," is the only document necessary to be prepared. The Registrar, or Actuary, as the case may be, thereupon investigates the matter, and decides whether the society should be dissolved or not. If he arrives at the conclusion that the society should be dissolved, he next proceeds to settle "in what way the funds and property shall be divided," and the award is final, conclusive, and binding "on all the members, and other persons interested in, or having any claim on, the funds of the society." Mr. Tidd Pratt, in his last Report, gives the particulars of many of these cases, and very fully explains the mode of procedure which he adopts. He makes an appointment to meet the members, either at his office, or at some convenient place of meeting in the town where the club has held its meetings, he hears Attorney and Counsel, when the parties interested choose to employ such professional aid, and decides upon his award at his leisure. The expenses such an this enquiry are a first charge upon the assets of an insolvent society.

From the award of the Registrar or an actuary, under the provisions of the Act last referred to there is no appeal; but any member of a Society dissolved by consent under a special meeting, and the Consolidation Act, who may be

* 21 and 22 Vict. cap. 101, sec. 8.

dissatisfied with the provision made by his fellow members may apply "to the judge within which the usual place of business is situated,"* or in the City of London, to the Judge of the Sheriffs' Court, in the cities of Dublin and Cork, to the Recorder thereof,† at any time during the six calendar months next following the date of the resolution,‡ "for relief or other order," and it is enacted that the judicial officers named shall have power to make "such order or direction, in relation thereto as he may think the justice of the case may require." The powers and mode of enforcing orders and directions are duly set forth in these Statutes, and in a very lucid judgment of the Court of Common Pleas, Mr. Justice Willes gave a liberal interpretation to the words of the sections which confer an equitable jurisdiction upon the authorities just mentioned.§ An injunction restraining the dissolution of the Society, and calling upon the Trustees not to divide the funds of the Society may be cheaply obtained. The Courts|| to which jurisdiction in these matters is given may indeed exercise all the powers now exercised "in the Court of Chancery in respect either of its ordinary, or its special, or its statutory jurisdiction," and the decision of such Court is not subject to any appeal.¶ To secure obedience to its order or directions such Court may also attach a penalty for non-compliance,** or grant relief by way of a payment in cash to the party interested†† and either the penalty, or the relief in cash may be enforced or recovered "in the same manner as a judgment for debt, or damages in such Court."‡‡ These ample powers are moreover such as the judges and others having jurisdiction betray no disinclination to enforce. These statutory provisions—unlike the protection against Sheriff's executions and Bankruptcy—do not clash with the general principles of the Common Law, or with judicial prejudices, and they will always be readily acted upon.|||| There is yet another provision in the Consolidation Act to which some reference must be made. If a Society should be dissolved by the resolution of its own members, under the presumption that the Consolidation Act had been complied with, and it should be proved that any portion of the funds had been otherwise appropriated—say that the claim of a member had not been "duly satisfied," or that "adequate provision" had not been made for satisfying such claim—the trustee or other officer, or person, aiding or abetting therein, is liable to be "committed to the common gaol, or house of correction, and there kept to hard labour for any term not exceeding three calendar months."† It will, of course, be impossible to obtain a conviction under this penal enactment, unless gross and palpable malversation of the funds has been committed, or without the person claiming to set the law in motion, can prove a case of exceeding personal hardship—the evidence of dishonest intention, which is the *gravamen* of a criminal offence, must be exhibited to the magistrate's satisfaction—but a *prima facie* case, justifying the charge, although not establishing the crime, might be easily got up by a dissatisfied member against a perfectly honest Trustee or other officer. Whenever a Society must be dissolved, too much care is not possible, in order to steer quite clear of the penal, and not get entangled in the civil meshes of the statute.

The case of "the Penyddarran Firemen's Club," as recorded in the annals of the Merthyr Tydfil County Court, is an interesting and instructive example of the law as stated above. Thomas Jones, the plaintiff, in an action which elicited from the learned Judge of this court an elaborate exposition of the law, was a member of the society, when all the other members resolved upon its dissolution. Thomas Jones, it must be confessed, was one of those men who were present to the eyes of the Legislature when they drew the 41st Section of the Consolidation

* 18 and 19 Vic., cap 63, sec. 13.

+ 21 and 22 Vic., cap. 101, sec. 1.

‡ 11 and 12 Vic., cap. 43, sec. 11; 13 and 13 Vic. cap. 70, sec. 11.

§ Holy v. Macfarlane, "Jurist," Vol. 2, p. 785.

|| *Ibid.* ¶ 18 and 19 Vic. cap 63, sec. 41.

** 18 and 19 Vic., cap. 63, sec. 42.

†† *Ibid.* ‡‡ *Ibid.* §§ *Ibid.*

|| 18 and 19 Vic., cap 63, sec. 13.

Act. He was fifty years old, and was suffering from a disease of both lungs. The malady had taken such a firm hold of him that his recovery was pronounced "neither to be expected nor possible." It is not therefore, perhaps, to be at all wondered at, if, as one of his fellow-members stated, poor Tom Jones objected to have the society broken up and the funds divided, although upon what the Penydarrarians thought an equitable basis. They didn't want any lawyer to meddle in the affairs of their society. They intended to act "fair and square" to each other, and couldn't see the use of looking into the Act of Parliament. On the evening appointed for the division of the fund, we are told that the members "made a great row, and insisted upon dividing the money," but Thomas Jones, to the great annoyance of all the rest, kept repeating a protest against the course pursued, and exclaimed that he "was not willing to divide or dissolve the club." Thomas Thomas was landlord of the Vulcan Inn, and was Treasurer to the Penydarran Club. The Society had appointed no Trustees, so that their Treasurer became "a Trustee within the meaning of the Act." He appears to have been a thoroughly upright man. He was prepared to hand over the cash he then held, and apply it in any mode that would satisfy all parties. All he was anxious about was to secure himself from rival claimants. Eleven members gave him, by way of indemnity, a promissory note for £60, and, in obedience to the order of the Committee, he paid each man the amount to which he was entitled, under the adopted mode of distribution. In the words of the law report, "each man had a share, according to what he had paid, deducting what he had received" in the shape of benefits. We don't know whether, upon this mode of distribution, every man came off as well as Thomas Jones. Unless he was exceptionally treated, the healthy members, who had been long upon the books, must have drawn very acceptable sums. Thomas Jones had received, "by reason of sickness," £22 more than he had paid in to the club, and at the dissolution they offered him a further sum of 13s. 6d., which he took under protest, that he should regard it only as sick relief. Thus ended the endeavours of the Penydarran Club to wind up and liquidate its own affairs.

Shortly afterwards Thomas Jones was advised to make an application to the County Court, for such order or relief as the Judge of that tribunal might consider him entitled to. The case was heard patiently, and, as we have said, an elaborate judgment was pronounced. The Court felt it desirable that the reasons influencing its judgment should be very clearly made known, and hence a decision was pronounced in *Merthyr Tydfil* not at all unworthy of Westminster Hall. For many reasons, which he explained, the learned Judge thought it would not be expedient to grant an injunction restraining any further steps in the dissolution of the Society, which would have been a practical direction to reconstitute the Club, but as he considered that Thomas Jones was "entitled to the same extent of relief as if the Society still existed in operation," he declared that Thomas Thomas—notwithstanding he had parted with all the funds of the Club—should continue the payments of 2s. per week to the plaintiff, and that whenever his disease culminated in death the defendant should pay to the plaintiff's representatives the further sum of five pounds. Thus, so far as Thomas Jones was concerned, the dispute and litigation ended; but the affairs of the Penydarran Firemen's Club, having been brought into the sphere of law, they were doomed to furnish another case for our edification and enlightenment. We have already explained that when Thomas Thomas, "the Trustee within the meaning of the act," found a dissident who would not agree to dissolve the Club, or divide its funds, sagaciously demanded an indemnity, before he parted with the cash, in his hands, and got one, in the form of the promissory note for £60. After he had been fixed with a liability to continue the weekly allowance and make a provision on the death of this dissident member, Thomas Thomas availed himself of what lawyers call his "remedy over" against, or in plain untechnical

language, he turned round upon his eleven fellow members, who had made this note. In a few weeks the learned Judge who had decided the case already narrated, was called upon to make one William Griffiths, and ten other men pay to Thomas Thomas £50—the sum of £10 having been abated, so as to give the County Court a jurisdiction. The lawyers retained for the plaintiff and for the defendants exhausted their legal ingenuity upon this cause, but the decision was, an example of self-demonstrative equity. It was contended that the Treasurer or Trustee, under the terms of the act, the honest and upright landlord of the Vulcan Inn, Thomas Thomas, had been guilty of a *legal*, although *not a moral* fraud, and that he could not recover upon a promissory note, the consideration for which disclosed a breach of trust—that is the irregular distribution of the Society's funds. The learned Judge, however, put aside all the legal sophistries, and in his judgment (based upon several precedents extracted from recognised Equity Reports) held that Thomas Thomas could recover upon his indemnity, because the eleven defendants knew of and concurred in the breach of trust. Thomas Thomas, to speak exactly, could not however so make a purse for himself, if he had been disposed, but the money thus obtained would vest in him as the Trustee, for a Society which had not been legally dissolved, and must be held by him to answer the Society's obligations. The most practical result of this curious litigation was, however, a suggestion from the learned Judge, that the members should meet together and legally dissolve the Society.

In conclusion, we ought, perhaps, also to say that on the first trial we mention, the Judge quoted the words of the act which direct that "in the event of the dissolution or determination of any society, or the division or appropriation of the funds thereof (except in the way provided for by the act), any Trustee, or other officer, or person," aiding, or abetting therein, were liable, on conviction for this offence, "to be imprisoned and kept to hard labour for any term not exceeding three months." He thought the persons concerned in distributing the Penydarran Club monies were liable to this fate. He did not think that his judgment would release them. His emphatic words were, "No order that I can make can discharge the parties from this liability." He also proceeded to say that "if Trustees are threatened with violence, it is their duty to seek protection (which they assuredly will effectually obtain) from magistrates, or from the ordinary courts of law, but, if instead of so doing, they weakly comply with illegal demands, they must remember that their weakness will be no excuse to relieve them from the liabilities of the trust they surrendered, nor from the personal penalties or punishments, which their compliance may subject them to endure. To such language, uttered under such circumstances, it is needless to add a word of our own in support of the position laid down on the opening of this article.

J. J. M.

Chances and Changes.

BY H. OWGAN, LL.D.

CHAPTER I.

MONEY!—the god of this world, in whose worship alone is no hypocrisy—the measure of all social rank—the talisman that dresses up every vice in presentable disguise, and lends an extra charm to every virtue—the great master of the ceremonies, who gives the *entrée* to all society. Yes, money, and not knowledge, is power. And what power? The power to gratify every highest aspiration; every most generous impulse of our nature; and to enjoy the bounty and the beauty of this fair world. And here I am, with the desire, and the taste, and the faculties to drink deep of all these pleasures; to enjoy

the city, and the landscape, the land and the ocean; the wild sublimity and grandeur of rude nature, and the magic of woman's loveliness; of all these there is none for me. Here I am, within this wooden fortress, not even moving from scene to scene, for in that there would be some life, some excitement, something to make the eye kindle and the blood run fast—not less a prisoner than if, like those around me, I were guilty of some crime. Crime! yes, I am guilty of that which is the darkest and least pardonable of crimes in every civilized community; the crime of which alone there is no atonement—I am poor. "Money the root of all evil." I don't believe it. I cannot feel it. No, it is the want of money; the uncompromising necessity of having it; the burning fiery thirst of the all-powerful elixir; that is what makes the mischief. And is it then so strange or culpable that, rather than be held guilty of that never-forgiven offence, men will fly to others on which the world looks with more indulgence.

It was something like this style of soliloquy that a young gentleman, aged about five-and-twenty, was conversing with himself, listlessly holding a book which he was not reading; for he was gazing with a long, wistful, dreamy look upon the twilight-softened roofs, and spires, and cupolas of a city which he must not just then approach; gazing through the narrow vista of a small square window, that gave light to a little cabin in one of those floating prisons which, until within a few years past, were considered the safest durance for convicts under sentence of transportation. It was the house, most of all other, where distance clothes in beauty things vulgar and common in themselves—the soft, hazy, roseate hour of twilight, when thoughts and memories, like the outward eye, love to wander far away, and to find in that long dim perspective, a charm borrowed from hopes and recollections, which the actual and the present can never bear. And so he wandered on vaguely in thought, dreaming of all that he would achieve and enjoy if he had only been born to a fortune, free to follow every impulse of his fancy, and all the caprices of his taste, instead of being the poor surgeon of a convict dépôt, when he was awakened from his reverie by the evening gun from a ship of war that rode, springing on her cable, within a short distance. Just at that moment, too, he was more effectually summoned back to reality by a visit from one of the warders.

"He's very bad to-night, Doctor," said the kinsman of Cerberus, swinging a large bright key upon his two fore fingers; "you'd better step down and see him, perhaps."

"Worse, is he?"

"He says he's dying, Sir; I think, myself, he's near his end. I have seen some men die in my time."

"It's very unaccountable, and not at all pleasant," said the doctor, as he descended to that part of the prison called the hospital, "the interest I cannot help feeling in this man. He sometimes almost makes me a believer in the 'evil eye.' I feel as if there was something I cannot escape from. And after all, he's not a mere brute, like the rest of them. I should like to know the history of his life—I'm sure he has a story to tell."

"Are we alone, Doctor?" inquired the convict, abruptly, after some short conversation respecting his health, "I have something important to tell you."

"Yes; if you have anything to say, speak freely, but lose no time."

"I want to speak to you very seriously, Doctor Vernon," said the patient, rising on his bent arm, and exposing in the effort his breast, scored and seamed with the scars of many wounds. "Bah! these scratches," he continued, "they are nothing now—nothing to the wounds inside. I know I have not long to live, Doctor, if I remain in this narrow dungeon. Liberty alone is life to me; the broad sunshine—the tranquil moonlight—the license

to wander far and wide—to come and go; anything with freedom; even if it were to live, like a wild animal, upon the green buds and berries by the wayside. Yes, you look astonished at this wreck, this wretched skeleton. You see what this shattered frame once had of strength and symmetry. You see I was not always what I am; and now you wonder why I am here, a felon and a convict. No matter, it is a long tale to tell. It was the thirst for gold to fill the witching cup of pleasure. It was impatience of the slow, mean, patient, drudgery by which they earn it whom the world calls honest, because they plunder within the limit of the law. All that signifies nothing now; let it pass, and listen to something of the future. You are young, Doctor Vernon; you are impulsive—enthusiastic—ambitious; this sort of thing is weary slavery for such a man as you; what can you ever hope to realize from it? Would you not see the world abroad? You have many years to enjoy it yet, and cull here and there all the pleasures it holds out to the full hand. I know you would; you have within you the love and the aptitude for all graceful and refined, and sensuous enjoyments; one thing only is wanted—the command of money—the ready and assiduous slave, for to you it would be a slave and not a master."

"And what then? Suppose I would enjoy the world, and that I want but that master-key to open it?"

"Well, then, I can give it you; enough, and to spare."

"You; and what am I to give you in return? for I suppose there must be some equivalent."

"Liberty! It is dark and quiet enough, now. Bring me to your cabin—an open window—a plunge into the water, and I am free."

"You must be raving, friend. You give me a fortune for that chance. Granted even that I were ready to betray my trust and forfeit my honour, where is it?"

"It is but natural that you should doubt me," replied the convict with a grim and bitter smile, "but as heaven hears us both, I do not deceive you. I have nothing here, as you see; but only set me free and follow me, and within three days I will place your hand upon a treasure to which no other human being can guide you."

"Keep yourself quiet, friend," said the Doctor, "your brain is wandering a little; other thoughts should occupy you now. You have much to be forgiven it seems, and I fear the time is short."

"Heaven and Earth, how can I convince you?" cried the convict, wildly; "I am not raving; I tell you it is no delusion. Do not cast away the richest opportunity that Fate may ever open for you. Picture to yourself the power of money, to which no other on earth can be compared. All the delights of sense and intellect; the ever changing scene; ever new, and ever captivating; the worship of society; the flattery of men; the soft intoxication of the beaming smile, and the murmuring music of the voice of woman; all that this rich and beautiful world reserves for Fortune's favourites. I can give you all this—I ask but one poor service—one slight act of charity. I care but little now for life itself. I have stood too often where it was not worth two minutes' purchase; but I would not die in this dungeon and fill a felon's grave—save me from that, and all is yours."

"This is a frightful temptation," said the surgeon, "seducing as the silvery tongue of Belial himself; but if you or he could make me forget that I am an honourable and true man, where is the proof?"

"The proof is short and easy enough; but promise me that, whether refused or accepted, my secret shall never pass your lips, or be written by your hand."

The promise was given, and the convict, seizing the listener by the arm, poured a few hurried and earnest sentences into his ear.

Dazzled, bewildered, and undecided, it was not to sleep that Dr. Vernon retired to his bed that night; but to look alternately upon the two pictures painted on his mind. On the one there stood before him the man of wealth and fashion carelessly fluttering away the gay and sun-lighted hours; the arbiter of taste; the welcome guest; the favoured lover. On the other he saw the obscure, overworked, under-paid, neglected professional; until, in restless and nervous agony, he tossed and flung himself round and vainly sought relief in sleep. Yielding to fatigue, he was at last sinking into slumber when he was shaken up by the report of a musket, fired apparently close above his head, and starting up to ascertain the cause, found that his tempter of the previous night, having overpowered a warder, and possessed himself of his key, had made his way to the deck and been shot by a sentry while attempting to swim ashore.

"Shot like a dog at last," said the Governor, who arrived on the scene just as the dead body was drawn on board and sank heavily on the deck, "that man was born to a fortune, and squandered it away almost as soon as he possessed it; enlisted, and fought like a bulldog; fell back again into the old ways, and has broken loose from half the gaols in England."

CHAPTER II.

It was about two years after the time of the first chapter, if the accommodating reader will dispense, like Aristotle, with the least of the unities, when Mr. Horace Vernon, for he did not just then care to be recognised as a physician, was the most noticeable and most highly-considered guest of the most fashionable boarding-house in Bath. It was late in the evening, so late that it might more properly be called morning. The household was all dark and silent, except that one passing stealthily along the upper corridor might have heard some diligent sleeper or two giving voice to the luxury of rest, for the elder inhabitants, weary of their tea-table, and their whist, and their small talk, and trite reminiscences, had gone to refresh the few energies and the imperfect faculties that Time still spared them. No charm now for such as they had the quick throb of the high-beating heart, the low tremulous passionate words, and the agitating hopes and fears of glorious overflowing youth. It was their evening, and they had given place to those for whom the dew-drops still glistened on the young flowers. And so it is; each one has his little case of perfume—the aroma of romance—some more and some less; and when that all exhales away, one may as well break the alabaster; or, if hallowed by some dear sad memories, keep it there to weep over, as if it held the ashes of the dead.

Well, all the old people were asleep, and the only three young persons in the house—two ladies and a gentleman, who had accompanied them to the theatre, sat in the deserted drawing-room; opera-cloaks, fans, and gloves were thrown carelessly aside, and in that interesting languor that follows a long parade, the two girls sank into two deep chairs, pushing aside their stray ringlets, and discoursing that low soft music that flows so smoothly from the lips of youth and beauty.

Mr. Horace Vernon listened with smiles and gentle interjections, while he dispenses the *petit souper* that awaited their return. He was very happy to all appearance; but, as human nature is never satisfied with anything positive or negative in the way of enjoyment, he had already made up his mind to play a game with fortune, and to pour into his cup a drop or two of the piquant zest of uncertainty. Later again, when the lamps were burning low, and an occasional sound of waking life echoed in the empty streets, there is one lady still remaining with Mr. Vernon. They speak in low, earnest, and

broken tones, but it is the same old story—no need to report the dialogue—only there was a long pressure of the hand, and a lingering look given and returned at the conclusion; and Vernon thought—as every man does think, while he sees through the coloured light of the same strong illusion, that with such an angel as he has chosen, the stream of life must flow on with eternal calm and sunshine on the waters.

At the same refuge for the lonely and *lunuges*, where Mr. Vernon had established himself, were residing during the winter months, a Mr. Beauchamp and his only daughter; and it was between that young lady and the *ci-devant* surgeon, that the peculiar understanding, mentioned above, had grown up to so mature a development. Mr. Beauchamp, for some cause, was blessed with those quiet, haughty, and politely-repulsive manners, that neither encourage familiarity nor conciliate confidence on the true *nil-admirari* principle; he had never been astonished or interested, or moved in the slightest perceptible way or degree by the dashing, ostentatious, money-no-object style of doing things with which Mr. Vernon was constantly unscaling the eyes of the rest of the circle. Whether he was naturally reserved, or harsh experience and bitter thoughts had made him sceptical and misanthropic, in any case, he seemed scarcely disposed to cultivate any new acquaintance, or to regard anything whatever otherwise than a matter of course; and the frigid refusal for himself and his daughter, with which he declined Mr. Vernon's invitation to a cruise round the Mediterranean in his new yacht, rendered it an especially nervous ordeal for that young gentleman to approach the far more delicate negotiation which he now desired to arrange. Cold, hard, and polished as a Toledo blade, Mr. Beauchamp observed, that in a matter so momentarily important to his only child, he hoped he should be excused for presuming to look a little below the surface. Appearances were certainly satisfactory. It was not his habit to be intrusive, but he had lived for some years very quietly, and he must claim indulgence for not knowing who Mr. Vernon really was, or any facts concerning his property. The suitor, on his part, was anxious to be full and candid in his explanations. He was a physician, fortunately released from his profession by an unexpected legacy; his property was in the funds, as anybody sufficiently curious, might ascertain; and, as to preliminary arrangements, he was quite ready to accede to any reasonable suggestion. Mr. Beauchamp considered all that fair and explicit enough, but he must really apologize for one apparently singular request. It might seem strange, frivolous, whimsical, but would Mr. Vernon pardon him for asking permission to examine the peculiarly-shaped diamond ring which he wore. It was a sudden and very sickening shock. The words felt like alternate darts of ice and fire tingling into his brain. Fool! why had he not foreseen the danger of wearing that ring. However, a refusal would be a confession—it might, after all, mean nothing; and so with a forced smile and a quivering hand, he presented the jewel.

"It is very remarkable," said Mr. Beauchamp, "but this ring was in the possession of my family for some generations. An unpleasant accident deprived me of it. I have used many unavailing efforts to regain it, with some other property lost on the same occasion; and it is also a most curious coincidence that your investment in the funds corresponds precisely with the amount which it was then so very inconvenient to me to part with."

"Mr. Beauchamp," said Vernon, rising up pale and trembling, "I am at your mercy; but I am innocent: the facts are these. A notorious convict, at the point of death, entrusted me with the secret, that he had alone, and unaided, effected such a robbery. It was under a tall cliff by the water's edge, in North Wales, where a tourist known to be very wealthy, was expected to

pass. The publicity attending the crime, and the minute description of the lost property, rendered it too dangerous to return to the spot where he concealed the gold and jewels that night. In a cavern, half-way up the rocks, they remained until I removed them. They are again all yours, undiminished, and once more I return to the struggles of my humble practice, with the consciousness of having performed a stern duty, and kept my home without a stain."

Thanking him formally, Mr. Beauchamp assured him that he was safe from any further inquiries, but refrained from expressing any opinion of his motives, and so they parted for the last time.

But there was another, and far different leave-taking that evening—wild, passionate, and agonizing—amid tears and choking utterances. There was one last yearning look—a long farewell kiss, that thrilled into two hearts, and Horace Vernon was gone, nobody knew whither, hasting away as if he would outspread the broad-winged angel of death.

Two years more are gone, and one passing through the aristocratic end of a small seaside village in the south of England, might have read on the door-plate of a moderately-ambitious residence, that there was to be found "*Mr. Vernon, Surgeon*." The sunny days and the rich invalids are coming again; and the poor practitioner, after having been in very low water during the winter, is waiting for his own little tide to flow. It was one of the first genial days of the spring—one of the days when the fresh brilliancy of all external things almost smiles away the heavy clouds of weariness and dejection. Dr. Vernon is heedlessly turning over the last week's *Lancet*, and thinking, wistfully, of the gay and careless days that can come back no more—so transient, so suddenly flown, so like a golden dream of the morning, that it seems now as if they could never have been real. A servant in mourning livery knocks at the door, and sends in a note.

"Here comes the first of them," he thought, until he read the one line enclosed, "Come to me, if you still remember Isabelle." It was a bewildering tumult—that rush of conjectures, fears, hopes, and speculations, that crowded in and whirled round him, as he prepared to follow the messenger. The next moment he stood before her; but her long silence, and the consequent belief that he was forgotten, still left some soreness in his mind, and one of those strange caprices in which we sometimes gratuitously and mercilessly torment ourselves, prompted the feeling that he had been injured, and he merely inquired if he were visiting Miss Beauchamp as a patient.

"If much suffering," she answer, with a faint smile, "and long wasting and deep sorrow, and forced silence leaving the tears to fall, and the heart to bleed in secret—if that can entitle me to be called a patient, I am, indeed, doctor, a subject for your skill."

Then, as he saw her there, worn and languid, and the hue of those wan features whitened by the contrast of her deep mourning, gentle feelings arose, "Isabelle, dearest," he said, raising one of those thin hands, "tell me all that has happened since we parted."

"Do you not see it here? My father died in Florence, where he persuaded himself that I should recover; as if—no matter! With my aunt, who accompanied us, I have hastened back. I was home-sick. I came here, because—because—" and the cause she could give only by hiding her face and sobbing on his breast.

It was long before either could speak; for he could only repeat her name, until at length she looked up, with a brighter smile shining through her tears, and said,

"Would it not have been better to be spared all this suffering? Surely, it signified but little to which of us the fortune belonged!"

Maxims

FOR MARRIED GENTLEMEN.

1. THERE are two ways of governing a family. The first by force—the other by mild and vigilant authority. The first is brutal, and you certainly lose your happiness in adopting it. The second will occasion you to be respected, and your directions to be observed. A husband deserves to lose his empire altogether, by making an attempt to force it by violence.

2. Never contradict your wife; you never did so before marriage, and do not begin it now. There is something so harsh about contradiction in a man, that it always generates an unkindly feeling. It prevents that confidence which ought to exist in married persons; and confidence destroyed, we cannot hope for much good after.

3. You cannot possibly have a better or a trustier confidant than your wife; she will always advise for the best, and very safely too. Trust her wholly.

4. Be strictly moral in your conduct. How can you pretend to be a guide to your house, if you are not? Consider what you would think if your wife would become immoral in her conduct.

5. Be as attentive in reason after marriage as you were in courtship. Attention to your wife is respect to yourself; it is her due, and shows clearly that you do not regret your choice.

6. Pride yourself only on those qualities which a man ought to possess, and give your wife credit for hers. You ought to have a manly understanding; but remember that infers no superiority over the lady's.

7. When your wife has given you counsel, which, from your knowledge of the world, you judge cannot safely be acted upon, do not reproach her, but convince her by mild reasoning that it is inappropriate. Give her always the merit of good intentions.

8. Should your wife be out of temper, do not see it; there are many little vexations you know not of; never speak harshly to her, nor be rude.

9. Be careful in your choice of friends; you have one that will never desert you; cherish her.

10. Dress well, according to your station in society; be neither a sloven nor a dandy. Commend your wife's taste in dress, and you may keep her heart as long as you like. Nothing so much secures a lady's good will as this, and it is a very slight sacrifice made at the altar of her vanity.

11. Never meddle with domestic or household concerns, they are not for a man's care. Be careful in your expenditure, and waste nothing, though you must be liberal to the poor. Never swear, nor storm, nor blow up. Let your home be the pole-star of your affections, and always spend your evenings there.

12. Always pay attention to your wife, in society as well as in private, and show yourself fully aware of her good qualities. All your happiness is reposed in her. Never show any thing like indifference or slight; she will repay your kindness by that tenderness of affection which is worth all the world beside. Seek no pleasure to which she cannot be made a party.

FOR MARRIED LADIES.

1. Let every wife be persuaded that there are two ways of governing a family; the first is by the expression of that which will belong to force; the second to the power of mildness, to which every strength will yield. One is the power of the husband; a wife should never employ any other arms than of gentleness. When a woman accustoms herself to say, I will, she deserves to lose her empire.

2. Avoid contradicting your husband. When we smell at a rose, it is to imbibe the sweets of its odour; we likewise look for everything that is amiable in woman. Whoever is often contradicted feels insensibly an aversion for the person who contradicts, which gains strength by time; and, whatever be her qualities, is not easily destroyed.

3. Occupy yourself only with household affairs; wait till your husband confides to you those of higher importance, and do not give your advice till he asks it.

4. Never take upon yourself to be a censor of your husband's morals, and do not read lectures to him. Let your preaching be a good example, and practice virtue yourself to make him in love with it.

5. Command his attention by being always attentive to him; never exact any thing, and you will obtain much; appear always flattered by the little he does for you, which will excite him to perform more.

6. All men are vain; never wound his vanity, not even in the most trifling instances. A wife may have more sense than her husband, but she should never seem to know it.

7. When a man gives wrong counsel, never make him feel that he has done so; but lead him on by degrees to what is rational, with mildness and gentleness; when he is convinced, leave him to the merit of having found out what is just and reasonable.

8. When a husband is out of temper, behave obligingly to him; if he is abusive, never retort; and never prevail over him to humble him.

9. Choose well your friends, have but few, and be careful of following their advice in all matters.

10. Cherish neatness with luxury, and pleasure without excess; dress with taste, particularly with modesty; vary the fashions of dress, especially in regard to colour. It gives a change to the ideas, and recalls pleasing recollections. Such things may appear trifling, but they are of more importance than is imagined.

11. Never be curious to pry into your husband's concerns, but obtain his confidence at all times, by that which you repose in him. Always preserve order and economy; avoid being out of temper, and be careful never to scold; by these means he will find his own house pleasanter than any other.

12. Seem always to obtain information from him, especially before company; though you may pass yourself for a simpleton. Never forget that a wife owes all her importance to that of her husband. Leave him entirely master of his own actions, to go or come whenever he thinks fit. A wife ought to make her company amiable to her husband, that he will not be able to exist without it, then he will not seek for pleasure abroad, if she do not partake of it with him.

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Regulations of the Post Office Savings Banks.

FROM THE AUTHORISED ABSTRACT ISSUED BY HER MAJESTY'S POSTMASTER-GENERAL FOR THE INFORMATION OF THE PUBLIC.

The following is a FULL ABSTRACT of the regulations made under the authority of the Act of Parliament, 24 Victoria, cap. 14, entitled "An Act to Grant Additional Facilities for Depositing Small Sums at Interest, with the Security of the Government for due Repayment thereof."

1. *Hours of Business.*—Every post office, being a money order office, at which the Postmaster-General shall permit deposits to be received for remittance to his principal office, will be open for that purpose, and for the repayment of

moneys withdrawn, during the hours appointed for the transaction of money order business at the said post office. Any post office, not being a money order office, at which the Postmaster-General shall permit deposits to be received or repaid, shall be open for that purpose during such hours and such days as the Postmaster-General shall determine.

2. *Amount of Deposits.*—Deposits of one shilling, or of any number of shillings, or of pounds and shillings, will be received from any depositor at the post office savings banks, provided the deposits made by such depositor in any year ending on the 31st day of December do not exceed £30, and provided the total amount standing in such depositor's name in the books of the Postmaster-General do not exceed £150, exclusive of interest. When the principal and interest together, standing to the credit of any one depositor, amount to the sum of £200, all interest will cease so long as the same funds continue to amount to the said sum of £200.

3. *Name, Address, and Occupation of Depositors to be furnished.*—Every depositor, on making a first deposit shall be required to specify his Christian name, surname, occupation, and residence to the officer of the Postmaster-General appointed to receive the deposit, and make and sign the following declaration, to be witnessed by the officer of the Postmaster-General appointed to receive the deposits, or by some person known to him, or by the minister or a churchwarden of the parish in which the depositor resides, or by a justice of the peace; and if such declaration, or any part thereof, shall not be true, the depositor making the same shall forfeit and lose all right and title to his deposits:—

Depositor's Book.

Place

No.

**COPY OF DECLARATION TO BE SIGNED
BY DEPOSITOR ON MAKING FIRST
DEPOSIT.**

In pursuance of an Act of Parliament, I,
of do hereby declare to the Postmaster-General
that I am desirous, on my own behalf, to become a Depositor in the Post Office
Savings Bank. I do further hereby declare that I am not directly, or indirectly
entitled to any deposit in, or benefit from the Funds of this or any other Savings
Bank in Great Britain and Ireland, nor to any sum or sums standing in the
name or names of any other person or persons in the books of the said Post
Office Savings Bank; and I do hereby also testify my consent that my deposits
in the said Post Office Savings Bank shall be managed according to the Regula-
tions thereof.

Witness my hand this

day of

186 .

Signed by the said Depositor,
in the presence of me,

.....
..... }
.....

Save and except such benefit as I may be entitled to from being a member of a
Friendly Society legally established; or from such sum or sums as may be stand-
ing in my name as Trustee jointly with the name or names and on behalf of any
other Depositor or Depositors.

A copy of the above Declaration shall be printed within the cover of every
Depositor's Book.

4. On making the declaration, and in all cases in which the signature of the

depositor is required, if the depositor cannot write, his mark must be affixed in the presence of a witness, and attested by the signature of that witness.

5. *Deposits, how received, entered, reported to the Postmaster-General, and acknowledged.*—Every deposit received by an officer of the Postmaster-General appointed for that purpose, shall be entered by him at the time in a numbered book, with the entry so attested by him, and by the dated stamp of his office; and the said book, with the entry so attested, shall be given to the depositor, and retained by him as primary evidence of the receipt of the deposit. The depositor shall sign his name in a place to be provided for his signature in the depositor's book. The amount of each deposit, and the name, occupation, and residence of the depositor shall, upon the day of the receipt thereof, be reported to the Postmaster-General; and the acknowledgment of the Postmaster-General for the said deposit, signified by the officer whom he shall appoint for the purpose, shall be forthwith transmitted by post to the depositor as the conclusive evidence of his claim to the repayment of the deposit with interest thereon. If the depositor does not receive the said acknowledgment within ten days from the day on which he made the deposit, he must apply to the Postmaster-General, by letter, and if necessary, he must renew his application to the Postmaster-General until he receives the said acknowledgment.

6. *Interest.*—Interest, calculated yearly, at the rate of Two Pounds Ten Shillings per cent. per Annum, shall be allowed on every complete pound deposited, and shall be computed from the first day of the calendar month next following the day on which a complete pound shall have been deposited, or on which deposits of a less amount shall have made up a pound, up to the first day of the calendar month in which moneys are withdrawn.* The interest will be calculated to the 31st December in every year, and will be added to, and become part of the principal money.

7. *Trust Accounts.*—Deposits to be made by a trustee on behalf of another person in the joint names of such trustee and the person on whose account such money shall be so deposited; but repayment of the same, or any part thereof, shall not be made without the receipt and receipts of both the said parties, or the survivor or survivors, or the executors or administrators of such survivor, whose receipt and receipts either personally or by agent appointed by power of attorney, which power of attorney may be executed by an infant of or exceeding the age of fourteen years, shall alone be a valid discharge, except in case of insanity or imbecility of the party on whose behalf the deposits were made, when the Postmaster-General may, on proof of the fact to his satisfaction, allow repayment so to be made to the trustee alone.

8. *Minors.*—Deposits may be made by, or for the benefit of any person under twenty-one years of age, and repayment shall be made to such minor, after the age of seven years, in the same manner as if he were of full age. In case of minors under the age of seven years, the declaration must be made by one of the parents, or a friend, on behalf of the minor.

9. *Married Women.*—Deposits may be made by married women, and deposits so made, or made by women who shall afterwards marry, will be repaid to any such woman, unless her husband shall give notice in writing of such marriage to the Postmaster-General, and shall require payment to be made to him.

10. *Friendly and Charitable Societies, and Penny Banks.*—The trustees of any friendly society, the rules of which have been certified by the Registrar of Friendly Societies in England, Scotland, or Ireland (as the case may be), or of any charitable or provident society, or penny savings bank, approved of by the National Debt Commissioners, may deposit their funds, without restriction as

* The interest thus calculated will be at the rate of one half-penny per calendar month for every complete pound.

to amount, in post office savings banks, provided always that such deposits shall not be of less amount than one shilling, nor of any sum not a multiple thereof, and that a copy of the rules be forwarded by post to the Postmaster-General with the names and addresses of the trustees, who will then be furnished with the necessary instructions.

NOTE.—Special Forms of Declaration are provided for trustees, and also for Friendly, Charitable, and Provident Societies, and for Penny Savings Banks.

11. *Annual Transmission of Depositor's Book to Principal Office of Postmaster-General.*—Every depositor shall, once in each year, on the anniversary of the day on which he made his first deposit, forward his book to the principal office of the Postmaster-General, in a cover to be obtained at any post office savings bank, in order that the entries in said book may be compared with the entries in the books of the Postmaster-General, and that the interest due to the depositor may be inserted in his book.

12. *Depositors' Books.*—No charge shall be made upon depositors for the books at first supplied to them, or for books issued to them in continuation thereof; but if any depositor shall lose his book, and shall desire a new book, application must be made by him to the Postmaster-General, by letter, stating the circumstances, and enclosing postage stamps of the value of one shilling to pay for the new book, should the application be granted, and the Postmaster shall, if he thinks fit, issue a new book and charge the depositor any sum not exceeding one shilling for the same.

13. *Postage.*—No charge for postage shall be made upon the depositors for the transmission of their books to the Postmaster-General, or for the return thereof to them, or for any applications they may have to make for acknowledgments of deposits, or for any application or necessary letter of inquiry respecting the sums deposited by them, or for the replies thereto.

14. *Transfer of Deposits to or from other Savings Banks.*—Any depositor in the Post Office Savings Bank who may desire to transfer his deposits to any other savings bank, legally established, shall, on his written application, accompanied by his book, to the chief office of the Postmaster-General, in a form to be obtained at any post office savings bank, be furnished with a certificate of the whole amount due to him, and his account with the post office savings bank shall thereupon be closed.

Upon delivery of such certificate to the trustees or managers of the savings bank to which it is proposed by the depositor to transfer the deposit, they shall, if they think fit, open an account for the amount stated in such certificate, upon the depositor making the usual declaration.

Any depositor in any legally-established savings bank who may desire to transfer his account to the post office savings bank, may require from the trustees or managers of such bank a certificate, signed by two trustees of such savings bank, stating the amount due to him, and thereupon his account with such bank shall be closed.

The said certificate may be delivered to any officer of the Postmaster-General authorized to receive deposits under the post office savings bank act, and shall be received by him as if it were a deposit of the amount there set forth; and on the said certificate being forwarded to London, and verified by the National Debt Commissioners, an account for the amount thereof shall be opened with the said depositor.

15. *Withdrawals.*—Any depositor wishing to withdraw the whole or part of the sum deposited by him, must make application for the same to the Postmaster-General, in a form, a printed copy of which may be obtained at any post office savings bank.

In this form the depositor must specify the number of his book, the name of the office at which his first deposit was made, the sum he wishes to withdraw, his occupation and residence, and the post office at which he wishes to receive his money. On receipt of this application, a warrant for the amount required, payable at the office named shall be sent to him by post.

This warrant must be presented by the depositor at the post office named thereon, together with the depositor's book, in which the postmaster shall enter the amount repaid, and attest the entry with his signature, and the dated stamp of his office. The postmaster shall take a receipt from the depositor on the warrant for the amount repaid to him, which receipt is not chargeable with stamp duty.

The Postmaster-General will endeavour to prevent fraud, and to identify every depositor transacting business with the post office savings bank; but if any person shall fraudulently represent himself to be a depositor, and by forwarding the proper notice of withdrawal, and by presentation of the depositor's book, and compliance with the rules of the department, shall obtain any sum of money belonging to that depositor, the Postmaster-General will not be responsible for the loss thereof.

16. Repayment to a Depositor unable to attend personally.—Repayments shall be made only to the depositor in person, or to the bearer of an order under his hand, signed in the presence either of the minister or a churchwarden of the parish in which the depositor resides; of a justice of the peace, or, in case of sickness, of the medical attendant. If the depositor be resident abroad, the signature must be verified by some constituted authority of the place in which he resides.

The form of order to be signed by the depositor on such occasions, may be obtained at the post office at which the warrant is made payable.

17. Withdrawals by Friendly or Charitable Societies, and Receipts for the same.—Applications to withdraw money deposited by any friendly, charitable, or provident society, or penny savings bank, must be signed by two of the trustees of any such society, or penny savings bank, or where there is no trustee, then by the treasurer, and the names of the trustee or treasurer, or other officer of the society authorized to receive the amount to be withdrawn, shall be stated in the notice of withdrawal, and the warrant for payment of the amount shall be made out in the name of such trustee, treasurer, or officer, and the receipt of such person apparently authorized shall be a sufficient discharge for the same.

18. Funds of Deceased Depositors not exceeding Fifty Pounds.—In case any depositor shall die leaving any sum of money not exceeding £50, exclusive of interest, deposited in the post office savings bank, and probate of his will, or letters of administration, be not produced to the Postmaster-General, or if notice in writing of the existence of a will, and intention to prove the same, or to take out letters of administration, be not given to the Postmaster-General at his principal office within the period of one month from the death of the depositor; or if such notice be given, but such will be not proved, or letters of administration be not taken out, and the probate or letters of administration (as the case may be) produced to the Postmaster-General within the period of two months from the death of the depositor, it shall be lawful for the Postmaster-General after such period of one or two months, as the case may be, to pay and divide such funds at his discretion to or amongst the widow, or relatives, of the deceased depositor, or any one or more of them; or if he shall think proper, according to the statute of distributions.

19. Funds of Deceased Depositors above Fifty Pounds.—In case any depositor

shall die leaving any sum of money in the post office savings bank, which (exclusive of interest) shall exceed the sum of £50, the same shall only be paid to the executor or administrator on the production of the probate of the will, or letters of administration, of the estate or effects of the deceased depositor to the Postmaster-General.

20. *Payment on Death of a Depositor, being illegitimate, and dying intestate.*—If any depositor, being illegitimate, shall die intestate, leaving any person or persons who, but for the illegitimacy of such depositor, and of such person or persons, would be entitled to the money due to such deceased depositor, it shall be lawful for the Postmaster-General, with the authority, in writing, of the barrister-at-law appointed to certify the rules of savings banks, to pay the money of such deceased depositor to any one or more of the persons, who, in his opinion, would have been entitled to the same, according to the statute of distributions, if the said depositor, and such person or persons, had been legitimate.

21. *Certificate for exemption from Stamp Duty.*—In all cases wherein a certificate shall be required of the amount of the balance standing in the books of the post office savings bank to the credit of a deceased depositor for the purpose of obtaining, free of stamp duty, a probate of will or letters of administration, such certificate shall be in the form authorized by the regulations.

22. *Incapacitated Depositors.*—If any depositor shall become insane, or otherwise incapacitated to act, and the same shall be proved to the satisfaction of the Postmaster-General, and if the Postmaster-General shall be satisfied of the urgency of the case, he may authorize payment, from time to time, out of the funds of such depositor to any person whom he shall judge proper, and the receipt of such person shall be a good discharge of the same.

23. *Settlement of Disputes.*—If any dispute shall arise between the Postmaster-General and individual depositor, or any executor, administrator, next of kin, or creditor, or assignee of a depositor who may become bankrupt or insolvent, or any person claiming to be such executor, administrator, next of kin, creditor, or assignee, or to be entitled to any money deposited in the post office savings bank, then, and in every such case, the matter in dispute shall be referred in writing to the barrister-at-law appointed under the savings banks acts; and whatever award, order, or determination shall be made by the said barrister, shall be binding and conclusive on all parties, and shall be final, to all intents and purposes, without any appeal.

24. *Secrecy.*—The officers of the Postmaster-General engaged in the receipt or payment of deposits shall not disclose the name of any depositor, nor the amount deposited or withdrawn by him except to the Postmaster-General, or to such of his officers as may be appointed to assist in carrying out the provisions of the post office savings banks act.

25. *Interpretation.*—In the construction of these regulations, unless there is something in the subject or context repugnant thereto, every word importing the singular number only shall mean and include several persons or things, as well as one person or thing, and the converse; and every word importing the masculine gender only shall mean and include a female as well as a male; and the word month shall refer to a calendar and not a lunar month.

TWELVE ADVANTAGES OF POST OFFICE SAVINGS BANKS.

1. They will be quite safe. Money placed in them is placed in the hands of the Government, which is bound by law to repay it when it is wanted.

2. They will be near to every man. He will pass them as he goes to his work and as he returns from it.

3. They will be open for eight hours of every working day. A man may walk into one and deposit his money at his own convenience, and he may do this when none of his neighbours or friends are by to see what he is about.

4. They will enable men to save up money by degrees. As small a sum as one shilling can be deposited in them.

5. They will give a fair interest for the money deposited in them. If a man deposits one shilling a week in them for ten years, he will then have nearly thirty pounds of principal and interest.

6. Persons depositing money in them will not be at any expense. There will be no charge for books, or forms, or postage. There will be no entrance fees and no fines.

7. Those who put money into them, and want it out again, can get it quickly—that is, in three or four days—and without trouble.

8. Women and children may deposit money in them in their own names.

9. If a man begins to deposit in one Post Office Savings Bank, at Durham, for instance, and afterwards goes to Sunderland, or Newcastle, or some other town, he can go on depositing wherever he may be.

10. And if he has put his money into a Post Office Savings Bank in Durham, for instance, and wants it repaid to him in some other town, he can have it so repaid without difficulty.

11. The Postmasters are strictly ordered not to disclose the name of any depositor in a Post Office Savings Bank, or to mention the amount which he or she may have saved.

12. Lastly, those who put money into Post Office Savings Banks will have the advantage of feeling that they are doing their duty by their families and by themselves, and that they are placing their money where it will be safe until sickness, or old age, or some other cause, compels them to ask for it again.

Prudent Institutions of the People.

UNDER this head may be classed not only the Benefit or Friendly Societies, existing under various names throughout this country, from the isolated Village Club, the highly-patronised local Benefit Society, those huge and widely extended Associations the "Manchester Unity," and "Foresters" (composed of upwards of half a million of members), but also the numerous building and Loan Societies, Money Clubs, and also the Savings Banks of our country, presenting an aggregate of numbers and capital exceeding that of all the nations of Europe put together. It has been computed by competent authorities that upwards of four millions of persons in Great Britain are contributors, the accumulated capital exceeding one hundred millions sterling.

The objects for the accomplishment of which these great efforts have been made by the industrious population of these Islands, may be classed under

the following heads. 1st. To insure a suitable amount of relief in sickness, annuities in old age, and a sufficient payment at death to secure a decent interment. 2nd. By provident frugality, to lay aside a portion of the earnings of youth and manhood, to provide for the constantly-recurring wants of a rising family, and to make, as far as possible, some provision for the future, or when removed from this world by the hand of death, to leave something, it may be, for the widowed mother, or the fatherless children. All these Societies are based more or less upon the principle of self-dependence or self-help, which combined with the laudable objects for which they are established, must render their progress deeply interesting to all classes. It is not too much to say that it is a matter of national concern that these Societies should be formed upon sound principles.

The annual Report of the Registrar-General will henceforth be looked forward to with no common interest. The Report for the year 1860, which has just been published by order of the House of Commons, conveys a great amount of valuable information, not only affecting the Friendly Societies of this country, but also of foreign states. The Registrar says, "From communications received by the Registrar, it appears that in France, one of every seventy-six of the inhabitants is a member of a Friendly Society; in Belgium, one of every sixty-six; and in England and Wales, one of every nine." Nothing can speak more conclusively; it shews how far the inhabitants of this country are in advance in provident habits over two of the most civilized and industrious peoples of Europe. May it not be fairly conceded that much of the contentment and loyalty, which now exists amongst the working men of this country, is to be attributed to the fact that through the agency of these Societies, they feel they have acquired "a stake" in the country, and are as deeply concerned in the preservation of that peace and order upon which the security of property depends, as their more wealthy fellow-countrymen.

Doubtless numerous defects in the constitution of many of these Societies may be found, nor should this be a matter of surprise or condemnation, for although the practice of working men forming themselves into Sick and Burial Clubs, is by no means of modern date, as is shown by the fact that clubs established for the same purposes and with rules, which are still extant, nearly identical, flourished under the Roman Empire. It was not till the year 1789, that a legal recognition of Friendly Societies took place in this country, a Bill having been passed in that year by Parliament, encouraging their formation. Since that year, numerous Bills, having a similar object, have also been passed. Yet their development for many years rested mainly in the hands of uneducated working men; hence it should not be a matter of surprise that grave and serious errors were committed in the original construction of their rules: indeed, the same results would have followed had the task of forming these societies been confided to the better instructed, so little was known of "vital statistics" or the laws that regulate life and health so far back as 1815, when affiliated benefit societies began to take root and spread themselves over the land. But with a better knowledge derived from experience, great and successful have been the efforts to place the Provident Societies of the people upon a durable basis. Yet it is notorious that *speculative* concerns, in the shape of Sick or Investment Societies, have been started by individuals, nay, adventurers, the failure of which have inflicted wide-spread misery and ruin upon those who have been unfortunately duped by the promise of advantages which it was impossible could be realized. Two examples of the condition of existing Societies are given in the Registrar's Report; he says:—

"From the Quinquennial return to 31st December, 1860, of a Friendly

Society called The Friend in Need Life and Sick Society, made to the Registrar during the year, it appears that the total number of

| | |
|---------------------------------|--------------|
| Sick Policies issued, was | 19,338 |
| Lapsed | 4,941 |
| Of Deaths | 102 |
| | <hr/> 5,043 |
| | <hr/> 14,295 |

| | |
|---------------------------------|--------------|
| Life Policies— | |
| Total number of admission | 86,224 |
| Lapsed | 18,350 |
| Death | 1,164 |
| | <hr/> 19,514 |
| | <hr/> 66,710 |

Total number of Policies for Sickness and Death 81,005

The Balance Sheet of this Society, from 25th March, 1860, to 25th March, 1861, discloses, that the receipts with former balance for the year, amounted to £33,186 10s. 8d., the expenditure to £24,152 8s. 5½d., only half of which was expended for payments in Sickness or Death claims, the balance being only £9,034 2s. 2½ and available assets £17,430 6s. 10½d., to meet the liabilities of 81,005 Policies for Sickness and Death. Another Society, The Royal Liver, at Liverpool, is alluded to by the Registrar, which boasts that it had 250,000 Members, spread over 250 Districts, employing 1,500 Collectors, who received from contributors during the year 1860, upwards of £45,000. The total worth of this Society, established eleven years, was on the 31st December, 1860, £15,280 4s. 1d."

The Registrar concludes, in reference to these two Societies:—"The foregoing Balance Sheets appear very unsatisfactory to the Registrar; in neither of them is there any statement as to the number of Members, or amount of Liabilities of the Society. In the Friend in Need Society, it is stated in one of their advertisements, that in the last year, 30,000 Members have been enrolled, and by the Quinquennial return, it appears there were on 31st December, 1860, 81,005 Policies in existence, and although the Receipts are about £27,000 the expenses of management are about £10,000, the payments for Deaths, &c., nearly £12,000. Neither of the Balance Sheets of these Societies contain the names of the Trustees or other Officers."

It cannot be doubted that much useful information is urgently needed amongst the labouring population with regard to the kind of Societies to which they should entrust their savings, effect insurances upon life, or provide against sickness. In a future article it is proposed to enter more minutely upon this important subject.—*Norwich Spectator*.



LIFE'S MISSION.

BY JOHN GRIMER.

THE morn is sprung, and the knell is rung
Of sloth in his drowsy cave ;
And Nature smiles with a thousand wiles
For the patient, the good, the brave.

Tha zephyr blows, and the queenly rose
Flings her fragrance far and nigh ;
And Phœbus gleams with his softest beams,
As he spans the orient sky.

Then up, 'mid the strife of active life !
For there's much for all to do ;
The toilsome way in each passing day
Must be trod by me and by you.

Arise, and go forth, in honest worth,
And fear not to toil in vain ;
A blessing will fall on one and all,
The trustful, the zealous, the fain.

A bliss untold, the promise of old,
Be rendered in measure rare ;
The heart be light, with a fresh delight,
As its fullness we daily share.

Thy labour done at the set of sun,
And manfully played thy part ;
E'en as it ought, thy work as been wrought,
By thews, and sinews, and heart.

Yet on, still on, till the prize be won,
But fret not thy soul for wealth ;
Content to abide the eventide,
As it brings thee repose and health.

And onward press to a happiness
Unfelt of the base and vile ;
Rich thy dower for that great power,
Who looks on well pleased the while.

 Review.

Sheen and Shade : Lyrical Poems by WILLIAM BILLINGTON. Blackburn: John Neville (Haworth). London: Hall & Virtue, Paternoster row. 1861.

This small volume of poems has been forwarded to us by an officer of the Blackburn District, who informs us that the author, Brother William Billington, of the Prosperous Youth Lodge, Blackburn District, is a self-taught working man, a power-loom weaver. The volume is dedicated to Thomas Clough, Esq., of Holly Bush, Blackburn, by whose generous aid the author has been

enabled to place the offspring of his muse before the public. We find many pleasing and meritorious pieces, from which we select a specimen :—

TO MARY.

When, weary with the labours of the day,
And nature needs replenishment and rest,
From Mammon's Mill I homeward bend my way,
Like travelled bird returning to its nest,
Repose and richest viands are to me
But dust and ashes, save when sunned by smiles from thee.

When haste or business bids me hence depart,
By cities, hills, and hamlets fair to roam,
Thine image, like an angel in my heart,
Sits smiling, as thou wilt when I come home,
While every bud and blossom that I see
Is emblemizing thy beauty, life, and love to me.

When on my lonely couch at dead of night,
While in the clasp of Death all nature seems,
Before my fancy flits a Form of light,
Filling the land of sleep with golden dreams
And fairest forms, which, waking, still I see,
With eyes so dark and beautiful—bright Eidolons of thee.

Thou art the sun that lights my path by day,
The moon whose glory gilds my darkest night,
And whether near to thee or far away,
Thy love is like a beacon burning bright ;
Yea! night or day, wherever I may be,
Dear maiden, thou art more than all the world to me !

The Lodge Room.

BANBURY.—The anniversary of the British Queen Lodge, 2419, was held on Tuesday, the 24th of September, 1861, when upwards of fifty members and their friends dined in the Lodge-room, at the White Hart Inn, the lodge was stated to be in a flourishing condition, having increased both in members and funds.

BECCLES, SUFFOLK.—The Beccles Lodge of the Norwich District held an anniversary in the Assembly Rooms, on the evening of Thursday last, when about 130 of the members and friends sat down to a good and substantial dinner, prepared by Mr. James Walne, of the White Horse Inn. Mr. W. M. Crowfoot, surgeon, occupied the chair, and Mr. Horsley the vice-chair. The dinner gave great satisfaction, and in the evening a public meeting was held, which partook of both a social and intellectual character. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts had been given by the Chairman, he proposed "The health of the Bishop of the Diocese, and Clergy of all denominations," coupled with the name of the Rev. Mr. Groom, of Earl Soham. The rev. gentleman said it gave him great pleasure to be present at that meeting. He did not feel himself out of position at a meeting like the present. A meeting like that he thought a great and promising feature of the present age—men of all shades of opinion had learned to assemble upon the Odd-Fellows' platform. There was an opinion abroad that these meetings tended to habits of intemperance, but, as far as he had seen, they

tended to form habits of sobriety. He felt sure that the Odd Fellows' Society held a high position, and taught men habits of industry and economy. The rev. gentleman concluded an able and practical address, which frequently gained the applause of his hearers. Mr. W. E. Crowfoot (surgeon to the lodge) said, he felt great pleasure in proposing a toast, which, in some respects, was the most important toast of the evening. There was no country on which the sun shone where the Odd-Fellow would not meet with his brother Odd-Fellow, and that alone was a strong evidence of the value of a society like the present. He thought that this society established habits of independence, and made the honest and careful workman feel that in the hour of need he was not dependent upon the charity of another. He had to propose "Success to the Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows," coupling with the same the name of Mr. Daynes, whom he considered the life and soul of the society in this district. Mr. Daynes, in returning thanks, observed that the Temple of Friendship Lodge, at Beccles, had every reason to be proud of the progress it had made. He did not purpose taking up their time with a speech upon the general features of the order, but he would for a moment refer to the progress that had been made in this district. Since he last had the honour of addressing them they had added 1,200 members to the District; at that time they possessed a capital of £33,000, but now they had a capital of £50,000. They were told some years since that a decadence of Odd-Fellowship had set in, but he was sure that if what he had described was a decadence, it was one they all desired. Mr. Daynes then gave examples of men, who, although once in a flourishing condition, had nevertheless gladly received in the hour of need the weekly allowance which this society afforded. In concluding his speech, he proposed "Prosperity to the Temple of Friendship Lodge," coupled with the name of Brother Aldous. Mr. Aldous, in acknowledging the toast, observed that when they held their last anniversary, in 1859, the number of members was 131—at present they had 141—average age twenty-eight years and four months—and they had increased their funds to £670 2s. 6½d. Brother Aldous made appropriate remarks upon the advantages of the order. "The health of the Volunteers" was proposed by Mr. Mullett, coupled with the name of Captain Crowfoot. Captain Crowfoot returned thanks. "The health of the District Officers" and "The health of the Lodge Surgeon" were given in succession, and ably responded to. The harmony of the enemy was well supported by the singing of Messrs. Aldous, Hindes, Winson, Horsley, and others.

BRIGHTON.—On Wednesday evening, October 30th, the members of the Beulah Lodge, 4,067, held their Anniversary at the Odd-Fellows Hall, Queen's Road. The Chair was occupied by Provincial G.M. George Palmer; the Vice-Chair being filled by P.G. John Funnell. Among those present were Brother Richards, Lodge Surgeon; P.P.G.M. Curtis, District C.S.; P.P.G.M. Aucock, the paterfamilias and first N.G. of the Lodge; P.P.G.M. Pike, &c., &c. About 80 Members sat down to a good old English dinner, provided by P.S. George Carter, Treasurer of the Lodge. On the cloth being removed the usual loyal toasts were given, and the (non) usual compliments paid to the Volunteers. The G.M. and Board of Directors were given from the Chair, and responded to by the District C.S., who paid high and well-deserved eulogiums on those gentlemen, and also on the C.S. of the Order, whose whole hearts and minds were devoted to the well-being and prosperity of the Unity. He dwelt largely on the A.M.C., and concluded by expressing his earnest wishes that the Brighton District would give the Officers and Delegates such a welcome as would resound from John o'Groat's to Land's End. From the warmth with which these remarks were received, one would feel assured that as far as the Beulah Lodge was concerned, this would be the case. P.P.G.M. Aucock then followed, with the toast of "The Beulah Lodge," commenting upon its rapid growth, and especially since its

removal to the Hall. He formerly was in the habit of calling it the "Little Beulah," but he was now compelled to call it the "Great Beulah." The toast was responded to by P.G. John Newcombe, Secretary of the Lodge, who stated that the total amount of funds was £649 18s. 3½d., showing an increase of £155 10s. 7d., on the past year. The total number of members good on the books at the present time is 275. The "Widow and Orphan's Fund" was given from the Vice-Chair, and responded to by P.P.G.M. E. Saunders, late C.S. of the District. The "Odd Fellow's Hall," produced an able and eloquent speech from P.G. W. Ridley, the Minute Secretary, which was warmly responded to by P.P.G.M. John Nunn. The "Lodge Surgeons," the "Odd-Fellows' Band" (which enlivened the proceedings during the evening), the "Caterer," the "Ladies," and the "Chair and Vice-Chair," concluded the business of the evening, which was really a very pleasant one, and calculated to enhance the good feeling and kindly sentiments which should exist amongst a brotherhood of the Manchester Unity.

BRIGHTON.—The Loyal Brunswick Lodge, No. 118, celebrated its 39th anniversary on Monday, December 2. The Members dined together in the Odd-Fellows' Hall, P.P.G.M. E. Saunders presiding: P.P.G.M. Aucock officiating as deputy. Prov. C.S. James Curtis, in proposing the toast of the evening, paid a passing but touching tribute of respect to the memory of P.G.M. Roe, whose devotion to the Cause of Odd-Fellowship, and the high honour he had achieved therein, he held forward as an incentive to the younger members. P.P.G.M. Dubbins, in the course of the evening, enlarged upon the coming A.M.C. to be held at Brighton; the Committee were bestirring themselves, and they hoped by the co-operation of the Members generally to render the meeting second to none that had preceded it.

BRIGHTON.—Initiation of the Members for the borough.—On Thursday evening, the 12th December, on the proposition of Dr. Edgar Barrett, our Borough Members, Messrs. Coningham and White, were admitted members of the Manchester Unity of Odd-Fellows, in connection with the Western Star Lodge, held at the Odd-Fellows' Hall. The ceremony of initiation over, an adjournment took place to the upper room of the Hall, where a very pleasant evening was passed under the able presidency of Mr. J. R. Morgan, Mr. Wilmshurst acting as deputy. Mr. George Pike, in an eloquent speech, proposed "The Manchester Unity," and Mr. Thompson ably introduced the toast of the evening, "The health of the Borough Members." In responding, Mr. Coningham assured the members of his willingness to assist them in his place in Parliament, whenever they might require it, and Mr. White took occasion, in a speech of some length, to "lay it on thick," as our trans-atlantic brethren would say, concerning his worthy colleague, who, he told the company, was an "extraordinary" man, for he was the same in the House as on the hustings, and said Mr. White, "I would to God I could say the same of twenty men in that House." On Tuesday evening, at the Waterloo Lodge, held at the Unicorn Inn, North Street, on the proposition of Mr. James Curtis and Mr. Councillor Nunn, our excellent Mayor was admitted a member. His Worship, in joining the Unity, was accompanied by seven other gentlemen, including two of the Council, Messrs. Silverthorpe and Woollett, and three officers of the Artillery Corps, Messrs. Branwell, Silverthorne, and Chittenden. The members of No. 5 Battery of the Artillery Corps, consisting of members of the Manchester Unity, will, in a few days, be sworn in. It is intended that the recruits, who have long been engaged in preliminary drill, should assemble at the Odd-Fellows' Hall, that the band of the Artillery Corps and a guard should attend them, and that they should march to the Town Hall, there to be publicly received by their brothers in arms. The annual Manchester Unity Ball in aid of the funds of the Hospital is announced for Monday, January 20.

BRISTOL.—LOYAL PHOENIX LODGE OF ODD-FELLOWS.—PRESENTATION

SUPPER.—On Tuesday evening, October 1, between fifty and sixty of the members of the Loyal Phoenix Lodge of the Order of Odd-Fellows, M.U.B.D., partook of an excellent dinner at the Swan Tavern, Temple Gate, to celebrate a very gratifying presentation to the indefatigable permanent Secretary of the Lodge, P.P.G.M. J. Leworthy. The dinner was served in first-rate style, and was admired by all present. After the cloth was removed, the chair was taken by P.P.G.M. John Tovey, who was supported by P.G.M. Jesse Dickes, and the C.S., Thomas Adams. The vice-chair was taken by Mr. G. Knight. The usual loyal and patriotic and other toasts were honoured, and afterwards the presentation took place. It consisted of a beautifully-finished patent lever watch and gold Albert chain, supplied by Brother P.G. Cromey, Nicholas Street. The following inscription was engraved upon it:—"Presented by the members of the Loyal Phoenix Lodge, M.U.B.D., to P.P.G.M. John Leworthy, for his faithful services as Secretary during eight years, August, 1861." The presentation was made by the C.S. of the District, Thomas Adams, who delivered a short but interesting address. Brother Leworthy replied in a very appropriate speech, and referred to his connection with the Society for the last fourteen years, during the whole of which time he held some office, and thanked them in feeling terms for the handsome testimonial which they had presented to him. The company remained together until a late hour, and altogether a very pleasant evening was spent.

CORK.—The annual soiree and ball of the Cork Odd-Fellows' Society took place last night in the Athenæum; and its success was very decided. The attendance was large and respectable, and included members of many of the most respectable families in the city. There was a great number of ladies present, and their appearance in nearly all cases fully supported the reputation of Cork as regards the personal beauty of the female portion of its inhabitants. Everything was managed in the best way by the stewards and the committee, so that the evening and night passed off without a hitch, and to the satisfaction of all present. An excellent quadrille band, conducted by Mr. Wood, furnished the music for the evening. The refreshments were supplied by Miss Johnson, Grand Parade, and were of the best description, and on the most liberal scale. On the whole, the ball was a decided success, and out of the extensive number of ladies and gentlemen present, there was scarcely any but expressed themselves highly pleased with the excellence of the arrangements, the attention of the members of the Society, and the agreeable manner in which, from these various reasons, the entire entertainment passed off.

At half-past eight o'clock there was on the platform erected at the end of the hall, Mr. J. F. Maguire, M.P.; Cornelius Keller, Ald., T.C.; C. J. Cantillon, T.C.; M. J. Collins, T.C.; V. Fitzgibbon, T.C.; Dr. Hobart, and a great number of other gentlemen—visitors and members of the Society.

Mr. Maguire, M.P., the Chairman, delivered a most able address, eloquently illustrating the principles of the Order.

DUBLIN.—PRESENTATION.—On September the 19th, a large number of the officers and brethren of the Dublin District met at the house of Mr. M. J. Ralph, D.G.M., to present an address, together with an ornamented clock and a purse of sovereigns, to C.S. John Quigley, in testimony of their esteem. D.G.M. Ralph occupied the chair, and the evening was agreeably spent in the enjoyment of the good fare provided by the worthy host, during which a number of toasts were proposed and ably responded to.

DUBLIN.—The Odd Fellows' Ball.—The annual ball of this Society took place on the 18th November, at the Rotundo, Dublin, under most favourable circumstances. The entire suite of rooms were thrown open, and the attendance was numerous and respectable. Dancing commenced at ten o'clock, at which time the Round Room presented a most animated appearance, many of

the members appearing in full costume. The rooms were decorated with handsome flags, presented by Mr. H. Webb, of the Queen's Royal Theatre. By the kind permission of the Colonels of the 11th Hussars and of the 87th Royal Irish Fusiliers, the splendid bands of both regiments were in attendance. The band of the 11th performed a series of pieces of dance-music, under the direction of Signor Operti. A string band, under the direction of Mr. Connolly, performed a well-selected programme in the Pillar Room. Messrs. Friengley, G.M., Ralph, D.G.M., and John Quigley, C.S., conducted the several arrangements in an admirable manner. The dancing was kept up with great spirit to an advanced hour. The refreshments were supplied by Mr. Ralph, of Newcomen place.

GLOSSOP.—The Temple of Odd-Fellowship Lodge celebrated their eighteenth anniversary on Wednesday evening last, at the house of host James Owen, Junction Inn. Upwards of sixty of the members and friends sat down to a repast, which all the company united in testifying did infinite credit to the host and his sister, Miss Owen. Mr. Joseph Woodcock, the Deputy Grand Master of the Order, was unanimously called to the chair. The chairman was supported on the right by Mr. Gale, of Liverpool, the present Grand Master of the Order, and Mr. Noon, of Belper, Member of the Board of Directors; and on his left he was supported by Mr. Crispin, of Ipswich, also Member of the Board of Directors, and Mr. J. Lewis, P.P.G.M., of the Mottram District. The chairman, in opening the meeting, said that he should not trouble them with a long speech, as the programme was a long one, and he was surrounded by speakers both able and eloquent. As it was usual to begin loyally, the first toast he would propose was "the Queen," which was heartily responded to by the whole company. After which, Miss Broadbent sung "God save the Queen," the company joining in the chorus. The chairman proposed "the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Manchester Unity," of which the "Temple of Odd-fellowship" was one of the Lodges. Mr. Crispin: "I find myself called upon to fill what appears to be a rather anomalous position, though at the same time it gives me very great pleasure to occupy that, to me, proud position; for it is one of the greatest pleasures of my life to belong to the Manchester Unity, and to be privileged to take a part in its management. I also think it a very high honour to be called upon by our worthy chairman to respond to the toast put into my hand, though at the same time it may seem somewhat presumptuous in me, who am comparatively but a young Odd-fellow, to say anything about what Odd-fellowship has done for Glossop, seeing that Odd-fellowship existed in this locality long before I was born, and may in some measure be considered to have originated in this neighbourhood." (Cheers.) The Grand Master, Mr. Gale, and Mr. Noon having addressed the meeting, Mr. France stated that the funds of the lodge amounted to £620, the number of members 69, shewing an average of £9 per member.

GODALMING.—The members and friends of the Victory Lodge, 3759, M. U., met at the Lodge-house, George Inn, High-street, Godalming, on which occasion a most excellent supper was provided by the worthy host, Mr. B. Batson. The chair being taken by P.G. R. Whitburn, Esq., the Treasurer of the Lodge. The usual loyal toasts having been drunk, the Chairman said, he now came to the business of the evening, that of presenting to Prov. C.S. Henry Bridger, a silver lever watch, value five guineas, bearing the following inscription:—"Presented to Prov. C.S. H. Bridger, by the officers and brethren of the Victory Lodge, M.U., Godalming, as a token of respect and appreciation of his services, Oct. 29th, 1861." The Chairman expressed great delight in having to discharge so agreeable a duty. Observing that Prov. C.S. Bridger, during his fourteen years' connection with the Lodge, had performed many important

services, having filled the various offices of the Lodge, and, in every respect proved himself worthy of all the esteem and regard they could manifest towards him. Prov. C.S. Bridger, in receiving the testimonial said, he sincerely thanked them for their highly-prized present, which he should ever look upon with pride and gratitude; he had been a member and servant of his Lodge fourteen years, and trusted his labours had not been in vain; he should look upon this evening as one of the most gratifying of his life. "Allow me," said he, "to thank you, and say that I trust my future efforts in the cause of Odd-Fellowship may continue unabated, and ever meet your kind approval. Brother Odd-Fellows I sincerely thank you." The song and toast went merrily round, the members and friends spent a very happy evening.

HALIFAX.—On Monday evening, September 16th, at a meeting of the Good-Intent Lodge, held in the large room, Odd-Fellows' Hall, Halifax, Colonel Akroyd, of Bank Field, was initiated an honorary member of the order. A very numerous attendance of members from 18 Lodges were highly gratified at hearing the gallant colonel express his approval of the principles of the order—and his gratification upon having been admitted a member.

MANCHESTER.—The forty-first anniversary of the Loyal Earl of Oxford Lodge, Manchester District, was celebrated on Saturday evening, September 14th, at the house of host Wm. G. Newton, at the Sir Ralph Abercrombie Inn, Ancoats, Manchester, P.G.M. John Ormond, C.S. of the District, in the chair; the vice-chair was filled by Mr. Fredk. Richmond, P.P.G.M., a member of the Board of Directors. The usual loyal toasts having been drunk, the Chairman gave "The G.M. and Board of Directors," which was most ably responded to by Mr. Richmond. "The Officers of the Manchester District," responded to by the Grand Master, Mr. J. Hudson. The toast of the evening, "Prosperity to the Earl of Oxford Lodge," was proposed in very suitable terms by P.P.G.M. Richmond—eliciting an interesting reply from the Permanent Secretary of the Lodge, Mr. John Davies. Many other toasts and sentiments, aided by the excellent singing of Messrs. Davies, Newton, Barlow, Crother, and Grills, contributed to the enjoyment of an evening which will long be remembered with satisfaction by those present at the forty-first anniversary of the Loyal Oxford Lodge.

MIDDLESBROUGH-ON-TEES.—The Joseph Warburton Lodge of the above society, being the parent Lodge of the District, has for some time past been making rapid advances, by adding to its numbers many of the respectable working men of the town, and also a goodly sprinkling of the middle and higher classes. A special meeting of the Lodge was held on Friday, the 13th inst., for the purpose of initiating Mr. Councillor William Doughty, of this town. On this occasion the members generally were in full regalia, which gave the Lodge-room a very cheerful and gay appearance. To observe the change of feeling which has taken place in the public mind generally in respect of this society—for, since we can remember, all Odd-Fellows and Odd-fellows' Lodges were treated as very dangerous men and very dangerous things—is to have made evident the fact that the principle that governs all the branches of the order—particularly those properly conducted—is looked upon in a different light, and that the middle and higher classes now feel it an honour instead of a disgrace to belong to such institutions. On the evening alluded to, the N.G.'s chair was ably filled by P.G. John Musgrove. P.G. Timothy Henderson acting as lecture master. After the making ceremony was concluded, J. H. Anderson, P.P.G.M., rose to propose the health of the new-made member, Mr. Doughty, and, in doing so, prefaced the toast by observing that, however much the young members of the Lodge might be gratified by a meeting like the present, and the purpose for which they had met, it must be

much more gratifying to him, who had spent now upwards of twenty years amongst them, and had taken a very active part that had tended to promote their welfare. It was a source of great pleasure to him to reflect on the great changes that had taken place in the Joseph Warburton Lodge since he first became a member of it. It had risen from obscurity to be one of the most influential Lodges in the Unity, and he sincerely trusted they would continue in the way they were going, for there was nothing more certain than that as long as they continued to deserve the respect hitherto manifested to them, there was no doubt such respect would not only be maintained but increased, and concluded an interesting speech by proposing the health of the new-made brother, Wm. Doughty. Mr. Doughty briefly acknowledged the compliment, and assured those present that the Manchester Unity of Odd-Fellows was a society he had always had a great respect for. He was glad he was now a member, and trusted he should never disgrace the obligations he had that night taken, but prove a good and useful Odd-Fellow. A variety of toasts, &c., closed a most interesting evening.

FREMANTLE, WESTERN AUSTRALIA.—New Swan Lodge, No. 4406, I.O.O.F. M.U.—The anniversary of the above Lodge was commemorated on Thursday and Friday, the 15th and 16th August last, at Host Lodge's Castle Hotel. At 3 p.m., the brethren met at their Lodge-room and went to church in procession, with their new banner, headed by the band of the Royal Engineers. At the church an eloquent and impressive discourse was delivered by the Rev. Br. Bostock, after which the procession moved through the principal streets of the town, and on passing through Cliff-street, drew up in front of the residence of P.P.G.M. Shipton, the worthy founder of Odd-Fellowship in Western Australia, whose absence, from illness, was most deeply felt by all the members of the Lodge: the band playing the tune of the "Old English Gentleman." At 6 o'clock H. E., the Governor, with his usual punctuality, accompanied by his private secretary and Major Henderson, R.E., arrived, and was received by a guard of honour, consisting of about 70 pensioners, under the command of Captain Finnerty, Staff Officer; the band playing the National Anthem. His Excellency and party were received by several of the Past Officers of the Lodge and Order. In the absence of P.P.G.M. Shipton, P.G.M. Broun, at the request of the Lodge, presided, and P.G.M. Harwood, occupied the vice chair, about 70 sitting down to dinner, amongst whom were Captain Grain, R.E., Captain Finnerty, the resident magistrate of Fremantle, &c., &c. After dinner, the usual loyal toasts were proposed and duly honoured. His Excellency the Governor's health was then proposed by Br. Samson, M.L.C., who eloquently enlarged on the urbanity evinced and hospitality at all times displayed by his Excellency. His Excellency's health was drank amidst loud cheers, the band playing "The Sprig of Shillelah." His Excellency rose, amidst loud applause, to respond to the toast, and said nothing had given him greater pleasure than the honour paid him by an invitation from the Odd-Fellows Lodge. He felt sure that such societies were formed on a sound basis, and much good emanated from them. His Excellency concluded an able and eloquent address by wishing continued prosperity to the New Swan Lodge, and resumed his seat amidst long-continued cheering.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—On Monday evening last an animated and very successful meeting of the Wolverhampton District of the Manchester Unity of Odd-Fellows was held in the Corn Exchange. The circumstances contributing to render the meeting so successful and interesting were the announcement that a large banner, promised to the Odd-Fellows of this town in July last by Charles Clark, Esq., the then Mayor, was to be presented on this occasion; and also that Mr. Hardwick, Past Grand Master of the Order, was to deliver an address on the importance of Friendly Societies to the working classes. Prior to the meeting in the

Corn Exchange, the members of the Chillington Lodge met at the house of Mr. Willcock, in North Street, when the Lodge initiated the following gentlemen as honorary members, who, from their rank and position in the town, will add strength and honour to its ranks; G. L. Underhill, Esq. (Mayor), Charles Clark, jun., Esq., Mr. Edward Bagley, G. H. Chambley, Esq., solicitor, Captain Seagrave, Mr. B. Houlst, and others. The initiation ceremony was read by the Rev. J. H. Iles, rector of St. Peter's, who is also an honorary member of the Order. After the interesting ceremony was completed, several toasts were given and received with much enthusiasm, amongst others the health of the Mayor, and were suitably acknowledged. About eight o'clock the Mayor entered the Exchange, accompanied by a number of gentlemen, amongst whom were C. Clark, Esq., ex-Mayor, Mr. C. Hardwick, Messrs. Gatis, Stokes, H. Vaughan, Dolman, Dunn (surgeon), E. J. Hayes (Town Clerk), Hyatt, Captain Seagrave, Houlst, Collins, M. L. Feibusch, Jones (Corresponding Secretary of the District), Willcock, Dr. Fraser, &c. Mr. Hardwick having delivered a most able Lecture, resumed his seat amidst loud applause. The large and beautiful flag was then unfurled, the whole audience joining in a tremendous cheer as it was held up to view. It is a large blue silk banner, measuring nine feet by six feet, fringed with yellow edgings and tassels. On the front side is beautifully painted in various hues the arms of the Order, and the Mayor's crest, and also the words—"Presented by Charles Clark, Esq., Mayor, July 10, 1861." On the reverse are the royal arms, the arms of the borough, and the following motto:—"Obey the laws, cultivate the arts, remain the friends of peace, order, and progress." Charles Clark, Esq., came forward, and said he had much pleasure in presenting the banner to the Wolverhampton District of Odd-Fellows. When he presided at their demonstration in July, he was much struck with the good feeling that prevailed among them, and was exceedingly glad to find some of his own workmen amongst the Order, and he so much appreciated the objects of the Society that he at once became an honorary member, and though he had become an honorary member of that Order, he wished it to be understood that it was not because he deprecated other societies, as he was also a member of the Catholic Friendly Society. (Cheers.) He was so impressed with the value of those institutions that he could recommend them to every young man. It was very heart-rending to see a woman left with a large family, with not a penny to face the world. He hoped, therefore, that every young man, whether married or single, would join some Friendly Society. And if by his endeavours he could forward the general interests of the Order, by inducing men to enrol themselves as members, he should consider he had been a benefit to society.

Obituary.

DEATH OF JAMES ROE, P.G.M.

At a time when a whole nation mourns with sincerest sorrow the death of His late Royal Highness the Prince Consort, we also have, in our own sphere, to add yet another cause for unfeigned sorrow and lasting regret. It may be truly said, that the removal by the hand of death of JAMES ROE, leaves a void in the Manchester Unity, which will not easily be filled.

For upwards of twenty years the deceased held a most conspicuous position in the order—during that long period, he may be said as Prov. C.S., to have con-

ducted the affairs of the North London District—the largest in the Unity—with the most complete success—whilst his attention to his duties as a Director of the Order—and the ability with which he represented his district at twenty-one consecutive A.M.C.'s, deservedly won for the deceased an affectionate regard amongst a wide circle of friends in all parts of the kingdom. Of the deceased it may, with great truth be said, that he “died in harness.” In the course of the month of October he was seized with an alarming and dangerous malady, which almost proved fatal to his feeble frame—but from this attack he slowly recovered, sufficiently so, in the opinion of his medical advisers, to justify his attendance at the November meeting of the Board of Directors; during the week he paid his usual strict attention to the business of the meeting, affording his sound and clear judgment upon the various matters submitted to the consideration of the Board—but his brother Directors could not fail to mark the deep traces of the severe affliction from which he had just emerged. The tale of sorrow may now be briefly told. With kind words and good wishes to all, he bade adieu to his colleagues on the 15th November, never more to meet again on earth. After a brief illness—his enfeebled frame unable to bear up under a second attack—all that was mortal of James Roe ceased to exist; he died on Sunday night, November 24th, in the presence of his family and the Grand Master of the North London District. His last words were of the order he had served so faithfully and so well. Throughout the Unity there can be but one feeling, that of sorrow and regret for the loss his family and the order have sustained.

It may not be out of place here to convey to our readers some idea of the services James Roe has rendered to, and the estimation in which he has been held by, the order.

In April, 1847, his portrait appeared in the magazine. We extract from the memoir then published the following account of his career as an Odd-Fellow:—

“JAMES ROE is a native of Fazeley, in Staffordshire, where he was born, October 18th, 1805. He had the advantage of receiving two years' instruction in Sir Robert Peel's Free School—and was one of six scholars selected by Sir Robert for admission to a preparatory academy with a view to college training—which distinction indicates early attention and merit on the part of our young pupil. Unfortunately, Sir Robert was diverted from his praiseworthy intentions, by the prejudice then existing against the education of the “lower orders,” and young James was obliged to be content with such instruction as the slender means of his parents could afford and his own exertions procure. At a proper age he was apprenticed to an uncle, a fancy brush maker, at Birmingham. That his habits were characterised by aptitude, industry, and enterprise, is evidenced by the fact, that coming to London, in 1832, with his master, he soon after commenced business on his own account, and though his capital consisted only in the knowledge of his trade, and a small stock of tools provided by his father—he, aided by the better fortune still of an independent spirit and determination to succeed, overcame all difficulties, and established a respectable connection in trade.

“His next connection (excepting the pleasant one of marrying) was with the Manchester Unity. Early in 1839, he was attracted by the grotesque wood-cut which adorned Mr. Hetherington's periodical, entitled the “Odd-Fellow.” He purchased a copy, which happened to contain a lucid article on Odd-Fellowship, by P.G.M. Peiser, of Manchester. This induced him to inquire further, and in July, 1839, he joined the Good Samaritan Lodge, of the North London District, which at that time contained only 28 members, and the whole District but 370. His attention to Lodge business was such as became a young member—it was earnest and perfect, and he passed through every office as fast as the General Laws allowed.

"In December of the same year, 1840, he was without any solicitation or expectancy on his part, appointed to the important and responsible office of C.S. of the North London District, which he still holds, with credit to himself and the unanimous satisfaction of the Lodges. His first step was consistent. He reduced his own financial precepts to practice, and with such success, that though for many quarters the Auditors appointed were persons theoretically opposed to him, and consequently lynx-eyed for the detection of mistake, the accounts have in every instance been pronounced without error. A wide-spread confidence in the affairs of the District sprung up. On C.S. Roe's appointment, the District numbered but 10 Lodges and 500 Members—since which time 100 new Lodges have been added, and now the District boasts of 7,000 Members. Of course others have taken part in producing this flattering augmentation, but how honourable a share C.S. Roe had in it, the District itself testified in 1843, by presenting him with a valuable gold watch, as a mark of appreciation of his services. And it is not easy to estimate too high the value of the arithmetical reform which he instituted. Money is not more the sinew of war than is accuracy in accounts the sinew of confidence, wherever pounds shillings and pence are concerned. A safe Actuary is the soul of a Provident and Benevolent Society.

"These qualities achieved for Mr. Roe distinction in a wider sphere. He has been elected to represent the North London District at the A. M. C's. held at the Isle of Man, Wigan, Bradford, Newcastle, Glasgow, and Bristol, and is now appointed to attend the ensuing one at Oxford. Three A. M. C's. have appointed him a Director of the Order, and during three successive years he has been one of the Trustees of the Unity. These duties have ever been discharged with honour to himself. His practical good sense secures him the respect of his Fellow Directors and the attention of the Annual Meetings.

"No man has juster notions than James Roe of the vast powers of combination, whether for good or evil, possessed by the Manchester Unity, and no one is more honestly resolved to direct them wisely. He is one of the acknowledged opponents of ignoble content with partial good and evident imperfection, and ranks with the foremost friends of temperate and judicious progression, and he has creditably identified himself with the great measures of equalized representation and sound financial reform.

"That useful principle enunciated in one of the Ethical "Lectures" recently adopted by the Order—that moral worth lies in the continuity of a man's proper duties well fulfilled—is strikingly illustrated in the character of James Roe. No man knows better what it is expected that as an officer he should know. With the laws and usages of the Order he is well acquainted. Such is his familiarity with them that by some of his friends he is pleasantly styled the "Follett of the District"—the late Sir William Follett seeming not to be more at home in the jurisprudence of the British Empire, than C. S. Roe in the Manchester Unity. He is frequently made an umpire in disputed cases, and the confidence placed in his decisions reflects credit on his judgment and intellectual habits. It is known that he will thoroughly examine *both* sides of the question. From his verdict there has seldom if ever been an appeal; and in declaring his opinion he so happily combines the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re* that justice and fraternity are both maintained.

"An attractive characteristic of James Roe in his evident honesty. You feel at once that there is no reserve about him. His friendly offices are all frank. He never stoops to *finesse*. When he rises to speak, you perceive that he is going to speak what he thinks. He may be in the wrong, but he has no double meanings. He never means but one thing, and that the right one. And if an error in his conceptions is pointed out to him, he has the courage and manliness to own and correct it at once. With him "Friendship, Love, and Truth" are not so many words learned by rote to be given with "quick fire"—or


to round periods with at annual dinners—but words of sincere import, breathing their influence over thought and conduct. These are the men who give freshness to society, and we turn from the din of “cheers” and blaze of eulogy, too often won by clap-trap and hollow profession, as from an unhealthy excitement, and seek the wholesome company and converse of the less glittering, but the more estimable—the unassuming, the frank, and the true.”

To complete this biography we may add, that the steady course of James Roe in the order continued to the close of his useful life. At the subsequent A.M.C.'s held at Oxford, Southampton, Blackburn, Halifax, and Dublin, he was continued in the office of Director. At Carlisle, in 1852, he was elected D.G.M. of the order, and the following year at Preston, succeeded to the proudest position that can be attained by an Odd-Fellow—he became *Grand Master* of the Manchester Unity.

In 1854, he remained a Member of the Executive as Past Grand Master. At the A.M.C. held at Durham in the following year, he was again elected a Member of the Board of Directors; and, at the banquet, as some acknowledgment of his great services to the Unity, as one of the principal movers in obtaining the passing of the act which has enabled the order to become a legalized Institution of the country, he was presented with a purse containing one hundred guineas. He continued a Director to the close of his life, not unfrequently being elected at the head of the poll. The deceased for many years also held the honourable position of Trustee to the order, which office becomes vacant by his death. We believe there is but one other instance of a member of the Board of Directors, whilst in office, having been removed by the hand of death—the late Mr. Edward Powell, of the Potteries and the Newcastle District, having died on the 31st May, 1848, whilst holding the office D.G.M. of the order. It would be unjust to the memory of the deceased to pass over the services rendered by James Roe, as Parliamentary Agent to the order; for years he watched the course of Parliament in reference to Friendly Societies. Ever watchful that no absurd or mischievous Bill should become law—his constant attendance at the House when any measure for regulating these societies was under discussion, the information he afforded to many members of both Houses of Parliament with regard to the probable effects of the proposed measure, we feel persuaded, prevented the passing of obnoxious clauses, which would have proved most vexatious to Friendly Societies. It remains for us to say that the mortal remains of James Roe were interred on Sunday, December 1st, in the Great Northern Cemetery, Colney Hatch. Upwards of 2,000 members being present with the sorrowing relatives of the deceased.

James Roe has left a widow and two Children, a son and daughter to mourn their irreparable loss. We are not sufficiently informed to speak with certainty; but it may be that the Unity may have an opportunity of testifying their appreciation of the worth of the departed. The last moments of James Roe were, perhaps, cheered with the consciousness that his widow and fatherless children, if in need, would not be forgotten by that Unity he had served so well. The writer of this humble but sincere tribute to his memory can testify how the deceased, with warm heart and open hand, was ever ready to relieve and cheer the sorrowing ones who had claims upon the sympathy of the members of our great Unity.

A brother and kind friend is lost to us for ever. May the memory of his useful and blameless life he cherished throughout the order, and serve as an incentive to those who may succeed him to walk in the path which he trod with unswerving truth and unbending integrity and honour.





Yours truly
William B. Smith.

THE
ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1862.

Mr. Wm. B. Smith, P.G.M.

MR. WILLIAM B. SMITH was born September, 1821, at Kingswood, near Birmingham, in which town he was educated, and served an apprenticeship in a factor's warehouse, in the iron and hardware trade. But the sympathies of the young man were more attracted by the stormy events of public life than by the routine pursuits of the counting-house. When scarcely twenty years of age, Mr. Smith became a member of the True Briton's Lodge, Birmingham District, was elected Secretary on the night of his initiation, and very quickly passed through the various offices. His capacity for business was soon recognised. In the year 1841 he was appointed a Deputy to the Quarterly Committee, and in the same year District Auditor, also undertaking the Superintendence of the Odd-Fellows' Sunday Adult School. Continuing his career of usefulness, and anxious for the promotion of the mental culture of his Brother Odd-Fellows, he earnestly desired that a building should be erected in which, not only the business of the District might be transacted, but that such Lodges as chose might hold their meetings therein. He also sought to provide accommodation for all who might desire to increase their store of knowledge, by attending the school he so ably conducted. In accordance with these views, in 1843, he submitted a proposition for building an Odd-Fellows' Hall, which was adopted and speedily carried into effect. This building was not destined to have a lengthened existence. The requirements of the Birmingham and Bristol Railway Company enabled the District to effect a most advantageous sale of the property to that company, the proceeds of which were applied in building the present spacious Hall, in Temple Street, one of the best sites in the town. At the close of this year he was elected D.G.M., and at the next Annual Meeting, Grand Master of the Birmingham District, then containing upwards of 6,000 members. In 1846 he was appointed Prov. C.S. During these years he was not less assiduous in pro-

moting the general welfare of the Unity, which had spread itself with extraordinary rapidity, having extended its operation to every county in England and many parts of Scotland and Wales. Branches were also established in our most distant colonies. Mr. Smith, in 1844, first took a part in the general affairs of the Order, having been appointed a Deputy from his District to the Newcastle A.M.C. Up to this period Lodges shared in an equal degree with Districts the right of appointing Deputies to the Annual Meeting. Mr. Smith, although so young a man, saw at once the absurdity of this arrangement, and brought powerful arguments to bear upon the question with singular clearness. He established the fact, that in any case the meeting could be literally inundated with representatives from Lodges situated in the locality in which the meeting was held. He urged also that, owing to the extension of railway accommodation throughout the country, the facilities afforded might lead to the Annual Meeting becoming an unmanageable crowd, owing to excess of numbers. In fact, he saw that the time had arrived for giving a new constitution to the Order. Upon his motion, Lodge representation was abolished, and to him is therefore mainly due the credit of having established the present system of District representation, which has worked so well and remained unaltered for eighteen years. At this meeting, Mr. Smith was appointed a Member of the Sub-Committee and a Director of the Order: a success rarely achieved by so young a member upon his first appearance.

At the Glasgow Meeting, in 1845, Mr. Smith submitted the celebrated resolutions destined to initiate a revolution in the financial arrangements of the Unity. The storm that arose in that meeting amongst those who clung to the existing order of things will not readily be forgotten; but Mr. Smith, with admirable temper, determination, and ability, defended his propositions both by his voice and pen. The success then obtained, led to a rebellion by a large section of Members in Manchester and its neighbourhood. In three Districts—Manchester, Salford, and Liverpool—no less than 135 Lodges, containing upwards of 15,000 Members, withdrew from the Unity rather than submit to the new financial arrangements, the adoption of which, alone, could give them the smallest chance of escaping impending ruin. These Members, then called "Seceders," subsequently adopted the title of "Nationals," under which name they still exist as a separate Unity. The more enlightened of them at the present day regret the step then so rashly taken, and deplore the condition to which they have been reduced. It should be mentioned that so strongly did the secessionist party feel assured of defeating Mr. Smith's financial scheme, that they determined to send a Deputation to Birmingham to beard the young reformer on his own ground. The challenge was accepted, and a full discussion ensued. Again, with singular ability and earnest eloquence, Mr. Smith defended his scheme. Resolutions expressive of confidence in the executive were passed almost unanimously; and the talent of the originator excited the admiration of all who took an interest in the future well-being of the Order. At the Glasgow Meeting Mr. Smith was re-elected a Member of the Board of Directors.

At the Bristol A.M.C., in 1846, Mr. Smith moved a resolution abolishing the law which gave to the Manchester District the exclusive privilege of providing the Unity Officers. The time and the man had arrived. The Manchester Unity, now no longer a locally governed society, rapidly became a really national institution, and took the foremost place amongst the provi-

dent societies of the empire. Mr. Smith was rewarded by being selected as the first Officer of the Order, not a Member of the Manchester District.

At the Oxford Annual Committee, in 1847, the Birmingham Deputies introduced a petition in favour of the legalization of the Order, which had been sanctioned by that District. Mr. Smith himself had previously brought forward the question at the Bristol A.M.C., and now being D.G.M. of the Order, advocated the adoption of the petition in a speech of great length, replete with cogent reasoning. The result was, the meeting adopted the petition with few alterations, and thus was laid the foundation of that agitation which resulted in the enrolment of the laws of the Order by resolutions passed at the Dublin A.M.C. in 1851.

There can be little doubt that out of these proceedings arose the serious misunderstanding between the Officers of the Order, the Directors, and the late Secretary, at the end of 1847 and the early part of 1848, which culminated at the extraordinary meeting in the Corn Exchange, in February, 1848. The proceedings were fully reported at the time, and will be well remembered by all who then took an interest in the prosperity of the Unity. Mr. Smith's vindication of himself and refutation of the charges brought against him, was able and eloquent, completely destroying the case of his opponent. A provisional government was established, which claims the honour of having preserved the Manchester Unity in the hour of its greatest peril; the names of P.G.M. Smith, P.G.M. Daynes, P. Prov. G.M. Simeon, and others, will long be remembered in connection with these memorable proceedings.

A visit paid by Mr. Smith to Ireland, in his capacity of Grand Master of the Order (to which high office he had been appointed by the Oxford A.M.C.), in the autumn of 1847, in consequence of the difference arising in connection with the Relief Fund, is believed to have done much good to the cause of Odd-Fellowship. His reception by the various municipal authorities was of the most flattering and gratifying kind.

The Birmingham District at this time marked its sense of the past services the Grand Master had rendered to the Order, and the credit he had reflected upon his District, by presenting him with a valuable gold watch, guard chain, pencil case, and a set of mathematical instruments.

In 1848 Mr. Smith gave valuable evidence before a Committee of the House of Lords, appointed to report on a Bill which had been introduced into Parliament for the purpose of enabling Odd-Fellows' Lodges to become legalized societies. After an examination, extending over three hours, he was highly complimented by the late Lord Beaumont for the able manner in which he had communicated much valuable information to their lordships.

During 1847-8, the annual returns of sickness and mortality were placed in Mr. Smith's hands for compilation and analysis; but the turmoil in which he was then engaged in Manchester rendered it impossible for him to bring his labours to a close, and, at the request of the Directors, he handed over all the books and data to the present Secretary, by whom the work was completed. At the Southampton A.M.C., in 1848, Mr. Smith presided as Grand Master of the Order. At this meeting he was honourably acquitted of all the imputations which had been cast upon him.

Shortly afterwards Mr. Smith may be said to have ceased his active labours as an Odd-Fellow, his connexion with the Board, at which he

attended as Past Grand Master, terminating at the May meeting in 1849. Mr. Smith, we feel assured, gratefully remembers the aid he received in his early struggles to improve the Order, from the late James Roe, of London, Mr. Daynes, and Mr. Charles Ashdown, of Stepney. Upon retiring from active exertion in the cause of Odd-Fellowship, Mr. Smith established the *Birmingham Mercury*, a newspaper which was amalgamated with another journal advocating similar views in 1858.

Mr. Smith has actively and ably exerted himself on many important questions of a political or social character. Some years ago, in conjunction with his friend Mr. James Taylor, he successfully established Land and Building Societies, which have since attained great magnitude and importance in Birmingham. A man of decidedly liberal opinions in politics, Mr. Smith has consistently and earnestly sought to forward the views of his party.

With regard to Mr. Smith's domestic life, in which our readers, of the fair sex at least, take some interest, we may say that he is blessed with a wife and two children; and all his old friends who may have lost sight of him for years, will rejoice to learn that in his domestic matters as well as pecuniary means, little remains to be desired.

We may close this notice by expressing our earnest conviction, that never was the honour of having a portrait placed in the Magazine more fairly won or more richly deserved than by the able and eloquent Past Grand Master, William Benjamin Smith, a name that will ever be honourably associated with the most important measures that have conduced to the preservation of the Manchester Unity as a great Provident Society.

To the Readers of the Odd-Fellows' Magazine.

THE directors of the Manchester Unity having confided to me the editorship of the Magazine, a few words, on assuming its responsibilities, will, perhaps, not be considered out of place. And yet, I have but little to say. Although I have expended many words in my life-time in advocating the cause of Odd-Fellowship, and in promoting the intellectual, moral, and social advancement of our industrial population, I entertain infinitely greater regard for active deeds than for verbal protestations, however eloquent in expression, or truthful in sentiment. Fortunately for me, I am pretty well known to a large and influential section of the members of our great unity. To them, I think, I may, without undue egotism, confidently refer to my past career, as the best guarantee for my future effort. The editorship of an organ, established for the purpose of diffusing the great principles of Odd-Fellowship, or, in other words, for inculcating the practice of beneficence and kindness, of fraternal sympathy and manly self-reliance, will be to me not simply a professional duty, but a "labour of love," in its most

exalted sense. Signal failure in such a cause is scarcely to be feared when the emotions of the heart vibrate in harmony with the intellectual conviction. It is this sentiment, which, while it does not blind me to the difficulties and responsibilities of my task, inspires me with a degree of rational confidence. I feel assured I shall have the hearty co-operation of many valued friends—friends whose kindly sympathy and good-will I have gained while fighting with them, shoulder to shoulder, in the ranks of that potent though peaceful army, which seeks to uproot, or, at the least, to considerably mitigate, the evils attendant upon improvidence, pauperism, and crime; and to elevate the physical, moral, and social condition of the labouring masses. It will be my constant care, while catering with a willing mind for the healthy recreation or intellectual amusement of my readers, so to direct the general tone of the Magazine, that its great educational purpose shall become strengthened and expanded, rather than impaired. The organ of the most extensive self-governed provident institution of the people in the world, in this age of popular progression, has no ignoble mission confided to it. If it be true to the self-relying instincts which called it into being, it cannot fail to do some good service in the great cause of civilization, and in the extension of its blessings to every section of our common humanity. The readers of the Magazine, generally, as members of the Manchester Unity, are directly interested in its well-being. May I not, therefore, confidently hope, that each will cheerfully aid me, in however limited a degree, while I earnestly strive to promote its objects, and extend its influence? An increased circulation, is, after all, the great distinguishing feature of literary success. Towards its achievement my humblest friends can, with but little effort, render most valuable service. From past experience, I feel some confidence it will not be withheld.

CHARLES HARDWICK.

100, City-road, Manchester,
February, 1862.

NEVER DESPAIR.

"FAINT not, oh spirit! in dejected mood,
Thinking how much is planned, how little done;
Revolt not, heart, though still misunderstood;
For gratitude of all things 'neath the sun,
Is easiest lost, and insecurest won.
Doubt not, clear mind, that worketh out the right
For the right's sake: the thin thread must be spun,
And Patience weave it, ere that sign of might,
Truth's banner, wave aloft, full flashing to the light."

Hon. Mrs. Norton's "Child of the Islands."

Insolvent Friendly Societies.

It is a trite saying that a man, or even a community of men, may become so accustomed to the action of any particular evil, social, political, or moral, that it ceases to a large extent to exhibit its normal qualities to either their mental or physical vision. All know the influence of habit in determining the amount of soap and water, and the frequency of its application to the human skin, necessary to ensure conventional personal cleanliness. Men, women, and children, pass their lives with at least some show of contentment, in localities, whose filthy squalor is an abomination to the sight, and the reeking odour from which, in Trinculo's phraseology, excites "indignation in the nostrils" of those who think that Cleanliness ranks next to Godliness in the scale of Christian virtues. Year by year, medical men report that the condition of such and such localities furnishes the malaria that poisons the deadly typhoid arrow, and renders it the most destructive of Disease's many fatal weapons; yet, it is nevertheless true that those who suffer to the greatest extent and in the most direct manner from the terrible scourge, often appear practically to ignore the fact, that they are yearly sacrificing betacombs of their relations and friends at the shrine of the demon Dirt, and his satellites—Insufficient Drainage and Imperfect Ventilation. Such is the force of habit that, in some instances, not only does the action of the intellect become partially paralysed, but the nostril loses its cunning. Time after time has the burning lava leaped from the furnace bosom of Vesuvius and entombed in its fiery embrace fertile pastures, thriving villages, elegant villas, and populous cities. Yet, after a little while, brave but imprudent men erect new homesteads and temples, plant new vineyards and pleasure gardens, on the stiffened crust of the lava cement that sepulchres the remains of a past age, happy in the hope that the slumbers of the subterranean fire will not be disturbed in their day and generation. Truly, with a large portion of mankind, the apostolic axiom, "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," is accepted in its literal rather than in its more extensive signification.

Many well meaning provident men have latterly become so accustomed to the wail of lugubrious prophecy respecting the future of a large number of existing Friendly Societies, that they have ceased to regard the vaticination as anything more than one of the many weapons fashioned by slanderous malice, and covertly aimed by pretended friends or open enemies, at the very existence of their cherished institutions. This feeling of indifference is increased by the circumstance, that the demise of a Friendly Society is not exactly an every day affair, in any given limited locality, although the seeds of destruction may be as certainly germinating in their life blood as the fire is smouldering in the entrails of the slumbering volcano. When such an event does occur, it is more than probable that the true cause or causes of the special collapse is but partially, if at all, understood by those most interested. I was told but very recently by some of the members of a friendly society, situated in one of the densest centres of our manufacturing industry, that they found a difficulty in prevailing upon eligible individuals amongst their comrades or fellow-workmen to join their club, because other societies in the neighbourhood *promise* similar benefits for a less annual subscription. I recommended the propriety of their impressing upon the minds of such applicants, that there really existed a large amount of truth in the adage which asserted that *promises* and *pie-crusts* were equally destined to fracture, and the promises of many Friendly Societies had proved no exception to the rule. To my surprise, I found that my friends, who were members of a lodge of the Manchester Unity using the improved scales, fancied they had been defeated on this very point, because, when asked, they were unable to point out an instance, within

their own knowledge where a society, paying the lower rates and promising high benefits had failed to fulfil its engagements. If the true history of all the societies in existence twenty years ago within the distance of three miles from the house in which our conversation took place, had been available for reference, not only one but many instances of insolvency and ultimate dissolution might easily have been adduced. But such a record has not been compiled. If it had we should, doubtless, find in many cases, anything but the real cause of the failure recorded.

In a paper published in the ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE, in January, 1861, I referred to a paragraph in Mr. J. Tidd Pratt's previous report, in which he stated that "Notices of dissolution had been received from fifty-two societies during the year ending the 31st December, 1859; of which number forty-eight were in England and Wales; the causes of dissolution generally arising from the claims made on the funds by pensioners, the number of members being small, and no increase of young members." In that article I stated that it was desirable that Mr. Pratt should in future publish the name, locality, constitution, and special cause, as far as known, why each of the collapsed or bankrupt clubs had failed to fulfil the *promises* originally made to the members on their introduction. I assigned as a reason why I thought the cause of financial reform would profit by the adoption of this course—that "such authentic information would prove of great value both in arousing the attention of the members of societies with similar laws and constitutions, and directing their energies in the right direction towards timely adjustment * * * * It would likewise indicate to the more intelligent members of the rising generation, what class of society it is their interest to join, and what class to avoid." In his last report, Mr. Pratt appears to have acted upon this suggestion. He gives a list of the societies in England and Wales, which have been dissolved since the publication of his previous report, from which it appears that no fewer than eighty-four of these institutions have ceased to exist, and their dissolutions have been duly advertised in the *London Gazette*, pursuant to 23 and 24 Vic. c. 68, s. 3. The mortality of these provident institutions seems to be confined to no particular section of the kingdom, though the death-rate is, in some counties, relatively much higher than in others, as will be seen from the following analysis:—Berkshire, 3; Buckinghamshire, 2; Cheshire, 3; Cornwall, 4; Derby, 1; Dorset, 1; Durham, 1; Essex, 4; Gloucester, 1; Hampshire, 4; Huntingdon, 1; Kent, 2; Lancashire, 9; Middlesex, 11; Monmouth, 4; Norfolk, 4; Northampton, 1; Oxford, 1; Somerset, 1; Stafford, 6; Suffolk, 1; Surrey, 6; Warwick, 3; Worcester, 1; Yorkshire, 4; Brecknock, 3; Carmarthen, 1; Montgomery, 2.

The simple fact that during the past year a large number of Friendly Societies have been dissolved in England and Wales, is in itself sufficient to seriously arrest the attention of every well wisher to the progress of provident habits amongst our industrial population. But there is another feature even more significant and more alarming in connection with this most important and truly national question, and that is, the annual death-rate is evidently on the increase. In the previous year the number of clubs which ceased to exist was fifty-two; in the present eighty-four have succumbed, being an increase of thirty-two, or about sixty per cent.!! Should this rate of progressively-increasing mortality continue for many years, the majority of existing Friendly Societies will have followed in the wake of their unfortunate predecessors, to be replaced, let us hope, by others, founded upon principles learned from past experience, which will secure as far as human knowledge and human forethought can secure, their future reliability.

I am well aware that a large number of Friendly Societies are, at present, suffering from chronic financial ailment, to such an extent, that to *them*, recovery

is hopeless. It must not be forgotten that Mr. Pratt's return includes only the enrolled Friendly Societies, dissolved according to law, and advertized in the Gazette. Amongst the mass of unenrolled clubs, doubtless the seeds of dissolution are even more thickly strewn. The best course these insolvent bodies can take is to terminate their own existence as early as possible, and thus lessen and more equally distribute the pecuniary loss amongst the whole of their members. Suicide, in their corporate capacity, under the circumstances, will violate no law either religious, political, or moral. It is infinitely better that a tradesman should compound with his creditors at once, if he be hopelessly insolvent, than that he should continue year after year to add to his liabilities without more than a corresponding increase in the amount of his assets. The case of an insolvent Friendly Society is precisely similar. Some well-meaning philanthropists, with more zeal than discretion, or even practical knowledge, sometimes gladly seize upon a text of this kind, and rate the working classes soundly, *en masse*, for presumed incapacity and even dishonesty. Such never has been my practice, nor is it my present intention. For a long time to come, in the very nature of things, we shall have to contemplate a certain annual per-centage of mortality amongst Friendly as amongst other Societies. We shall rapidly be approaching the era of the millennium, when the London Gazette ceases, for lack of matter, to publish its periodical list of bankrupt tradesmen. The reports of the Registrar-General, must, of necessity, ever show a certain number of deaths per thousand, per annum, notwithstanding the progress of sanatory knowledge and its practical application. But, if we cannot arrive at a state of utopian beatitude in any given direction, we may, at least, direct our energies in such a way as to materially lessen the amount of evil, suffering, and sorrow, to which our frail terrestrial humanity is every day exposed. It is a most unmanly as well as a most illogical resolve, which prefers lethargic indifference or impotent denunciation, to active exertion, simply because the march of progress in any given path is necessarily toilsome and slow. It may seem at first sight a relatively unimportant result, when the Registrar-General informs us that in a certain populous city, the rate of mortality has decreased from twenty-seven to twenty-five per thousand, per annum, and especially so, if we enter into details of the cost of street and house drainage, the construction of water-works and other material aids to healthy physical and moral existence. But when thoroughly understood, what does the statistical fact proclaim? That in this large city of five hundred thousand inhabitants, one thousand, *at least*, as proved by the experiment, have been heretofore annually slaughtered by agencies which were removable! In other words, the duration of the life of every resident has been more or less unnecessarily curtailed. I fancy, if rate-payers, whether rich or poor, looked directly at the question of sanatory improvement as a simple money purchase of so much health and longevity, there would be much less murmuring at the cost than obtains even at the present day. Sickly men pay heavily in a pecuniary sense, for their loss of health, and dying ones would, as a rule, cheerfully fee a physician most liberally for a small increase in the duration of their lease of life.

The excessive mortality amongst Friendly Societies can unquestionably be prevented, if those most interested in their healthy existence, manfully resolve to set about its achievement in a thoroughly practical spirit. No amount of good intention will, alone, serve the purpose. The prayers and good wishes of kind friends are valuable things in their way, but they will not safely amputate a limb, or stop the progress of disease. The practised skill of the surgeon or physician is still imperative to success. So it is with Friendly Societies' financial maladies. If we wish to get at the roots of their disorders, we must retain the services of men skilled in financial anatomy and the ramifications of vital statistical science, and subject some of, the carcases of the defunct to a kind of post-

mortem examination. When the *causes* of decline and death have been fully and satisfactorily ascertained, the application of the proper remedies to the relatively more healthy constitutions of existing societies will present but few difficulties which earnest purpose cannot easily overcome. The distribution of accurate information on this subject amongst the masses of reflective provident men is of infinitely greater national importance than may at first sight appear. The pecuniary interest involved in the success of these self-governed economic institutions is enormous; but this, great as it is, sinks into comparative insignificance, when contrasted with the extent and character of their social and moral influence. No nobler field for the exercise of philanthropic impulse exists. No class of secular education is calculated to develop a larger amount of immediate as well as permanent benefit to the great body of the nation than that which shall render intelligible to the manly self-reliant spirit of the provident operative, those scientific truths, the due recognition of which is essential for the ultimate prosperity of their cherished provident institutions. If it be true that "Heaven helps those who help themselves," surely it is not intimidating too much to the educated social reformer, that some portion of his zealous efforts might be judiciously and profitably expended in this direction. But the great labour, after all, to be effectual, must be done by the members themselves. Self-reliance implies self-help and self-sacrifice. All permanent moral or social improvement must mainly emanate from within. It is therefore highly gratifying to find, that, during the past few years, the spirit of inquiry on this subject has been gradually extending itself amongst those most immediately interested. Since the publication of the experience of the Manchester Unity, in 1851, a proper valuation of the assets and liabilities of individual lodges, with a view, if found necessary, to a revision of the financial arrangements, has been sought, and obtained, at a trifling cost, by many of its branches. The gradual increase in the number of such applications is one of the healthiest, and, therefore, one of the most encouraging signs of progress at the present day, and augurs well for the future stability, and increased usefulness of our extensive Unity. In this respect, other branches of the Order and other Friendly Societies, of every class, cannot do better than follow the example. The discovery that any given branch is in a healthy financial condition, must prove a source of great satisfaction to its members; while the early acquisition of the knowledge that incipient disease has manifested itself will enable others to apply the proper remedies before increased virulence shall have rendered such application useless. The forthcoming publication by the Grand Master and Directors of the Manchester Unity, of the experience of its members, during the quinquennial period 1856—60, compiled by Mr. Henry Ratcliffe, will doubtless further stimulate this commendable spirit of inquiry. By a thorough digestion of the experience of the past alone, are we enabled to shape our conduct in matters of Friendly Societies' finance, so as to rationally prognosticate successful results to future operations.

With the view to aid in the diffusion of practical knowledge on this important question, I propose, in a future article, to analyse, as far as practicable, the cause of the failure of some of the societies which have recently announced their dissolution in the columns of the London Gazette.

C. H.

THE PALACE AND THE COLLIERY.

When within the silken-curtained room,
The dear Husband of our State lay dying,
All the land was shrouded with that gloom,
Every household echoed to that crying.

"Think of all those children," said the parents,
"One in Prussia, one across the sea;
One far south, and five within the Palace;
Little Beatrice on her mother's knee,

Just as in the portraits we see daily."
Ah! what fellow-feeling touched the land,
What a mist of tears went up to Windsor,
For a grief that all could understand.

In the churches on that Sunday morning,
Trembling congregations heard the prayer
With his name omitted, for the first time
Since we placed the youthful bridegroom there.

All that week, upon the roads and markets
Gathered groups of listening heads were seen—
And we heard "the women in the railways"
Talk in tearful whispers of "the Queen."

Ere a month has passed, a royal message
Flies electric through the anxious crowd,
But this time it is the Queen's commissions—
Words of fellow-feeling deep—not loud.

"Is there any hope that we can save them?"
Asked the Widow to those death-struck wives.
"Any hope!" But hark! the throbbing answer:
"No! the Lord hath taken all their lives."

All those "canny fellows," all the husbands,
Sweethearts, striplings, children even, slept
A not unpeaceful slumber, seated patient
While the deadly vapour on them crept.

Twice within a month the Lord hath smitten
England with a very heavy hand;
Twice has roused all hearts with tender mourning
For a grief that all can understand.

But if love possesses any healing,
It has sprung to life amidst these woes—
Taught the nation what a fellow-feeling
Through the pulses of a people flows.

And although the price has been most bitter,
England gains a truth in making known
To her millions what a common nature
Tends the cottage hearth, and fills the throne.

—*The Englishwoman's Journal.*

BESSIE PARKS.

A Paper on Pets.

BY ELIZA COOK.

THERE appears to be a natural tendency in the human race, or, at least, the better portion of it, to pet and cherish something belonging to the lower orders of creation. We occasionally come across an individual who repudiates the notion of extending a degree of patronage to anything beneath "a child," with utter contempt. In some women this assumes a hard and almost repulsive feature of character. They shrink from touching the sleek back of a household tabby, or the honest head of a sportsman's retriever, with a sort of sneering shudder, which does not arise from any constitutional antipathy or dread, but entirely from a desire to be thought incapable of entertaining the slightest sympathy with any nature inferior to that which is incorporated in God's own image. They imagine that such an exhibition of indifference, if not aversion, to the subordinates of creation, indicates an exalted state of feminine feeling which claims peculiar respect and appreciation from the world at large. A great mistake is made in psychological estimate and human deduction by these hyper-womanly women; and it may be a strong doubt whether one of them has ever elicited an opinion from those around, which placed them in a superior moral, or mental position to those "foolish, simple" beings who condescend to talk a little "dog Latin" to a rough Newfoundland, or tounge a kitten in kindly play. We do not advocate the adoption of a Blenheim spaniel, ring-tailed monkey, or grey parrot, to the position of a chief member of the domestic circle. We do not think it right that a cover should be laid for an idolized poodle, nor that the taste of a tortoiseshell darling should be consulted as to its preference for the breast or leg of a chicken. We have no sympathy with the tenderness which trembles lest Fido should take cold from wading through a duck-pond; and have no respect for the olfactory delicacy of those who insist on keeping white mice within nasal recognition. We entirely abjure the absurd extremes of dotage and fondling which frequently mark a tendency to nurture dumb things; but we must confess we have a great regard for the disposition which inclines to pet some dependent, living thing, apart from the paramount and exalted demands which "children" make on our care and affections. There is nothing especially derogatory in the social combination, nor unpicturesque in the artistic grouping, of a "toddling wee thing" and a slightly over-fed "bow-wow," both rolling about together on the hearth-rug; the biped hugging and lugging the quadruped with undue intimacy of confidence, and the quadruped enduring the punch and the pull with Spartan endurance, until, when the treatment is too bad for even canine temper to put up with, a low, significant growl calls back the young tyrant to a notion that even dear, old Bounce may be taken *too* many liberties with; and a little administration of coaxing and stroking is found to be necessary before dear, old Bounce condescends to lie in elegant, full length again beside his companion. What a pretty picture is afforded by the wicker cage, holding a pair of doves, suspended amid the curling tendrils and glossy leaves on a vine-covered wall; or, perhaps, hung beneath the old, cottage porch, where honeysuckle and jasmine sprawl under and over in delicious luxuriance. Of course, there must be a merry girl or two, with flying hair, attending, with busy devotion, to the sustenance and comfort of the cooing couple. One of the waiting-maids may be obliged to stand on tiptoe, while making a ruby dish of her mouth for the lady dove to take a tempting morsel of peach from; and another is balancing a crystal-filled vase, with trembling anxiety lest the water should damp the floor of the rustic residence. The youngest of the tribe has probably secured the advantage of a rickety garden chair, and is sedulously endeavouring to persuade doves

that it would be pleasant to have their polls scratched, or tails pulled—no great matter which, as regards the satisfaction to the manipulator—speculating in earnest volubility meantime, as to whether a bit of apple tart or fragment of currant cake would not add to the felicity of their “*menage*.” A charming picture, we say, is formed from these simple constituents, and we stand, looking on, warmly admiring the combinations of household “pets.” Few can resist smiling, and enjoying the scene, when a spoilt squirrel, having upset the sugar basin, or thrust his nose in the toast-plate, escapes the hand that threatens a reproofing tap, scampers up the curtain, taking his seat on the pole, and chatters at those below with defiant impudence. The mischief of the little animal is unlimited, and his trespasses on decorum most flagrant; but “Brush” is a “pet,” and it would be a serious offence, indeed, that induced greater punishment than a slight pinch of the ear, and an apoplectic number of nuts to compensate for the same.

There is a natural tendency, we again declare, in all truly kind and generous natures to “pet” something; and every-day-life affords plenty of evidence that our opinion is not to be easily invalidated. We go into Mrs. Thompson’s residence, where a large family and small means are wonderfully made to balance every Christmas; and though we are perfectly aware that every quatern loaf is a matter of consequence, and pocket-money a thing unknown by the juveniles, yet we find a scarlet bullfinch and amber canary lighting up the window looking into the narrow forecourt, and inhabiting a pagoda style of domiciles which must have involved the disbursement of an important amount of capital, considering Mr. Thompson’s compressed state of weekly salary. Mrs. Thompson and the little Thompsons are so fond of “Bully” and “Bijou,” that a rich uncle has been kept waiting in the back parlour, while the necessities of the feathered darlings have received the finishing attentions in the front one; and so impressed are the “olive branches” with the value and importance of the birds, that their affection and admiration are scrupulously exempt from the usual juvenile admixture of insult and injury. The Thompsons’ house is certainly small, but we question if they would not deem it much smaller if it did not hold that couple of dear little “pet birdies.”

Let us call on the wealthy family of the Stockmans, in Park Lane. There we see all that alloyed gold and refined taste can procure to shelter us from the east winds of Existence, and cherish the exotics of Peace and Plenty all the year round. Carpets so rich and glowing, that we might fancy a slice of an American prairie in full bloom had been laid down. Couches and ottomans so bright and soft, that any “detective” fay or fairy would be justified in claiming them as stolen property from the realms of Queen Mab; and there we see stretched on the very choicest of the silken rugs, a dingy-hided Skye terrier, with tangible proofs on his person of having been recently out in a heavy shower, without overcoat or goloshes, and, moreover, of having entirely forgotten to rub his feet on the hall mat when he returned. There we see a precocious kitten, exercising the most wondrous acrobatic power in the refulgent card-basket in the centre of the dazzling ormolu table; flinging “Lady Stiffasstarche” up on the highest lustre of the chandelier, and tossing the Honourable Adolphus Milkisoppe to be drowned in the elegant ink bath. The Stockmans are charming people, there is no doubt about *that*. The elders carrying their full “years of discretion” with a degree of genial youth which at once inspires respect and cordiality; and the juniors possessing the spirit, intelligence, and feeling, which must ever find a response in all loving and well-bred natures. No being of sympathetic tendency or delicate perception would think of being on pleasant terms with the Stockmans if they did not take dear old “Charlie” (the terrier) and all the sedate cats and “fast” kittens thereabouts, into good fellowship as well. We plead guilty to a strong prejudice in favour of the Stockmans, and are apt to think that no small

amount of our esteem and affectionate sympathy has been elicited by their open avowal of a love for dumb things, and their adoption of "pets."

We are slightly acquainted with the tiresome, obstreperous young Binkles, in Tooley Street, and certain affinities of disposition led to the discovery a short time since that they had surreptitiously established a rabbit hutch in the lower department of the household, and were in great perturbation lest the fact should become cognizant to "pater" and "mater." However, we have gladly ascertained that within the last week "pater" was seen peering into the secret chamber, and giving instruction and advice that the doe had better have a larger hutch, now she had young ones; and concluded his visit with a remark that she was a beautiful creature, and had very fine lop ears; while Mrs. Binkle was seen on the top of the stairs, and heard to inquire in the true maternal tone, breathing something of the cradle hymn and caudle cup, "How many has she?"

Yes, true it is, that "pets" are in very general existence. Monkeys are tolerated in some domestic establishments (we are simply alluding to the original of that animal genus). We have heard of pet "pigs" (and again we would intimate that we imply only the quadruped order). Silkworms are patronised by many, though, as regards the latter, we fully concur in the opinion of a neighbour touching their recluse and unsocial habits, that he could "see no fun in keeping them."

Fashion has a control over this domestic institution, as it has over every other. Long-eared, short-nosed, bullet-headed spaniels were in the ascendant when King Charles never walked in the Mall without one under each of his arms. Monkeys were the rage a century since. Then poodles became prominent on the face of English society. More lately, Argyle terriers, and dwarfed, unnatural-looking, toy, tanned terriers, have asserted their supremacy; and the last epoch of petting fancies (according to *fashion*) was marked by the adoption of the strange and "unfamiliar creatures of the vasty deep." We now have our "Aquariums," where we may gaze on the star fish without a telescope. We may boast our growth of anemones, but dare not gather them. We revel in "sea cucumber," without thinking of the "cruets" in conjunction. We have skeletons of coral bones, and cannot help thinking, while gazing on them, that *our* remains are not nearly as beautiful. We perceive "weeds" which we never think of hoeing up. We cherish marine spiders which the most sensitive and timid Lady Amarynthia can look at without screaming. We have prawns which we prefer unboiled. We wet our fingers in waiting on the "miller's thumb," and train a stud of scaly coursers to go "round and round" in pursuit of nothing: the "great globe itself" representing a fluid "Batty's circle." For our own part, we find little interest in *this* phase of "petting," and infinitely prefer less cold-blooded associations. At this moment we are being victimised by a respectable elderly cat and her impertinent child. The parent is content with "proving her talons" on our last, new Russia-leather pocket-book, and occasionally thrusting her head against our nose; but her offspring has entirely disarranged the window curtain, nibbled the points of our three favourite quills, turned over the waste-paper basket, and is at this moment on our shoulder, handling our curls in anything but "Truffitt" style, and appearing most anxious to ascertain whether we wear our own hair or a wig. Really the intrusion is growing too presuming, and we must give up our place at the writing-table, lest a whispered anathema should be heard to mingle a somewhat discordant note in the musical score of our "Paper on Pets."



Heber, or for Eber.

(An hour with Alessandro Cagliostro.)

BY HENRY OWGAN, LL.D.

"You thought it strange, my dear children," said Madame de Vilbelle, addressing a family party of grown-up grandchildren to whom she was in the habit, like the generality of superannuated belles, of recounting the gay and glittering and triumphant scenes of her fondly-remembered youth, which she had fluttered away in the magnificent Court of Louis the XV.—"You thought it strange, if not something less pardonable, when I smiled yesterday evening at the ghost-stories of our visitors; but that smile was provoked by the conviction that I had the power to make you shudder and turn pale by the recital of a true and genuine ghost-story repeated from my own personal experience. You must know that I have actually seen and spoken to, and supped with the disembodied spirit of my great-great-grandmother! The adventure was one for which I was indebted to my aunt and namesake, Madame de Vilbelle, who was, as you know, one of the most distinguished ornaments of the court of Maria de Medici, consort of Louis XIII., and I need not remind you that that Princess was not only the munificent patroness of all who professed to hold intercourse with the unseen world, but herself a necromancer of considerable skill. It was the time, my dear children, when the celebrated and mysterious Count Cagliostro was the great Lion, or rather the great Sphinx of the brilliant and intellectual City of Paris, and when all civilized Europe was deeply and, in fact, tremulously interested in the miraculous pretensions of the mystic fraternity of the *Rosy Cross*.

"It happened one day—I remember it most distinctly—in the month of January 1681, that my Aunt, of whom I have spoken, informed us by a message—my sister Valentine de Solmene and myself—that she was confined by a slight illness to her own apartments; and that, if we found it agreeable to spend an hour or two with her, she would be happy to receive us there. We accordingly transferred ourselves and our work-baskets to the museum—for, such it really was—which she inhabited. In that old room were fantastically mingled together family pictures and portraits of saints; breviaries, missals, and volumes of romance; pieces of gobelin tapestry, legendary and historic; the old lady herself—nearly as old as I am now—pillowed up in her deep arm-chair with her gold snuff-box in her hand; and—what seemed to us the strangest curiosity in the whole collection, a short, ill-favoured, red-faced, corpulent man, to whom she was listening with all the interest and reverence due to an oracle.

"‘My dears,’ said the Countess, as the stranger arose at our approach—‘allow me to present to you a gentleman whose name must be already familiar to you. Though nearly related to Lucifer, he is a sufficiently good-natured devil when not provoked, and injures those only who treat him unkindly. You behold the Count Cagliostro!’ On hearing that name pronounced, my sister turned as pale as if all the powers of darkness were suddenly let loose before her. I was indeed, myself, scarcely less disconcerted, but contrived to stammer one or two commonplace phrases of courtesy, and placed myself beside Valentine, who had taken a seat as far away from the magician as the dimensions of the apartment would permit. The Countess, however, resumed the conversation which our arrival had interrupted, and asked him if he had yet found any neophytes in Paris; to which he replied that every day brought him in numerous applications from candidates for initiation—from ladies especially.

"‘Just what I should expect,’ said the Countess, ‘In my young days, it was

precisely the same when the sorceries of the Princess and the Prince Regent were in fashion. Women alone had the courage to believe them.'

"Do you call it courage, Aunt?" I said, trembling at my own audacity, "it seems to me rather the servility of superstition."

"You are mistaken, my dear," she answered, "It requires some strength of nerve, I assure you to believe in the devil; and at the same time to act as if there was no such personage; but, my dear," she continued, "you look at the Count as if you expected to see hoofs and horns!—Do you believe in his power?"

"I must plead guilty, I fear," I said timidly, "to being very incredulous."

"Can you not vindicate your science, Count Cagliostro?" said my Aunt.

"I am here to be commanded," he answered, "any proof the lady may require, she shall have."

"That is very tempting," I replied, "I take you at your word."

"Command me, Madame—you shall be obeyed."

"It is said," I continued, "that you can conduct persons into the presence of their dead ancestors; well then, give my sister and me an interview at supper with our great-grandmother, the Marchioness de Vilbelle, whose portrait you see there, and whose beauty was celebrated in 1600, I have a question to ask her; and while I spoke Valentine pulled me by the sleeve."

"The portrait to which I pointed, represented our great grandmother, one of the suite of Anne of Austria, and a celebrated personage in the days of the *Fronde*: we had always traced a resemblance between it and my Aunt, and it interested us also very much because of an illegible inscription on a book which the Marchioness held in her hand. Cagliostro surveyed it attentively for some time, and then said, turning toward me,

"On next Wednesday night, at twelve o'clock, you shall see her face to face. At eight o'clock a carriage will come for you. You may choose one of your servants—and but one—and you will ask no questions; will that arrangement suit you?"

"I assented, though at the moment I felt a chilly shudder from head to foot: for the magician spoke and looked so calmly and confidently, that pride alone held me back from retracting. Valentine feared to displease him by refusing; but feared also that she should not be able to persevere. It may be easily believed that the interval preceding the awful meeting was passed in the most nervous uncertainty, and that we sometimes wished that our Aunt would forbid our keeping the appointment: but, at length we decided upon seeing the adventure to the end; and Valentine, when once she resolved to be courageous, was more so than I. Wednesday evening arrived at last; we sat waiting for the carriage: every knock at the door startled and set me trembling; and Valentine used to smile and remind me quietly that it was not yet eight o'clock. That hour, however, had no sooner struck, than we heard the noise of wheels below; and our servant Beauville, whom we had chosen to take with us, came up to announce that all was ready."

"Valentine," said I, "there is still time to change our minds—have you any wish to remain?"

"Certainly not, my dear—I have made up my mind—we will see it out."

"Because," I continued, "we are going alone and unprotected, among perfect strangers—we know not what accidents may happen; and we shall be laughed at if we are mystified."

"I do not suspect any mystification," she answered, "and as for danger, Beauville is armed with pistols. Come, let us be polite to the old lady, and not keep her waiting."

"The carriage that awaited us was drawn by two black horses; the coachman, dressed in black, remained like a statue on his box, and the whole equipage, in short, very closely resembled a hearse."

"Beauvielle took his place beside the coachman; we went in, and all moved off in unbroken silence. I mentioned above that it was January; it was abominably cold: the trees were powdered with frost; the snow was beginning to come down thickly, and the wind was sighing so mournfully through the bare branches, that it seemed as if all external things were conspiring to damp our courage. The windows of the carriage, too, were so darkened by blinds, which we could not move, that we could see nothing of the road we travelled; we knew only that we were leaving the city.

"In silent suspense we rolled on for some time, until Valentine sounded her watch, and told me that it was half-past ten, as calmly as if she were seated by the fire in the Rue St. Dominique.

"Still we went on, and my suspense was beginning to fret itself into impatience, when the coachman pulled up, and we heard the clanking of a bell echoing loudly in the silence of the night, and the desolate emptiness of a large court-yard. Presently, a heavy gate rolled back on its grating hinges, and we found ourselves in front of a spacious building, silent and dark as a tomb. There were towers on the four angles; one of larger size in the centre, and a vast number of windows not one of which was lighted. A man in a mask and a grotesque costume, with a torch in his hand, received us at the foot of the staircase, and said in a very solemn but respectful tone,

"These ladies are requested to refrain from speaking until they are in presence of the master; one word uttered before they have seen him may be dangerous. If they will kindly take the trouble to follow me, I will guide them."

"We then began to ascend a narrow, winding staircase, where a rope attached to the wall at intervals by rings, served as a balustrade. It was a strange and wild looking procession. The man in the mask led the way apathetically, as if accustomed to such scenes. Next to him the graceful and slender figure of Madame de Solmene, with a little black hat and crimson feathers, drawing her violet velvet robe close round her to save it from contact with the rough wall. I followed her, dressed in a cherry-coloured hat and robe of grey damask silk, looking very fearless but dreadfully frightened. The rear was brought up by our faithful Beauvielle, with his loaded pistols in his hands, and looking the picture of most unmitigated amazement. Having ascended the stairs, we found ourselves in a long gallery, at the further end of which was another staircase, which we began to descend, so far that it seemed to lead us deep into the earth. A small door at length stayed our progress. Our guide knocked three times, and, when the door opened of itself, led us into a room which I scarcely venture to describe. It was about twenty feet square, with a ceiling so high that in the partial and dusky light of the torch it was invisible. Down through the centre hung a massive iron chain, to the end of which were attached two arm-chairs, where our guide requested us to be seated. We looked at each other, and hesitated, until my companion, suddenly and with an air of the most careless gaiety, took possession of one. Our guide bound us firmly in our seats, and sounded a silver whistle, and we were strongly and steadily drawn up. Seeing that Beauvielle was left below, apparently forgotten, I was going to speak, when Valentine placed her hand upon my lips, and showed me the pistols which she had placed behind her in the chair. We were then some twelve or fifteen feet from the ground, and the noise of wheels and pulleys was so frightful that you may well imagine the satisfaction of landing in safety, and being transferred to a second guide much more courteous than the first. With him we passed through several doors, at each of which my sister exchanged with him a most ceremonious salutation. When I asked her afterwards why she exhibited such courtesy, she said it was because one does not know in the infernal regions whom one may meet. A few minutes more and we stood in front of a door sealed with three large medallions of black wax, which flew

open and admitted us into a large apartment divided across by a black curtain. One half was in deep darkness, but we could perceive that the other was brilliantly lighted; and here we were left by ourselves, attended only by Beauville, who had been brought up after us. The doors were closed, and one might have heard the beatings of our hearts almost, when suddenly a voice which we recognised as Cagliostro's, pronounced these words, to all appearance close beside us, though no speaker was visible:

"When the first stroke of midnight sounds you will be in presence of the lady whom you wished to see. Until the last stroke has sounded you are not permitted to address her with any question. Then she shall be at your service for one hour. Be careful not to overstep the circle drawn round you on the floor, else I cannot answer for the consequences.' There was silence again; amid the stillness, and darkness, and all the dreadful preliminaries, I was painfully agitated. At the first stroke of the clock the curtain rose, and we found ourselves separated by a low partition from the upper part of the capacious chamber. Right in front, on an oak pannel, stood the portrait of our grandmother, not only illumined itself, but casting a brilliant light across the room, in which there were no lamps or candles of any sort. The portrait was certainly hers. There was the marchioness herself in her robe of black velvet, her guimp gorget, her close-banded hair, her book in her hand, and that pensive and austere expression of eye with which we were so familiar. At the second stroke of the clock the figure stood erect; and, to our intense astonishment, came forth from the frame and glided forward, moving neither foot nor eye, to the partition. I confess I fancied myself in a dream, and my heart beat quick, until, at the twelfth stroke, Cagliostro's voice informed us that we might speak. I was unable to utter a word; but Valentine, pale as a ghost, raised a scent-bottle to her nose, and said in a low, tremulous voice:

"Will you condescend to pardon us, madame, in consideration of our motives; you, who know all things now, know the innocence of our thoughts?"

"Yes, my child," said the spectre, in a voice unlike any sound of earth. "I know what you are, but I know not yet why you summons me hither."

"My sister will state our wishes," answered Valentine. "It is her choice that has selected you from all our house."

"My request," said I, as she fixed her eyes on mine, "is to decipher the inscription on your book."

"This was the only answer I could invent in the agitation of the moment, and I accompanied it with a genuflexion down to the very floor. I must, indeed, have looked singularly ridiculous just then; for Valentine, as she confessed to me afterwards, could scarcely refrain, in spite of her terror, from laughing in my face. The spectre, however, turned the book toward me, and I could read distinctly on an otherwise blank page, the English words, "*never, or for ever*;" but, this only aggravated our curiosity. Valentine ventured to ask for the history, of which the words appeared to be the mysterious memento.

"I am compelled to obey you, were it even against my will, my dear children," replied the portrait. "For an hour you can command me. The spells of the powerful sorcerer who has led you hither, leave me no choice to refuse you. There is nothing in my history to call up a blush, even if the emotion could still evoke it; and, as to remorse, recollections are all that belong to the dead. Here, then, is the history for which you ask me. You wish to hear of the passions, and sorrows, and joys of a heart that ceased to beat a century ago. It is quite possible that you may not understand me, so far are we from each other; for my youth was not passed like yours, in a brilliant and well-ordered court. I never knew the tranquil and softly-fleeting days that glide away over your enjoyments. I lived among men of iron, among women whom the accident of sex alone prevented from bearing corslet and sword. In short, I lived in the days of the

Fronde. I was married when very young, and we had not been long united when my husband fell in a duel by the hand of a notorious fire-eater, and I was left a widow with an infant son, who transmitted the name which you bear. He was my only consolation, and I lived in retirement from all the rivalries of society devoting all my cares to him, and looking forward to the day when he should avenge his father. About that time my illustrious mistress, Anne of Austrta, near whom I did not then occupy the position which I afterwards held, condescended to admit me to confidential intimacy, which provoked the jealousy, and, consequently, the hatred of many around me; of two, especially, who never forgave the offence of being so distinguished. These were, the cardinal—because I loved the Queen too sincerely; and Madame Chevreuse—because her Majesty returned my affection. These two persons exerted all their ingenuity to estrange us; but she knew my devotion, and they were unheeded.

“During this position of affairs, there came an embassy from England, to negotiate the marriage of Henrietta, daughter of the late King Henry, with the unfortunate Charles I. You may be aware that the Duke of Buckingham was the principal agent, and that the Queen was accused—most unjustly—of having been captivated by him to some extent; and, after all, unhappy as she was, pursued by calumnies, victimized by the hatred of the cardinal, and looking round her in vain for one warm and sympathising heart, it would not have been strange or unreasonable if she had found some pleasure in his society. Of the famous interview in the garden, at Amiens, I was a witness. I saw only that she shed tears, and may Heaven spare you the sight of a queen weeping.

“Among the gentlemen who accompanied George Villiers, was one whose manners and appearance attracted universal admiration. This was Lord Charles Monteith, who was Buckingham’s especial favourite, and enjoyed his confidence so unreservedly that he was entrusted with his sacred messages to the Queen and the Princess Henrietta. One day, while the Court was at St. Germain, and was making an excursion on horseback in the forest, dressed in that imposing equestrian costume, which was just then introduced by the English, and universally adopted, the heat of the morning obliged us to take shelter under a bower, where a collation awaited us. The Queen having requested me to cut an orange, I unfortunately drew the knife across my finger, letting the blood flow upon the orange and upon my dress. The company immediately pressed around me, and the Queen herself kindly bound up the wound with her own handkerchief; but, when I raised my eyes, I was startled to see Lord Monteith standing beside me with an expression of the most intense anxiety, and that fixed and haunting look which revealed to me at the same time his feelings and my own. When we resumed our saddles I found him still near me, where he remained all that day, devoting to me all those attentions which are dictated by an appeal so unmistakeably to the heart, though we spoke but little to each other during the time. In the evening there was some dancing, in which I took no part—for I had not danced since I became a widow, but sat apart listening to my own thoughts, and following with my eyes one whom I already loved as I had never loved any till then. At length I arose and approached a window, where the cool, perfume-loaded breeze, the moon mirrored in the Seine, and the soft strains of distant music—all spoke to the imagination. As I leaned forward on the balustrade I could not repress my tears, and yet I was happy at that moment—happy in the emotion awakened by the first consciousness of a first love—that feeling, fresh from heaven, which haunts all the after life like a dream, and comes but once, and for ever. I knew that he was near me then, though I could not look round—I felt that he was there.

“‘Madame,’ said he, while I trembled and started at the words, ‘I have a favour to ask—will you permit me to keep the fruit which caused me so much alarm this morning? The blood which consecrates it makes it more precious to me than the apples of the Hesperides.’

"I made no answer—I could not speak.

"‘You are silent,’ he continued; ‘have I offended you? Forgive me! The fault is mine. Why are you so beautiful and so dangerous?’

"‘I scarcely understand you, my lord,’ I said. ‘I feel no resentment toward you. Our paths lie different ways. You are soon to return to the English Court, whose beauty is the theme of poets. You must soon forget St. Germain, and it signifies little how you may be remembered there.’

"‘I perceive, madam,’ he answered, ‘that I have displeased you, for you doubt my sincerity. I leave you until you condescend to recall me.’

"Lovers in these days are less timid and respectful. They say nothing of golden apples, or the dangerous power of beauty; but then, they are also less faithful and tender than ours were. In that fashion we passed about a month, which was spent in festivals and amusements of all sorts. We exchanged some words, some looks, and that was all. One morning, the Queen, at whose toilette I happened to be in attendance, asked me maliciously, why it was that Lord Monteith had given up dancing, and wore an orange doublet trimmed with blood-colour, so contrary to his usual good taste?

"I blushed very deeply, I believe, as I answered that I knew nothing about it.

"‘But I know,’ she replied. ‘It is because he means to take a Lady Monteith with him to the Court of London; and because my sister Henrietta will be glad to have a travelling companion. What do you think of it, Claire?’

"‘Your majesty,’ I answered, ‘is very gracious to ask my opinion—I have no other than the Queen’s.’

"‘I am most happy,’ she said, ‘and I hope the king will approve it as I do.’

"From that day forth I thought only of my marriage, which I looked upon as certain; since the Queen wished it, Lord Monteith longed for it impatiently, and I made no objection to it. Alas! how soon clouds darken the sunshine! The Queen continued to speak to me of the expected event during a week, and after that became cold and constrained, and seemed to have altogether forgotten the negotiation she had undertaken. What amazed me still more was the change in Lord Monteith. Instead of seeking my society as at first, and exerting himself to please me, he appeared to wish to avoid me. In company, and on promenades, I found myself alone, and, of course, forsaken by all, as I had lost favour with Royalty. One person alone remained faithful to me, the Count de Tauny, the Equerry of Prince Gaston, the king’s brother. His manner was unchanged. Still more, he besieged me with the most flattering attentions. Previously, indeed, I used to receive him rather coldly, but his generosity and courage on this occasion conciliated me, and I permitted him to speak without seeming offended. Lord Monteith now flashed furious glances of indignation upon me, and vindicated his taste by abandoning the orange doublet. It was only when I first saw him dressed in blue, that I felt how miserable it was in his power to make me. I could conjecture no plausible reason for his inconstancy. My conscience was clear, and I would have died rather than ask an explanation.

"One Sunday, after the mass, when the gentlemen were lounging on the terrace, and we were sitting with the Queen, inside the open windows, we suddenly heard voices raised as if in anger, and the tumult soon grew so loud that the guards stood to their arms.

"‘What is that?’ said her majesty, turning to Madame de Chevreuse.

"‘Nothing very serious, madame,’ was the reply; ‘only Lord Monteith does not approve of the Count de Tauny’s choice of colours.’

"‘Nothing to justify such an uproar, I should think,’ said the Queen.

"‘These gentlemen seem to forget where they are.’

"The peculiar expression with which Madame de Chevreuse fixed her eyes upon me during that dialogue, made me nervously anxious to learn more of the quarrel; and my astonishment was bewildering when I saw the Count shortly

after wearing an orange scarf, with fringes of blood-colour. The Queen and the Duchess exchanged a look which explained all. I knew then what I was accused of, and saw that a diabolical snare had been laid for me. The contemptuous indifference of Lord Monteith, and the ostentation with which he wore his sea-green scarf, were all explained. He was led to believe me inconstant, and had ceased to love me. The Duchess saw and enjoyed my ill-suppressed agitation, and proceeded mercilessly to compliment him on the taste of his selection of ribands and other decorations, asking me at last if I understood the motto of his coat of arms.

"I answered with a careless negative, disguising the wound she had inflicted.

"Well then," she continued, "it signifies '*never, or, for ever,*' and I believe it is the watch-word of his heart also."

"His heart!—mine was full almost to suffocation; and yet, I must appear calm and indifferent. You know what torture that is! It was only when I was alone that tears came to my relief. I could neither forgive him for having judged me so lightly, nor myself for loving him still. All that night I spent in bitter tears; and on the following evening a book was brought to me, bound in black morocco, and bearing on the cover the inscription, '*never, or, for ever.*' When I opened it, a letter fell from between the leaves, containing these words—'I loved you, madame, and trusted in your affection. That illusion you have yourself dissipated, and compelled me to renounce the happiness it seemed to promise. I could not, however, permit an insolent rival to wear in my presence the colours which I was once so proud of assuming. I have defied him to single combat, and, be the result what it may, you shall never see me more. I shall release you from the inconvenience of my presence either by my death or my departure. Farewell, madame! I regret my wasted love, and trust in God and my own pride to heal my wounded heart.' After reading that letter I could control myself no longer. I hastened to the Queen, and threw myself at her feet, entreating her to prevent the duel, and to give me back my lover. Raising me affectionately, she requested me to confess all that I knew of the affair, and agreeably astonished to find that I was innocent, confessed that I had been calumniated, and that she too, persuaded by my inconstancy, had helped to deceive Lord Monteith. 'I will have him summoned immediately,' she continued; 'fear nothing—I will set all right. My assurances will satisfy him, and your tears are sufficient proof that you love the truant.' She immediately sent a captain of the guards to look for Lord Monteith, but he was nowhere to be found. Since an early hour in the morning he had not been seen. The duel had taken place at a distance of some ten leagues. The Count de Tauny was dangerously wounded, and Lord Monteith went on to London in such haste that a messenger failed to overtake him before he embarked. Unfortunately, the Queen was just then the object of so much suspicion respecting the English, that she feared to take any further steps that might compromise herself, or even to offer any explanation to the Duke of Buckingham. It was only in their last formal interview that she had an opportunity of telling him how I had been wronged by my enemies, and he then promised to send me back Lord Monteith, submissive and penitent. The ambassador was too late; for Lord Monteith, in his impatience to place a gulf between us for ever, had, in the meantime, married one of his cousins. Hearing this intelligence, I made a vow never to listen to another lover, and to be faithful to the memory of my only love. He, too, driven to despair by the discovery of his mistake, entreated me to see him once again. My refusal cost me much suffering, but heaven gave me strength to bear it."

"Just then the clock struck one; we felt ourselves forcibly driven back. The light was suddenly extinguished, and we saw only the circle within which we stood glimmering with a line of dull fire through the darkness. We were

really frightened; my companion pressed close to me; we dared not even speak to each other; nor, in any case, had we time, for at that moment the voice of the invisible Cagliostro fell upon our ears, and said, 'The hour is past! Now you may go and sup with your great-grandmother, according to your request; but, once again, do not overstep the limits I have marked for you, or you are lost.'

"Then there was a minute of horrible suspense, during which we neither saw nor heard anything; and, suddenly, just where we had seen the portrait in front of us—as if the wall had parted asunder of itself—we perceived a doorway opening into a large apartment blazing with tapers, gilding, flowers, and jewels, and containing the materials of the most piquant supper you can imagine. Around the table were standing twelve persons in masks. The spectre's face alone was visible, and she sat at the upper end between two vacant chairs. As she arose and came towards us, the partition opened without any visible agency; but we were spell-bound by terror to the spot, until the magician said, in a low, deep voice, 'Go on—you are free!'

"We advanced into the supper-room, unable to conjecture in what company we were, and I scarcely ventured to raise my eyes lest they should encounter some horrible forms, until I reached Valentine, laughing irrepressibly, and the general peal of merriment that followed hers.

"It is exquisite," she exclaimed. 'I shall never forget this during my life; your acting is perfect, my dear Aunt, in these old portraits.'

"I then looked toward the venerable apparition, and through the most artistic disguises of costume and paint, recognised Madame de Vilbelle. The rest of the company then removed their masks, and we found ourselves surrounded by friendly and familiar faces, who had all been delighted witnesses of our mystification. I felt somewhat ashamed, and a little sulky, too, for having contributed to their amusement. Cagliostro himself seemed still more humiliated, fearing that his supernatural power might be questioned, in case the adventure should become public.

"How did you contrive, my dear Aunt,' said Valentine, 'to assume so perfectly the air, and tone, and appearance of our great-grandmother?'

"For that, my dear,' she replied, 'I am indebted to the instructions of the worthy sorcerer, who intended to bring you really and actually into your grandmother's presence; and consented, at my earnest request, to limit himself to the resources of the living world. We had several rehearsals. The Count de Mans lent us this old mansion, which M. Cagliostro transformed as he pleased; and then painted and dressed me in character, reminding me that in personating a portrait I must look only straightforward.'

"Madame de Vilbelle has told you the truth,' said the magician; 'but for her I would have really introduced you to your great-grandmother; and, if you still desire it, I shall be happy at any time to receive your commands.'

"Thanks,' I replied. 'I am satisfied without further proof; but, as to the narrative and the motto?'

"They are both true,' he answered, seriously. 'Though you have not spoken to the original of the portrait, I have been more fortunate. I have heard from her all that the Countess repeated to you.'

"A long conversation—as you may well suppose—ensued on subjects relating to the supernatural. Some were credulous; some sceptical; and Cagliostro, with his customary air of grave solemnity, seemed confidently indifferent to the opinions of others respecting his pretensions. At length serious emotions gave place gradually to those of a gayer cast, and we returned to Paris as day began to dawn."

THE MOORLAND FLOWER.

BY EDWIN WAUGH.

BENEATH a crag, whose forehead rude
O'erfrowns the mountain side,—
Stern monarch of the solitude,
Dark-heaving, wild and wide,—
A floweret of the moorland hill
Peeped out unto the sky,
In a mossy nook, where a limped rill
Came tinkling blithely by.

Like a star-seed, from the night-skies flung,
Upon the mountain lone,
Into a gleaming floweret sprung,—
Amid the wild it shone ;
And bush and briar, and rock and rill,
And every wandering wind,
In interchange of sweet good-will
And mutual love did bind.

In the glowing grey, at the close of day,
Beneath the deepening blue,
It lifted up its little cup
To catch the evening dew.
The rippling fall, the moorfowl's call,
The wandering night-wind's moan ;
It heard, it felt, it loved them all,
That floweret sweet and lone.

The green fern wove a screening grove
From noontide's fervid ray ;
The pearly mist of the brooklet kist
Its leaves with cooling spray ;
And, when dark tempests swept the waste,
And north winds whistled wild,
The brave old rock kept off the shock,
As a mother shields her child.

And when it died the south wind sighed,
The drooping fern looked dim ;
The old crag moaned, the lone ash groaned,
The wild heath sung a hymn ;
The leaves crept near, though fallen and sere,
Like old friends mustering round,
And the dew-drop fell from the heather-bell
Upon its burial ground.

For it had bloomed content to bless
Each thing that round it grew ;
And on its native wilderness
Its store of sweetness strew ;
Fair link in Nature's chain of love,
To noisy fame unknown—
There is a register above,
E'en when a flower is gone.

So lovingly embrace thy lot,
 Though lowly it may be,
 And beautify the little spot
 Where God hath planted thee:
 To win the World's approving eyes
 Make thou no foolish haste,—
 Heaven loves the heart that lives and dies
 To bless its neighbouring waste.

The Oxford Sausage: a Tale of a Coincidence.

BY JOHN GRIMER.

[The compiler of the subjoined narrative deems it a duty on his part to the public to premise that Fiction enters *not* into its composition—the Facts, without embellishment or exaggeration, are given precisely as they occurred. The CAMBRIDGE TART was published as a companion to the OXFORD SAUSAGE. The first edition numbered (if I be correct in my recollection) five hundred copies. It went off rapidly; and a second, of one thousand, immediately planned by the sanguine and delighted aspirant. But, as will be seen, a notice of it in an organ, always very influential in the field of criticism, followed close: it was unfavourable, and the speculation was abandoned.]

I FRET at coincidences, and hold them as perfectly unaccountable things—remarkable psychological facts, indeed. I never could understand or account for them in any way, and have invariably failed in building up any theory or even hypothesis that might afford a faint chance for their elucidation. I feel nettled at their occurrence; they impertinently happen when least expected, when no preparation has been made for their mental reception: they seem to set forethought at defiance—to confound ideas of time, place, and circumstances—to convey a censure upon our wisest plans, and altogether to laugh us to scorn. There appears something mysterious connected with them, bordering on the superstitious. *Not* being able to account for them, I feel somehow lessened in my own estimation, and impatient when they take place—as a sort of reproach upon my understanding. All this may seem very puerile, but so it is. Astronomers calculate the advent of eclipses with the greatest nicety, and have made some respectable “hits” and shrewd “guesses” touching comets; but for coincidences—good luck! poor mortals that we are—sagacity is here at fault, and we must, and do, succumb.

Coincidences are often spoken of by the terms, “singular,” “remarkable;” but, I fancy, are more commonly alliteratively described as *curious*. The writers of the “unreal” are partial to the word “fortunate,” as applied to them. Be these things as they may, they are my version; but perhaps I should be somewhat puzzled to say *why* I so much dislike them, or suffer my philosophic temperament to be in the slightest degree disturbed on this point, seeing that I really cannot call to mind a single instance in which a coincidence has ever interfered with my worldly prosperity, or in any shape interrupted my happiness. Possibly, in *my* case, the feeling may arise from (for I profess myself a candid, very candid man) nervousness, or a weakish mind, and though one is not over ready to admit of the latter solution, the reader will be kind enough to observe that I use the word *possibly*. It must be my inability to account for them, that inflicts (here I justify my claim to the appellation “candid”) a wound upon my pride of intellect. Yet, though I have met with several in the course of my life, none of them at all important, or calculated to shake any of my

stern resolves, or turn me from the path of duty,—yet (here candour again steps in, and eventuates in the humiliating admission), that they frequently used to give me a dreadful fit of the fidgets, sometimes terminating in undignified gloom and distressing dyspepsia, is a great fact.

Byron never enacted a sounder remark than that regarding “truth and fiction.” Now, I disclaim fiction, it would be too much trouble. In such an attempt I should quickly mystify my readers, and next myself. Coincidences are not necessarily disagreeable. One instance was productive indeed to me of unalloyed pleasure. As the circumstance has always tenaciously held its place as a reminiscence; and, having disclaimed fiction, I at once proceed, in the language of unadorned truth, to deliver the tale.

It will be found to be no very mighty affair; but the incident may be fairly considered as a *curious* one, to say the least of it. It is now some thirty-nine years since, that I was domiciled in the “Wen,” as Cobbett savagely designated it, and had, like most other men, friends and acquaintances of similar age and standing. Amongst the former, was one who had come to London to try conclusions with his pen. He was at the time a student of St. John's College, Cambridge; of rather humble but respectable extraction, very poor, inexperienced in the mart and uncertain pursuits of literature, but very sanguine and persevering.

Having then, as now, that common disease the *cacoethes scribendi* pretty, strong upon me, I naturally sympathised with him; and being tolerably well-to-do in worldly goods, felt quite inclined (may I never lose the inclination to succour my fellow-man) to aid and assist him to the utmost. We turned over many plans, rejected almost as soon as formed. What aerial castles did we not erect? How many anxious consultations we held; what hopes and fears were present by turns; yet in spite of repeated disappointments, we bore bravely up, and quailed not. That we might the better advance our projects, I took him to reside with me as my guest; and, as he possessed several, in *his* eyes, valuable manuscripts, he from day to day tried their force upon this or that book publisher. But no,—constantly dismissed with the customary regret at not being able to entertain his proposals, or adventure with him—they were full—there was little demand for works of such description—nevertheless wished him every success, &c., &c.

I fear there was something of the “sardonic” in the smile with which I used to listen to his grievances; and, as we are all of us but too apt to believe what we wish, I might have been hopeful to an extent, I admit; but my friend was *immensely* credulous, and the simplicity with which, after all his unsuccessful exertions, he would describe to me the *certainly* of ultimate profit and renown, was marvellous. But I lent an attentive ear, notwithstanding, for I could not, for the life of me, say or do anything that might tend to crush his hopes, or cast a damper on his expectations. So, on he would go, narrating, most unspectingly, the courtesy of the “head” of one great establishment in Paternoster-row, or the bland inquiries of a magnate in Burlington-street or elsewhere, as to his prospects, his possession of any already-made reputation, or what influence he had in aristocratic circles.

The man seemed not to have the most distant idea that these gentle refusals might have their origin in the circumstance, fatal in most instances to the investing their capital in such speculations, that, as an author, he was untried, and, more fatal still, *unknown* to general fame. He evidently had something of poor “Goldy” in his composition; for, one day, after a longer absence than common, he rushed into our pleasant apartment, clearly under some excitement of a pleasing kind, and began his outpourings to the effect that he, in some tavern-parlour, had luckily stumbled upon an old magazine; that he had at last discovered a method of raising the wind effectually, and kept on joyously exclaim-

ing, "Yes, 'twill *do*, it *must* do, 'twill *take*. I'm sure of it, it *must* take, &c." I stared; but patiently awaited an explanation, which he proceeded to give in the following shape: that in the said ancient magazine he had seen an announcement of the publication, reputation, and extensive patronage accorded to a little work with the very quaint and singular appellation of the *Oxford Sausage*.^{*} "Well, and what then, my boy?" I replied. His rejoinder was, "Why, my good fellow, you must be blind; don't you see?" Having confessed to a certain amount of obtuseness on the point, I quietly requested to be enlightened—to be informed by what chain of reasoning and what process of ratiocination, he anticipated such vast benefits, or any, arising from such a source. "Sir," he exclaimed, "cause and effect—OXFORD is OXFORD, but (here he reined up) CAMBRIDGE also is CAMBRIDGE! Who has the presumption to award the palm? though I have *my* opinion. Now," (a favourite word with him) he went on, getting grandiloquent, "Oxford has its SAUSAGE, and why not Cambridge its TART? Sir, I will immortalize *my* ALMA MATER, for Cambridge shall have its TART, prepared even though by *my* hands!" The chap infected me to a certain degree with his enthusiasm, and we forthwith took long, sage, and sweet counsel together. I suggested the propriety, and indeed downright necessity, of procuring a copy of this said *Oxford Sausage*, with a view to discover from its style, arrangement, and the subject matter altogether, the nature of the work. This he cordially agreed to, and then burst out with, taking me firmly by the hand "My dear and best friend, fancy the *Cambridge Tart* by the side of the *Oxford Sausage*! *Delicia Ambæ*! myself at the pinnacle of literary——" Here I stopped him, and, begging him to cease his raptures, exhorted him to action. Where to procure the book was the next question, and, fortified by an extra glass to our success, we started that very afternoon, and carefully scrutinized the contents of a certain number of book-stalls, without avail. Nothing daunted, we resumed our investigations on the following morning, going forth early, and to the same literary founts. Not the humblest stall of the modern "Lackingtons" throughout the vast city did we omit diligently to explore. We tried very many of the second-hand booksellers in vain. Fortune had taken the field against us for the present, and our patience and our boots were fast wearing away. Our peregrinations had now consumed a week, and on a Saturday evening we were sitting at home in a lugubrious state of spirits; my companion's visage long, dismal, and portentous to an alarming extent, when I shortened it considerably by the sudden announcement that I had *not* lost all hope of succeeding in our search—that there was *one* mine unexplored—a large, very old-established, likely, second-hand bookshop at the west end of the town, that I was of old, acquainted with a son of the proprietor—that the article would be found there, if anywhere; and I actually felt a kind of presentiment that (pssha! presentiments? I refuse to enter upon them, for *that* way a fit of fidgets *also* lies) we should *there* at length clutch the prize. I further announced that I was always made most welcome at their table, and my intention of dining there the next day, and of fully exploring every shelf, nook, and cranny of the house, for the wished-for copy. All of which ideas my listener much approved; and accordingly I made my appearance at the hospitable abode, abutting upon Wigmore-street, an hour before the prandial meal, paying my first "respects" to the tall, bony, stalwart senior. Methinks I now see him sitting in the capacious apartment (the shop, indeed,) below; his speech curt, abrupt, and authoritative in manner, and his venerable head ensconced in a black velvet cap. Fool! fool that I was! not to have logged his anecdotes (he was rather partial to, and chatty with me); for when "assistant," then called "journeyman," to Dodsley, the celebrated bookseller of that period, he had frequently in bodily person beheld the redoubtable Dr.

^{*} I am by no means certain, but imagine it to have been published some time in the latter half of the Eighteenth Century.

Samuel Johnson! Ah! had I but taken notes. Eheu! regrets are as vain as poignant.

I soon took an opportunity of mentioning the book I was so anxious to obtain, and my heart palpitated with pleasure as he informed me that he remembered perfectly well such a work being in existence, and that it was greatly within the bounds of possibility that it might be found in his lumber room. Seeing my anxiety, he kindly excused me, and I quickly foregathered with the son, told my tale, and who (although Sunday, dinner being not yet ready) good naturedly consented to gratify me by an instantaneous investigation of the contents of the aforesaid room, which was of some extent, and various bygone books, and mildewed pamphlets, covered with dust and cobwebs in quantity, lay upon the unpainted shelves. We soon disturbed them, and plunged into the fray. Industrious and energetic was I in the extreme, my efforts were Herculean; it must be conceded that I covered myself with glory, and my smart, blue, five-pound, dress-coat with dust. Toiling on, at length, on taking up a small drab-coloured, modest, paper-covered, pamphlet-looking production, I saw on the outside, letters which formed, or seemed to form (for my usual Lynx-like vision underwent a strange but temporary sensation) the words, "THE OXFORD SAUSAGE." My sight clearing—I leaped up frantically, and shouted "Eureka!" I felt that I had not lived in vain; the remembrance even now affects me. My worthy workfellow smiled his satisfaction, and with a feeling of intense gratification unfelt by, because unknown to cooler and more equable temperaments, attended at the dinner table, expressing warm thanks to my host for his happy suggestion. I was full of anticipatory felicity, but ate my dinner mechanically—my thoughts were away—and I shortly made some ungrateful attempts to depart; they were wretchedly shallow attempts, and I was cordially pressed to tea and spend the evening, "for," urged the dear old hostess, "I expect my son from Oxford this afternoon, and I should like you to see him," &c.

What could I do? The son so expected duly put in an appearance; he was a jeweller and pawnbroker, residing at that classic seat, and a well bred man withal. In due season tea was despatched, succeeded by interesting chit-chat, and lastly, supper was announced. Amongst the viands was a certain dish of savoury-smelling balls, on which I fixed my carnal affections; very appetizing were the aforesaid balls, composed of sausage meat, and to which I was doing ample justice, when the host suddenly requested my opinion as to their quality, and whether I thought them equal to — (mentioning my native county) sausages? the hostess proceeding to inform me that her dutiful Oxford son had brought them up with him. Profoundly was I taken aback, *here* was a coincidence! I was disturbed in my imagination, though not unbearably so; my long-formed ideas recurred in tremendous force, but digestion went on, and I conscientiously bestowed upon them the meed of praise, for they well deserved it. The time of departure at length arrived, and on finding myself at liberty, I suffered not the grass to grow under my feet, so intensely anxious was I to communicate the result of my expedition to my expectant friend. Quickly I traversed the intervening space, more than ever marvelling at the strange nature of *coincidences*—there was I, bearing on the *outward* man, carefully pressed and invested in my breast pocket, a *paper* OXFORD SAUSAGE, and *within*, my stomach agreeably, tranquilly, and fully lined with veritable OXFORD SAUSAGE MEAT! It was a *very* and *curious* coincidence.

Arrived, the latch key soon did its office; I bolted in upon my guest, sitting listlessly by firelight alone, sprung upon him, grasping both his hands with a vice-like grip, and instantly exploded at the top of my voice, "Hurrah, hurrah for presentiments! give ye joy, my prince of the pen." His first gesture was instinctively to release his digitals from my powerful squeeze, as with open

mouth and staring eyes he burst forth—"Eh? what! can it be true! got it?" "Yes, yes, I've got it safe enough." "The book?" he broke in upon me, "you're not joking, good God, if it *should* be." "See here, my pippin," displaying it aloft before him, as I rattled on, "trust me for generalship; hurrah! bravo!" "But le-le-let me look;" his hand shook as he seized it, and we proceeded critically to examine its contents. Ah! opposite the title-page was a half-length rude woodcut engraving of one DOROTHY SPREADBURY, of most stolid and old-fashioned features, which rejoiced in an expanse of peak of bonnet that would go nigh to send our modern belles into convulsions—of laughter. It seemed that Oxford had been happy in the birth, and presence 'till death, of this dame, who had achieved a splendid and lasting reputation as a compounder of sausages, thereby adding greatly to the other glories of that seminary of learning and most orthodox port.

Underneath this grim and notable personage was her epitaph, which I beg to append:—

"Here, deep in the dust, the mouldy old crust
Of Doll Spreadbury lately was shoven;
She was skilled in the arts of pies, puddings, and tarts,
And knew every use of the oven.
When she'd lived long enough, she made her last puff,
A puff by her husband much *praised*;
Now here she doth lie, and makes a dirt pie,
In hopes that her crust will be raised."

How eagerly did our optics dwell upon the work, which proved to be a compilation, and consisted of morceaux of poetry, jeu d'esprits, bon mots, witty rhymes, &c., the alleged productions at different epochs of Oxford University men; and thus collected, were ushered forth to the world as *mentally* emulating and eminently resembling the flavour, racy spiciness, and piquant qualities of Doll Spreadbury's composition—thence their title. The way in which the treasure came into my possession I have narrated, and I contend, will go to death upon't, that it was a very *curious* and anomalous incident. So far for a "Tale of a Coincidence."

I trust to be permitted further to state, that for some months my *protégé* lagged at the preparation of his *Cambridge Tart*, largely consulting the poets' corner in a Cambridge newspaper, and drawing suitable articles (the offspring of Cantabs only) from a variety of sources. The vignette was beautiful and appropriate in the extreme, and how distinctly does memory recall the morning of publication, as, in company with its anxious author. I entered the publisher's establishment in the Strand; how, while there, we were electrified with the vision of a carriage and four, which suddenly stopped at the door—when entered a smart liveried official, with a request for *four* copies of the "Cambridge Tart," for his Grace the Duke of Northumberland! We stood six feet higher. The flavour of the tart, however, pleased not EBONY; a critic in that quarter, laid an unkind hand upon it, and soon it was heard of again no more. My friend bore up under the affliction with much fortitude, but for several years he has slept with his fathers—tranquil rest his spirit! Like the rest of mortals, he experienced many and severe disappointments; but are they not written in that book of fate, in which are alike inscribed our hopes and fears, our joys and our sorrows, and the aspirations of us all after happiness? Yea, verily.

Lastly, a certain individual, (whose name nothing but invincible modesty withholds) wishing to have at least one finger in the pie, somehow the accom-

panying epigram mysteriously found its way under the crust—closing the volume. The audacious one hopes to be forgiven:—

•
EPIGRAM.

“Grant that kind fate, whene’er I dine,
An Oxford sausage may be mine;
Nor let me want as a dessert,
A sizing* of the Cambridge Tart.
Possessing both, I then should be
So blest, the gods might envy me.

APRIL.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

(Original.)

SIGHING, storming, singing, smiling,
With her many moods beguiling,
April walks the wakening earth;
Wheresoe’er she looks and lingers,
Wheresoe’er she lays her fingers,
Some new charm starts into birth.

Fitful clouds about her sweeping,
Coming, going, frowning, weeping—
Melt in fertile blessings round;
Frequent rainbows that embrace her,
And with gorgeous girdles grace her,
Drop in flowers upon the ground.

Gay and green the fields beneath her,
Blue the broad, unfathomed ether,
Bending o’er her bright domain;
Full the buds her hands are wreathing,
Fresh the breezes round her breathing,
Fair her footprints on the plain.

Daisies sprinkle mead and mountain,
Violets by the mossy fountain
Ope their velvet vesture wide;
Cowslips bloom in open splendour,
But the primrose, fair and tender,
In lone places doth abide.

Nature now hath many voices,
Every living thing rejoices
In the spirit of the time;
Winds with leaves in whispers dally,
Streams run singing down the valley,
In the gladness of the prime.

* *Sisings*, a term well understood by Cantabs; *extra* collegiate fare, such as tartlets, marrow puddings, &c. Poetic license must be pleaded for singularizing the word *sizings*.

Larks have long been up and chanting,
 And the woodland is not wanting
 In the sounds we love to hear,
 For the thrush calls long and loudly,
 And quaint echo answers proudly
 From romantic hollows near.

Now the cuckoo, "blithe new comer,"
 Faithful seeker of the summer,
 Wheresoe'er its footsteps be,
 Sits in places calm and lonely,
 And in measured cadence only
 Sends wild music o'er the lea.

Who doth not delight to hear her ?
 Children's careless eyes grow clearer,
 As they look and listen long ;
 Manhood pauses on his travel,
 Age endeavours to unravel
 Old thoughts waking at her song.

Unbeliever, wan and wasted,
 If the cup which thou hast tasted
 Turns to poison as it flows,
 Come, while gentler spirits call thee,
 Let their summons disenthral thee
 Of thy weakness and thy woes.

With the world if thou art weary—
 If with doubt thy soul be dreary ;
 Crushed thy harassed heart with care—
 There is hope, and there is healing,
 Purer fancy, nobler feeling,
 In this free, untainted air.

Mark this floweret, sweetly peeping
 From the sod, where safe and sleeping
 It hath lain the winter through—
 How it opens with soft seeming
 To the breeze and to the beaming
 Of the sun shower and the dew.

God hath made it, fed it, trained it
 Into beauty and maintained it
 For thy use and solace, man ;
 Can such Guardian be forgetful
 Of the selfish, sinful, fretful,
 Human portion of His plan ?

All is gladness, all is beauty,
 Nature with instinctive duty
 Lifts her joyous homage high ;—
 Why shouldst thou, with gloom ungrateful,
 Turn on goodly things a hateful,
 Thankless heart, a scornful eye.

Wayward, wilful, though thou seemest,
 Dark and doubtful though thou deemest
 The Eternal's glory, power, and name,—
 Nature, true to her designing,
 Goeth on without repining,
 Ever changing, yet the same.

All thy thoughts are full of error,
 Disappointment, strife, and terror,
 Make thy journey sad and rough ;
 Nature *never* can deceive thee,
 But of half thy cares relieve thee,
 If thou have but faith enough.

Faith to feel that all her wonders,
 Stars, flowers, seasons, calms, and thunders,
 Seas that rave, and streams that roll,
 Are God's every day revealings,
 Mute and many-toned appealings !
 To thy apathetic soul.

Come and woo her—she will bless thee—
 Let her fresh free winds caress thee,
 Let her smiles thy love repay ;
 Come while she is proudly wearing
 Bridal garments, and preparing
 For the festival of May.

"Christmas at Home."

BY AN ODD-FELLOW.

It is an old saying, and no less true, "Christmas only comes once a year." It is a season of the year when home is revisited, when friends and relations meet together, and the absent child receives the fond caress of a parent.

"As a long parted mother with her child
 Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting,
 So weeping, smiling, greet I thee my home."

We cluster round the fire, for it is anything but warm ; the Christmas log burns brightly, and a smile plays upon the countenance of all. We cast an anxious eye on all sides ; the old house was still the same, and everything it contained seemed to stand in the very position that they occupied some years ago ; there was no change, saving that they appeared to look older, somehow more venerable. I gazed upon the old clock, and fancied that the ancient monitor had undergone a great change since my boyish days ; it seemed to have lost that sharp, clear clicking with which it greeted mine ears when a child ; I looked upon the brass figures which ornamented the old clock face ; I looked on those ancient fingers, now black with age, and which were bright when they pointed out my hours of pleasure.

Over the mantel-piece hung the emblem of the "Manchester Unity of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows." The gilt frame was tarnished, and upon all things age had left its impress.

From the ceiling hung the holly bush, in the centre of which was suspended the "mistletoe bough ;" on one side is the motto, "A merry Christmas, and a

happy new year." "Welcome." What a feeling of pleasure steals over our senses. The commonest objects become endeared to us by absence; things which we before scarcely deigned to notice are then found to possess strange charms, bringing to the memory many a forgotten incident, and many an old emotion, to which they had been dormant for years.

"Home, sweet home!" how familiarly it greets our ears; it has its joys and its sorrows, but at the time I am now writing, it is Christmas, when all appears sunshine.

"Fun and frolic is the order of the day."

And the cares of this life are lost to memory. The dark clouds in the distance, which are steadily approaching, are unseen and unheeded. The scenes of home command our attention, and our sole object is to make it "A Merry Christmas."

It is "Christmas eve." The railway station at N——, is the scene of hurry and bustle. The parcel office is alive with presents, which in a short time will be scattered over the country. The gruff voices of the porters; the pompous tone of the station master; the whirl of carriages, carts, and wheelbarrows; the ringing of the railway bell; the whistle of the engines as they pass to and fro; together with the excited conversation of an eager and anxious public, causes us to put our fingers to our ears. The raging element just depicted has somewhat subdued, and we feel more at ease. It only requires a glance at the great mass of people assembled together upon the platform to guess their errand. There are fathers, mothers, sisters, and brothers. A shrill whistle is heard in the distance; it rings in our ears long and loud, and then comes the heavy tread of the engine, slowly and majestically. Then comes a general rush, it is the C—— train. Every individual as he alights from the train, whether he be man, woman, or child, is closely scrutinized. Now and then a well-known voice greets the ears of some of the bystanders; a beam of pleasure lights up the countenance of both, and then follows the usual congratulations; a host of questions are asked in almost a breath. There are at least a dozen willing hands ready to carry the luggage, and off they go, home to the scenes of childhood.

The station is at length cleared of its living freight, and we stroll through our usually quiet streets. It is getting late, gaiety reigns supreme on every side. Music is now heard in the distance. Oh, how beautifully it sounds wafted upon the silent breeze that fans our cheeks, and tints them with a rosy hue. For a time we are lost in wonder; they are the "waits."

"Music's sweet strains steal through our lonely heart,
Smiting its fountains with their plaintive tones,
Until our every thought is drowned in tears."

It was only when the last strain had re-echoed in the distance that we became conscious of the place whereon we stood. Like all others we have had some party to attend. It is the hour of midnight; we are on our return from a meeting held in connection with our lodge. We find many little things to talk about, and on our way, for we are "homeward bound," we pause. A little band of talented singers are at work; their voices are bent upwards; they are singing "Christmas Asleep;" fain would we linger, but our watchword is "Onward." We naturally think of home, and those with whom we are daily associated. Even at this late hour, when we cross the threshold of our home, we are greeted with a smile of welcome. All is good humour; the family circle is almost complete, and a bright fire adds to the comfort of the little party seated in the back parlour. We are all smiles, for it is one of the happiest days of our existence; our voices mingle together, and we think at times that we are in fairyland.

At length morning dawns, and we think more seriously of Christmas. "Many remembered scenes and familiar faces pass through the mind, while it

is in such a state of contemplation. Riches are not always attended with happiness, nor has poverty misery alone for a companion."

An intellectual mind is the surest wealth; contemplative man can create his own happiness.

Home is revisited, and we think of the past.

There is the old churchyard, which has so often echoed with our merry laugh; it has undergone a great change. The broken down fences are lost to view; the old gravestones, over which we used to leap are gone; we wander about in search of the resting place of a parent, a brother, a sister, or some kind old friend. The object of our affection is hidden for ever from our weeping eyes, and there remains naught to mark his resting place, save the green sward,

"Those grassy mounds cause many a sigh to be heaved."

The churchyard, which was once the picture of desolation, is now palisaded all round; here and there are planted shrubs, giving the whole a pretty effect. There is the old belfry—how many times have we when schoolboys baffled the vigilance of the old sexton, and tripped up the long pile of stone steps with our tiny feet; what mirth and glee we have witnessed there; what tricks we used to play the ringers. Things look as before, but few changes have taken place; and now we wander to the Church.

What a holy solemnity steals over the soul while we are in that sacred edifice. How many generations have been in succession seated in this church, listening to the words of holy writ. How many ministers have succeeded each other in that pulpit. So generation after generation passes away; and we, too, shall go, when our time arrives, and the place that knows us now, shall know us no more for ever. Others will take our places and sit in the same seats, and listen to the same words, but from another pastor's lips; even the lord of the manor, who is seated in his crimsoned-velvet-cushioned pew, he, with all his hereditary titles, must follow his forefathers. Not all the splendour that surrounds him; not all the wealth that he possesses, will bribe stern Death, who makes no distinction between the peer and the peasant—both must yield to his impartial sway. Those time-worn tablets record their glorious deeds, and form conspicuous ornaments to the church. They fling, as it were, a mantle of antiquity over the walls, robing them with magnificence. There, at the foot of the altar, how many have been united by that holy bond which death alone can sunder. The noble lady and the poor cottage girl—the aristocrat and the peasant—have there alike vowed to love and cherish those who knelt by their side. And so time rolls on. The seat that we once occupied on the Sabbath, when a Sunday-school scholar, is nowhere to be seen. The huge galleries, the noble staircases, the whitewashed walls have all disappeared. The principal seats in the church, which were formerly occupied by those who wished to sit aloof from the rest of the congregation in some conspicuous place, are lost to our gaze; a better state of things exists there; there is no respect of persons, and all is beautiful.

On the selfsame spot stands the old school, we call it old, while others would pronounce it as the contrary. Many changes have taken place in it since the day when we last occupied a seat in it. There are fresh rules and fresh faces. Our old school-fellows are now engaged in the business of this busy world. Our school-days remind us of scenes gone by; of companions who are dead, and others who are far away; of happy hours that can never return. They came full of foolish regrets, and

"Silly truths,

That dally with the innocence of love,
Like the olden age."

For the present our task is ended.

A. J. M.

Poem for Recitation.

CHARITY.

BY ELIZA COOK.

[ORIGINAL.]

THEY who, bearing heavy burdens over Life's most hilly road,
 Strive to cheer a weaker brother, bowed beneath another load;
 Who, with young ones round about them, where full Plenty never smiled,
 Yet can stretch their heart and table to let in an orphan child;
 They who, half-fed, feed the breadless, in the travail of distress;
 They who, taking from a little, give to those who have still less;
 They, who needy, yet can pity when they look on greater need;
 These are Charity's disciples—these are Mercy's sons indeed.

They who will not join the onslaught made upon a noble name,
 When sharp words, like coward's arrows, may be launched with covert aim;
 They who will not crush a jewel that perchance may bear a speck;
 They who will not help to fasten stones about a drowning neck;
 They who, having breathed in anger, scarcely let the breath exhale,
 Ere returning kindness stirreth like a rosebud in a gale;
 They whose piety condemns not Brahmin fasts nor Jewish feasts;
 These are spirits, blest and blessing—these are Charity's High Priests!

They who firmly raise their voices, they who warmly give their thought!
 In the cause of fellow-beings, lowly, friendless, and untaught;
 They who boldly pour out Knowledge as the only ray to light
 Creatures from their maze of darkness into open paths of Right;
 They who seek to build up presses, and destroy the gibbet-rope;
 These are God's own, earnest servants, spreading Charity and Hope!

They whose lips, with gentle instinct, ever watchfully restrain
 Random jest or keen allusion that may give another pain;
 They who yield their own fond wishes, even for a stranger's sake,
 Well content, by self resigning, others' happiness to make;
 They whose conscience bids them scruple o'er some deed they fain would do,
 Asking if the work of Pleasure be a work of Duty too;
 They who in broad, honest dealing do as they would be done by;
 These are Charity's soft ring-doves, soaring nearest to the sky!

They who bravely scorn to torture ought that has not power to turn;
 They who look upon the mute things—seeing much to love and learn;
 They who think that holy Mercy is for ALL that live and feel;
 These shall grace the angel's record, stamped with the Almighty seal!

Charity! first-born of Heaven! let thy truest worth be told—
 Worth that is not shown in atoms flung from mountain-piles of gold.
 Pomp and Riches will not miss it, though they give a tithe away;
 They will have enough to-morrow, though they feed a host to-day.
 'Tis the poor man's mite—unnoted; 'tis small heart-coins, ne'er summed up;
 'Tis the constant balm that kindness sheds into the social cup;
 'Tis the lip that will not utter bitter words to blight and sear;
 'Tis the eye that loses lustre when it sees another's tear;
 'Tis the hand of Need that giveth when it findeth greater need;
 These are Charity's great workings—blest and bountiful indeed!

Genius and its Eccentricities.

BY CHARLES HARDWICK, P.G.M.

A WEALTHY connoisseur of my acquaintance, one Herbert Fitzwaddle, who prided himself much on the countenance he bestowed upon art and artists, was, occasionally, in the habit of boring his friends with grandiloquent dissertations upon the characteristics of the "brilliant genius" possessed by (to my mind) two or three ordinary students, for whose future reputation he had condescendingly undertaken the office of sponsor. I remember once rather abruptly terminating a profoundly mysterious rhetorical flourish, by quietly asking the simple question—"What is genius?"

"Genius! genius! ge-ni-us! is—ha—genius is—*genius*, of course; a divine gift! I am surprised that a man of your pretensions should ask so commonplace a question!" "Indeed," said I coolly; "genius is a divine gift, is it? I fear, however, I am but very little nearer the solution of the query yet; for I have all along been vulgar enough to imagine numberless other things, both on the earth and in the heavens, to be 'divine gifts,' such as the glorious sunlight, a fertilising shower, or the nose on one's face, for instance!"

Fitz was chagrined. He felt himself in a maze, and destitute of the clue necessary to his extrication. He therefore, very wisely, retired upon his dignity, and with a haughty frown, worthy of the most superficial of pedagogues, instead of further enlightening my ignorance, *looked* me into silence.

I am well aware of the difficulty and danger of attempting to give a definition of anything, no matter what, whether it pertains to physics or metaphysics, and especially when trespassing upon the domain of the immaterial: neither is such exactly my intention. Yet I cannot avoid fancying it just possible that this particular celestial bonus may be reduced somewhat nearer the level of mortal comprehension than my erudite friend Fitzwaddle conceived to be either possible or even desirable. I will, therefore, though with diffidence, have my humble say upon the subject, for the edification or otherwise, as the case may be, of the inquiring student, and the numerous Fitzwaddles who stumble upon the threshold of the inquiry, and take refuge in total obscurity.

The exhibition of strikingly original genius must, of necessity, be the exception and not the rule, in any school of art, or in any class of people, however deeply learned the mass may be in the antecedents of success, or however highly polished their natural capabilities by judicious culture. It is not necessarily so with regard to talent, at least not to the same extent. Although the terms genius and talent are often popularly confounded, yet there exists a wide and important distinction between them, as I shall endeavour to show in a succeeding paper.

It may perhaps appear to some a daring assertion, yet I honestly declare my conviction, that all persons in the possession of the ordinary human faculties, possess to some extent, however, limited, both talent and genius! I conceive the individual aberrations to involve a question of degree and not of *kind*, except, of course, in cases of monstrosity or mal-organization. God has given ten talents to some and but one to others; but he has left no responsible human being absolutely without. It will be readily granted that all who are not totally blind *can see*, although the greatest diversity is exhibited by individuals in both strength and quality of vision. It would be evidently very absurd to insist that the few alone were in possession of the faculty of seeing whose optical sense combined great power with marvellous delicacy; and yet we often speak of genius and talent as of things entirely and exclusively possessed by certain individuals, like territorial titles or the elective franchise. Nay, I will go so far as to assert that some amount of genius or talent is

absolutely necessary to the just and full appreciation of the products of either the one or the other; and that judicious culture will develop, strengthen, and refine both, as well as any other mental faculty or muscular function appertaining to humanity. Emerson truly says—"The fame of Shakspeare or of Voltaire, of Thomas à Kempis, or of Bonaparte, characterizes those who give it." The "man of genius," even in the conventional sense, is, after all, but a man in the possession of above the *average* capacity in one or more directions which demand or imply the existence of this mysterious power. The medium degree, or average development, is slightly termed "mediocrity," while the very existence of anything below it is utterly ignored. This ignorance lies at the root of much popular error.

If the view I have so far expressed be correct, it must cease to be a matter of surprise that the advent of an extraordinary genius in any of the arts must be a rare occurrence, as its frequent obtrusion would destroy its singularity and strip it of all pretensions to the marvellous. Extraordinary men, as the term implies, present an extra development or power in some direction beyond ordinary humanity; and consequently a man, whose mental superiority, although *not* very remarkable in competition with one generation or class, might be capable of achieving the highest distinction in another of inferior character. It is not asserted that all men of acknowledged genius or talent, or both combined, possess these qualities in an equal degree. The lesser lights constantly pale before the more dazzling effulgence of the greater.

Let us see how this theory or dogma will stand the test of practical application. Was the reader ever introduced to a man or woman of "acknowledged genius?" to one whose published works had truly created within him the reverence usually accorded to high intellectual superiority? If so, the chances are great he was miserably disappointed; unless, indeed, the genius happened to be of a social turn, and endowed with brilliant conversational power, which sometimes is the case. But these qualities may be met with in parties who are not "acknowledged geniuses," and sometimes in a very high degree; while the "immortal light" is often found located on earth in a very humble lantern! Neither does its flame present one continual uninterrupted brilliancy. It is fitful and irregular, and sometimes smoulders into semi-gloom. Genius may become obscured from time to time by accompanying weakness and imperfections more potent than itself, for it is subjected like the rest of mankind, and sometimes in a more intense degree, owing to its more delicate nervous organization, to the darkening influence of "all the ills that flesh is heir to." The true cause of the disappointment will often be found not to rest with the "genius," but with his entranced but indiscriminating admirer. The latter ought never to have expected that the man who had earned a world-wide reputation, which could not have been achieved but by the devotion of a large portion of his life to patient thought and solitary diligence, whose very greatness may have resulted from the intensification and exercise of certain, in him, predominant mental qualities, would shine equally resplendent in the "particular line" of a *bon vivant*, a man of business, or a well-bred gentleman of fashion, the greater part of whose brains and time is consumed in the acquisition and exhibition of the peculiar "perfections" by which they are distinguished! The mind and temper capable of creating a majestic pictorial representation of the "Last Judgment," or the earthly Paradise, or in the sister art, of a "Childs Harold's Pilgrimage," may, rationally enough, be supposed to exist without the conjunction of the brilliant "talk" of a Theodore Hook or a Coleridge, simply because the possession of the one no more depends upon that of the other than a fine ear necessitates the co-existence of powerful vision or highly sensitive touch. Nay, experience teaches us that the total or even partial extinction of the function of one sense is generally productive of increased power and

sensibility in others. Whether this results from the additional exercise or education forced by the circumstances, or whether it may be attributed to increased concentration of the nervous energy in other directions, or to a combination of both, the fact is indisputable; and by analogical inference, may perhaps serve to illustrate or throw some light upon the nature of genius, its occasional eccentricities, and apparent anomalies and contradictions. I have ever held that a greater, and not, as is frequently the case, a less amount of lenity ought, in many cases at least, to be accorded to the imperfections and shortcomings of men of strongly developed individual character and peculiar mental power.

Respectable mediocrity finds it a much easier and more genial task to walk in the footprints of conventional etiquette, than daring, self-reliant, creative genius. The latter feels it was born to lead and not to follow the mass. Hence the many unseemly collisions which occasionally take place, and always to the worldly damage of the "heaven-gifted." All men, from the proudest to the humblest, are subject more or less to the weaknesses incident to our common humanity, and little minds are but too prone to exult over the imperfections which form a connecting chain between them and the "children of fame." One of our most truthful modern poets has finely said:—

"I've marked the frailties of some gifted one
Blazon'd with prudent doubt and virtuous sigh;
But through the whining cant of saintly tone
Heard Joy give Pity the exulting lie;
As if it were a pleasant thing to find
The racer stumbling and the gaze-hound blind."

Truly, poets, painters, and all other artists, being responsible beings, must of necessity be accountable to society for the performance of their social duties. The error consists in the expectation of higher general virtues from the man intensely or delicately organized in some one direction, than from the mass. It is no reflection upon the ability of shoemaker Brown that he cannot fashion a pair of pantaloons without exciting the ridicule of tailor Jones; neither is there anything very remarkable or culpable in the fact that Robert Burns, though a first-class poet, was but a second-rate gauger, and no "great shakes" of a farmer either. If we were to speak of Robert's weaknesses as the shortcomings of farmer Burns or the jolly gauger, the world would not waste its time in listening to the story, the said world being sufficiently pestered with the daily repetition of similar delinquencies. The very excellencies of the man are thus responsible for the publication of his errors. Nay, many men of genius in some directions have been notoriously weaker than the average of men in everything outside their speciality. Partial genius of this class, indeed, results from the excessive preponderance of some mental powers over the remainder. And this species of genius is the most common. None are universally gifted. God alone is omnipotent. It would require many lesser "great lights" to make one Shakspeare, and even he was not perfection in all things.

The common world cannot associate the man of genius with anything but that by which he is publicly distinguished. It supposes him always the "great man," always exhibiting himself. It seems to forget that his genius does not quite divest him of his humanity, that the deeds of great men are the result of active labour, and that the mental as well as the physical toiler requires repose and relaxation, and is generally as desirous as any trader to "keep out of the shop" when the hours of business have passed away. The folly rested with the individual who was "surprised" at finding Sir William Wallace playing at "hobby-horse" with his children, and not with the hero, who was a father as well as a warrior. His "worshipper" doubtless expected to find him flourishing his broad sword at an imaginary enemy! I have heard of a fellow who expressed himself very

much disappointed with a poet whose productions he admired, on finding that, in the society of his friends, instead of occasionally, at least, speaking in rhythm (like dramatic heroes on the stage), he conversed in very ordinary prose, and stammered a little into the bargain! The story is rather "too good to be true," perhaps; but many absurdities almost as preposterous, are regularly perpetrated relative to men and women distinguished in *some respects* above their compeers. Bayle St. John, in his life of Montaigne, the essayist, relates an anecdote, illustrative of this erroneous impression, and, in itself, equally ridiculous. He says, "Why do we hear people so often say that they find such and such a great man very different—meaning inferior—to what they had expected? His domestic habits and tribulations produce impressions on them quite different from those of his public or imaginary career. I have heard that a great poet of these times utterly fell in the opinion of a good judge, because he was seen toying in an unnecessary manner with his nose."



"SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD."

[ORIGINAL.]

SHE hath done what she could,
She hath not lived in vain—
The seed in weakness sown
Hath brought forth stores of grain—
The *little* that 'twas hers to do
Was wrought with willing heart and true.

She did not scorn to use
Her single talent, small—
She did not spare to give
The mite that was her all.
She hath done what she *could*—no more
Was ask'd for, so her toil is o'er.

Her deeds do live for aye,
Though she hath gained her rest;
She sowed that other hearts
Might reap and call her blest.
And so her rich reward is won—
All that she could do she hath done.

What if she did not bear
The burthens of the day?
What tho', in life's high noon,
Her soul was call'd away?
The task assigned her was complete—
Was it not time her Lord to meet?

She hath done what she could!—
Oh! ye who seek for fame,
Be this your purpose strong,
Be this your highest aim—
To do *whate'er* your hand shall find
For love of God and humankind.—Y. S. N.

The Last Leaf

FROM THE DIARY OF A RELIEVING OFFICER.

IT is the essence of the social state that, for the benefit of all, there should be mutual dependence and mutual aid ; and this object in England is, to a large extent, secured by law. No laws, however, can be so comprehensive as to provide for every case of individual distress ; but such distress is not the less to be relieved. It is an evil at variance with the great purposes of the social system, and as such it ought, upon a mere abstract principle, to be diminished.

The reflection is not pleasant that most of our physical triumphs are effected at the certain cost, to many a one but poorly sharing in the rewards of our success, of certain physical suffering and mental degradation. And such is the complicated system under which we live, that the hardest workers are far from usually blessed by the most substantial rewards.

There can be no doubt that we each hold within us the power to do more or less towards the alleviation of physical distress amongst those deserving persons with whom our lot is more immediately cast ; and although we, as public officers, are wisely debarred by law from administering to the wants of others in manner and form dictated by our individual feelings or prejudices, and have each a strict line of duty marked down for us rigidly to follow ; yet, as individuals, we are able, in some degree, to modify, by gentleness of manner, the sterner requirements of the law.

It must be a serious and bitter reflection for any one situated as I am, that he has at any time, by any means whatever, added one sting, however slight, to the terrible scourge of poverty. And it behoves us all to guard against even the smallest error in judgment or indulgence of temper, lest by omission of a kind word administered in season, or by the substitution of a harsh expression, the cold atmosphere of want should be intensified.

Our official routine is by no means calculated to foster that commendable feeling of the heart which prompts the willing hand to give for the luxury of giving merely. We *give* daily as a business matter ; but we are ever conscious *as we give* that we are bestowing not of our own substance, but of a tax which is sternly wrung from a toiling community, many members of which are but one remove from the position of paupers. This official caution, the exercise of which requires at first a great effort, becomes at length a habit of the mind ; and, as a consequence, we give as coldly as we calculate. I am far from thinking, however, that the state of mind which this system induces is a particularly desirable one for the individual man, to find himself arrived at ; but I am convinced that it is *invaluable* for the officer *as such*. I hold the opinion that it is better to give, even if you give unwisely, than for you not to give at all ; but still I think that the wise giver is the better giver, his gift being the more valuable from the amount of wisdom that goes with it. Yet, would I not withhold the luxury of giving from those whose gentle eyes any tale of woe serves to moisten with the tear of pity, and whose responsive hearts glow with instinctive charity. No ; while the voice of distress continues to be heard, I should be sorry indeed to overpower by sour economics those sweet tones discoursed by the finer attuned heart-strings, which so soften the stern psalm of life, and temper its harmony by their native beauty and purity.

Believe me, there is plenty of room in this world for the voluntary giver of his substance, after the law's almoner has fully done his duty ; and that he is but a churl who closes his purse entirely to the distress of his brothers, merely because he has duly satisfied the rate collector. It is well that it should be known that the Poor Laws were never intended to serve as a substitute for that benevolence

which is prompted by the Divine sentiment of charity in the human heart. The law-compelled dole is intended to prevent those who are ready to starve from starving outright, not to put a limit to philanthropy, or serve as an excuse for the withholding eleemosynary aid. How many wants the poor man feels which no mere official can relieve, those only who visit the poor at their homes and enquire into their distress can say; and the number of those who take the trouble to do so is sadly too small. Glad am I, however, to say, that in the particular district in which my life is spent their number is not inconsiderable, and that it is in my opinion increasing. I speak not now of ministers of religion, whose duty it is, as clearly as it is mine, to visit the poor; for they are no true ministers who neglect this duty; but of those whose only call is that of philanthropy to the self-imposed sacrifice. These come like angels among the earthly gloom; their countenances shed light, and their hands leave blessings wherever their footsteps tread. We know not fully the heavenly glow which warms their hearts as the poor man blesses their benefactor. We know not either how far the poor man's prayer may affect their earthly lot; but we are fully assured that "they shall have their reward."

There is a wide difference in the action of the Clergy of different denominations in this respect. Some of them, I fear, think of the poor (however they may speak in the pulpit) as a sort of abstract idea; or as an environing evil which is to be endured; as something too far off to be touched; or as something too near to be interesting. I sometimes think that the complexions of the English and Irish poor are not naturally of sufficiently dark hue (albeit some are dark enough with English and Irish dirt) for *connoisseurs* in benevolence. Now I wish to say nothing against the missions to foreign heathen, but I must confess that my stronger sympathy is with those who labor among the native heathen about our back doors. In this mission every man and woman may be an active laborer if he or she choose, and they will reap many advantages in being their own almoners, beyond that of making their money flow farther and in more fertilizing streams than it may do when filtered through the fingers of Committees and plump Secretaries.

As for us, we see so much of imposition and mendacity, amongst that worst class of poor persons with which we have mostly to deal; and have our wits so much at work to prevent imposition, that we are apt at times to take a too harsh view of human nature. Our business view of the human virtues resembles too much the sight of a landscape through the wrong end of a telescope, by which its beauties are made to appear a very long way off. I wish it were otherwise, and would gladly reverse the tube, but find myself powerless to do so.

It is not only amongst the very poor that the evil side of humanity is exposed to our scrutiny; for our official position gives us frequent opportunities of observing amongst the comparatively wealthy and well-to-do, disgraceful and unnatural blemishes. I have known a highly *respectable* go-to-church tradesman try by all means in his power to invalidate the marriage of his darling mad-cap son, who had joined himself in holy matrimony to a sweet, confiding girl in America—who had deserted her in America, and who, when she, his wife, having crossed the Atlantic to claim her husband, the father of her unborn child, spurned her and smote her at the threshold of his father's house. I have brought this paternally-defended rascal to the dock as a vagrant for wife-desertion, and under imminent peril of the tread-mill I have forced respectability to perform the obligations of society in a tolerably respectable manner. I have also after the respectable father had shipped his respectable son away again from his responsibilities forced this "middle-class" man by power of law to support his innocent little grand-child, who strange to say was born in a garret under the very shadow of the fine old church, out of which and on the very day its Aunt (eldest daughter of a *respectable* tradesman) stepped a blushing bride, with

many bridesmaids attendant, with favors, and carriages, and ringing of bells. Poor little sinner in the garret, climbing about its toiling, deserted mother's knee and smiling in her careworn face! I wonder how many respectable cousins it will play with as it grows up, and if its respectable grandfather will ever forgive it for daring to come into his way. Goodness knows! Yet I have some satisfaction in thinking that I was the unworthy instrument used for its protection, long before it knew its need. Some may say that there are not many shopkeepers in this nation of traders who would act as my *respectable* friend did under similar circumstances. Heaven forbid that they should be anything but a small minority who would endeavour to starve a woman, merely because she had the misfortune to have become a son's wife, and thus seriously disarrange certain plans of life. Heaven forbid! again say I, that there should be very many men who would endeavour to drive or tempt his wife into a life of dishonour—as I am pretty certain this fellow did, from undoubted evidence gathered by me at the time—yet there are such men amongst this class of our fellow-citizens, and we as officers come in contact with them. Thus we see the worse end of all classes. I have before strongly urged that I do not by any means look upon the pauper class as a fair sample of the working men; as well might I take the population of our gaols as such. Neither do I take the instances of wickedness and blackguardism which have come before me in the tradesman class as a fair sample of their order. I am, however, by no means particularly favorable to the claims of a stricter morality, commercial or political, on the part of the trading class, to the disparaging of the class immediately below them—the handicraftsmen. I have lived all my life amongst the two classes indicated, and I may say have not been an idle observer; and I think I would now as soon trust a street of mechanics in any matter involving a point of conscience, as any street of shopkeepers that I know of.

It becomes our duty frequently by way of protecting the public purse to compel men to support their aged parents; and here again we find the sinful neglect of duty by no means confined to one particular class. In many cases the old and feeble parents are made to suffer from the fraternal quarrelling of their offspring: for when brothers quarrel their quarrel is earnest and their wrath is very blind. *This* one will not contribute any longer to the support of their parent because *that* one does not share; Jack will withhold his mite because Tom, whose means are certainly equal to his own, does not equally share in the burthen. Or Bill, who has to support a large family by his earnings, objects to the arrangements, because Joe, who has no family, only takes an equal share of the cost. And really Bill would have some shew of justice on his side if we did not know that his income was three times as large as Joe's. With all these fine elements of a family fight, the poor old man or woman has nothing to do, and perhaps any one of the sons could have taken his father or mother into his house and not sensibly have felt the increase of cost the act of filial duty entailed. Yet from such causes comes the heart-rending effect of poor and feeble parents appealing to the cold aid of the public funds. Then do we find the poor old peoples' faults raked up and blazoned forth—faults which the snow of age should have covered and excused years and years since. Then follows the disgraceful scene of exasperated brethren in the Magistrates' court, compelled to perform by law that which should be one of the most delightful and satisfactory of duties.

In relation to this subject a case comes to my mind, the circumstances of which moved my sympathy to a considerable extent for the suffering individual. An aged man applied to me one day with reverent aspect, and the rime of winter on his thin locks, showing by his mode of address and conversation that he had enjoyed the advantages of education, and had at one time been accustomed to the society of those in good condition. He had waited patiently until the last of the

other applicants had left my office ere he ventured to lay his case before me ; and I immediately became convinced, by his mode of proceeding, that he came on an unfamiliar errand : for there are certain signs by which we easily discover the practised applicant, and the unwilling and unaccustomed pauper. His clothes, though old and far worn, were whole, and his person was scrupulously clean, whilst there was an expression of pain and want in his face which could not easily be mistaken. From the statement he made to me, and from documents which he produced, I soon found that I had before me a man with whose name I had been familiar for many years as the inventor and patentee of a certain process in the manufacture of iron, and its application to purposes of commerce, which still bears his name. Or, to speak more correctly, his invention led to the production of an article in iron new to the world, and which, from its extensive use, stamps him as a benefactor to his race. For a considerable period he had carried on successfully the manufacture of this article, and from its sale and the emolument arising from the disposal of the royalty attached to the patent he had amassed a considerable fortune.

Retiring from active business he left the prosecution of the manufacture unservedly to his three sons, merely retaining to himself the right of selling the royalty to such persons as desired to produce the article on their own account. Thus things had gone on for some time (I knew not how long), but in an evil hour he had been tempted to invest his all in some South American mines, the working of which was to have produced results most magnificent. Being of hale and active habit, mental and physical, and being moreover thoroughly imbued with that spirit of speculation and adventure, which so many of our original thinkers in engineering possess, he even left his native land at an advanced period of life, and took up his abode in South America, near the scene of active operations. The rest of the story is soon told—after years of toil and anxiety he returned to England a ruined man. Not quite broken in spirit, he commenced soon after to employ his very slender remaining means in the endeavour to recover his rights from certain persons who had poached upon his manor during his absence. He instituted law proceedings against several firms who were working his patent, and in some few instances he succeeded in procuring pecuniary satisfaction ; but in most cases was beaten by the want of funds to bear the expensive law costs. He had come down to this place endeavouring to procure a sum of money which had been awarded to him by law, and had thought his personal presence might have efficacy in enforcing restitution. But now he made the crushing discovery that his opponent (in his devilish scheme of robbery) had, by possession of superior means, removed the dispute to a superior court, where he knew his righteous pursuer could not follow him. I know the old man's statement to be true, for I had documentary evidence at the time of his veracity, and know also that at this time the wrong-doer is "respectably" manufacturing the article, and "respectably" living on the proceeds. And here was the poor, broken old man, absolutely craving the parish dole ! Great Goodness ; and where were his sons all this while ? is the question which naturally arises. And the answer is simple, but startling. They were in London, carrying on a most successful trade, each on his own account, and hating each as brothers only can hate. Did they assist the old man ? Ah no ! He had displeased them by his South American escapade. A family feud had arisen out of the circumstances, and now they absolutely refused to answer their old father's letters. How could I help feeling deeply for the poor old man, as I saw his spare old fingers tremble, and his wrinkled face quiver, and (as he came to the climax of his story) the scalding tears-force themselves from his eyes ? I will say no more. He was starving, and he merely asked now that he might be taken into the workhouse, and be removed legally to his parish in London. For his heart was breaking, he said, and he wanted to see his wife's grave, and those of the little ones who died in their innocence. His request was granted. The poor, broken

old man, was sent to that sad refuge, the workhouse; and, whether some of my brethren have compelled or shamed his "respectable" sons to support him I know not. But this I know, I should not like to have their hearts under my waistcoat, or their consciences to sleep with. Their father has lived too long for them: may his sleep be sweet, and may it come quickly.

"Drop, drop into the grave, old leaf; drop, drop into the grave;
Thine acorns grown,
Thine acorns sown,
Drop, drop into the grave."

And now having arrived at the last leaf of the book, which I call my diary (many veritable extracts from which have been produced in the pages of the ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE), I desire to say a very few words by way of farewell to the numerous subscribers. I have not the vanity to suppose that all I have written is of great value; but I have always endeavoured to select such portions for these pages as I considered might have a tendency not only to interest but to cause my readers to think on the serious problem which meets our view whenever we attempt to grapple with the great question involved in the efficient relief of the distress which we carry along with us in our social state, however prosperous our individual or national career may be. My subject is by no means exhausted. Indeed, I may truly say that in these extracts I have scarcely entered upon more than the extreme outer verge of the matter. I trust, however, that I may be privileged, at no late date, in an altered form of publication, to urge my views and experience of English society (and particularly that of the suffering poor) upon the attention of the Odd-Fellows of this great Unity. I am writing these brief valedictory remarks at a time when the cry of suffering arises indeed amongst the honest workers of the land, and when my office (at no time a sinecure) is one of very peculiar difficulty. In after days, it will be a proud thing for some fitting historian to say how nobly the poor suffered the many ills which have come upon them at this time. And in bearing my poor testimony to the many passive virtues of the poor, I take (for the present) a farewell of my readers—all of whom are, at least, showing how much may be done by those who desire to help themselves and their fellows in the name and under the bond of Friendship, Love, and Truth.

I pray that it may not be said I have abused my position as a public writer by using one term too harsh in speaking of even the most degraded of our kind. I know that we all fall far short of that which is right, and that of consequence we have little call to cast stones at those who are a little "less right" than ourselves. Our object should ever be to try to elevate those who are obviously below us to a mental and physical position; whilst we each of us at the same time strive earnestly to achieve some higher step on the steep road of moral excellence than that of which we at present find ourselves the masters.

Give me leave, now, after long companionship, to say farewell.



A DREAM OF LIFE.

BY JAMES S. BORLASE.

[ORIGINAL.]

ON the lone sea-shore,
 Where ever, evermore,
 The curling, foaming, glittering waves their melody outpour—
 'Mid the murmur of the waters, and the voices of the night,
 The rustle soft of countless leaves, and the low of distant herds—
 'Mid visions of the dreamy past, and thoughts of whispered words,
 I stood alone and pondered.

Then, as the feathered spray
 Broke on the granite grey,
 And setting sun shone brightly down upon the azure bay,
 I leant against a wave-worn rock, and thought of days long past—
 Of youthful hopes, of love's bright dream, too joyous long to last;
 For sorrow's moments pass so slow, and happy hours so fast,
 In this sad world of care.

I thought of childhood's day,
 And the happy hours of play
 I'd spent in mirth and thoughtless sport beside that very bay—
 Of a bright-eyed little maiden, with a voice so sweet and clear
 That it fell like angel-music upon the longing ear—
 My own, my pretty Constance, my gentle playmate dear,
 Where art thou now?

Oh! many, many years
 Of mingled hopes and fears
 Have fled since last beside that rock, in silence and in tears,
 I clasped her to my throbbing heart, then waved a last adieu,
 As the gallant ship, which long had slept upon the wavelets blue,
 With flashing sails in triumph set, o'er the darkening waters flew,
 Bearing her to a far-off land.

Then soon dark sorrows fall,
 Like the shadows of a pall—
 The cherished dreams of early youth melted and vanished all;
 For within a gorgeous palace, that foreign shore beside,
 Tearless, but with a breaking heart, there stood a new-made bride—
 A fair, devoted sacrifice to titled wealth and pride.
 That bride was Constance!

And thus my hopes had set;
 My soul seemed crushed; but yet
 I strove, amid the glittering throng, dark sorrow to forget.
 Deep, deep I drained oblivion's bowl, and whispered words of love,
 Beneath the light of coloured lamps, that softly waved above;
 Forgetful that the goss-hawk mates not with the startled dove.
 But fate decreed it.

capacious basket—little parcels of grocery and clothing, a small pudding, some jelly, fresh hot-house grapes, a few books and pamphlets, were all carefully arranged, and over the top was a small bouquet of flowers, just cut from the conservatory.

"Do you really think you do much good, Harriet, by your visiting? I should be so afraid of the people making impertinent remarks upon one's intrusiveness. Do you escape these always, when you go in and preach to the poor about their discontent, their untidiness, and the rest of their shortcomings?"

"I leave all the 'preaching' to my husband, dear, and make a point of timing my visits when they are least likely to be deemed intrusive. We have no right to open a cottage door at any hour of the day, and walk in, expecting a welcome from the inmates, whilst we are interfering with their comfort, at a meal, perhaps, or preventing their preparation of it by our presence. Then, as to the 'much good' done, I think we can none of us judge of the amount really effected. Our business is to do our utmost, as far as we can see our way clearly, and leave the results in other hands. I have not yet met with any flagrant instances of ingratitude; but we have not been here long enough to accomplish much; however, there is already some improvement in the very worst quarters, and a promise of better things."

"Well, I will go with you a part of the way, for once, and see what it is like," rejoined her companion.

"Had you not better change your dress, Susie; that is more suitable for lunching in at Framlingham Hall, than for wearing where we are going."

"Oh, no, it's too much trouble to change it now; besides, I shall not go inside the dirtiest cottages. I don't like dirt."

"Neither do I; and that is why I wage war against it, and endeavour to hunt it out on every possible occasion."

Mrs. Roberts was soon ready; her dress, always quiet and unostentatious, was studiously so, when she made her round of cottage-visiting. Innate kind consideration for the feelings of others would have made her, at any time, avoid entering the abodes of squalor and want in rich and costly attire; moreover, her visits were often to the sick and suffering, and she knew, by painful experience, that a noisy, rustling silk, is often distressingly irritating to the sensitive nerves of an invalid. "You see those cottages along the hill side, Susie? Those are our latest improvements; they are well built, well drained, and can be kept thoroughly well aired, too, a great advantage, as there is both a back and front entrance, and the doors and windows in the rooms are opposite each other. They have good stoves and ovens, too. How glad I shall be when all the poor in our neighbourhood can become Mr. Stuart's tenants. I hope he will succeed in buying up those miserable hovels below there, which are literally crumbling over the heads of their inmates."

"The poor get used to that sort of thing, I suppose," said Susie Thornton, who had never given much thought to the vast difference existing between the "the palace and the cottage homes" of England.

"Used to it, my dear; then, it is time that we should set about remedying that usage. Poverty must be borne, but there are evils besides those of poverty which the very poor have to submit to from their superiors in position and means, of which burthens bound upon them it may be but too truly said, that we lift not so much as a little finger to remove them." They were just then overtaken by a very neatly-dressed woman. "Oh, Mrs. Somers, you are walking very quickly this warm morning; have you some very urgent business on hand?"

Mrs. Somers, who had just come out of one of the "hillside cottages," dropped a respectful curtesy, and explained that she was going to choose paper and car-

peting for one of the unoccupied rooms in her cottage, as she was expecting an invalid to board and lodge with her, and Somers had told her she might "tidy the room up a bit."

"That's right, Mrs. Somers; make the place look pretty and attractive to her; she will have a nice view without, on a clear day; but in dull weather there's a great deal of real comfort in a cheerful-looking room."

"I thought I might choose a paper from these," said Mrs. Somers, pausing outside a small shop, in the windows of which various patterns were displayed. One very brilliantly green attracted her attention. "Don't you think, ma'am, that would be nice?"

"It is rather a large pattern, and would make your room look small; but that's not the worst part about it. Cheap green papers, and, of course, this is a cheap one that you want, contain poison, arsenic, in the colouring, which I have been told by a medical man actually taints the air of rooms in which it is placed; so I would avoid papering the sleeping room of an invalid with it. You might have something green in the carpet if you've a fancy for that colour. There's a pretty, cheerful paper there now, with small flowers running over a light ground; luckily you've no smoke in your rooms, so that would last clean very well."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Mrs. Somers, as she entered the shop, leaving the two ladies to continue their walk.

"How very strange, to take so much interest in a cottage bed-room," remarked Miss Thornton.

"And why not," remonstrated her cousin. "Mrs. Somers is one of the well-to-do people in this poor district, and prides herself upon the comfort of her home quite as much as I do upon the comfort of mine. She is about to furnish a bedroom expressly for an invalid lodger, therefore it did no harm to suggest that nothing actually injurious to health should be admitted into it. I have even heard of illness being caused by the presence of a case of stuffed birds, in a sitting-room, from the effects of a preparation of arsenic, used in stuffing them, or as a preservative of their colours, I am not sure which."

The first cottage they entered contained but one inmate, who seemed sadly in need of Mrs. Roberts's friendly sympathy and advice upon many points. She was full of complaints and lamentations, to all of which the clergyman's wife listened with a patience and good-nature which rather surprised her companion. "Poor thing," said Mrs. Roberts, when, after a little present from her basket and a promise of calling in again soon, she was once more in the fresh air. "Poor thing, she married too early, she is but a child now, and has not a very clear idea of the duties of a wife and mother; she is in trouble about the little baby she has just lost, a pretty, healthy child, who, as one of her neighbours said, died for want of a little hot water."

"How so?"

* "The child was suddenly seized with strong convulsions, and the poor helpless body did not know what to do with it; a bucket of hot water was, in all probability, the only thing required till medical advice could be obtained. My wonder is, not that so many deaths occur amongst the children of the poor, but that such numbers are strong enough to live on in spite of neglect and mismanagement. I am trying to make the women about here understand something more of what they ought to do with the precious charges God has committed to their care. In this cottage is my ablest assistant, Grace Bonner; she has not long come amongst us, but is decidedly a blessing to the neighbourhood in the way of example."

* Vide "How to Manage a Baby." Price 1d. Groombridge & Sons, 5, Paternoster Row.

The cottage looked clean and orderly, a baby just washed and dressed was in the good woman's arms, whilst she was busily preparing for the next meal.

"I saw your two e'dest go past to school this morning, Grace, looking as fresh and as rosy as ever."

"Yes, Ma'am, they're brought up to take kindly to soap and water," she answered, smiling, "which is more than neighbour Last's Hal did this morning. He was going with his father into the country to get strong after the fever, so I thought I'd offer to give him a bit of a scrub first, to make him look clean and wholesome. Poor boy, he didn't quite like it, he isn't used to it you see, not likely, when his father never washes but face and hands, and haven't done, this five and thirty years, he says. My good man likes cold water, I'm happy to say, and a tidied-up room to get his bit of dinner in."

"He's as punctual as clock-work in taking it also, Mrs. Bonner."

"Why, you see, Ma'am, there are the children to be sent off to school again, and he to his work, some way off, so I don't like them to be kept waiting, and then in a hurry at the last, if I can help it. My master at my last place was a medical man, you know, Mrs. Roberts, and he used to tell me a great many things which the people about here don't seem to have heard of. He always said hard work or strong exercise after a heavy meal was very bad, and as there's no need for it with Tom, if he has dinner to the time, I try to get it ready, that he shan't have to run off the moment it's swallowed."

"Does he still keep to his bottle during the harvest work?"

"His cold tea, you mean! Oh yes, Ma'am, he finds that does him more good than his beer, whilst he's so exposed to the sun."

"* That suet pudding boiling is for the children, I suppose?"

"Yes, Ma'am, they like it, and they thrive upon it; I've some nice fresh vegetables, too, from the market garden; I never give them stale ones at this time of the year, or stale fruit either; the Doctor always told me they were so bad, particularly when Cholera was about, and we can get a fresh-cut cabbage here, so there's no need to run a risk with the stale. One of Mrs. Briggs's children has been quite bad again, I don't wonder at it, they've always got some nasty, rotten fruit at their mouths to keep them quiet."

"Well, I must go and look after her, and some others, as you don't need any scolding; I will leave a book for the children to read when they come home—there's Mrs. Last at her door, so I'll speak a word to her—"

"I'm glad to hear, Mrs. Last, that your boy has gone into the country for change of air, after his illness, it will strengthen him for work again."

"Yes Ma'am, his father made holiday to-day to take him to my sister's, and as my Jim is just home from sea, and will be here next week, there's Hal's room all ready for him."

"Will you let me just look into the room a minute?"

"Surely, Ma'am, it isn't a big one, but it does for one."

Mrs. Roberts took a hasty survey of the small apartment.

"My good Mrs. Last, you don't want Jim to catch the fever, do you?"

"La! no Ma'am, how should I?"

"If he comes fresh from sea into this room, he's very likely to do so."

"But I have no other, Ma'am," said poor Mrs. Last, looking very dismayed.

"Take my advice, then, and have the walls and ceiling thoroughly white-washed, it won't cost much, and if set about at once, will soon be done; give the floor a good scrubbing, and wash the things that are on the bed; let the room be quite clean and wholesome when Jim comes into it, a saucer of chloride of lime in the room is the best thing to keep off infection."

* Vide "A Woman's Secret." Griffith & Farran, St. Paul's Church-yard.

"Thank you, Ma'am, kindly, I'll set about it at once, I should'nt like my Jim to fall ill after being away this three years."

"Well, Susie," said Mrs. Roberts, rejoining her cousin, who had declined entering the last cottage, "I hope I may have done some good by my suggestions to Mrs. Last; I am only going into one more cottage with you, as you seem to be getting tired, but this house is sure to be clean, so I will ask you to go in with me and rest downstairs, whilst I pay a visit to the poor invalid there above."

"Good morning, Mrs. Baines, how is Ann to-day?"

"But poorly, thank you, Mrs. Roberts; she is very fretty like and fanciful; there's only me to mind her to-day, too, for our Mary was obliged to go to her Missus's till evening, as one of the others is out for a holiday, and Mary manages her better than I can."

Mrs. Baines's voice was very gruff and harsh, and her movements amongst the chairs she placed for her visitors very energetic, as she delivered this speech.

"Hush, my good woman, don't talk quite so loudly; these walls are very thin, and perhaps a noise disturbs poor Ann; I'll go up and see her, if you'll let this lady sit here meanwhile; you can tell her of anything that you want, which I can send you; I have brought some grapes with me."

Very gently Mrs. Roberts ascended the creaking stairs, and opened the door softly. The invalid's eyes were closed, and her thin hand was pressed upon her forehead, her restless movements proved that she was not asleep.

"Your head is aching sadly, I fear, my poor girl," said Mrs. Roberts, advancing to the bedside. Her voice was pleasantly modulated, and its soothing tones fell gratefully upon the ear of the sufferer; the accents were certainly more cheering than those of her aged relative, who, with the best will in the world, was ill fitted for the duties of nursing.

"Yes, Ma'am, it is rather bad to-day; it can't be helped, I know, but it always is so when Mary is out. Aunt Baines means well, but when she comes to see me she stamps about the room so, and knocks things down, and talks so loudly, that altogether it quite shakes me."

Her eyes rested upon the nosegay Mrs. Roberts had taken from her basket—"Oh, what beautiful flowers!" she exclaimed; "are they really for me?"

"Yes, Ann, gathered on purpose, and they will do you no harm, they are all scentless; they are to make amends for my throwing away the jasmine and roses the other day, there is some use you see in flowers without scent."

"There is use in everything God made, I think, Ma'am, but we're often slow to find it out."

"Very true, Ann, and this bunch of grapes is for you; but I shall only leave a few of them in your room, the others will keep fresher downstairs. But before I go, I will just wash out this glass and spoon that have been used for your medicine; I wondered what it was made the room so unpleasant. Ask whoever gives you your dose to wash the things out at once; you do not care to be reminded of the scent and taste of the mixture, and a clean glass looks pleasanter than a dirty one."

"Oh yes, Ma'am, I know it does, Mary always keeps things nice, but then she's been used to wait upon the sick, and Aunt has not, indeed she's never been ill herself, and can't be supposed to know what little things trouble us sometimes."

"There, Ann, those flowers look prettier than the medicine phial, so I will hide it behind them, and the grapes are close to you when you want them. How soon ought you to take your mixture again?"

"I've been asleep, and don't exactly know, Ma'am, for it hasn't been given

me very regularly to-day. You see Aunt Baines forgets, because she's not used to it," was again the apology for the faulty nursing, which, although only for a day, in the patient's precarious state, had evidently been attended with injurious consequences.

"Well, I shall look in and see you to-morrow, Ann, and hope to find you better with Mary's care; I see you are too weary for more talking."

"Thank you, Ma'am, your voice does not hurt me at all, but I can't say much myself, which Aunt Baines does not understand; it will be all right when my sister comes home. Thank you for your visit, it has done me good."

After a few instructions to the occupant of the lower room, Mrs. Roberts took her departure.

"You did me good service, Susie, by keeping that noisy woman out of the bed-room for awhile, it is quite a pity that people in health cannot enter a little more into the feelings of the sick. But I will not tax your patience any longer, my dear, so you had better go home before me; I have one more visit to pay, at Mrs. Briggs' cottage, where I will not ask you to accompany me, that dirt heap on the threshold will give you some idea of the discomfort to be expected within."

So Miss Thornton went on to the parsonage, leaving her cousin to make the best of her way through the mass of decaying vegetable and animal matter which barred the entrance to Mrs. Briggs' uncomfortable abode. Here we will leave her, surrounded by dirty, noisy children, to whom soap and water nay, even fresh air, were unknown luxuries. Mrs. Briggs was a woman who would not brook any interference in the conduct of her household, and ignored alike the advantages of schooling and cleanliness, but Mrs. Roberts was not easily daunted in the prosecution of her schemes for the amelioration of the physical and moral condition of the very poorest around her, and determined to do her best even where there seemed the least probability of success.

Friendly Society Intelligence, Statistics, Etc.

MANCHESTER UNITY OF ODDFELLOWS.—The collected annual returns from the lodges having been analysed, shew that this order had at the beginning of the year the large number of 334,791 members, meeting in 3,426 lodges. Ample proof is afforded of the increasing habits of prudence and forethought amongst the working population, if we only look back nine years, when the society consisted of 224,441 members; so that (allowing for deaths and secessions) the net increase since that time of the members is 110,350, averaging 12,261 annually.

LIABILITY OF TREASURERS UNDER THE FRIENDLY SOCIETIES ACT.—At the City Police Court, Manchester, February 25th, James Counsell, of Ratcliffe, was summoned under the Friendly Societies Act, for withholding £12 belonging to the Friendly Benevolent Burial Society, having its head-quarters in Manchester. Mr. W. P. Roberts appeared for the society, and stated that the defendant was the ex-treasurer, that the money which he had was £12 5s. 0½d. belonging to the society; that he did not deny having had the money, but that when asked to give it up he refused to do so, and alleged that his house had been robbed, and the money taken by the thieves; and when asked to make some arrangement for the payment of the money, he said he should decline to impoverish himself.—Mr. Bent, for the defendant, contended that his client was not unwilling to pay the money if he was responsible for it, but the fact was

that the money was stolen from his house, at Ratcliffe, by burglars, on the morning of the 11th December, shortly after the defendant had left it to go to his work. A neighbour and a police-constable were called to prove that the house was broken into as alleged.—The magistrates, without doubting that the defendant's house had been broken into, said the defendant's conduct had not been satisfactory, inasmuch as he said he would not impoverish himself in paying it, whereas it was a case in which some sacrifice should be made. They would not adjudge any penalty, but merely order the money to be paid.—*Manchester Examiner*.

IMPORTANT FRIENDLY SOCIETY CASE.—CAUTION.—The following case was heard at the Leicester County Court, on January 15, before Mr. Sergeant Miller, judge.—*Jacob Waterfield v. T. Wood*.—Claim, £2 13s., damage sustained by defendant neglecting to deliver 1s. given by him to pay as contribution to a sick club. Mr. Haxby appeared for plaintiff, and Mr. Luck for defendant. Plaintiff was a gamekeeper at Mountsorrel, and a member of the Groby Friendly Society. Sent his subscription once a month by Prior Richardson, the Mountsorrel carrier to Leicester, whence it was forwarded by T. Wood. Sent the money in August. In September became ill, and his payment was suspended in consequence of a shilling not having been paid. Should have had 8s. a week for six weeks and a half.—Prior Richardson stated on August 31st he received from plaintiff 1s. 2d., to be sent to Groby by defendant. Gave 1s. 1d. to Mrs. Fardell, the landlady with whom defendant put up the same day.—Mrs. Fardell, Richard III., Leicester, received 1s. 1d. for Wood on August 31st, put it into her till, and gave it to Wood the same day. It was not wrapped up nor directed.—Henry Hunt, clerk to the Groby Friendly Club, stated that plaintiff was a member, and in consequence of the August shilling not being paid, he received nothing in his last illness. Application was made to the club, and a committee called, and an explanation of the circumstances made, but they agreed plaintiff should not have any money. A member was allowed to remain in arrears three months, but then was suspended; and plaintiff was two months in arrears when that payment was not sent.—W. Clifford, steward of the society, stated that he received no money from plaintiff in September, and in consequence he was suspended for three months.—Mr. Luck asked his Honour whether he could charge defendant with all the consequence of the non-delivery, the shilling not having been wrapped up and directed, and plaintiff being two months in arrear, of which he might not be aware.—His Honour held that defendant was liable for all the consequences which flowed from his breach of duty, and gave a verdict for £2 13s., to be paid by 8s. a month.—*Leicester Paper*.

DEFRAUDING A FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—Before the county magistrates at Wigan, Robert Baxter was charged with withholding the sum of £7 19s., the moneys of the Douglas Vale District of the Ancient Order of Foresters, a society holding its meetings at Pemberton, near Wigan. It appeared that £24 3s. was placed in the hands of the prisoner on the 26th of January last, and out of this he had paid £16 4s. for funerals, leaving a balance of £7 19s. On Monday last a member of the society died, and application was made to the prisoner for the funeral money, when he stated it was in the bank at Wigan, but the following day he admitted he had made it away. This, however, was not all. The same order had a court in the district, the money of which was kept by the prisoner, who was told that if he had not the money in the district fund, he must get it from the court. In the chest, which ought to have contained the property of the court, instead of there being £13, which had been placed there, there was only 7d.; and the prisoner also admitted having "made this away." Unfortunately the court was not registered, and for the misappropriation of this sum the prisoner could not be proceeded against; but for the withholding of the £7 19s.,

the lodge having certified rules, he was liable to a penalty not exceeding £20, with costs, and an order for the payment of the money so withheld. In default he could be imprisoned for three months. The prisoner pleaded guilty. The bench said they would not be doing their duty if they did not inflict the full penalty of £20 and 20s. costs, and order the immediate payment of the £7 19s. The prisoner, having no money, was sent to prison for three months with hard labour.—*From our correspondent.—Manchester Examiner.*

PREMATURE DEATHS.—It is a melancholy record that the 600 registrars of deaths have to send up to the General Register Office at the end of a quarter. In the return just issued, the registrar of Preston reports that of the 607 deaths in the summer quarter of this year 372 were of children under five years of age; the registrar of Bradford, east end sub district, reports 185 deaths, and 82 were of children under one year of age; the registrar of Sheffield, Brightside sub-district, 161 deaths, two-thirds under five years of age; the registrar of Yarmouth, southern sub-district, 104 deaths, 33 of children from diarrhoea. The registrar of the Deansgate district of Manchester has to report that two-thirds of the total mortality of the quarter took place in children under three years of age, and more than a third was of children under one year; a fourth of the entire mortality was from diarrhoea in children. This disease is, as he considers, evidently influenced by temperature; but science has not yet ascertained whether directly by excess of heat or by the fluctuations in its amount, or indirectly by the quantity of moisture with which the atmosphere may be charged, checking perspiration, or by the quantity of decomposing matter raised into vapour being much greater than the ozanised oxygen can convert into a harmless material. It may be the result of any one of these conditions, or of the whole of them. Looking at the frightful loss of life annually from the disease, all the circumstances connected with it are worthy of special investigation. This gentleman notices that the ordinary treatment for adults utterly fails in a vast majority of the cases of infantile diarrhoea, and there seems to be better success from the combined action of sudorifics and anodynes.—*Manchester Examiner.*

VITAL STATISTICS OF 1861.—In 1861 the births in Great Britain were 802,598, the deaths 497,624, so that the increase was 304,974. This is the largest number of births that ever occurred in any year in Great Britain, but happily not the largest number of deaths. Upon an average 2,200 children were born every day, 91 an hour; and 1,868 persons died daily, or almost one every minute. It is impossible to say how far the natural increase of the population was reduced by migration, because there is no record of the immigration; all that we know is that 91,770 emigrants left the shores of the United Kingdom last year, of whom about 39,000 were of English or Scottish origin. There is in Scotland a rather higher birth-rate and a lower death-rate than in England, and yet a much lower rate of increase in the population, showing that a much larger proportion of the people emigrate either beyond seas or to other parts of the United Kingdom. The influence of season in the proportion of the births was, as usual quite marked, in 1861. The greatest number of births always takes place in the first half of the year; last year the number was greatest of all in the spring quarter—April to June. The return of marriages is not yet complete for England; the largest number are always in the last quarter; in Scotland, June and December are the favourite months for matrimony. The returns show, as ever, how much the inhabitant of the town has to contend against agencies hurtful to life, from which his country neighbour is comparatively free; the difference is especially striking in Scotland, where in the town districts 24 persons in every 1,000 died in the year, and only 16 in the country districts—two in the country to three in the town. In Glasgow and Dundee very nearly half the deaths were of children under five; and the children in those towns were literally decimated in the year, for, as nearly as can be ascertained without the detailed census returns, out of all

the children under five years of age about one in every ten died. At the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, the mean temperature of the year was 49·4 deg.; at the Ordnance Survey-office, Edinburgh, 49 deg. In Scotland the average of 55 stations of the Meteorological Society showed 1,674 hours of sunshine in the year, which would have given for four days in every week eleven hours of sunshine in the summer half of the year, and five in the other half. The highest temperature in England was 82·5 in August, in Scotland 85·5 in June; the lowest in England—1 deg., in Scotland—3·7, both in January. England rather suffered in many parts from want of rain, and the total amount collected at the Royal Observatory was only 20·8 inches; in Scotland generally the average was 45·07 inches, and in some parts the fall was very excessive; at Tyndrum, in Perthshire (with the returns for April deficient), it was of the enormous depth of 134 inches, more than 11 feet—a very deluge. 1861 had its faults, but with the births above the average, and the deaths below it, it ought not to be counted a bad year.—*Times*.

STATISTICS OF HUMAN LIFE.—The total number of human beings on the earth is now computed in round numbers at one thousand millions. They speak 3,064 now known tongues, and in which upwards of 1,100 religions or creeds are preached. The average age of life is 33½ years. One-fourth of the born die before they reach the age of seven years, and the half before the 17th year. Out of 100 persons only six reach the age of 60 years and upwards, while only one in 1,000 reaches the age of 100 years. Out of 500 only one attains 80 years. Out of the thousand million living persons 330,000,000 die annually, 91,000 daily, 3,730 every hour, 60 every minute, consequently one every second. The loss is, however, balanced by the gain in new births. Tall men are supposed to live longer than short ones. Woman are generally stronger than men until their 50th year, afterwards less so. Marriages are in proportion to single life (bachelors and spinsters) as 100 : 75. Both births and deaths are more frequent in the night than in the day. One fourth of men are capable of bearing arms, but not one out of 1,000 is by nature inclined for the profession. The more civilized a country is, the more full of vigour, life, and health are the people. The notion that education enfeebles and degenerates the human frame is not borne out by fact.—*Once a Week*.

DISTRIBUTION OF PAUPERISM.—Taking the period of the recent census, and making an estimate for lunatic paupers in asylums and for vagrants, whose actual numbers at that date are not yet known, but who may be reckoned at 2·2 per cent. of the whole pauperism, the following was the proportion of paupers in receipt of relief to population in the eleven great divisions into which the country is partitioned:—

| | |
|---|---------------|
| In the metropolis | 1 in every 30 |
| In the three eastern counties | 1 " 14 |
| In the south-eastern counties, including Berks and Hants | 1 " 19 |
| In the south-western | 1 " 18 |
| In the Welsh | 1 " 16 |
| In the west midland, extending from Gloucester to Stafford | 1 " 25 |
| In the south midland, extending from London to Northamptonshire | 1 " 17 |
| In the north midland, from Leicester northwards | 1 " 23 |
| In the north-western, Lancashire and Cheshire | 1 " 36 |
| In Yorkshire | 1 " 32 |
| In the northern counties | 1 " 27 |

These figures are very remarkable. The date of the census is selected because of the actual-numbers of the population being then ascertained. The numbers were slightly different at the latest returns, which reach to Michaelmas, that being a period of the year when there is less pressure upon the rates than in April; but the relative position of the districts remained substantially the same,

although, as might be expected, the falling-off in the absolute number of paupers this year (1861) is but trifling in those divisions of the kingdom which include the manufacturing districts and the Potteries. But it was still the fact, at the end of September that pauperism was twice as rife in the eastern counties and in Wales as in the manufacturing districts and the metropolis; even with so depressed a trade, it was still true that where Lancashire had to support ten paupers, there were twenty in the south-western and south-midland counties.

[No doubt the difference in the amount of wages earned by agricultural labourers and skilled artizans, will account, to a great extent, for the disparity indicated by the above statistics. It is more than probable, however, that friendly societies, and other self-reliant provident institutions, are less patronised in the agricultural than in the manufacturing districts. This fact in itself doubtless exercises considerable influence on the relative percentage of paupers to the entire population exhibited by these returns, and points out, at least, one important direction in which healthy philanthropic effort might be expended with a certain prospect of satisfactory results.—EDITOR O. M.]

MINERS' FATALITIES.—The miners of England and Wales are computed at 300,000. As a class they are poor, yet they add by their labour thirty-one millions sterling annually to the wealth of the country. They are of an independent spirit, as may be inferred from the fact that 40,000 have expressed their intention to subscribe to the Provident Fund of the National Association. The average number of fatal accidents in coal mines in the last ten years has been 909 yearly, and 10,000 are every year permanently injured. The keeper of mining records at the Government School of Mines has estimated that the deaths in metalliferous mines are twice as numerous as in collieries. . Sickness among colliers is 67 per cent. more than the general average; and the value of their lives 27·7 against 42·3 for agricultural labourers.—*S. Gurney, Chairman of the National Association for the Relief of British Miners.*

Odd-Fellowship Anniversaries, Presentations, etc.

ACCINGTON.—TOKEN OF RESPECT.—Upwards of one hundred of the members of the Independent Order of Oddfellows (M. U.), Accrington district, sat down to an excellent dinner at the house of Mr. John Bickerstaff, the Black Greyhound Inn, Church, in December last. P.P.G. M. J. Harrison was called to the chair, P.P.G.M. George Pearson occupied the vice-chair. The usual loyal toasts having been given from the chair, and received with enthusiasm, P.P.G.M. Carter, said he had been requested by the members of the Accrington district to present to C.S. Joseph Heys a valuable gold watch and appendages, as a small token of the members' appreciation of his (Mr. Hey's) services in the propagation of the principles of Odd-fellowship. (Cheers.) The value of the watch, &c. (£20), was not taken from the funds subscribed for the purpose of the day of sickness and the hour of death, but had been the free-will offering of the members of the district. For 21 years Mr. Hey had devoted his services to raise Oddfellowship in the district, not only in this district, but in neighbouring districts. When advice was sought, it was promptly given by him. The watch, &c., were only a small compliment for the services performed, but he had no doubt that it would be heartily received as a humble tribute of the respect in which the services of the C.S. had been received. (Cheers.) On the inner case of the watch was tastefully inscribed (by Messrs. Dudgale and Sons, of Blackburn,) the following inscription:—
"Presented by the members of the Independent Order of Oddfellows (M.U.), of

the Accrington district, to C.S. Joseph Heys, for his meritorious services during twenty-one years. 28th December, 1861."—Mr. Heys feelingly acknowledged the compliment. He said he had only done his duty as a man and an Oddfellow, but he was pleased to find that his labours amongst them had been duly appreciated. He should always treasure their kind gift, and his future services would be at their disposal in promoting the principles of Odd-fellowship amongst the working-class. He hoped that this handsome present would stimulate others to come forward and exert themselves in the cause. Other toasts followed. Mr. Thelfall stated that the district had been in existence more than thirty-one years; it numbered about 1,300 members, and possessed a reserved fund of upwards of £6,000.

BELPER. — Recently, about twenty of the widows of Oddfellows in the Belper district, of the I. O. of Oddfellows M.U., have been visited by Mr. Edwin Noon, who has been for many years the president and treasurer of the Widows and Orphans' Society attached to the Belper district, and each of them presented with a ton of the best coals, delivered carriage free. The committee of management have thus aided the widows of their deceased members in a most seasonable manner, and coming entirely unexpected, the boon has given warmth to many a hearth which must otherwise have felt its want.

BIRMINGHAM. — The annual general meeting of the members and friends of the Birmingham district of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Manchester Unity, Friendly Society, was held on the 24th February, in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Upper Temple-street. The proceedings were commenced by a tea, supplied by Mr. Bryan, to which about 250 sat down. A meeting was afterwards held, at which Mr. H. Kirby took the chair. After a few words from the Chairman, Mr. Buck, District Secretary, read the report, which showed that the present number of members was 3,942—an increase in the year of 107. The number of days' sickness and the amounts paid had been 2,822 days at 2s. per day, and 27,244 days at 1s. 8d. per day; while on reduced pay there had been 689 days at 1s., 11,421 days at 10d., 312 days at 8d., 312 days at 7d., 625 days at 6d., and 312 days at 5d. The average of sickness had been 13 days 6 hours to each member. The amount paid for sickness was £3,121 4s., an increase on last year of £309 17s. 6d. The amount of sickness was the highest that had yet been experienced in this district, and clearly showed that the number of persons joining did not keep down the average of ages, and that only those societies which invested the whole of their surplus payments to meet future liabilities could long maintain a sound financial position. The number of deaths had been 61, and £591 had been paid to relations of 59 of them; and 32 members had received £164, as funeral donations for their deceased wives. After paying all demands there was a surplus of receipts over expenditure, to be added to the capital account, of £1,538 9s. 9d., making the reserved capital amount to £33,542 13s. 3d. Of this sum no less than £1,214 15s. 9d. was interest on invested capital. During the year the burden of sickness had not fallen equally on all the lodges of the district, and fourteen of them had had to pay for sickness, &c., not only the whole of their receipts, but a portion of their reserved capital. These were all small lodges, and it was recommended they should join in one large lodge, and thus reduce the management expenses. In the month of July last, the society had held a demonstration at Aston Hall, which was a perfect success, and realised £70. The committee congratulated the members on the present financial position of the society. On the 1st of January, 1851, they had 3,500 members, and a reserve capital of £15,799. Since then the members had been paid from their own savings £27,067 5s. 4d for relief in time of sickness, £5,337 for funeral expenses of members, and £1,776 to members for the burial of their deceased wives. There had also been paid from the management fund upwards of £5,500 for medical attendance to its members; they had subscribed £200 to the town's charities, to enable

members to obtain additional medical aid; and £300 had been given to distressed members. In addition to this £1,800 had been added to the reserve capital, to meet future liabilities. In conclusion the committee stated that the thanks of the members were due to Mr. H. Buck, the District Secretary, for his services to the society, and congratulated that gentleman on having filled with credit, both to himself and the society, the high office of Grand Master to the Order. Other resolutions were passed, and a vote of thanks to the Chairman concluded the proceedings of the meeting. A ball followed, at which dancing was kept up till an early hour.—*Abridged from the Birmingham Daily Post.*

BOVEY TRACEY, DEVON.—On the 29th October, 1861, a lodge named "The Loyal St. John's," in connection with the Manchester Unity Independent Odd-Fellows, was opened at Host Joll's Dolphin Inn, by the Exeter District Officers, supported by many visiting brothers from Exeter and Newton Abbot, when seventeen (mostly young men) were initiated; after which a procession was formed through the principal streets, and an attendance given at a special service held in St. John's Church, where the Rev. the Hon. C. L. Courtenay preached an impressive sermon. A well catered dinner, with subsequent speeches and conviviality, concluded a most auspicious opening-day. The Rev. the Hon. C. L. Courtenay, the Rev. J. B. Anstice, and several of the landed gentry have given their warmest support, and some of them intend joining the Order. The Lodge has been one of the most prosperous in South Devon, and already (March) numbers between forty and fifty Members. P.G. Wotton (who was the founder) is the present N.G. They endeavoured, on the 10th December, to testify to him their grateful acknowledgments for his indefatigable zeal and unwearied exertions in founding and presiding over their Lodge by presenting him with a silver medal in the shape of a cross and emblematic of the Order, accompanied with a suitable form of address, through the medium of the Chairman (pro tem) P.P.G.M. John Pope. The brothers, with their visiting brethren, spent a most interesting and agreeable evening, diversified by speeches and songs.

BRADFORD.—On Saturday, Feb. 15th, a goodly number of the brethren of the Bradford District assembled in the Loyal Friendly Mechanics' Lodge Room, to witness the presentation of a very handsomely-framed certificate of merit to P.P.G.M. Isaac Hodgson, which had been unanimously awarded to him at the last district meeting, for his two years' services. The presentation was made by Prov. G. M. Jonas Hey, who delivered a most interesting address. P.P.G.M. Hodgson replied in very feeling terms, and took occasion to express the pleasure he felt that the district intended to furnish every member with a balance-sheet, showing the income and expenditure of each lodge during the past year, &c., &c., which were now being tabulated by the C.S., and hoped that the perusal of them would induce the hitherto indifferent members to take a more active interest in its management and welfare. The evening was very agreeably spent.

BRIDGWATER.—PRESENTATION.—Last July a subscription was set on foot through the Brethren of the Loyal Fountain and Halswell Lodges of Odd-Fellows, for the purpose of presenting Brother Samuel Alfred Bailey with a testimonial, as a slight recognition of the appreciation of the Brethren for the services he has rendered to the above Lodges for the last nine years. As Bro. Bailey has been appointed to the office of Quarter Master Sergeant to the 5th Somerset Volunteer Rifle Corps, the Brethren thought the most appropriate presentation would be a handsome sword and belt. About fifty of the Brethren met at the Loyal Halswell Lodge Room, when Bro. George Knight presented the testimonial to Bro. Bailey, together with the following, written on vellum:—"Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, Manchester Unity, Bridgwater District. This testimonial (accompanied with a sword and belt) was presented to Brother Samuel Alfred Bailey, Quarter Master Sergeant of the 5th Somerset Rifle Corps, for his kindness, courtesy, and great assistance to the Brethren of the

above Lodges, and to the Order in general during the last nine years. Dated this 16th day of July, 1861." Brother S. A. Bailey thanked the Brethren very kindly for the honour they had done him, and said it had always been a great pleasure to him to render his assistance when needed, and he should be only too happy at any future time to give the Brethren his best advice, and devote his services whenever demanded. On the hilt of the sword was engraved, "Presented by the Bridgwater Lodges I.O.O.F.M.U., to Bro. Quarter Master Sergeant S. A. Bailey, July, 1861."

BRISTOL.—ANNIVERSARY AND PRESENTATION.—The twenty-second anniversary dinner of the Loyal Humanity Lodge was celebrated on Wednesday, January 22nd, at the Commercial Inn and Steam Packet Hotel, Hotwells, Bristol, when about fifty members sat down to a substantial repast. Dr. McDonald, the medical officer of the Lodge, presided. The loyal and patriotic toasts being given, the Chairman said he had to bring before their notice a matter of deep interest. A testimonial of their affectionate esteem was about to be presented to their Permanent Secretary, John Hobbs, P.G., for his integrity, perseverance, and perfect Odd-Fellowship. The presentation was made to the Permanent Secretary, John Hobbs, P.G., by the D.G.M. of the District, Thomas Lockstone, who said the Lodge numbered about 126 members, and possessed a capital of about £1,300. He thought the Lodge could boast of prosperity greater perhaps than many Lodges in the District. For the last eight years his friend, P.G. Hobbs, had filled the very important office of Permanent Secretary of the Lodge, and the members had felt that its prosperity was to be attributed, in a great degree, to the assiduous and zealous manner in which he had discharged the important duties of so responsible a situation. There had been the general feeling amongst the members that it was their duty to make some suitable acknowledgment for the services which they had received at his hands. They thought they could not procure an article more suitable and useful, as a testimonial of their regard, than the handsome silver goblet which he held in his hand. (Cheers.) It was then his very pleasing duty to present the cup, on the part of the members of the Loyal Humanity Lodge, as a small token of the respect and esteem in which he was held by them. He felt confident he expressed the sincere wishes of all present when he expressed a hope that Brother Hobbs would live long to enjoy that respect which he so well deserved. (Loud cheers.) The goblet, which was a very handsome one, was valued at ten guineas. It bore the following inscription: "Presented by the L.H.L. of the I.O.O.F. to Mr. John Hobbs, for his faithful services, January 22nd, 1862." Brother Hobbs replied, in a very suitable speech. Referring to the office which he held, he said he had accepted it with a full determination to do his duty honestly; and he assured them that he should remember and appreciate their kindness as long as he lived. (Loud cheers.) Other toasts followed. A very pleasant evening was spent—song and toast going merrily round.

CASTLEFORD.—On Saturday, the 4th January, a few of the Members and Officers of the Loyal Starkie Lodge sat down to a most excellent supper at the White Hart Inn, Carlton Street. After supper P.G. William Groves was called to the chair. The principal and most interesting feature of the meeting was the presentation of a silver medal and guard to P.P.G.M. Charles Walker, as a token of esteem for services rendered to the above Lodge. Mr. C. Walker returned thanks, and was highly gratified to think his services had been so appreciated. A variety of songs, &c., followed, and the evening was enjoyed by the company.

HULL DISTRICT.—On Thursday, Feb. 13, a number of the most active members of the various lodges in this district dined together at Host Sessions, Saracen's Head Hotel. After dinner, Prov. G. M. John B. Wood, was called to the chair. The usual loyal toasts having been given, the chairman in a neat and appropriate

speech presented, on behalf of the District, a very handsome purple sash and apron (made expressly by P.P.G.M. Kilner, of Patricroft,) to P.P.G.M. John Howard, who, during the last two years, had served the district as D.G.M., treasurer, and Prov. Grand Master. The Chairman said, in concluding his remarks, that many other P.P.G.M.'s had received similar presents from the district, but this sash and apron were certainly the handsomest of all, though very inadequate in value as a recompense for the services P.P.C.M. Howard had rendered the district. He, however, begged its acceptance, as a slight token of their sincerity, and trusted he might long live to wear it in health, happiness, and prosperity. P.P.G.M. Howard replied in suitable terms, and the evening's enjoyment was considerably increased by a number of songs, recitations, and addresses, on the principles and practice of Odd-Fellowship.

IRELAND, BELFAST DISTRICT OF ODD-FELLOWS.—The annual soiree and ball of this branch of the Manchester Unity was held on Friday evening, the 21st February, in the Victoria Hall. The room was tastefully and artistically decorated for the occasion. There was a large and respectable assemblage, upwards of 350 of both sexes being present. The officers, stewards, &c., wore their sashes, medals, etc. After an excellent tea had been partaken of, J. W. Beck, M.D. (P.P.G.M.), was moved to the chair. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were given and all duly honoured, the Chairman proposed, in an able and well-delivered speech, "The Independent Order of Odd-Fellows and Belfast District." Past Grand William Henry responded in a lengthened address. He gave a history of the Order during the last half-century in England, Ireland, and the Colonies. Alluding to Belfast, he said this District now embraces five Lodges, namely, the Ulster, the Marquis of Donegall, the Belfast, the Tyrone, and the city of Carrickfergus, brethren from which were present. During the twenty years this District has been in existence, upwards of £2,000 has been paid to sick members, and nearly £1,500 to representatives of deceased members and members' wives, giving a total of £3,500. At this moment the various Lodges have to their credit, for the purpose of meeting the claims of members, the handsome sum of £2,240. In conclusion, he said let us then be active; let us lay aside all petty and personal considerations; let us, in the might of our motto—"Friendship, Love, and Truth"—go on carrying the banner of "Excelsior!" from conquering to conquer again, until our noble Order shall embrace within its bosom every inch of this our own Green Isle—"First flower of the earth—first gem of the sea." The Chairman next gave in succession, "The Carrickfergus Lodge," which was responded to by Mr. Robert Canavan; "The Town and Trade of Belfast," responded to by Mr. Samuel Teirney; "The Stewards," Mr. John Downing, and "The Ladies," Mr. William Rawlins.

LIVERPOOL DISTRICT.—ANNUAL DINNER OF THE BOARD OF MANAGEMENT.—On Wednesday, the 29th January, the annual dinner of the Officers constituting the Board of Management of the Liverpool District was held at Mr. Gerard Hofken's, the Vine Hotel, Pitt-street. There was a large attendance, the party numbering upwards of sixty. The chair was occupied by Prov. G.M. Bowman, supported by P.G.M. Thomas Luff, and P.P.G.M. Thomas Green. The vice-chair was filled by Prov. D.G.M. Clements, supported by P.P.G.M. Kirkham and Dr. Fenton. After the usual loyal toasts, Mr. T. Luff, in responding to the "Manchester Unity," expressed his regret that the Grand Master was not present to respond to the toast. He read a letter from the Grand Master, Mr. Jno. Gale, stating that he was obliged from ill health to forego the pleasure of being present at their anniversary. With regard to the executive; he could say that the men selected were men of intelligence, character, and standing, and when called upon to discharge any of those difficult and responsible duties which they had to undertake, they had, generally speaking, given satisfaction to the

great body of the members, now numbering about 320,000. He was given to understand that there had been an increase during the year, allowing for deaths and those who had left, of something like 20,000. This increase was less than during the last six or seven years, but it might be traced to the dearth of work in the manufacturing districts. If the institution were not founded on a firm basis it would soon fall to decay, but their experience was constantly proclaiming the contrary. Since he had joined the order the members had nearly doubled. Some years ago they conducted the business of their annual meetings with closed doors, but by a judicious change the press had been admitted, and since then the order had become popular amongst all classes; and he would say that to the public press the Manchester Unity was mainly indebted for the success it had attained. (Applause.) Mr. A. Rourke, Prov. C.S., in responding to "The Liverpool District and its Officers," said it was an old one of fifty year's standing; and though its present position, comparatively speaking, was not advancing so rapidly as could be wished, being hemmed in as it were by other districts, the Liverpool district was worth, as nearly as may be, £20,000 capital. Its members were healthy, and they were saving money to such an extent that he was only afraid of some of the members becoming dissatisfied that they were saving so much. (Applause and laughter.) It was rather an anomalous position, but it was one which gave the district officers more concern than if they were not saving—(laughter)—for the members now began to look round and ask what they were saving the money for. He hoped the doctrine which had prevailed in some lodges would not reach there, that they were saving too much, and that it might induce them to reduce their subscriptions or launch into greater expenses than their means would justify. Mr. H. Kirkham, P.P.G.M., proposed "Prosperity to the Oddfellows' Hall." He felt a strong conviction of the benefit that would accrue to the Liverpool district from its erection. At the commencement they scarcely showed a creditable balance sheet, but they had now got over that difficulty, and for the last year or two they were in a flourishing state. The Oddfellows' Hall was a matter of fact—a paying fact. (Applause.) A sum of £4,000 was voted for the hall; £1,300 of that was advanced by the Liverpool District, and the remainder from various lodges in the District. All parties who had in the first instance opposed the scheme were now, with few exceptions, in favour of it. The £1300 advanced from the Liverpool District was at the time in the bank realising only 2½ per cent. interest; but now it was receiving from the management of the hall 4½ per cent.—an advance of £20 to £25 more than could be obtained from the bank, and with equally satisfactory security. It had been the means of raising the principles of Oddfellowship considerably in the estimation of the authorities of the town. No fewer than 20 to 25 of their lodges now met there, besides other lodges. The proceedings of the evening were diversified by some appropriate songs, contributed by amateur vocalists.—*Abridged from the Liverpool Mercury.*

LIVERPOOL.—PRESENTATION.—At a financial committee of the Loyal "Phoenix" Lodge held on Wednesday, the 1st of January, 1862, a beautifully illuminated testimonial, in a splendid gilded frame, was presented to P.G. William Edmundson, bearing the following inscription:—"This Testimonial was presented to P.G. William Edmundson, by the Members of the Loyal "Phoenix" Lodge, No. 2,068, of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, Manchester Unity, Liverpool District, in token of the esteem in which he is held by them, and as an acknowledgement of the satisfactory manner in which he has filled the offices of N.G. and G.M. of the Lodge. As Witness, Frederick Errock, N.G.; William Smith, V.G., Elec. Sec.; Charles Fergie, Permt. Sec. P.G. Charles Feogie, the Permanent Secretary, in presenting the testimonial, said, he had known P.G. Edmundson many years, and the longer he had been acquainted with him the more he appreciated his worth. He had discharged the

duties of the offices to which he has been elected with zeal and fidelity, and, by his courteous, affable, conciliatory, and gentlemanly bearing had won golden opinions from all. Amongst collective bodies of men, at times a diversity of opinion upon subjects of importance might naturally be expected, and it required a skilful hand to avert the danger of unfriendly collision with each other. Whenever such had been the case amongst them, and he was proud to say it had been but seldom, P.G. Edmundson always came forward as the mediator, and by his judicious advice and conciliatory manners happily succeeded in calming the rising storm, and restoring peace and harmony amongst them. After impressing upon the members the necessity of attending the lodge, as it was their individual interests to do so, and to endeavour to emulate the example that P.G. Edmundson had set before them. He presented the testimonial, observing that, he felt sure he would at all times look upon it with feelings of pleasure, and when he was no more, that it would descend to his children, who would point to it with pride, and, in their bereavement, would be consoled by the reflection that the testimonial proclaimed the estimation in which their beloved father was held by the Members of the Loyal "Phoenix" Lodge. P.G. Edmundson feelingly responded. He felt proud at receiving the testimonial, and sincerely thanked them. It would be an incentive to him for future exertions, and he assured them it would at all times afford him sincere pleasure to further the interests of the Lodge, and to do all that he could to promote its prosperity.

MIDDLESBRO-ON-TEES.—At the annual meeting of this district, held in December last, the Pro. Grand Master, Mr. William Blackstone, read a valuable and most interesting report, from which we learn that the previous March committee had resolved "that the lodges in the district should have their assets and liabilities valued." This has been done, and the result announced in the report referred to. The Grand Master says, "It is very gratifying to us to lay before you the very satisfactory valuation of our lodges, that we have just received from Brother Ratcliffe, the C.S. of the order, compiled from the experience of the Manchester Unity for the years 1856 to 1860 both inclusive. From those valuations we find that the total value of the assets of the lodges in the district is £14,932 15s. 8d., and the liabilities are £12,600 5s. 2d., leaving a balance of surplus in favour of the lodges of £2,332 10s. 6d. Such a result must be very pleasing to us all, especially when we have the satisfaction of knowing, on good financial grounds, that our present payments are quite sufficient to meet all our demands, and that every year we may expect a profit to the society resulting from what we pay. Mr. Ratcliffe shews, in some of these valuation sheets that for every member that joins, and continues a member, at the age of 21, we receive a profit of £4 19s. 7d. if unmarried, and £3 8s. 7d. if married, and even up to the age of 35 it appears that upon all unmarried members admitted at that age, taking into consideration the extra contribution he pays, there is a profit of £1 1s. 8d., and an apparent loss of 16s. 4d. if married, but when we take into account the initiation fee paid by such member, it appears that the society is no loser by admitting members at this age. Some lodges appear to have a larger balance of surplus than their present capital amounts to. This, Mr. Ratcliffe explains, is owing to the number of young members belonging to the lodge, and that should any of those members leave it would be a corresponding loss to the society. Upon the whole Mr. Ratcliffe assures us it is very pleasing to him to have to report so favourably with regard to all our lodges." The district numbered at the end of the previous year 556 members. During the past year the sum of £226 14s. 8d., has been paid on the sick account, and £91 for funeral donations.

PIMLICO.—THE LATE MR. JAMES ROE, P.G.M.—At the Quarterly Committee of the Pimlico District, M.U., held on the 31st of December, 1861, the following resolution was passed unanimously:—"That this meeting cannot pass to the business of the day without alluding to the great loss they (in common

with the whole unity) have sustained through the lamented death of P.G.M. Roe, who, for many years has, with great ability, fulfilled the office of a director of the Society, Assistant Secretary at the Annual Committee, and Provincial C. S. of the North London District." [We understand that many other districts have, in a similar manner, expressed their sense of the valuable services rendered to the Unity by our late respected Past Grand Master Roe, and their unfeigned regret for his premature demise.]

POTTERY AND NEWCASTLE DISTRICT.—On Monday evening, March 3, a tea meeting and concert, for the benefit of the Widow and Orphan's Fund, took place in the Alfred Lodge Room, Fenton, when upwards of 200 members and friends sat down to tea. After tea, the large room was crowded, and R. T. Skerratt, Esq., Chief Bailiff of Fenton, was called upon to preside. In responding to the toast of the Order, Mr. Bennett, Prov. D.G.M., made a lengthy speech, pointing out to those who were not members, the benefit resulting to their families and friends by becoming members, and stated the progress the order had made during the past few years, both to its members and funds. P. Bowers, Prov. C.S., spoke to the toast of "The District," and mentioned the vast amount of good that had been accomplished during the past 20 years. It had been the means of aiding the funds of the North Staffordshire Infirmary to the amount of £150, and had made a number of other gifts for charitable purposes. The chairman spoke in flattering terms of the usefulness of the Order, and hoped to be spared some years, so that he might be enabled to render them substantial help. Messrs. Martin and Jackson's Quadrille Band was in attendance, and dancing was kept up until a late hour.

READING.—ANNIVERSARY DINNER AND BALL.—The Members of the Berkshire Lodge, Reading, celebrated their anniversary on Wednesday, the 29th January last. Previously to the dinner, Sir Francis Goldsmid and Mr. Serjeant Pigott were initiated Honorary Members of the Order. The dinner took place in the Town Hall at four o'clock in the afternoon. The brethren were habited in the dress peculiar to the Order. The chair was occupied by Sir F. Goldsmid, M.P., and the vice-chair by Mr. W. W. Moxhay. There was also present Mr. Serjeant Pigott, M.P., Mr. Alderman Palmer, Mr. C. Easton, Mr. T. Rogers, &c. The Chairman, in proposing the "Manchester Unity and the District Officers," said that so far as he understood the principles of the society, he believed them to be founded on reason and good sense. (Applause.) Mr. Davis (corresponding secretary), returned thanks, and in a lengthened speech explained the objects of the Society, and the mode in which those objects were carried out. Mr. Palmer, in proposing the health of the "Borough Members," said they had persons present of all creeds and all politics, but, that the Society expressly excluded controversial theology. (Hear, hear.) It was based upon the purely self-dependent element. (Hear, hear.) That feature of the Society particularly pleased him. They were told that to receive aid from the Society was no charity. (Hear.) He wished that every man and every woman would place themselves in the same position. (Applause.) Sir H. Goldsmid, and Serjeant Pigott addressed the company present. In the course of a lengthy speech, the latter observed, there had been no occasion on which he felt greater pleasure at being present. He had derived information as well as entertainment. He was not before aware of many of the facts connected with the Society which had been mentioned, they were very gratifying. Other toasts followed. After the dinner party had broken up, the tables were cleared, and the hall prepared for dancing. Nearly three hundred persons were present. The ball passed off in the most satisfactory manner.—*Abridged from the Berkshire Chronicle.*

SOUTH LONDON.—The officers have recently issued "an account of the sickness and mortality experienced in the South London District, and the amount

paid from the sick and funeral funds, from 1856 to 1860, both inclusive, compiled from the annual and quin-quennial returns of lodges by V. R. Burgess, Corresponding Secretary." The return shows the expectation of life or the number of years of risk at each age, the sickness experienced, the average sickness per member yearly, the average sickness in periods, the number of deaths, the rate of mortality per cent., the specific intensity, the number admitted by initiation at each age, and the number at each age erased for non-payment. Both the initiations and exclusions are most numerous at the earlier periods of life. During the five years 1,925 persons have been initiated, and 1,371 have been excluded. The number of deaths in the same period amounted to 233. The present number of members is not given; but, we find, that in Mr. Burgess's equally elaborate and valuable annual statement for 1860, that the district then included 4,256 members, owing less than twelve months' contribution. The following is an epitome of the experience during the quin-quennium, and the present financial position of the district.

Average Sickness experienced during the Five Years, 1856—60, expressed in weeks, days and hours.

| AGE. | WEEKS. | DAYS. | HOURS. | AGE. | WEEKS. | DAYS. | HOURS. |
|-----------------|--------|-------|--------|--------------|--------|-------|--------|
| 18 to 20 | 1 | 5 | 19 | 51—55 | 19 | 1 | 1 |
| 21—25 | 2 | 3 | 17 | 56—60 | 29 | 5 | 8 |
| 26—30 | 3 | 4 | 19 | 61—65 | 29 | 0 | 6 |
| 31—35 | 4 | 0 | 8 | 66—70 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| 36—40 | 5 | 2 | 13 | 71—75 | 213 | 0 | 21 |
| 41—45 | 7 | 6 | 12 | 76—80 | 130 | 0 | 0 |
| 46—50 | 10 | 6 | 2 | | | | |

| | £ | s. | d. |
|--|---------|----|----|
| Total Amount paid for Sickness from 1856 to 1860, both inclusive | 10,145 | 0 | 4 |
| Total Amount of Funeral Money paid for Members— | | | |
| 230 at £10 each | 2,300 | 0 | 0 |
| 3 half-free, £5 | 15 | 0 | 0 |
| Total Amount of Funeral Money paid for Members' wives— | 2,315 | 0 | 0 |
| 138 at £7 each | 966 | 0 | 0 |
| 6 half-free, £3 10 | 21 | 0 | 0 |
| 5 Widows, £5 | 25 | 0 | 0 |
| | 1,012 | 0 | 0 |
| | £13,472 | 0 | 4 |

| | | | |
|---|--------|----|-----|
| Capital of Sick and Funeral Funds, January 1, 1856... | 22,234 | 3 | 11½ |
| Capital ditto January, 1861 | 32,203 | 12 | 3½ |
| Increase | £9,969 | 8 | 3½ |

Total Amount of Capital Jan. 1, 1861.

| | | | |
|---|---------|----|----|
| Sick and Funeral Funds of Lodges and District | 32,203 | 12 | 3½ |
| Incidental Expenses Funds ditto | 1,150 | 13 | 6 |
| Distress Funds ditto | 501 | 2 | 9½ |
| Widow and Orphan Funds ditto | 6,006 | 5 | 9½ |
| Lodge Superannuation Fund | 205 | 16 | 7½ |
| | £40,157 | 11 | 0 |

VICTORIA.—LOYAL PRINCE OF WALES LODGE, ST. KILDA.—This Lodge was opened by the officers of the Order and District on April 17th, 1861, when Brother Thomas Hadley was elected N.G., Brother Josiah Chapman, V.G., and P.S. Goodrick, Sec. The Lodge consisted of seventeen members,

and, now, at the close of the year, numbers thirty-two; showing that it has steadily advanced in numerical strength. P.G. Duckett, of the Loyal Victoria Lodge, Melbourne, kindly volunteered to fill the office of G.M. during the first sitting, and to his kindness of disposition, and practical aid to the Officers, is to be traced, in a great measure, the success of the Lodge. The Members desirous of showing their respect and appreciation of such services, at an advertised meeting held after the regular sitting, presented P.G. Duckett with a handsome gold ring, with the following inscription engraved therein:—"Presented to P.G. Duckett by the Members of the 'Prince of Wales' Lodge, M.U.I.O.O.F., Oct., 1861." P.G. Duckett, in responding, thanked the Lodge for their handsome present, and hoped it would act as an incentive to Members of the Order to assist in establishing new Lodges on a new and permanent basis. The evening was spent in a very social and agreeable manner.

WORTHING.—WELL-MERITED TESTIMONIAL.—At a supper on Monday evening, February 10th, 1862, at the Spaniard Hotel, when about 100 Members of the Victoria Lodge of Odd-Fellows and friends sat down. The chair was taken by Mr. Verrall, Secretary, and Mr. Wm. Bennett was appointed vice. In the course of the evening the Chairman presented a very handsome timepiece and a purse of money to Mr. George Palmer, the founder of this Lodge, and spoke in the highest terms of the manner he had filled the office of Grand Master of the District in 1861. Mr. James Curtis, of Brighton, Corresponding Secretary, also testified to the same, and Mr. Palmer, in replying, warmly thanked the Members for this flattering testimony of their approval of his services. The timepiece, which was procured of Mr. Gilburd, watchmaker, of Worthing, bore the following inscription:—"Presented by the Members of the Victoria Lodge, No. 2,085, and other Lodges, in the Brighton District of the I. O. O. F., M. U., to Past Provincial Grand Master George Palmer, as a mark of their esteem and a recognition of the various services he has rendered the Order for a period of 25 years." The remainder of the evening was spent most pleasantly, and the repast, which was provided by Mrs. Bicknell, gave great satisfaction.

Obituary.

A GOOD ODD-FELLOW.—"What is an Odd-Fellow?" is a question that has been often asked and as often answered, the answers being sometimes suitable and sometimes ridiculous. We have several large Orders of Odd-Fellows, including the Loyal Independent, the National Independent, the Grand United, and many other Orders; but we have odd-fellows of a different stamp, not included in any of the fore-named orders, as for instance—some men are *odd* in dress, some *odd* in their manner, some *odd* in their choice of food, and some *odd* in their features; but the real and only odd-fellow worthy of our regard, is he whose daily life is spent in assuaging the troubles "which flesh is heir to," comforting the sick and distressed, and visiting the widow and orphan in their afflictions! It was a happy thing for "dear old England," when such men formed themselves into a brotherhood for the relief of distress, and though they chose an odd name for their fraternity, that name is now associated with works of benevolence and charity. From a few this Order has increased to many mem-

bers, amongst whom are included some of the greatest men of our land, who sympathize with our principles and objects and assist us in carrying them into effect.

Suppose amongst all these men we find one by whose means the Order has admitted into its bonds some hundreds or thousands of members, what is the duty of the Order to that man? Should he be passed by—his works unknown or unrewarded until his body lies mouldering in the grave, as has been too often the case? No, we all think, but it is sometimes unavoidable, either from little knowledge of the man or of his deeds. I have said *suppose* we find such a man, and some may imagine that it is only a supposition that one man should be the means of introducing into any Order "some hundreds or thousands of members;" but let us see.

The Manchester Unity of Odd-Fellows has now extended itself almost to every quarter of the globe, and amongst others an immense number of Americans are united to us by brotherly bonds; but how did they become so? Through the exertions of *one man*, and this man was Grand Sire Thomas Wildey, the "GOOD ODD-FELLOW," who has now departed to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns." As the Order in general, and those in particular who forward the progress of Odd-Fellowship by "taking in" our magazine, may wish to know something of this man, we have obtained a few particulars of his life from the scene of his labours, and in inserting them here we hope they may prove an example which all good Odd-Fellows will strive to imitate.

THOMAS WILDEY, G.S., of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows in America, was born in England in 1783, but emigrated to the New World in his youth, and settled at Baltimore, where he kept a small hotel, "at the south-west corner of Gay and Front-street," where, after a time, by honesty and perseverance, he left poverty in the lurch, and realised a fortune which enabled him to retire from active life as a publican, and to exercise those philanthropic feelings which pervaded his breast, and of which so many of our transatlantic brethren have received manifest tokens.

Speaking of him, the *Philadelphia Enquirer* says:—"Standing prominently as he did at the head of so large, so healthy, and so benevolent an institution, it would have been impossible for him, under any circumstances, to realize want. No man had a larger heart, or one more thoroughly imbued with the benign influence of kindness. It was ever open to charity, and his hand always ready to give. He seemed, indeed, to fully comprehend the great object of human life, which was to do good—a principle fully characteristic of the noble order to which and from which he had given and received so many honours, raising himself to the highest degree it is capable of bestowing."

At the early part of the present century there existed in Baltimore a Lodge approaching somewhat to those of our own Order, but unacquainted with its mysteries. This became known to Thomas Wildey, who had been initiated into those mysteries in the old country, and he, with John Welsh, John Duncan, John Cheatham, and Richard Rushworth called a meeting, which was held on the 26th of April, 1819, at the house of Mr. Lupton, at the "Seven Stars," in Second-street, and at this meeting was formed the first Lodge of Odd-Fellows in America, and which they named "The Washington Lodge," and subsequently obtained a dispensation from England. Since then Odd-Fellowship in America has rapidly increased in power, respectability, and usefulness, and its good offices and abundant charities are known and appreciated in every state in the New World.

Thomas Wildey was also a brother of the Masonic fraternity, but his attentions and benevolent actions were confined more to Odd-Fellowship than to any other kindred society. He aided in establishing schools for the education of poor children, for which there are many men who gratefully remember him. He was

first in every good enterprise connected with the order, and *has been* honoured with its highest compliments in the shape of medals, and other valuable gifts, which on all public occasions generally adorned the Grand Sire's person, and which he was always proud to receive and show. No one, perhaps, enjoyed or added more to the social hours of a convivial occasion than he, and the annual festivities of the Burns' and St. Andrew's clubs always found him a honorary guest.

But "it is appointed for all men once to die," and our truly worthy brother has now departed from his sphere of usefulness, in his seventy-ninth year. He was sat at breakfast, on the 19th of October last, apparently in good health, when, without a moment's warning, he fell back, and expired quietly in his chair. Thus died one whose life has been full of incident, and who was always proverbial for mirthfulness, good nature, charity, generosity, and, above all, unfaltering honesty. Thousands will not only remember his open, expressive, good-natured countenance, but sincerely commemorate his noble deeds.

His funeral took place on the Tuesday following his death, and was attended by all the lodges of the order in Baltimore, and many from surrounding districts, as well as by the Masonic fraternity in full regalia, all of which rendered the funeral ceremony an imposing, solemn, and beautiful display.

JOSEPH BRADBURY, P.S.

Mountaineer's Lodge, Saddleworth District.

WHITEFIELD, NEAR MANCHESTER.—DEATH OF A LOCAL WORTHY.—Our obituary of this day contains a notice of the death of Mr. John Jones, of Whitefield, at the age of 72 years. The deceased was well known in the locality, having for more than thirty years been superintendent of the Sunday-School connected with Stand Church, and for nine years secretary to the sick and burial society attached to the institution; and it is but justice to his memory to say, that in both those positions he won for himself a high place in the esteem of all concerned, for the rectitude of his character, for his kind counsel and advice, and for the good sense which he invariably displayed. Mr. Jones was also a member of the Earl of Wilton Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows for about thirty-two years, and as a proof of the estimation in which he was held by his brethren he was appointed to, and satisfactorily filled, all the various offices and places of trust in connection with the order, and at the time of his decease was past provincial grand master of the Bury district. He had been instrumental in founding several lodges in the district, and was a generous supporter and warm advocate of the Widow and Orphan's Fund connected with the order. His interment took place on Wednesday last, and his remains were borne to their final resting place by the members of his lodge, preceded by the Rev. T. Corser, rector of Stand, at the head of the Sunday-School teachers. We understand that a sermon to improve his death was preached on the following Sunday.—*Bury Times*, March 8.

ODD-FELLOW'S FUNERAL.—The funeral of the late Mr. John Duke, of Broadwater, age 33, took place February 16th. The Officers and Brethren of the Loyal Victoria Lodge, Worthing, and relatives, and also some of the Members of the Castle Lodge, Arundel, followed his remains through the town of Arundel, and then proceeded to Houghton Church in procession to his last resting-place; and, by the kind consent of the Rev. Mr. Clarkson, of Amberley, the Odd-Fellows' Funeral Address was delivered by Past Provincial Grand Master George Palmer in a solemn and impressive manner.



Yours truly
V R Bunge

THE
ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1862.

Vincent Robert Burgess, C.S.

THE father of Mr. Burgess was the son of a Northampton farmer. He came to the metropolis soon after the completion of the term of his apprenticeship, to the trade of a cooper, where he married and settled in life. He died, however, at the early age of 26, leaving a widow and two children, the elder, the subject of the present memoir, born on the 14th of February, 1815, being less than three years of age at the time. In the same year his younger brother died. By the sole exertions of his mother he was maintained and educated until he reached the age of twelve years. The latter portion of his education was gained at the British and Foreign School in the Borough-road. He left school to enter the establishment of Mr. J. Spicer, hat manufacturer, Red Cross-street, Southwark, with whom he remained, including the period of his apprenticeship, for twelve years. He was engaged in the warehouse and counting-house department of the business during a considerable portion of the time. During his apprenticeship he became a member of the Mechanics' Institution, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, to which he devoted a large portion of the time at his disposal. Wishing to extend his knowledge of the business, he voluntarily transferred his services to the establishment of Messrs. Cooper and Co., in the city, on which occasion he received a most flattering testimonial from his old employer. He remained in his new situation for six years, and when he wished to change, with a view of further improvement, he received from the city firm an equally flattering testimonial. After some varied experience, Mr. Burgess, in December, 1847, commenced business on his own account, in the Old Kent-road. He is still a single man. His domestic establishment is, however, ably presided over by his worthy mother.

Mr. Burgess was present at the opening dinner of the City of London Lodge, South London District, on the 25th April, 1839, but was not

initiated a member until the 20th of June following, since which time he has never been out of office. As secretary, he prepared the first, as he has every subsequent, annual balance sheet. Notwithstanding, as his lodge holds its meetings weekly, he early passed through the chairs. The "City of London" is generally regarded by its many visitors as one of the most successful and best conducted lodges in the Unity, and although it contains many both talented and hard-working members, yet no inconsiderable portion of its success is cheerfully ascribed, by those who have laboured with him, to his steady attention to his duties, and the clear and intelligent manner in which he has kept the accounts of the lodge, and from time to time explained its financial condition. In the earlier years of the lodge's existence he refused to accept of a salary for his services; but in November, 1841, the members voluntarily presented him with a beautiful silver snuff-box of the value of five pounds, as a mark of their respect and their approval of his conduct. In October, 1859, the members again presented to him a mark of their approval and esteem, in the shape of a silver inkstand, &c., particulars of which presentation appeared in the Magazine for April, 1860.

In 1847, Mr. Burgess suggested the propriety of forming a "Sick Extension Fund," or rather a fund for the extension of sick relief, with the view to avoid the necessity of those members who were willing and able to pay for an increased insurance joining some other society. It appears to have been the only one in the district that has proved completely successful. Mr. Burgess, in 1854, likewise took an active part in the establishment of a library in connection with the lodge. It now contains about 150 volumes. He has likewise been amongst the most active supporters of the "Benevolent Fund," and has laboured most indefatigably on all committees appointed to arrange for benefits, demonstrations, or excursions, in connection therewith.

Mr. Burgess was elected secretary of the district on the 24th Sept., 1849, which office he still retains. Previously, in 1847, he produced statistical tables, showing the condition of the Widows and Orphans Fund, which aroused the attention of the members, and caused much valuable and some angry discussion. Mr. Burgess persevered, amid both good and evil report, in his endeavours to re-organize this fund, and success ultimately crowned his efforts. During the whole of his career, indeed, he has been indefatigable in his efforts to advance every movement calculated to improve the financial position of either his lodge, his district, or the order. He has flinched from no work, and bowed before no obloquy, in the pursuit of this great object. Those who have fought in the same fight with him know best how to appreciate the kindness of his manner, his steady resolution, and his perfect truthfulness. The number of reports which he has published, and the statistical information which he has collected and digested from time to time have had a most valuable influence, beyond the area of his own local labours. His example in this respect cannot be too earnestly followed by other secretaries, for, upon the circulation of reliable information deduced from our own past experience in districts, much of our future prosperity depends. Many of his reports, and particularly the one showing the entire experience of his lodge since its commencement, and that giving the results of the quinquennial returns of the South London District,

have entailed upon him much labour. They reflect equal credit upon his resolution, his intellectual sagacity, and his unwearied industry.

During the agitation for legalization Mr. Burgess rendered good service on the local committee. He was, likewise, most active in the movement which resulted in the repeal of the obnoxious clause afterwards introduced by the registrar, which empowered a small majority of the members to "wind up" the affairs of a society without the consent of the remainder.

Mr. Burgess has represented the South London District at the following A. M. C.s:—Southampton, Dublin, Carlisle, South London, Durham, Lincoln, Norwich, Swansea, Leicester, Shrewsbury, and Bolton. This year he is not only elected a delegate to Brighton, but is nominated for the office of Deputy Grand Master of the Order, with a fair prospect of success.

His services to the district were handsomely acknowledged in August, 1860, by the presentation of a splendid gold watch and chain, valued at 40*l*. An interesting demonstration took place on the occasion at Anderton's Hotel, Fleet-street, particulars of which will be found in the *Odd-Fellows' Magazine* for October, 1860.

Mr. Burgess, by the native kindliness of his disposition, his unobtrusive manners, and his sterling integrity, has endeared himself to a large circle of friends, not only in his own immediate locality, but in many of our country districts—friends who will doubtless hail with unfeigned pleasure "his counterfeit presentment" in the pages of the magazine, and who will join the writer of this necessarily imperfect sketch in heartily wishing him good health and prosperity, and a lengthened career of usefulness in the cause of our beloved institution.

LOVE AND SLEEP.

(From *National Songs of Servia*, translated by Owen Meredith.)

I walkt the high and hollow wood, from dawn to even-dew,
The wild-eyed wood stared on me, and unclasped and let me through,
Where mountain pines, like great black birds, stood percht against the blue.

Not a whisper heaved the woven roof of those warm trees:

All the little leaves lay flat, unmoved of bird or breeze:

Day was losing light around by indolent degrees.

Underneath the brooding branches, all in holy shade,

Unseen hands of mountain things a mossy couch had made;

There asleep among pale flowers my beloved was laid.

Slipping down, a sunbeam bathed her brows with bounteous gold,

Unmoved upon her maiden breast her heavy hair was roll'd;

Her smile was silent as the smile on corpses three hours cold.

"O God!" I thought, "if this be death, that makes not sound nor stir!"

My heart stood still with tender awe, I dared not waken her,

But to the dear God in the sky, this prayer I did prefer:

"Grant, dear Lord, in the blessed sky, a warm wind from the sea,

To shake a leaf down on my love from yonder leafy tree;

That she may open her sweet eyes, and haply look on me."

The dear God, from the distant sea, a little wind releast,

It shook a leaflet from the tree, and laid it on her breast;

Her sweet eyes open'd and looked on me. How can I tell the rest?

Vital Statistics.

OUR RECENT EXPERIENCE.

It is somewhat singular, in England, at least, where the Baconian or *inductive* method of procedure, in scientific or philosophical research, has so long dominated over the *deductive*, that statistical information should, until recently, have been held in comparatively little repute. Achenwall, who introduced the term "statistics" into literature about the middle of last century, is generally regarded as the first systematic writer on the subject. It met, however, with little favour for many years afterwards; indeed, its present importance in popular estimation is but of relatively recent growth. Adam Smith, unlike his modern eulogists, in his now famous work, "The Wealth of Nations," as became a true disciple of the Scotch school of metaphysics, despised the inductive method. He preferred reasoning from what he termed "general principles;" and flatly stated that he had "no great faith in political arithmetic," as he designated the facts and figures of the practical traders of his time. A distinguished orator, scholar, and statesman, not many years ago, is said to have declared that he could "prove anything from figures;" that, indeed, no species of evidence was more fallacious than figures, except (mark the exception)—except facts! Of course, he referred to the things continually quoted as "facts" by the advocates of special views, and to figures concocted, not with a view to elicit truth, but to subserve some previously idolised theory or hypothesis. It matters little to the cause of truth whether false evidence appears on the tongue of the perjurer, the parchment of the forger, or in the distorted mental vision of the enthusiast or bigot. Falsehood will ever exercise its baneful influence in whatever fashion it may be clothed. But truth will never lose a single ray of her enlightening power, or a cent of her value to mankind, through the blunderings of ignorance and folly, or the wiles of mendacity, however specious. The more delicate the intellectual machine and the more sensitive its action, the greater is the care required in its manipulation, in order to ensure the truthfulness of its motion or the certainty of its results. This is especially the case with statistics. Incomplete, partial, or misunderstood, they often, of course, lead to serious error. But in many departments of practical science, and in the conduct of every-day life, true statistical information is of paramount importance. It furnishes the corner stones, the very foundations of some of the fairest portions of the great social edifice. It is the very life-blood of all insurance, from the humblest friendly society's limited operations to the stupendous engagements of the underwriters at Lloyd's. The English boast they are a thoroughly practical people. They care little for theories, unless the said theories happen to sustain or countenance their own practical impressions. The national mind is essentially of the inductive cast. It lays great stress upon what it calls "facts;" and, although, in the main, shrewd enough to detect deliberate imposture, yet it often draws conclusions from very imperfect knowledge, and is with difficulty prevailed upon to revise

its judgment. This has been strikingly the case with respect to friendly society finance. The few "facts" on the surface have, for a time, too often presented a roseate aspect, which inspired unbounded confidence, when a deeper insight and a further knowledge of "facts" would have excited not only suspicion, but alarm.

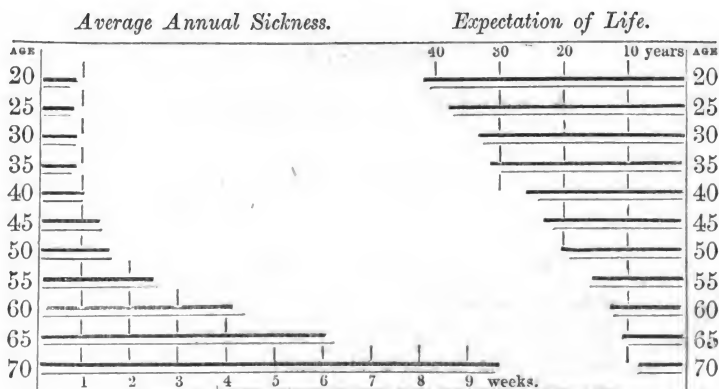
Pope has said, "a little learning is a dangerous thing;" and, of course, every orator who has had an opportunity of making a speech—post-prandial or otherwise—on the blessings or miseries which promiscuous education would entail upon the community, has duly quoted the pet scrap of sententious wisdom, and commented upon it with becoming lucidity. Some very hard-headed, and by no means soft-hearted, philosophers suggest the alternative of "crass ignorance" for the masses, as the only effective antidote to the "little learning" poison of the pedagogue poet. But this very profound and comprehensive remedy seems to savour slightly of the wisdom of a sapient member of a community belonging to the genus *Mus*, who, in full council assembled, solemnly prescribed a clear-toned tin-tinabulum, or small silver bell, for the neck of a certain feline free ranger—an indefatigable "tortoise-shell tabby," or ordinary blood-thirsty "tom-cat," nobody knows which—as the only means calculated to effect the salvation of the terrified remnant of the devastated colony of sleek-hided, nimble-footed, cheese-nibblers. The idea was truly magnificent. What a pity its execution was simply impracticable! So it is with regard to the "little learning" difficulty. Hercules himself, if his brain had been as tough as his muscles—which, by the bye, was by no means the case—could not have made the aforesaid dangerous little knowledge very much less. And if he could; *cui bono*? Yes, where would be the advantage? The danger which infests learning, according to the tuneful dialectician and moralist, appears to thrive on the littleness of the scholastic nutrition, and not on its profusion. He, therefore, wisely prescribes, not total abstinence, but "deep drinking" at the pure fountain of knowledge, as the only remedy for the dangers resulting from "little learning," or, in other words, from active ignorance.

So it has been with regard to friendly society statistics. The littleness, or the imperfect character of the knowledge possessed, originally misled men imbued with the best intentions, amongst both members and actuaries. Repeated failure begat suspicion, and suspicion ripened into contempt or indifference. But honest progress towards the shrine of truth is never totally arrested by the stumblings of even her sincerest votaries. Its march may be retarded, or slightly diverted, but its course is ever onwards. This was never more clearly exhibited than by the history of friendly societies during the last quarter of a century. The hypothesis of Dr. Price, with respect to average sickness, had been demonstrated by experiment to be erroneous, and tables founded upon it had produced hetacombs of prematurely defunct sick clubs in various parts of the country. Further theorising on the additional data obtained, led to some improvement, but not sufficient to prevent one of the first actuaries of the day (1825) expressing a doubt as to sickness following any certain law, and the consequent impossibility of forming tables calculated to meet the requirements of an insurance against the risk. The labours of Ansell, Neison, and others, however, followed, and valuable light from the torch of truth, not, however, altogether

unshadowed by error, began eventually to dawn upon the professional mind as well as upon that of the more reflecting members.

The most important step in this direction, was taken by the members of the Manchester Unity, in 1846, when returns, showing the past experience of its branches, were called for by the executive government. The legislation at Glasgow and Newcastle, in the preceding years, had been somewhat in advance of the educational element, and insubordination and open rebellion naturally resulted. Many returns, though imperfect in some respects, were, however, obtained; and the valuable work compiled by Mr. Henry Ratcliffe, and published by the directors, in 1851, resulted. A most important lesson in practical legislation was inculcated by the Glasgow experiment. It was seen that instruction must, of necessity, precede legislation, especially in matters of friendly societies' finance, in order to secure the hearty co-operation of the members themselves, without which, laws, however excellent in themselves, are merely dead letters. Mr. Buckle, in his History of Civilization in England, justly observes that "No reform can produce real good, unless it is the work of public opinion, and unless the people themselves take the initiative. To seek to change opinions by laws is worse than futile. It not only fails, but it causes a reaction, which leaves the opinion stronger than ever. First alter the opinion, and then you may alter the law." Such has been the course of the leading members of the Manchester Unity, for the last few years. We hear now of no threats of secession, because returns are wanted to verify or correct our financial arrangements. The schoolmaster has properly preceded the legislator, and with the most happy results.

The quinquennial returns (1856-60) from the various lodges in the unity were placed in the hands of Mr. Henry Ratcliffe, the Corresponding Secretary, and that gentleman has now submitted to the members and the public, the result of his labour in tabular forms adapted for practical use. Unquestionably these tables are more worthy of reliance than any heretofore published, either by the government actuaries or by independent societies. The quantity of data was ample, and Mr. Ratcliffe wisely eliminated all schedules which bore indications of error or imperfection. Still his new tables of sickness and mortality exhibit averages deduced from the experience of upwards one million years of life. It is gratifying to find that the value of life has perceptibly improved since the collection of the previous returns. The average rate of sickness has likewise diminished, as might have been anticipated from many causes; but this is not so apparent in the table, owing to the introduction of an additional element into the calculation, which operates adversely, especially at the earlier periods of life. In computing the averages from the previous data, the total sickness for each year of life was divided by the number of members who had entered upon that year, without reference to the fact that the newly initiated did not, and could not, claim for six months after admission. The apparent sickness, therefore, was less than the real. In the present tables the total sickness has been divided only amongst the really liable members, and consequently the average rate is somewhat higher at those ages which are most prolific in new members. The following diagram will show more distinctly than columns of figures the difference in the results derived from the two experiences:—



The dark line represents the experience of 1856-60; and the light line that of 1846-8.

The near agreement in principle of these two distinct experiences must strike the most careless observer, and convince him of the value of the facts for future guidance.*

The supplement to Mr. Ratcliffe's previous work contained much valuable information, and many important tables that were new to statistical literature. The whole of these improvements have been embodied and extended in the recent work. They consist of tables of annuities for the computation of the value of wives' funeral money, and of periodically declining rates of sick allowance. Separate tables are given, likewise, for societies having members engaged in hazardous employments. The benefit to a society resulting from "lapsed policies," as they are technically termed, including secessions and expulsions, is likewise computed, and their legitimate influence on the subscriptions shown in tables specially prepared for the purpose. Mr. Ratcliffe has likewise given the money value of every class of risk, and a lucid exposition of the method of procedure by which the results have been obtained, and an example, in minute detail, of a valuation of the assets and liabilities of a lodge. This will enable any secretary to test the financial condition of any society or branch without the aid of an actuary. The work is sold to members at so very reasonable a price, that few interested in the improvement of the society need be without a copy. Its extensive circulation, both within and without the Order, cannot fail to be productive of a vast amount of good, and lay the foundation of wise legislation for the future. The members of the Manchester Unity have reason to congratulate themselves on the fact, that they have on this occasion outstripped the government officials in promptitude in the circulation of the results of the recent experience. Indeed, the writer is informed on the best authority, that, although an immense quantity of returns lay at Mr. Pratt's office, the government have not yet, as he heretofore, ordered their analysis, with the view to the publication of the results.—C. H.

* NOTE.—I have often been requested to publish the diagram which I use when lecturing on Friendly Societies. I have hitherto delayed complying, simply because I was anxious to avail myself of the latest and most matured experience of the society. The above is a miniature copy of the one I have recently adopted. I propose shortly to print it on a large scale, with the view to its being exposed in lodge rooms and other places of public resort.

DOVEDALE.

A SERIES OF SONNETS.

BY FRANK INGLETON.

[ORIGINAL.]

No. 1.—THE PORTAL OF THE DALE.

RISE, rise, autumnal Sun, all rich and grand,
From Earth's fair face dispel the misty shroud,
While giant portals, Bunster and Thorpe cloud,
Receive us, and we pass to fairy-land !
Oh ! wild twin-hills that rise on either hand,
Who, gazing on your gray and sombre sides—
Who could divine the loveliness that hides
Coyly behind you ? Sentinels ye stand,
To guard from rude approach such beauty rare
As we may dream of, but can seldom see
In waking hours. Your stern simplicity
And uncongenial aspect, bleak and bare,
Serve to enhance the wondrous mystery
Of beauty, which ye hide with jealous care !

No. 2.—THE DALE.

The Portal pass'd, we reach the enchanted land,
And midmost of the vale, a rocky mound
Attracts us, and we climb, and gazing round,
Marvels behold of the Enchantress' hand—
The Enchantress Nature—who, with potent wand,
Hath wrought her will, and group'd in wildest mood—
Wildest and most fantastic—tangled wood
With splinter'd spires of rock, that ghost-like stand
'Mid the green foliage. Ever upward floats,
In variations of melodious sound,
In modulations of all sweetest notes,
Re-echoed ever from the cliffs around—
The voice of the bright river, filling all
The enchanted vale with murmurs musical.

No. 3.—REYNARD'S CAVE.

He who, first wand'ring through this valley fair,
Bends on the steep hillside his casual gaze,
Stands well-nigh fixed and stricken with amaze,
To see that mighty archway springing there,
And overhanging him in middle air—
So huge, yet seeming as though e'en a breath
Might shake it down, and with a ponderous death
O'erwhelm the rash intruder, while despair

And terror hold him powerless. Sooth it seems
 A mass enormous, pierced by cunning hand
 Of giant-artist, with a portal grand,
 Leading to regions of stupendous dreams !
 Well may the gazer in its presence stand
 Oblivious of all else—woods, rocks, or streams !

No. 4.—FROM THE CAVE.

Yet whoso, mastering his first surprise,
 Climbs with adventurous foot the dizzy steep,
 And, through the archway, views the valley deep,
 As far below in loveliness it lies,
 Set in its rocky framework picture-wise,
 And seeming like a strange and transient peep
 Of some bright spot where fairies revels keep :
 Whoso does thus, shall have before the eyes
 Of memory, in many a distant day,
 When the original is far away,
 A picture which can be revived at will—
 Gray ivyed-crag, wild-wood, and sunbright rill—
 A scene, remembrance of whose charms will soothe
 His care, and many a rugged hour make smooth.

No. 5.—THE NARROW PASS.

All the rare loveliness that ever was
 Enshrined in poet's or in painter's dream—
 All wildest groupings of rock, wood, and stream,
 Seem congregated in this narrow pass.
 In crystal pools as clear and smooth as glass
 Rests the fair stream awhile, then hurries on,
 Leaping from ledge to ledge, glad to be gone ;
 While scatter'd round us many a mighty mass
 Of splinter'd rock uprears its hoary head
 With ivy-wreaths and wild-flowers garlanded,
 And bas'd in tangled brushwood clustering round.
 Here let us rest, a soft and heathery bed
 Receives us, while both eye and ear are fed
 By rare perfections both of sight and sound.

No. 6.—THE DALE BY MOONLIGHT.

Wouldst thou behold a picture of the power
 Of Nature, in her weirdest, wildest mood ?
 Roam thou this valley in the solitude
 And dreamlike mystery of the midnight hour,
 When the gigantic crags that upwards tower
 From blackest depths, like spires of silver shine,
 Smit by the full-orb'd moon with light divine,
 That falls upon them in a sparkling shower,
 While, 'neath their mighty shadow, each recess
 Behind them, pall'd in ebon darkness, lies
 An awful Hades of mysterious gloom ;
 While *they* shine on in radiant loveliness,
 Catching the light-celestial from the skies,
 Like angel-presences above the tomb.

Bowdon, 19th March, 1862.

Doing Too Much.

BY ELIZA COOK.

WE have only to cast our eyes around us, allowing a small quantity of brain to accompany them, and it will, we think, be prominent to all observers, that the possibility of "doing too much" is most amply and diversely proved in this present era of the last half of the nineteenth century. We have met with an old Greek saying, tantamount to the declaration, that "all evil is the excess of good;" and, verily, we may find practical evidence pretty often, strongly confirmatory of the philosophical assertion. Let us state in this prefatory portion of our pages, that our own temperament, pursuits, and desires, all tend to encourage and aid the vital "keep moving" principle of "progression." We are no mourners over the days of the old eight-horse waggon system of locomotion, when a snail of sound constitution, accustomed to out-door exercise, would have stood a fair chance of starting from London with the celebrated "*Highflyer*" coach, and entering York, neck-and-neck with the said astonishing volcicpede. We have no prejudiced respect for the memory of the ancient "watchmen of the night," who, by combination of age, "rheumatiz," and being wrapped up in a blanket, were incapable of all "springy" movement, save that attached to their rattle. We have no regret at not living in the times when street illumination was so rare that an ignorant urchin, on hearing some eminent divine mentioned as a "shining light," expressed a strong wish that he might be "hung up at the end of their alley." We are conscious of possessing a natural dislike to "*vis inertia*," excepting in the case of a scandalizing tongue or a blood-thirsty flea. We have implicit faith in the great axle of "Endeavour," on which the wheels of Civilization, Commerce, Art, Science, and Fame must ever revolve. We would adopt the advice which Demosthenes gave touching the essentials of oratory, and write the motto, "Action, Action, Action," on every human brow. We consider this same honest, intelligent "Action" as the wholesome tonic stimulant which clears the skin, invigorates the frame, elevates the mind, fills the pocket, establishes the character, and helps more to keep his Satanic Majesty at bay, than all the Utopian moral bubbles and "good intentions" ever entertained by opium-eating dreamers. To "do" is the noblest verb active in the grammar of Life; *but*—oh! that terrifying, breaker-a-head word—*but* it is easily possible to "do" *too much*; and then Common Sense, looking on as a Humane Society's man would at the heedless, bustling skater, twirling and pirouetting with egotistical glee over cracked ice, shouts with loud alarm, "Dangerous!"

As it is difficult to trace the boundary line between reason and insanity, so it is frequently a delicate question regarding the certainty where "doing enough" is accomplished, and "doing too much" commences. Yet, we maintain that the present conduct of business and pleasure offers such unmistakeable examples of the latter, that no perplexity exists in finding a verdict of guilty on that score against myriads of individuals, who imagine they are model men and women, and fulfilling their respective duties and positions in a most praiseworthy manner. Let us simply turn to our neighbour, Mr. Dalrymple, whose father, a respectable drysalter, left his son a fine business a few years since. The son, however, soon "cut" the old gentleman's jog-trot concern, and allied his undaunted energy and speculative talent to innumerable "companies" and various commercial undertakings, which so absorb his time and thought, that he flies about from one office to another; from this actuary to that secretary—now at the desk, then on the Exchange, now in deep consultation over a whispered bankruptcy; then despotic in prompt command respecting an invoice of indigo and cochineal; and so entirely given up to calculations, doubts, purposes, anxieties, and endea-

yours, connected with the great world of money making, that his existence appears to be that of a man fastened to a rapidly turning mill-sail. He is up at seven o'clock in his country residence, Holly Lodge, about eighteen miles from town; dresses and shaves in a flurry, rushes down to his breakfast as though escaping from a fire, and swallows his toast and coffee with spasmodic haste, with his watch before him on the table. He bolts the mouthfuls without sparing a second to speak to his wife, who has hurried down after him, and would fain give him a domestic commission to execute in town, but the thing is impossible. "I shall not have a minute to spare to-day," he exclaims. Alas! it is the same every day—and he pockets his watch, seizes his hat and a parcel of papers, and strides through the hall with desperate steps, having six minutes to do a ten minutes' walk to the station. He has no leisure, of course, to take food until his return to dinner at seven P.M. Figures, facts, plans, and conferences hold him with Ogre power, until he goes through the four diurnal courses, and consumes at one meal, that which should be divided into three, producing, of course, a lethargic somnolency, from which he arouses only to think over how he shall arrange that affair with the Messrs. Dowbiggon to-morrow. Poor Mrs. Dalrymple and the little Dalrymples are of small earthly consequence to his earthly happiness. They are mere household appendages. He has no time to hear how Edward has got on with his Latin; he has no time to take an interest in Emily's attempt to sketch their house from the river bank; he has no time to admire the slippers which his wife is working for him. The children interfere with his abstruse thinking, and must be kept in the upper portion of the establishment while he is within the walls. Mrs. Dalrymple is secretly discontented and unhappy; wishing that her husband would give a little more of himself to home matters and affections; and take her occasionally to a Chiswick fete, or the opera. Strong symptoms are evident of Mr. Dalrymple's liver being seriously deranged, which considerably affects his temper; and strong suspicions are stirring respecting the visits of a military gentleman, who appears to take Holly Lodge in his drives pretty frequently; but, as the good natured neighbours observe: "Mr. Dalrymple is so entirely devoted to business, that he may naturally expect things at home to go wrong in some shape or other." There is much truth in this, and our secret opinion reluctantly concurs in the notion, that Mr. Dalrymple will painfully discover at no very remote period, that he has been "doing too much."

We can readily cite another palpable, and we unwillingly own, rather mortifying source of illustration to the title of this paper. We will touch on it gently, and not say all we could upon it. Our attention is turned in this instance to young ladies, in reference to their conduct towards young gentlemen. We were wont to entertain the Gothic notion that it is the man's place to woo the woman; and that delicate attentions and symptoms of devotion should emanate from the Damon, and not the Celia of pastoral and legitimate courtship; but we suppose an inverted order of things is now pervading society, and that it is the duty of Miss Rosalie and Miss Flora to let Mr. Augustus and Mr. Adolphus see that their whiskers and moustaches have made a powerful impression, and have such magnetic attractions, that, if seen on the Parade, at Brighton, or in "Decomposition-row," Hyde-park, Miss Rosalie and Miss Flora, under the modest influence of "pork-pie hats and nobbie little feathers," cannot resist paying voluntary and unsought homage to the gentlemen. Time was, when a young cavalier deemed it a blissful chance to have the opportunity of picking up a lady's fan or handkerchief, and thought it good service to watch around the walls that held some fair one's form, in hopes of gaining a kindly glance, or wave of the hand; but, alas! the case is strangely altered. We now see young maidens with (we are ashamed to write it) more colour in their cheeks and lips than God gave them. We see them with their persons so ostensibly

adorned by the combination of showy flowers, flaunting lace, kiss-curls, visible pearl powder, and "fast" mantles, that it is difficult to distinguish between the lady who belongs to a respectable family, and the questionable individual who would be perfectly "at home" in a casino polka. We see girls of tender age, ogling and leering, and indulging in those unmistakable signs of unseemly precocity, which cannot fail to offend and repulse any man of delicate and just perception, though he may possibly *amuse* himself for a short time with the frivolous *dolls* who seem to open and shut their eyes for his express admiration. It is derogatory to see so many pairs of slippers and braces bestowed by single ladies on single gentlemen. It is not pleasant to perceive the insinuating and affected manner "put on" by girls when "a gentleman" enters the room. It is nothing unusual to observe an additional light in the eye, a fresh tone in the voice, and a general style of eager bearing in a woman, when a masculine individual of any available characteristics joins the feminine, social group. Attentions are offered him—flattering speeches are addressed—prosy "*badinage*" indulged in, and a freedom and warmth of conversational license adopted, which must strike the dullest witness as something very distinguished from the indifferent and cool treatment bestowed on the whiskerless mortals around. May we venture to tell our young lady friends that this line of conduct is neither wholesome nor becoming. The man who is to be won by such un-Eve-like approaches is not worth the love of a true, high-hearted, sensitive woman. The feeling which exists in the heart of him who allows himself to be "caught" by the wooing which is "done" for him, differs as much from real, pure affection, as the midnight glare of a dancing saloon does from the soft, rich sunshine in a flowery valley. Lucky is the bride, if it is only a fool she has secured and not a brute; and sorry are we to observe such a tendency in fashionable young ladies to reverse the order of nature, and make very open offers of themselves to any conceited well-looking simpleton who may cross their path. We would advise them to remember that in nineteen cases out of twenty, the said simpleton is wise enough to create considerable mirth among his "fellows" at the club by bandying the young lady's name in terms of jest and ridicule, which perfectly explains that she is "doing a great deal too much."

Let us glance at another, and widely different phase of action; in which we frequently see a sad result from this same propensity. With all due respect for the profession we are about to mention; and with all gratitude for the unlimited amount of relief bestowed on mankind by that profession; yet it may truly be said, that medical men are very apt to fall into the mistake of "doing too much;" and that if coroners' inquests might return a just verdict on many who pass away under the treatment of the sons of Esculapius, we should find it couched in those few words. Cases come under every one's knowledge, where irritants, blisters, starvation, and bleeding are sedulously resorted to, when it has been painfully proved that soothing and nourishment were chiefly needed. A little "letting alone" would often be the height of wisdom and kindness; and a degree of judicious and watchful trust to Nature would be more advisable than a precipitate and determined course of routine administration; but, alas! when we "call in a doctor," he *must* do *something* of a decided and active character, before the patient is satisfied, or the patient's friends can feel dependence on the skill they have enlisted. Symptoms may be serious and perplexing; secret causes may produce mystifying developments; peculiar temperaments and constitutions may be so sensitive that a doubt may exist as to whether it would not be safer to permit the temporary existence of a light ailment, than to rashly employ agencies which may operate merely as torturing experiments; but *something must be done*. Physic is poured into the patient, which may increase, rather than alleviate, the derangement; blood is taken away when blood is needed; emetics are given when the poor stomach is already too reduced in tone and

power; and the "system" is diligently "lowered," while the over-wrought, fiery nerves are crying out for all the auxiliary aid and strength which they can get. We distinctly wish to impress on our readers that we deeply and widely appreciate the blessings bestowed by the medical faculty, as a body. No class of men exists more valuable to humanity—no skill, properly directed, is so precious as theirs; but we maintain, also, that no class of men commit more frightful errors, arising from blundering ignorance, or over zealous officiousness; and the most common and fatal among those errors consist in "doing too much."

Another painful illustration of our heading presents itself, as regards the labours of highly gifted authors. We have a clever young friend who declares that every man and woman of genius, after having given to the world a certain amount of great and enduring thought, ought to be prohibited from writing, and sent to some enchanted island, to live till they die, as the late Duke of Wellington's war-charger, "Copenhagen," did; without work. How well we remember with what delight and admiration we read Sir Walter Scott's marvellous conceptions, which had been poured forth while his brain was as vigorous and fresh as his own mountain torrents—his "Kennilworth," his "Ivanhoe," his "Antiquary,"—those glorious incarnations of History and Romance, which must ever charm the dullest of mankind. Why were we ever allowed to read his "Peveril of the Peak," his "Castle Dangerous," his "Count Robert of Paris,"—those tame, dreary volumes, which made us sigh, and almost weep, as we closed them in weary disappointment? Why did not some kind friend inveigle the pen out of the "Wizard's" hand, before it had given to the cold and critical world the mournful evidence of a giant mind fading into feeble bitterness? Why was the gorgeous luminary of the North permitted to display to idle gazers the vaporous flicker of its latest shining? Poor Sir Walter! but he was only one of many. Look at the magnificent heart-firing bursts of Thomas Campbell, which fell from his lyre in its palmy days, like pearls and diamonds from the fairy's lips. Mark the power, the truth, the pathos, which fix them among England's choicest poesy—then turn to the pages which contain his last effusions of weak, childish, nerveless rhyme; and who, while dwelling on the last, will not exclaim, "Would that they had never been written." We could name more than one living author of blazoned repute, who appears to be verging on the confines of this precipice. We fancy we perceive a great change between their productions of ten or fifteen years since, and those now issuing under their names; and this perception sticks a thorn in our susceptible affection. We cannot bear to find our cherished favorites presenting us with a grain of wheat amid the bushel of chaff. We do not like to detect ourselves straining and struggling to discover the meaning of some occult, hyper-metaphysical paragraph. We are mortified at hearing unnumbered readers mention our idols' works as being "terribly spun out," or "nothing like what they used to be." We are induced to wish that we could act on our young friend's wish; if we could, certain it is that three or four well-known individuals would be packed off, instantan, to feed on lotus leaves and wild honey on the Enchanted Island to save them from the dreaded and, we fear, impending fate of having the disc of their fame branded with the shadowing words, "Doing too much."

We frequently have these important syllables brought before us in the shape of "Divine music." There is something very irritating in the clashing and blowing, which many "leaders" and "conductors" think fit to employ in orchestral effect. We have known a delicious voice to be quite smothered by the brazen overpowering "accompaniment;" and the finest treble passage of a "symphony" to be utterly lost in the riotous, bass preponderance. Young ladies, who are held as "wonderful" players, often excite our vexation on the same score. They will open a grand piano in a room some twenty feet square, and commence an assault and battery on it that seems an imitation of the reduc-

tion of Sebastopol—a flash and a bang forming the chief constituents of the process. We have heard of a tune having been taken, and treated as though it were thrown up and down stairs; this is bad enough; but we have known many an unfortunate theme handled as though it were a mad dog hunted by a crowd of infuriated pursuers; and no mercy shown to the poor victim until all melodious life was “rouladed,” “chromatized,” and “tremoloed” out of it; and the triumph proclaimed in half a dozen consecutive chord-blows that would cleave the poll of a Nineveh bull. The conductors may be very talented—the young ladies very obliging—but we trust they will not deem us rude if we express an opinion, that under some musical circumstances, it is very possible to “do too much.”

There is a constantly perceptible point connected with our subject, relative to the “stuffing” of very young minds with all sorts of knowledge, and all possible accomplishments. Mournfully painful is it, to see a child of some seven or eight years date, tormented and harrassed with lessons in Bible history, lessons in geography, lessons in English, lessons in French and Italian, lessons in chemistry, lessons in botany; masters for writing, masters for music, masters for drawing, masters for dancing; with the use of the globes, composition of prose themes and recitations of classic poetry thrown in, as light relaxations. How we have pitied the poor little dears, chained tight to a detested school-book, and trying with all their mental might to conquer the difficulty of a refractory French verb, or perplexing Latin measure, when their eyes have suddenly lighted on a neighbour’s child, rollicking and shouting beside his rolling hoop. What a choking, desponding, wearied sigh has filled the young breath, while sharply called on to “pay more attention to what they are about, and not be thinking of other things.” How many a joyous, fresh spirit has been crushed into dull stupidity, or forced into evanescent glitter by the absurd attempt to transcribe the contents of the “Encyclopædia Britannica” on the opening pages of Life; which should carry no deeper black letter matter than the two and three syllable stories contained in some respectable relic of “Guy,” or “Mavor.” Who can doubt that a game at battledore and shuttlecock would not often be more acceptable to a girl, than a new and difficult stitch in some fancy work. Would she not rather have a turn at the skipping rope, than carry her tired brain from a close investigation of a folio Atlas and the terrestrial globe, to a long parsing of nouns and participles; and then to a monotonous repetition of “Czerny’s Exercises and Scales;” but the unfortunate martyr must “get on” with her “education”—no time must be lost—she must be a “clever young lady,” not a gamesome, simple, romp-loving child; she must know the right place of a perriwinkle in the nomenclature of conchology; she must be able to specify a daisy by its anti-poetic and un-Christian appellation; she must be conversant with the blue paint indicative of the ancient Britons, and the black patches marking the reigns of the Charles’s; she must practise bravaura and scenas, probably without possessing any taste for harmony; and copy Michael Angelo, when her chief sense of lines lies only in the direction of a rough ground-plan for “Hop Scotch.” She must enter a room with unimpeachable propriety, and conduct herself at ten years of age as though she had the learning of an LL.D. and the grace of a master of the ceremonies. But what a “prodigy” the child is; what a wonderful amount of knowledge the small individual displays; alas! the forced suckling is too often a fair candidate for a deformed curviture of either brain or spine; and frequently both. What cruelty, what folly is exhibited and perpetrated by doting parents in this mode of treating the sacred charges entrusted to their love and care. What mistaken ambition is entertained, in wishing to see our darlings placed in the Athenæum of the Sages, when “The House that Jack built” would be a much more suitable residence for them; and Aladin’s Lamp “a much safer guiding light in their hand,” than the elixir spirit flame of Psyche’s crystal vase-cup. Oh! ye anxious, devoted parents; have a care when you think so much of the “astonishing

progress" your beloved little William or Lucy is making in the educational cycle of arts, sciences, and accomplishments. Ye know not what ye do, in pressing and goading the young colt into a Derby-winning speed, when it should be merely cropping the sweet clover of "Reading made Easy" and cantering at pleasure through the green meadows of Fun and Frolic. "Bide a wee," and let their muscles expand and bones harden. Let their fine nerves be braced, and their physical powers develop into the precious energy and health, and spirit, which ever make Childhood beautiful and blest. Let the alembic of healthy life be soundly moulded before you venture to distil unnumbered and mysterious essences in it; or the chances are, that a material, though unreckoned on, flaw in the human vessel will waste and dissipate the coveted mental perfume, and that which should have been the sweet and treasured glory of lasting rational intellect, becomes mere useless, unreflective, parrot-like rote. We have little trust in the infant mind that is made up, like a patchwork-counterpane, of dazzling, showy fragments. Few of those fragments will bear washing and beating on the banks of the great Ganges of Maturity; and, like the said counterpane, too frequently present, after short wearing, a most uninteresting display of pretence and poverty. "Be careful," we say, and when "training the child in the way you would have him go," be watchful lest your anxiety defeats its own purpose, by "doing too much."

We could pile up a myriad illustrations, but we have not space to enlarge on the subject. Only let us just glance at a few recent examples, and we will close our scribbling book. What was there to astonish us when the consecutive days and nights of riotous carnival at the Covent Garden Theatre, ended in the blazing destruction of the noble building, and frightful risk of agonizing death to countless human beings? The reckless adventurer who projected the orgie, exceeded the limits of reasonable work for the toilers, and reasonable pleasure for the idle; and realized the consequences of his "doing too much," in the yelling screams of dissolute frenzy, and the smouldering ruins of one of our finest dramatic temples. Are we trespassing too far with our opinion, if we dare to say that the "Great Eastern," is another citation of our text. Bold and brilliant were the conceptions of navigating science which formed and fashioned the Leviathan hull, and breathed into it the breath of giant life, with lungs of steam and muscles of iron—yet there seems a shadow of greatness over it, which argues of presumption, and indicates in very positive terms that something too much has been done, and that the mighty ark is too mighty.

What shall we say to "crinolines?" Surely any reasonable individual will admit that women "do too much" in this fashionable mania. Elegant drapery is one thing; stiff, ungenial, preposterous, and, with due regard be it written, indelicate projections are another; and who can say that the latter adjectives are not in the ascendant through the crowded streets and in the crammed omnibuses?

We only wish some bold sculptor would "fix" the style of form continually running against us, in marble; and give it a place at the International Exhibition. The ladies might gather a notion of correct grace and taste, by having full opportunity to mark the ridiculous outrages now committed against it; and the highest result of reflective sense would be well displayed, if some rude but honest hand chalked on the unsightly balloon of skirt "Doing too much." Lest some angry, feminine voice should be heard accusing our poor goose quill of the same error, we beg most respectfully and cordially to take our leave.



FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

[ORIGINAL.]

THERE is a feeling in the human breast
 Which is not passion, but the steady glow
 Of worthiest emotions, which attest
 That all are not degenerate below.
 True friendship, sweetener of social life,
 Is all unselfish, charitable, calm,
 And ready to administer the balm
 Which suages grief, and stills the surge of strife.
 With unobtrusive zeal, it comes to bless
 With counsel and with help, and with the grace
 Of cordial manner, and bright honest face,
 Sustains us when unwonted cares oppress.
 Oh! in this world, where good and evil blend,
 Who has not lost, who would not keep, a friend?

Love is an odour from the heavenly bowers
 Which stirs our senses tenderly, and brings
 Dreams, which are shadows of diviner things,
 Beyond this grosser atmosphere of ours.
 An oasis of verdure and of flowers,
 Love smileth on the pilgrim's weary way;
 There sweeter airs, there fresher waters play;
 There purer solace speeds the tranquil hours.
 This glorious passion, unalloyed, endowers
 With moral beauty all who feel its fire;
 Maid, wife, and offspring, sister, mother, sire,
 Are names and symbols of its hallowed powers.
 Love is immortal; from our hold may fly
 Earth's other joys, but Love can never die.

Truth, the exalted spirit of good things,
 Keen-eyed, clear-minded, and of ample heart,
 Offers the hallowed shelter of her wings,
 When vain men sneer, and proud ones stand apart,
 Searching and fearless, and intensely just;
 She banishes Pretension from her sight,
 Makes her sons worthy reverence and trust,
 And clothes Benevolence in loveliest light.
 This glorious triune, whose united names
 Inscribe our banner, and uphold our cause,
 Still let them urge and vindicate our claims,
 Strengthen our band, and purify our laws,
 So that our blameless brotherhood may be
 Revered by earnest men beyond the farthest sea.



Genius and Talent.

BY CHARLES HARDWICK, P.G.M.

Author of the History of Preston, Manual for Friendly Societies, &c.

I HAVE asserted that all men in possession of the ordinary human faculties possess genius likewise; that it is, in fact, a common heritage of humanity. It is true Dame Nature in this respect, as in many others, bestows her favours with a very unequal hand. Dame Fortune is equally capricious. Millionaires, like Rothschild, Coutts, or Baring, are unquestionably endowed much more liberally than millions of their fellow mortals; but the humblest labourer, who, on the receipt of the weekly stipend earned by the sweat of his brow, deposits his sixpence in the savings bank, or invests it in a friendly society insurance, is, to all intents and purposes, a "capitalist," however "small," or there is no rational meaning attached to the word. Nay, "speaking philosophically," as erudite professors of physical science sometimes say, when endeavouring to popularise some profound or recondite truth,—speaking philosophically, the meanest beggar, about to indulge in the reckless dissipation of devouring the remains of a well-gnawed crust, purchased by the surrender of his last half-penny, is to that extent, at least, a capitalist likewise. True; there is a wide difference in degree between a plethoric Dives, and a lean and hungry Lazarus. So there is in their social position; yet they equally belong to the genus *homo* of the naturalist, and they are equally citizens of the world, or, it may be, of the same state, or even the same local corporate body.

That which is true of genius in this respect, is equally true of talent. All men possess talent, but not in an equal degree. In ordinary conversation—nay, in much printed literature—these terms are, however, frequently confounded. I feel quite satisfied that my *dilettanti* friend, Fitzwaddle, although he would not for a moment acknowledge his belief in the identity of the terms, would be utterly unable to say in what they differed. Still a distinct and certain perception of the difference between these terms, as practically understood in art criticism, is as essential to the *connoisseur* as it is to the artist himself. And yet I do not know a more fruitful theme for eliciting diversity of opinion in a select company, composed of artists and men of literary taste.

The term genius, if it convey any idea tangible to terrestrial intelligence, I take to mean *original* innate mental power or capacity, and its function *discovery, invention, creation*, so far as these terms can be characteristic of any human effort. The term talent, on the other hand, though doubtless dependent to a large extent upon organic capability, is, however, I conceive, better adapted to express that function which is imitative and appreciative, rather than original and self-reliant. Genius introduces into the republic of art new features and combinations; talent merely reproduces, by second-hand imitation, trained skill, and patient labour, the discoveries of the higher intelligence. Many persons exhibit considerable power and grasp of mind in the *conception* of some of Nature's most recondite truths and coyest beauties, who are nevertheless deficient in the practical talent or even aptness for the routine labour necessary to the satisfactory realization of a work of poetical or pictorial fine art of any pretensions. There are others who succeed admirably in the copying or reproduction of the works of men of genius, or in servilely imitating their peculiarities of manipulation or scientific construction, who are nevertheless relatively destitute of self-reliant fancy or imagination, and who signally fail in their attempts at original composition.

Mons. Flourens suggests that "Genius is a supreme degree of the power of

thinking correctly and laying hold of truth, and the man of genius is the man who opens up the roads which lead to truth." A modern writer in *Cornhill* says:—"Possibly the most comprehensive definition of genius is the power of concentrating and prolonging the attention upon any one given subject. It is the quality of the mind which raises one man above another, and it is the parent of all creations and most discoveries; and we may add, it is the morbid excess and indulgence of this quality which leads sometimes to mental disease; hence the common observation that genius and madness are only divided by a very thin partition. The difference, says Sir William Hamilton, between an ordinary mind and that of Newton, consists principally in this, that the one is capable of a more continuous application than the other; that a Newton is able, without fatigue, to connect inference with inference, in one long series toward a determinative end; while the man of inferior capacity is soon obliged to break or let fall the thread which he had begun to spin. This is, in fact, what Sir Isaac Newton, with equal modesty and shrewdness, himself admitted. To one who complimented him on his genius, he replied, that if he had made any discoveries it was owing more to patient attention than to any other talent." Concentration and prolongation of the attention to any given subject is unquestionably one of the most important attributes of genius; but mere prolongation may produce but feeble results, without *intensity* of thought in combination. One man requires many hours of uninterrupted physical labour to achieve a certain object which another will effect in a much less period. The time a spinning machine runs doubtless materially affects the quantity of the production; but so does the rapidity of the revolutions dependent upon the steam-power employed. The highly nervous temperament of men of distinguished genius has long been recognised. In fact, what we practically understand by genius is a faculty resulting from a combination of elements rather than the exhibition of a single one, however powerful.

There is a wide distinction in *quality* between original genius and mere scholarship. The "man of learning," simply as such, is but the receptacle of other men's thoughts and other men's knowledge. His mind may be compared to a warehouse, in which valuable goods, the product of the industry of many nations, have been carefully stored. He may be endowed with great application and a retentive memory; he may exhibit a large development of the organ of order or methodical procedure, and yet fall immeasurably below a very humbly educated individual with respect to genius. Burns almost fiercely exclaims—

Gi'e me one spark of *Nature's* fire,
It's a' the learning I desire.

Burns evidently knew well what was the *chief* requisite for an "immortal bard," and with his overflowing and impetuous genius he could look with scorn upon those who arrogated to themselves the crown of bay as the reward merely of patient study and veneration of the works of the "heaven-gifted" of bygone ages. Dr. Farmer, a man of great talent and learning, had so little sympathy with the mighty, original, creative power of Shakspeare, that he seems to fancy that he has given to the great poet's reputation a mortal thrust when he avers, with reference to his Roman dramas, that "it is notorious much of his *matter-of-fact* knowledge is derived from Plutarch, but in what language he read him hath yet been the question!" Ben Jonson, though a man of considerable genius, as well as a "learned scholar," seemed to think Shakspeare's "little Latin and less Greek" a drawback upon his reputation as a poet. The late Dr. Maginn, however, thought somewhat different. After explaining Shakspeare's method, and commenting upon his indifference, as a poet, to mere book erudition, he says:—"Ben Jonson took another course, and his success was as indifferent

as that of *Shakspeare* was overwhelming. His *Sejanus* and *Cataline* are treasures of learning. Gifford truly says of the latter, "that the number of writers whom *Jonson* has consulted, and the industry and care with which he has extracted from them every circumstance conducive to the elucidation of his plot, can only be conceived by those who have occasion to search after his authorities. He has availed himself of almost every scattered hint from the age of *Sallust* to that of *Elizabeth* for the correct formation of his characters, and placed them before our eyes as they appear in the writings of those who lived and acted with them." The consequence is, that *Cataline* is absolutely unbearable on the stage, and fails to please in the closet, because the knowledge with which it abounds is conveyed in an inappropriate form. If *Jonson* had bestowed the same pains, and expended the same learning, upon a history of the *Catilinarian* conspiracy, he might have produced a historical treatise to be applauded, instead of a tragedy to be at most but tolerated. His learning oppressed him."

Truly *Jonson's* scholarship and talent, however excellent in itself, could not supply the defect inherent in his relatively limited *dramatic genius*. Many persons, however, maintain that talent and genius are identical in kind, the difference being simply in degree. Thus a man of moderate genius is a man of considerable talent, and a man of great talent a moderate genius. Or, in other words, a certain amount, although undefined, of talent becomes genius, just as twenty shillings are equivalent to one pound. But there nevertheless still remains this difference: If you pile up talent upon talent till an equivalent in value to a given height of genius is attained, you have no more converted the one thing into the other for all purposes than you have converted your twenty shillings into one golden sovereign. The gold still remains with properties and powers unknown to the other. They may belong to the same class or division in a philosophical arrangement of the functions of the mind; they may belong to the same genus, in a natural history sense, but they nevertheless present distinct and important specific differences.

The history of the progress of any art or science will illustrate this position. An ordinary skillful or talented violinist now executes with ease music that would have completely paralyzed the arm of *Correlli*; yet *Correlli* was a great genius, while the mere executant of the present hour may be but very moderately gifted in that respect. A very ordinary navigator in the nineteenth century well knows the way to *America*, yet he may be no great genius himself, although his gained knowledge would somewhat astonish *Columbus*, if that worthy of the past were permitted to revisit the scenes of his former labours. There are thousands of men of moderate talent in the present time, who can easily manufacture a steam-engine that would strike the great *Watt* with wonder and admiration, and yet the power and quality of his transcendent genius would remain unaffected thereby.

Sydney Smith says, "all great and extraordinary actions come from the heart;" and *Emerson* asserts that "all talent sinks with character." He uses, however, the term talent in a much more comprehensive sense than that in which I prefer to employ it. Indeed, he would more correctly express my view of the matter if he had written, "all *genius* sinks with character." Men of mere routine talent, or mechanical or technical skill, often retain their power, to a large extent, long after the most abject moral debasement; but the heart impulse or moral sensibility is the soul of genius, and exercises its potent influence for good or for evil on all its works. Genius is enthusiastic, and feels keenly as well as thinks; mere talent thinks steadily and attentively, it is true, but scarcely can be said to feel much, if any, of the rapturous glow that entrances the entire being of the profoundly original creative artist. Talent is ordinary, and feeds upon rules; it is plastic in the hands of pedagogues and systematic teachers; but, as *Dr. Hook* justly observes—"Men of genius are

independent of rules, and by a kind of spontaneous exercise they invigorate their own minds; it is for the training of the *ordinary* intellect that schools are established, and universities endowed." Hence the common saying that genius overleaps all difficulties and disputes all authority, and that academies are more productive of respectable *mediocrity* than marked original power.

From several expressions in his discourses before the students of the Royal Academy, Sir Joshua Reynolds would appear to inculcate the idea that genius and simple industry are almost synonymous. Every-day experience, however, demonstrates the fallacy of this position. Setting aside the new science of phrenology, the existence of diverse capacity in individuals is patent to the ordinary observer of mankind. Not only have some men a finer ear for music than others, but a man gifted in this direction may be at the same time colour-blind. The artist with the most delicate eye for the harmony of colour, with thrice the amount of labour, is immeasurably inferior in drawing to a fellow student who vainly worships at the shrine of Titian or Paolo. Sir Humphrey Davy, it is said, had so little feeling for pictorial art, that when he was shown Raffaele's master-piece, "The Transfiguration," during its sojourn in the Louvre, his chief commendation was bestowed upon the magnificent frame in which it was exhibited. The picture appeared to him a celebrated picture and little or nothing more. Many men of genius or talent in one art or science, evince no special aptness whatever for any other department. But Sir Joshua's object was not to undervalue natural capability, but to encourage all to labour diligently. Indeed, he says, distinctly, in his third discourse,—"Could we *teach* taste and genius by rules, they would be no longer taste or genius." No talent is so great but it will improve with exercise; no genius is so peculiarly a "gift" but activity will impart a more dazzling lustre to its most brilliant sheen. The truly successful artist must, of course, in a great degree, combine both. A work of high character requires not only genius, but knowledge, skill, and industry, for its successful realization. But still genius will ever hold the chief place in the estimation of mankind. Its presence atones, nay, to the eyes of many, obliterates, crudities unpardonable in a work void of original power. Genius in art, as well as nature herself, is ever advancing towards a higher degree of development, to a nearer approach to perfection. To pause is to retrograde. So the true glory of the *great* artist depends not upon the simple reproduction of the thoughts or the manner of treatment of bye-gone celebrities, but upon the quantity and quality of the new truths and beauties he has culled in the inexhaustible garden of Nature, and added to the triumphs of genius in the domain of Art.

Nevertheless, it is, occasionally, rather a difficult thing to say, even after a careful examination of some of their productions, who are and who are not geniuses, in the conventional sense; and it is, perhaps, still more difficult to prophecy truly, who will or will not eventually earn the title. It not unfrequently happens that the pet favourite of one class is the knave or fool of another; living laudation is often succeeded by posthumous contempt; and what is more lamentable, the true man may have his power warped and his existence embittered by poverty and insult, yet still be recognised by posterity as a "child of genius," the "glory and the shame" of the land that gave him birth.

Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar,
Like Scipio buried by the upbraiding shore;
Thy factions in their worse than civil war,
Proscribed the bard whose name for evermore
Their children's children would in vain adore,
With the remorse of ages.

Nay, some of the greatest geniuses appear to have been themselves almost

totally unconscious of their rare endowments. G. A. Sala, in his clever Hogarth papers, has a rather *piquant* sentence or two illustrative of this. What he terms "the strong sledge-hammer force of morality," is unquestionably the brightest as well the purest ray in the torch-flame of genius. He says:—"For you see this poor Old Bailey schoolmaster's son—this scion of a line of north country peasants and swineherds, had in him pre-eminently that which Scholiast Warton called the 'Ethos,' the strong sledge-hammer force of morality, not given to Walpole—not given to you, fribbles of the present as of the past—to understand. He was scarcely aware of this quality himself, Hogarth; and when Warton talked pompously of the *Ethos* in his works, the painter went about with a blank bewildered face, asking his friends what the doctor meant, and half-inclined to be angry lest the scholiast should be quizzing him. * * * He was not deeply learned in anything *save human nature*, and of this knowledge even he may have been half unconscious, thinking himself more historical painter than philosopher."

Very "small geniuses," however, sometimes view their moderate gifts through a mental microscope of the highest magnifying power, and occasionally rail loudly at the world for its presumed neglect. It is a most pitiful thing to hear the wailing of men, who, after having followed their own bent, and voluntarily enlisted as competitors in the arena of art "take their defeat" with such a very sorry grace. It is true that good men are oft neglected; but the remedy lies not in the indiscriminate reward of all who have themselves arrived at the gratifying conclusion that the eccentricities or impetuosities of their pulsations, mental or physical, are undoubted symptoms of the "fine frenzy," in which Shakspeare says the true poet's eye occasionally rolleth. The most worthy are generally the most patient and the most resigned. Sidney Smith says, "There is only one principle of public conduct: *do what you think right, and take place and power as an accident.* Upon any other plan office is shabbiness, labour and sorrow." If this be true with regard to men of practical business power, it is equally so with respect to men of high intellectual parts. A hungry desire for fame and its rewards is but sorry evidence of the presence of genius. Long-fellow administers a just rebuke to many of his querulous compeers when he says, "Every man must patiently abide his time. He must wait, not in listless idleness, not in useless pastime, not in querulous dejection, but in constant, steady, cheerful endeavour, always willing, fulfilling his task, 'that when the occasion comes he may be equal to the occasion.' The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, without a thought of fame. If it comes at all, it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after. It is an indiscreet and troublesome ambition which cares so much about fame; about what the world says of us; to be always looking in the face of others for approval; to be always anxious about the effect of what we do or say; to be always shouting to hear the echoes of our own voice."

Some people, however, affect considerable skill in this matter, and think themselves qualified to detect, especially in youth, the indications of superior original power, notwithstanding the many instances of ludicrous failure attendant upon such prognostication. The conditions are too numerous and the future collateral contingencies too powerful to always admit of a rational prediction as to who will arrive at the goal and who will perish by the way. An "outsider" sometimes wins the Derby, and the favourites are "nowhere." Fond papas and mammas, as well as complimentary friends, will however, doubtless, notwithstanding my scepticism on the subject, still fancy they can see distinctive marks of budding genius in the cutting and carving, the shouting and yelling, and the mud-pie and other dirt-manipulating propensities of "fast" children, "spoiled," or otherwise. Incipient artists, and especially musicians, will likewise continue to believe they cultivate the "divine afflatus" by encouraging the growth of

exuberant *moustaches*, "imperials," or long flowing locks; testifying their faith in the "*airy-nothingness*" of genius, or in the *hirsute* adornment of which they suppose, like the strength of Samson, it prefers to locate itself. Suckling poets too will, I fear, notwithstanding my strictures, still occasionally revel in the delightful conviction that they can legitimately acquire a reversionary interest in the mantle of Byron by purloining the pattern of his shirt collar, or by apeing a gloomy hypochondriacism, which they not only never felt, but with which, in charity, it is to be hoped even *they* never seriously desired to form more than a fanciful, or as they would prefer to style it, a "*poetic*" acquaintance!

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

BY MRS. M. A. COMPTON.

[ORIGINAL.]

So still—so very still—so cold!
 So white, that e'en the whitened fold—
 Sharp outline of that mortal mould—
 Is dark beside.

All streaked with grey, the once dark hair—
 The face now wan, though once so fair—
 Yet half effaced the look of care,
 She sleeps so well.

Her hands close folded on her breast,
 As when in life's own wild unrest,
 There was that thought to be repress,
 Now *hers* in death.

Ah, Death! thou wert a friend—no foe—
 The stricken heart, thy touch laid low,
 Had felt, and yet survived a blow
 Stronger than thine.

Thou hast brought peace. No voice of blame
 Can reach her *now*; nor once loved name
 Bring to her brow the blush of shame,
 Now *she* is thine.

For ever sleep those haunting fears
 That check'd the welcome longed-for tears;
 The wrong—remorse—of many years
 Lie hushed at last.

All hushed! The heart that still would crave
 For love, or pity, as the slave
 For freedom, finds them in the grave—
 All else is past.

Finger-Rings and Jewels.

BY ANDREW HALLIDAY.

The taste for ornamenting the fingers with a circlet of gold or some other metal, seems to be a sort of instinct with the human race. In civilized nations, rings of one kind or another are worn by every rank and class of the people. And we find that rings are used in the same way by savage tribes, who have never heard of the customs of civilized life. Though in different places the manner of wearing rings, and the material of which they are composed may vary, yet the form is universally the same, viz.—that of a circle, a symbol of eternity, being without beginning, and without end. Rings have been so closely associated with great personages and great events, that an account of celebrated rings would almost be a history of the world. A vast deal of information has come down to our day with respect to the rings of antiquity. Let us dip here and there into the store.

The heathen mythology ascribes the invention of the ring to Prometheus. The story is, that Prometheus having been delivered from the chains by which he was fastened to Mount Caucasus, for stealing fire from heaven, made a ring from a portion of his chain, and wore it in acknowledgment of the favour he had received from Jupiter. Pliny, who regarded this story in a serious light, says, that Prometheus let into his iron ring a bit of the rock to which he was chained.

According to the most authentic accounts, it would appear that the Egyptians were the first inventors of ornamental rings. The earliest mention of rings in the Bible occurs in the 51st chapter of Genesis, where Joseph, having interpreted Pharaoh's dream, received not only his liberty, but was rewarded with the government of Egypt, a collar of gold and the king's own *ring*. There is nothing to shew that the Israelites wore rings previous to this period; but there is no doubt that they became very common among the Jews immediately after; for we are told that Moses, on his return from Mount Sinai, found that his people had made a golden calf from their wives' rings. Moses permitted his priests to wear gold rings enriched with precious stones. The High Priest wore upon his ephod rich rings that served him as clasps; and between two of these clasps a large emerald was set and engraved with mysterious names. It was at this time that rings began to assume a symbolical and talismanic character. Aaron, the High Priest, had a ring which was said to possess extraordinary virtues. It changed its vivid lustre into a dark colour when the Hebrews were to be punished by death for their sins; when they were to fall by the sword it appeared of a blood red colour; if they were innocent it sparkled as usual. We have many notable examples in modern times of rings being used as tokens and signals. Queen Jezebel seems to have been the first to use them for this purpose. In the 3rd. Book of Kings it is related that she used the ring of Ahab to seal the counterfeit letters which procured his death.

It is somewhat odd that Homer should have made no mention of rings either in the *Iliad* or *Odyssey*. Rings, however, were commonly worn in Greece at the time of the Trojan war.

The fabulous stories about rings all ascribe mysterious virtues either to the rings themselves, or the precious stones with which they were set. The ring of Gyges is a good example. After a great flood Gyges entered a cavity of the earth, where, having found in the belly of a brazen horse a human body of enormous size, he pulled from off one of the fingers a ring of surprising virtue. The stone in the collet, or setting, rendered him who wore it invisible

when the collet was turned towards the palm of the hand, so that the possessor could see, without being seen, all manner of persons and things. By means of this ring Gyges is said to have gained the Throne of Lydia, having employed it to kill Candaules and seduce the affections of his Queen. Rings were first used as seals by the Greeks. Alexander the Great, after the defeat of Darius, used his ring for sealing the letters he sent into Asia, and his own for those he sent to Europe. These rings were chiefly made of gold; but the Spartans exhibited their peculiar idiosyncrasy by wearing rings of iron. In this matter the Spartans were a sort of Quakers in their way, and they wore iron rings for much the same reason that the "Friends" wear drab clothes and broad-brimmed hats—to show their humility.

The disciples of Epicurus, in veneration, and as a happy omen, had a figure of their master engraved on their rings. Mithridates, as we all remember, carried poison in the collet of his ring to be able to put an end to his life when he might desire to escape disgrace. The story of the ring of Polycrates, King of Samos, has been repeated in various forms. This king having, during his whole life been favoured by fortune, was willing to make a visible trial of it by throwing his ring into the sea; but by a very surprising incident he was so fortunate as to find the same ring in the belly of a large fish that was served next day at his table.

When rings were brought into Italy from Greece, the Romans followed the Spartan fashion, and made their rings of iron. At the time of Romulus, and during the reign of the kings, only the most distinguished persons were privileged to wear rings made of gold. Gold rings, however, seem to have been more common among the Sabines, as shown in the story of Tarpeja. Tarpeja being gone to draw water for the sacrifice, betrayed one of the gates of the capital to Tatiüs, King of the Sabines, and demanded as a recompense the rings or bracelets the soldiers wore on their arms; but they, pretending she had asked for their bucklers, crushed her to death between them and entered the city, thus acquitting themselves of their promise.

In Rome it was customary for the bridegroom, before marriage, to send the bride a ring of iron without either stone or collet—a plain ring in fact—to denote how lasting their union ought to be and the frugality they were to observe together. Luxury, however, soon stepped in, the wedding rings were made of gold.

The first inhabitants of England, Ireland, and Scotland, were accustomed to wear their rings on the middle finger; but the custom at length prevailed among all nations of wearing them on the finger next to the little one of the left hand, which thence has got the name of the annular or ring finger. The ancient Egyptians wore their rings upon this finger because it was supposed that a small vein proceeded from it direct to the heart.

The traditions respecting the precious stones are exceedingly curious. The diamond has always been esteemed the rarest of all stones. The ancients supposed that the diamond engendered others. There is a story of a princess of the family of the Luxembourgs who had two hereditary diamonds, which produced in a certain time a large family of young diamonds of the same lustre and water. The virtue anciently attributed to the diamond was against poison, panic terrors, the plague, wakefulness, prestiges and enchantments. It was supposed to calm anger and foment love between man and wife; and no doubt it has done so very often when the husband has made his wife a present of a diamond necklace or bracelet. Some ascribe to it the virtue of a talisman when under a favourable aspect of the heavens. The diamond symbolises constancy, fortitude, innocence, and the heroic virtues generally.

The carbuncle was much prized in ancient times, and there were many strange speculations about it. Garcias, ab Horto, says that he saw, in possession of the

Viceroy of the Indies, a carbuncle whose splendour was so prodigious that it looked like a blazing coal. Ælian relates that a young stork having been cured of a broken thigh by a woman of Tarentum, in gratitude for her care let fall into her lap a precious carbuncle, "which shined in the night like a burning candle." It was supposed that dragons carried carbuncles about them to give themselves light. The Chaldeans had so great a veneration for this stone that they used it in their religious ceremonies. The supposed virtues of the carbuncle are—to resist fire, to cure sore eyes, to divert dreams, and to serve as an antidote against corrupt and pestilential air.

The ruby, at one time supposed to be of the family of the carbuncle, differs very materially from that stone. It is diaphanous and variegated with spots of azure. The largest ever known was the size of a hen's egg, and valued at sixty thousand ducats. The virtues ascribed to the ruby are the power of resisting poison, preserving from the plague, banishing sorrow, repressing luxury, and averting evil thoughts. The ancients supposed that it changed colour at the time of impending misfortunes, and resumed its ordinary hue as soon as they were over. The amethyst was held in great esteem in ancient times. The Roman ladies prized their amethysts above all other jewels. It was supposed to cure drunkenness, and it was actually used, by being applied to the stomach, to dissipate the fumes of wine. The emerald, by many considered the most perfect and beautiful of all the precious stones, was held to possess virtues of an extraordinary character. It was reported to cure epileptic fits; and, if the malady proved so violent as not to be cured, the emerald broke in pieces. Emeralds were ground into powder, and taken inwardly as medicine. It was said to stop dysentery, and cure the bites of venomous insects.

It was anciently imagined that the opal was related to all the other precious stones, and that it partook of the qualities of all—the fire of the carbuncle, the purple of the amethyst, the green of the emerald, and an agreeable mixture of blue and yellow, black and white. This peculiar beauty was supposed to arise from the mutual reflection of the various colours.

Engraving upon jewels was first practised in the time of Alexander the Great. So anxious was Alexander that his fame might be transmitted to posterity, that he ordered Pyrgoteles to engrave his likeness upon the largest and most precious stone he possessed. One of these gems fell into the hands of the Roman Emperor Augustus, and may have suggested that engraving on an emerald which has preserved to us the only authentic portrait of Christ. This famous and doubly-precious jewel was taken by the command of Tiberius, and became deposited in the treasury of Constantinople, whence it was given by the Emperor of the Turks to Pope Innocent VIII. as a ransom for his brother, then a prisoner in the hands of the Christians.

In the times of barbaric splendour, jewels and precious stones were prostituted to vices and vulgar uses. Cæsar covered his shield with British pearls, and presented it to the Temple of Venus. Mithridates paraded a bust of himself covered with pearls in his triumphal processions. Roman ladies actually wore jewelled bangles round their ankles to give notice of their approach that their servants might assume an attitude of respect. The greatest piece of extravagance, however, was that in which Cleopatra indulged when she dissolved a pearl worth £5,000 in Antony's wine. What kind of drink it made we are not informed; but we shall be justified in regarding it as the very earliest "*purl*."

There are very few diamonds in the world that exceed two ounces in weight. The diamond of the Rajah of Mattan, in Borneo, is the largest in the world. It weighs 367 carats, or two ounces 169·87 grains troy. The other known diamonds follow in succession, thus :—

| | CARATS. |
|------------------------------------|---------|
| The Orloff, or Grand Russian | 198 |
| The Grand Tuscan | 139½ |
| The Regent, or Pitt | 137 |
| The Star of the South | 125 |
| The Koh-i-noor | 102 |
| The Shah of Persia | 86 3-16 |
| The Nancy | 53½ |
| The Nassuck | 89 |
| The Arcott Brilliants | 56 |
| The Pigott | 49 |

The largest diamond in the world, that of the Rajah of Mattan, has never been brought to Europe, and little is known respecting it. It is shaped like an egg with an indentation near the smaller end. The Governor of Batavia once offered 15,000 dollars, and two large brigs with their guns and ammunition for this gem; but the Rajah declined the bargain. Indeed he was afraid to do so; for the Malays believed that the diamond possessed the miraculous power of curing all kinds of diseases, and would not allow it to go out of the country. The Orloff diamond, purchased by the Empress Catherine of Russia, originally belonged to the Great Mogul; but was taken among the spoils of Delhi by the Shah of Persia. When the Shah was assassinated in 1747, the crown jewels were plundered and secretly disposed of. The large diamond was afterwards sold at Amsterdam to the Empress of Russia for 50,000 roubles. The Regent, or Pitt diamond has a very curious history. It was stolen from the mines of Golconda, and sold to Thomas Pitt, grandfather of the Earl of Chatham, when that gentleman was Governor of Fort St. George, in the East Indies. After having offered his diamond to several sovereigns, and being unable to find a purchaser, the owner lowered his price, and the Duke of Orleans, then Regent of France, at the solicitation of the famous Law, purchased it for £92,000. Mr. Pitt, however, reserved the fragments taken off in the cutting, and some of these pieces were worth a thousand pounds. The value of this diamond is now estimated at twice the amount paid for it. A rumour had been circulated in England that the Governor of Fort St. George had not come fairly by this jewel, and it was alluded to by Pope in these lines:—

“Asleep and naked as the Indian lay,
An honest factor stole the gem away.”

Mr. Pitt, however, successfully refuted the calumny.

When, after the fall of the throne of Louis XVI., the mob insisted that the beautiful works of art and nature hitherto reserved to the enjoyment of the rich and privileged, should be exposed to the gaze of the meanest persons, the Regent diamond was exhibited to the mob. The passer-by who chose to demand a sight of the finest of the ex-tyrant's jewels entered a small room in which the diamond was presented to the citizen in tatters. A strong steel clasp fastened the gem to an iron chain. Two policemen in disguise kept a very vigilant watch upon the momentary possessor of the gem, until having held in his hand something worth twelve millions of francs, the raggamuffin took up his hook and his basket at the door, and resumed his scratching of the dung-heap at the street-corner.*

The history of our own Koh-i-noor has been so recently before the public in the newspapers that it is almost needless to repeat it. A few words, however, may not be unacceptable. This diamond is supposed to have been the largest ever known, and the same as seen by Tavernier among the jewels of the Great Mogul. Its weight originally was 900 carats. It was unfor-

* Madame De Barrera.

tunately put into the hands of a Venetian diamond cutter, who wasted the precious substance so inconsiderately, that though he was unsuccessful in bringing out the qualities of the stone, he reduced it to 280 carats. The descent of the Koh-i-noor has not been very satisfactorily traced; but it is confidently asserted that it belonged to Karna, King of Anga, three thousand years ago. The last Eastern possessor was the famous Runjeet Sing, King of Lahore and Cashmere, from whom it passed into the hands of the English on the annexation of the Punjaub. The following story respecting it is authentic. Having heard that the King of Cabul possessed a diamond, the largest and purest ever known, Runjeet invited the fortunate possessor to his Court, and there, having him in his power, demanded the diamond. The guest, however, had provided himself with a perfect imitation of the jewel, and after some show of hesitation, presented it to Runjeet. The delight of the latter was extreme, but of short duration. It was discovered to be a piece of glass. Runjeet immediately caused the palace of the King of Cabul to be invested, and ransacked from top to bottom. The search would have been in vain had not a slave revealed the hiding place. The Koh-i-noor was found under a heap of ashes! It will be remembered that the Koh-i-noor was re-cut in 1852, the late Duke of Wellington being the first person to place it on the mill. The operation of cutting took thirty-eight days, and involved the use of a steam-engine. This splendid jewel—the property of the Queen—is exhibited by Messrs. Gerrard, in the International Exhibition.

ON HEARING A WOUNDED BIRD SINGING IN A TREE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

[ORIGINAL.]

It seemeth strange that Bird or Bard
Should sit in the sunshine, and merrily sing;
While the Poet-one bears deep anguish-cares,
And the mavis flutters with broken wing.

But we often hear notes rich and clear,
While the tear may flow, and the warm blood gush;
And few will wait to soothe the fate
Of the sorrowing minstrel, or wounded thrush.

Sing on, sweet Bird; let thy whistle be heard,
Thou'st a beautiful perch 'mid the breeze and the light;
Though a red drop start with each pulse of thy heart,
Thy feathers will staunch it, and keep it from sight.

And come, brave Minstrel, rise and take
Thy silvery harp, and tune it again;
Thy spirit may ache till it well nigh break,
But thy sigh will be lost in the dulcet strain.

* * * * *

The Bird falls mute on the grass below;
The Poet has played to the last, and died;
And none shall know the piteous woe
That the feathers and strings have served to hide!

Alms-Giving.

BY HENRY OWGAN, LL.D.

FROM the great public, or rather social, calamities that have recently raised their voices among us, and the promptitude and liberality with which those calls have been answered, the inferences are obvious that benevolence is alive and active throughout the community, and needs only to be judiciously directed in order to alleviate vast accumulations of human misery; and, at the same time, that our civilization has just reached that acmé which has always and everywhere presented the same abrupt and startling contrasts of colossal wealth and abject destitution. It will be found, however, that—as it usually happens in such cases—while public appeals invariably receive a ready and sufficient answer, equally urgent calls of a private and personal character are either ignored altogether, or dismissed with a reluctant and niggardly recognition.

To any sympathizing and enthusiastic person, who has ever undertaken the repulsive task of vicarious begging, these facts must be sufficiently familiar, though the causes of so seemingly strange an anomaly may not perhaps be equally evident. Such an applicant, as soon as he has made himself sufficiently callous to uncivil receptions, sceptical cross-examinations, polite refusals, and rudely conceded benefactions, will find that, on laying his tale of suffering before some Croesus, who is known to give away hundreds and thousands for building churches, endowing schools, and subsidising missionaries, he will, as a general rule, either be taken short with an assurance that individual distresses are never relieved in that quarter, or be met by suspicious inquiries respecting the previous history, the moral character, and industrial capabilities and attainments of the "case" in question, accompanied, of course, with insinuations of imprudence and indolence; and should all those questions be satisfactorily answered, will most probably be sent away with the two-hundredth part of what the donor had given the day before to a deputation from some society for the conversion of the Santhals, or the civilization of the Bosjesmans. It is undeniably true that very much of the destitution, seated like a Mordecai at the gate of all modern society, is the result of imprudence, and that such imprudence is punished more rigorously and uniformly than actual and deliberate crime: but, it is also true, that some human beings, inflated with the pride of purse and power, will enforce distinctions which were unmarked by the wise, gentle, large-hearted founder of Christianity. It must be admitted, however, that every individual possessing superfluous wealth has an indisputable legal right to use it how he pleases, and to indulge all prejudices and crochets and antipathies whatsoever; and that the recipients of charity must thankfully receive such "*korban*" as they can obtain under the circumstances, without presuming to inquire in what proportion it may stand to other and less necessary benefactions; but it must, at the same time, be remembered that it is too much the fashion—as some modern philosopher says—to look for fraternal associations at the antipodes, as an excuse for disowning our poor brothers and sisters at home.

Of all the many and various cases to which the assistance of the wealthy can possibly be extended, those which demand the greatest are in general those which obtain the smallest amount of sympathy. They are the cases of those persons upon whom a sort of *esprit du corps* imposes the necessity of appearing what is called respectable; because, on the maintaining that appearance depends their only chance of ever really becoming so. By them, more than any other class in society, wants and privations—no matter how sore and bitter—must be borne with a patient, heart-breaking, hope-killing dissimulation, if ever they

are to be surmounted. Let them only for a moment be detected, and from that moment the sufferers lose caste, and with it, reputation; because they at once descend into that class of which poverty is the undisguised and recognized condition, and out of which scarcely anything short of a miracle can ever again raise them. Let us suppose an instance, so far from being imaginary that it is not even very unusual—that of a highly-educated young man, entering on the slippery up-hill path of one of the learned professions, with no more negotiable capital than his intellect and learning. He cannot, as a tradesman can, without fatally violating professional etiquette, call attention by any sort of public and direct notification to his capabilities and attainments, nor resort to any of the various devices of buying and selling which supplement the shortcomings of more legitimate traffic. In order to maintain those heavily-taxing appearances which society requires as an introduction to its notice, he is tempted in an evil hour to mortgage his expectations, to incur debts, and run the risk of the most humiliating bondage that ever paralysed the energies and poisoned the life of man; and this he will perhaps do the more readily, as he knows his own abilities, and sees some long-established rival in his neighbourhood occupied from morning to night—sometimes from night to morning—and living in easy and unstinted affluence. Time flies onward; no patronage comes; no money—creditors become alarmed, and importunate, and insolent. Amazed, irritated, indignant, and eventually worried into desperation, with that horrible chaos of vexation and terror curling round him like a mist, who can answer for the reckless and fatal expedients to which he may be driven—for the crimes even into which he may be goaded?—for he sees that crimes are sometimes attended with profit, or at least a temporary respite from the agonizing perplexity that makes his own existence an earthly gehenna.

When matters come to this pass, society, that refused to employ him when his most earnest wish was to be at work, turns round and, carefully watching and registering his backslidings, denounces him as idle and unprincipled, while he only burns with shame and indignation for the straits to which it has driven him. His pride ferments into a morbid spirit of opposition; he casts off all restraint, and makes himself worse than he is said to be; and, in fierce defiance of those who neglected him for good and recognise him only for evil, he exclaims, "The villainy you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction," and I will extort by falsehood that which you would not concede to truth. Surely such a case as this might not unreasonably awaken the sympathy of a wealthy philanthropist, and yet there is none from which he will more coldly turn away. The sketch, indeed, though slight, is a perfectly true outline of the fate of many of those—artists or poets of all sorts—whom society hunts down as outcasts and Pariahs while they live, and to whom it is ready to do all honour when they are dead;—to whom if the rich, who pride themselves on being patrons of intellectual industry, would only give, in their urgent need, one tenth of what they afterwards give to decorate their graves, most of the misery might be spared that falls so blighting on the most sensitive of mankind; but they will still do only as they have ever done—slay the prophets, and, in late repentance, build their sepulchres. If, for instance, one of those choice spirits, driven by sore necessity—as they have sometimes been—to trample down that shrinking pride which rebels against the acceptance of help from another hand, does embrace the last resource of asking for such help, it is nearly certain that, in forty-nine cases out of fifty, his petition will be unanswered, and that, in the remaining case, he will either receive some insultingly small benefaction, or be denounced as a begging-letter impostor. To pass on, however, from this particular class of sufferers to the great mass of poverty that festers just below the surface of society: it would appear that philanthropists in general, especially if animated by a leaven of fanaticism, begin at the wrong

end; forgetting that it is only a bitter, and cruel, and mischievous mockery to minister to spiritual wants before physical exigencies are supplied; and that those who feel, in the soreness of their hearts, that they have nothing to be thankful for—whom poverty, the worst of teachers, has set at variance with heaven and earth—must be drawn away from the fiend who whispers dangerously in their ears, before they can patiently listen to the words that are to reconcile them with God and man. In short, men must be made physically comfortable in some degree before they can be expected to be in a humour for moral philosophy.

If the object of munificence be to diminish the amount of human misery, which—as we are informed by the very highest authority—must always more or less darken the face of this world; to revive hope where it seems to be dead; to animate to new efforts the energies that are frozen up, almost beyond awaking; and to bring back to active and useful life the sufferers who regard themselves as the natural enemies of society;—then it is surely worth while to consider how all this may be most effectually accomplished with a given proportion of the wealth which society can spare for the purpose. It is a trite enough axiom, that the prevention of crime costs less than the punishments with which municipal laws resent and suppress it; but, it is not so generally recognised a fact, that almost all crime is the result of suffering of some sort, and that all the malignant passions that agitate the human breast, are only so many morbid conditions of feelings and emotions which are indispensable to us as rational and responsible beings. Resentment and indignation, for instance—which are only diseased conditions of the instinctive impulse of self-preservation—urge on the desperate against the laws of the society by which they fancy themselves neglected and outraged. It needs only that this theory should be generally felt and believed—and it is, for some short time past, beginning to gain ground in public opinion—to abolish much of the asceticism that mows the efforts of many who might, but for its influences, deal successfully with misery and its legitimate offspring, crime. The time, however, when charity can most mercifully and beneficially interpose its saving hand, is while the sufferer is still consoled with a ray of hope, and, consequently, still innocent; and if the rich, who are generally, in proportion to their wealth, under subjection to spiritual despotism, would only reflect, that is practically, that the large sums which they are commanded to contribute to some public institutions—useful or useless as the case may be—or to enterprises, possibly chimerical, would, if distributed opportunely and delicately, without imposing humiliating conditions, among a large number of suffering families and individuals, make so many hearts lighter—set so many troubled minds at ease, and silence so many promptings of the tempter who suggests that the world is not for them, nor the world's law; the judge and the gaoler would have less to do. It is possible, however, that all this may be misunderstood. When we speak of public institutions, we do not forget that their number and opulence are among the elements which constitute the high moral reputation of our country among the nations. Nor should we desire to see any of them restricted in their sphere of usefulness; while, at the same time, we believe that some of them may be partially superseded by removing, at a considerably smaller cost, and an incalculable saving of human misery, the first causes which render them necessary. Still less would we encourage in any class a feeling of helpless dependence on external aid, knowing that such a feeling is fatally demoralizing, and can be entertained only when the sufferers, after a long struggle with untoward accidents and hope deferred, have lost that manly and delicate sentiment of self-reliance, which is one of the most noble instincts of human nature—which recoils and shrinks from pecuniary obligations, and can be eradicated only when that nature is at last and utterly perverted by abnormal conditions of existence. But we do, nevertheless, mean to say, that a little timely help—

even a little—may save many a heart from breaking, and many a brave and gentle spirit from recklessness and desperation; and that the munificence of the wealthy, in many instances of daily occurrence, exhibits strange and unaccountable inconsistencies. It would seem, indeed, as if it were intended to verify, in a literal sense, the prediction, "that to him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away, even that which he seemeth to have." We see large legacies falling in to swell the hoards of those already too rich; and we have seen in our time a popular author walking the streets, cold, and hungry, and houseless, while complimentary notices of his works were appearing in the leading reviews. One man has been lucky in his speculations, and realised a fortune; for these public services a testimonial is suggested by some sycophant, and at once subscriptions are poured in by tens and hundreds—for what?—to enrich still further a man of whom fortune has already taken sufficient care. Another, possibly a better and more able man, has fought with adversity and been beaten in the strife; he wanders away from the home which he can no longer call his own; he faints and sinks down by the way side, and dies in all the agonies of a slow death by starvation, and a mind tortured and maddened by wrongs and regrets, by the apathy of man, and the neglect of Providence. Though a few pounds or shillings might have saved him, none have come forward to the rescue—none are willing to bestow the smallest relief upon his widow and his children. The waves roll on; the vacuum is closed over; and in a few days the dark tragedy is forgotten.

It is as well, perhaps, after all, that there should exist that strong and persistent reluctance to seek or receive help from a stranger's hand—strongest often in those who need the help most sorely—for it is the feeling that animates men and, still more, women, to great and heroic exertions, to sublime self-sacrifices, and to patience and courage under heavy afflictions. It effects more than this, too; for it prompts those who wisely and providently calculate the chances and vicissitudes that may at any moment befall even the most secure of us, to organize those common funds, from which, in their darker hours, they can with less reluctance accept relief, as having themselves contributed to their accumulation—funds from which, they are but too happy, while their own sunshine lasts, to aid those who have fallen in the race, and who, if their relative positions were inverted, would gladly and readily do likewise.



POPULAR FALLACIES.—CLEOPATRA'S PEARL.—We are very sheep in our gregariousness in error. When one bold or stupid mutton takes a leap, all leap after him. It is rare to find men doubting facts, still rarer to find them doubting whether the facts be correctly co-ordinated. Our books are crowded with unexamined statements, which we never think of examining. Do we not all believe that the magnificent Cleopatra, regardless of expense, dissolved in her wine-cup a pearl of great price, as if it had been a lump of sugar? Is not the "fact" familiar to every one? Yet, if you test it, you will find the fact to be that pearls are *not* soluble in wine; the most powerful vinegar attacks them, but very slowly, and never entirely dissolves them, for the organic matter remains behind in the shape of a spongy mass, larger than the original pearl.—*Lewes*.

The Magic of Kindness.

BY ISABELLA MUNROE.

It was the period of the Maidstone Assizes; but great as was the excitement they occasioned on the spot, it was scarcely equal to that prevailing on the same account in the little town of Branton, some few miles distant. One of its inhabitants was about to be tried for an act of incendiarism, and those among whom he had hitherto dwelt with a fair reputation, could speak or think of little else than his probable guilt or innocence; and though discussion ran high, the prevalent opinion was that a respectable man was scarcely likely to leave his home at dead of night, and traverse the town, for the sake of gratifying a paltry spite, by firing the premises of another.

The only witness against the prisoner was a young man, named Ringwood, the foreman of the prosecutor, a builder. Ringwood slept on the premises, and at the preliminary examination had deposed, that on the night in question, he had been awakened by the falling of a board in the yard, and, looking out, saw a man scale the wall—that man he could swear was Thomas Watts—half an hour after the fire broke out, and from all the circumstances detailed there could be no doubt that it was the work of an incendiary.

This much of the case for the prosecution was known in Branton on the morning of trial. What the accused might have to adduce in his defence none knew, and as the day wore on the anxiety to know the result grew more intense. At length tidings arrived of Watts' acquittal. One of his friends had deposed to the circumstance of their having spent the evening together at the theatre, whence they had returned to the prisoner's lodgings; and at the hour when he was said to have scaled the wall, they were sitting there together smoking cigars and drinking brandy and water.

This evidence was sufficient. Undoubtedly, as the judge remarked, a man in the same room with an individual must be much more sure of his identity than was possible for one just roused from sleep, and merely seeing him through a window on a moonlight night, and Thomas Watts would return to his home and his friends without a stain upon his reputation.

With this verdict the inhabitants of Branton entirely coincided; and in the hearty indignation at injustice and oppression, which forms one of an Englishman's noblest characteristics, they not only received the late prisoner with the warmest sympathy, but raised him to a pitch of popularity and consideration he had never enjoyed before; except in a few instances, quite overlooking the fact, that smoking cigars and drinking brandy and water at two in the morning, with a wild young man like Harry Martin, was not the best of recommendations.

The same uprightness of principle also showed itself in another aspect. The following evening Ringwood returned to Branton, greatly surprised at the result of the trial; and, firm in his own conviction of the identity of the person, still more surprised at the unexpected counter-evidence brought against him.

As he was hastening home, he saw an acquaintance approaching on the opposite side of the street, to whom he wished to speak, and he crossed over to meet him. But the other, without appearing to perceive him, crossed likewise, so that they still passed on different sides of the street. Ringwood turned, and looked after him in astonishment; but concluding that he was unrecognised in the gathering gloom, he walked on without thinking farther of the matter.

He was just entering the workshop, when another person drew near. Ringwood had known him from childhood, for he had been his father's friend, and he stepped forward to speak to him. "Stand aside, young man," was the stern reply. "He who could bear false witness against his neighbour is no fitting com-

panion for me. Thank heaven, my respected friend lived not to see this day!" And the old man passed on with a resolute air, leaving the younger one speechless with amazement and horror. Surely, he thought, it could not be possible that the evidence which truth, and the duties of a good subject, citizen, and servant had compelled him to give, could be thus stigmatised; or that, by even the most prejudiced, he could be charged with one of the most terrible of social crimes—one from which all good and true men must shrink as from a moral contagion.

The idea was too fearful to be entertained, and he tried to cast it aside by the remembrance that his old friend was ever peculiar and severe in his modes of thought and speech. But the recollection suddenly flashed upon him of the young companion who had so lately crossed the street to avoid him, and with a groan almost of agony, he perceived that there was much reason to fear that the adverse result of the trial had been almost as calamitous to him as a different sentence would have been to Watts—that it had, perhaps, made him a pariah among his townsmen.

It was an appalling thought; and, if it should be realised, would involve all the hopes, happiness, and prosperity of his future life. None may know the tempest of feeling which swept over the young man's head, as he paced his narrow room, and contemplated the future from this new point of view—what a blighted waste he looked out on, tenanted but by the twin demons of degradation and obloquy!

And if these fears proved true, there was yet more misery to be borne—he must think no more of his promised bride, and strive to forget the dreams of happiness he had been weaving for years. He no more doubted the affection of Millicent Grant, and her willingness to share his lot, whatever it might be, than he did the deep and devoted love he himself bore her. But it would be far otherwise with those to whom she owed obedience; and even if she had not those protectors, he loved her too truly, too unselfishly, to think of linking her fate with one whom all men scorned.

But, as the hours passed on, the very violence of Ringwood's anguish wore out its bitterness, and gentler thoughts, like flowers opening when the storm is past, began to expand in his heart. Perhaps he had alarmed himself too easily—one or two might so regard his evidence; but surely all could not be so unjust, so blind—least of all, Mr. and Mrs. Grant, who knew how incapable he was of so vile a deed. However, he must not prejudge the case, and by a timid and fearful bearing, lead others to misjudge it, but walk calmly and steadily, as one who has uprightly performed his duty.

The church bells, ringing cheerily through the morning air, reminded him that it was Sunday, that red-letter day of his existence which repaid the week's toils; for after the morning service it was always spent with the Grants.

But despite his resolutions not to be false to himself, the young man's heart trembled as he entered the sacred edifice, for he knew not what pain that once happy day might have in store for him. As he passed up the aisle, it seemed to him that many eyes glanced coldly, some scornfully, upon him, and yet more with a look of displeased surprise, as though wondering what had brought there the false swearer against an innocent man; and it was with a feeling of relief that he placed himself within his pew, and hid his face for a brief space—but not to pray. At that moment his heart was too full of anguish to think of anything but the injustice of the world.

After a time, raising his head, he stole a covert glance in the Grants' direction, anxious, yet fearful to discover whether the last, brightest star in his sky was obscured like all the rest; and it was with a sensation of gratitude that he perceived that Millicent's place beside her parents was vacant; for whatever might be the treatment of those around him, she whom he loved was not there to witness it.

Meanwhile the service went on in its usual course, until the clergyman pronounced the emphatic words of the ninth commandment—"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour;" and when a moment after Ringwood rose to his feet, he found the eyes of all turned meaningly upon him, as the transgressor of that divine command—all save those of Mr. and Mrs. Grant, which sorrowfully sought the ground. While his cheek flushed with indignation, which was interpreted into shame, in the bitterness of his heart he thanked Providence that the mother who, until the last few months, had been wont to stand there by his side, was not left to share the ignominy public opinion was casting on her son. He felt that, painful as it was, it was easier to meet contempt himself, than to see it showered through his means upon another; and it was with the deep gratitude of true affection that he reflected that Millicent was spared a wife's share of this withering scorn.

But he loved Millicent too tenderly not to prize above all things the good opinion of herself and parents, and to find they exonerated him would have lightened his mind of half the load which pressed upon it; and anxiously he awaited the conclusion of the service.

At length it was over, and nearly all the congregation left the church. Still the Grants lingered in their place, and still Ringwood remained in his, awaiting their moving, as he was used to do, until he could delay no longer; and leaving the church, he passed near the door for their coming. In a few moments they approached; but his timid greeting was only responded to by a distant bow.

"Millicent," he said, almost involuntarily.

"She is not well," replied Mrs. Grant, in a low tone.

"She is not really ill?" he inquired, solicitously.

"Millicent is more ill in mind than body," coldly replied her father.

"But surely, sir, neither she nor you believe me guilty of falsehood," began the young man.

"Truly, I hope you are not," interposed Grant, more gently. "But we have always borne a good name, and so must he who weds my daughter."

"That hope I know I must for the present, at least, forego," said Ringwood, sadly; "but it would be an infinite consolation to think that she and you held me guiltless."

"That we would fain do," replied the old man, passing on with his wife, and leaving Ringwood with a spirit yet further stung by the knowledge that even *they* doubted his truth.

After this, weeks and months passed by, each more fully revealing to Ringwood that his first fears were true—that he was regarded as one who, to win his employer's favour, had brought a false and weighty charge against that employer's enemy, and that he was doomed to dwell under a cloud, the darkest, deepest, and most desolating that could overhang a right-minded and high-principled man. But for the approval of his own conscience, and the hope that at times would visit him, that by some good providence his innocence might yet be made manifest, he could never have borne the averted looks and contemptuous bearing which continually surrounded him.

But that inward peace could not prevent his outward life being a continual scene of mortification. His employer—who with his men clung closely to him—had more than once offered to find him a situation in some other place, where he would be treated with respect and courtesy; but the young man's pride rebelled at the idea of flight as an admission of guilt, and sternly and steadfastly he resolved to abide the unmerited obloquy; though how it came to be thrown upon him, he could only account by casting the same stigma on another which was overshadowing his own life.

A year had thus passed, during which Ringwood had never seen Millicent, save at church, where her eyes were never raised, when one day proceeding in

an unusual direction, he saw her advancing towards him. The young girl did not perceive him, but Ringwood's heart throbbed violently in anticipation of the meeting, which there was none to oppose—for Millicent was alone. He should, at length, have the opportunity he had so long pined for, of protesting to his once betrothed his innocence, and, as he trusted, of receiving in return her assurance of belief.

At last she drew near; but it was like the thrust of a two-edged sword, when the young man beheld her suddenly raise her eyes, flush the deepest crimson, then turn deadly pale, but pass him with a simple recognition. This was the hardest of the many blows fate had showered on him, and dealt by the hand from which he had expected mercy; and, more subdued by it than by all his other trials, he thankfully accepted his employer's reiterated offer, and left Branton without the thought or wish of ever returning.

Could Ringwood have forgotten the past, he might then have been completely happy; for in Sturbourne, instead of cold looks and biting sarcasms, all treated him courteously, and many extended to him a kindly welcome. But he shrank from all society, not with the timidity of guilt, but because the iron had entered too deeply into his soul for him to find companionship in the glad-hearted and the hopeful.

But there were others he never shunned. Since he had been dwelling in Sturbourne in recovered respectability, a strong impulse, both of duty and inclination, seemed to draw him to the unfortunate and erring. Who could so warmly sympathise with their sorrows as he who had himself suffered so much? or who feel more interested in reclaiming the guilty, than he whose happiness another's crime had destroyed? With unremitting diligence he pursued his self-appointed task, seeking out those whom the world avoided—aiding, advising, and exhorting, according to their several necessities; raising many from the slough of despond, and sparing no pains to enable others to step back from the path of evil to that of honest industry; and it was wonderful how much good, with his individual efforts and his slender means, he was able to effect.

Ringwood had been about two years in Sturbourne, during which time no tidings had reached him of his former home and friends, while the hope of vindicating his good name had utterly died away; when, one evening, returning from a visit of charity, he drew near a poor, miserable-looking man, walking feebly with the aid of a stick.

It was very dusk, and Ringwood had nearly overtaken him, when the stranger paused before a baker's shop. Some small loaves were placed temptingly in an open window, and no one was within. The man glanced suddenly round, without perceiving any one, snatched a loaf, and hurried on.

In a moment Ringwood was beside him. "Good friend," he said, "put back that loaf; soil not your soul by such a crime."

"I am starving, sir," replied the man, plaintively, "or I would not have done it."

"Yet put it back; the sorrow of such a deed would last far longer than the hunger it would assuage."

The stranger had already turned, and, though reluctantly, put the bread back in the still untenanted shop. "It is hard," he said, with a sigh, "for a starving man to put bread from him."

Ringwood's reply was to place money in his hand, bidding him go in and buy bread, and then return to him.

The man uttered one or two words of overflowing gratitude, and then he entered the shop to buy the bread for which he had so lately perilled liberty, receiving the very loaf he had just laid down.

Ringwood looked after him with interest. Both his language and manner bespoke him originally far superior to his present condition, and Ringwood doubted not, that ere reduced to it, he had suffered greatly.

"You have held a better station in life," he observed, as they went along.

"Yes, sir," replied the stranger, frankly, "I once held one very different. I commenced life as a copying clerk, and in that situation I remained for years. But of late, the world has gone ill with me; my employer had no farther occasion for my services, and I could find no other, so I was compelled to leave my native town, and was travelling to Burnleigh in hopes of getting employment from an old fellow-clerk, who owed me a kindness, when illness overtook me. When I recovered I was penniless. I wrote to the person I was going to seek, begging a little assistance, and promising to work it out, but—such is the gratitude of the world—he has not even answered me. Thus, sir, you see I was destitute; I had tasted no food for two days; hunger overcame me, and almost maddened me, and you saw the act of which, for the first time in my life, I was guilty."

"I rejoice to hear that it was for the first time," replied Ringwood. "For the present," he added, as they came to the door of a humble lodging-house, where he was well known—for many a lodger had he brought and paid for—"for the present make this your home, and for the future I shall endeavour to find you some way of winning an honest living."

The vehement thanks of the stranger, Ringwood did not wait to hear; but on the following day he returned to see what could be done for him.

"Ringwood!" was the exclamation that greeted him as he entered.

"You know me, then?" he replied, in astonishment, and he looked inquiringly at the other, but the pale, attenuated countenance resembled none he knew.

Yet the face was one he had good reason to remember, for it was that of him who had borne the counter-evidence which had wrecked his life. Strange that Providence should have cast one of these men upon the mercy of the other. When Ringwood left Branton, Martin had seemed more gay and flourishing than ever, and many a scoff and scorn had the humbled man had to bear from his triumphant opponent.

Infinite was the surprise of Ringwood when he learned who had fallen into his hands. How vividly the memory of the past flashed out in the young man's mind! and, for a moment, he thought—"Why should I aid him? he is my bitterest enemy." But better feelings soon followed. He had long considered it his mission to assist the unfortunate and reclaim the guilty. Where could be found one more guilty than the wretched man before him, where one it was more needful to convince of the error of his ways? He should be false to his trust if he made a difference, because the sin was committed, not against a neighbour, but himself. No thought that his kindness might induce Martin to confess entered his mind; the consequences to the false witness would be too terrible to be voluntarily endured. His only view was to exercise the Christian duty of charity, and setting himself aside, strive to guide his enemy into a better path, and to give him the means, however humble, of continuing in it.

Martin's first words were an asseveration of his innocence of the act of which he knew Ringwood suspected him. But the sternness of the reply, "On that subject I know the truth, therefore desist," completely silenced him; and it was with almost bewildering astonishment that he beheld the man who knew he had injured him continue his unvarying benefactor.

What to do with Martin embarrassed Ringwood greatly; his other *protégés* had been persons whom it was easy to set forward in a little business, but it was far otherwise with this one. He dared not seek for him a place of trust, nor make him a teacher of youth; and he was at last glad to obtain a situation on a canal, where nought but vigilance was required, and which, though far inferior to Martin's former position, was the best he was able to procure. But, such as it was, its recipient seemed most grateful for it.

Again months passed on, but with each passing moon Martin appeared less

happy and contented; and strange as Ringwood thought dissatisfaction in one who had been so placed, he yet kindly inquired if he disliked his post, or if there was any other in his power to obtain which might be more agreeable to him.

"Far from being dissatisfied, sir, I am most thankful," said Martin; and after a moment he continued, with emotion, "God knows, the day I met you I never thought to have been so well placed, least of all through your means—you whom I have so greatly injured!"

It was the first time Martin had ever made such an admission, and Ringwood rejoiced to hear him do so now, not with a selfish gladness, but as indicative that a better spirit was awakening in his heart.

"That I have long since forgiven," he said.

"But I have not forgotten," was the emphatic reply.

Another person came up and drew away Ringwood, and the conversation was not renewed.

A week after, Ringwood was summoned to Branton. When he arrived, he found Martin and Watts tenanted a jail. Indebted for all things to the kindness of Ringwood, remorse had long been struggling with fear in the bosom of Martin, and his benefactor's lately shown solicitude for his welfare had completed his victory. Immediately after Ringwood's departure, he had requested a few days' leave, flown to Branton, confessed his false evidence, induced by his monetary obligations to Watts, and by the promise of farther aid, and given himself up to the law to be tried for the perjury he confessed to have committed; so that when Ringwood arrived, he found himself completely exonerated. He had cast his bread upon the waters, and found it after many days.

It was not in the heart of man to be otherwise than deeply moved with gratitude and joy, that he might again stand fearlessly among honest men. Ringwood felt this thanksgiving to the uttermost, but past incidents made him prize somewhat lightly the popularity to which, in his turn, he was exalted. There was but one person for whose opinion he really cared, and his thoughts were filled with anxious wonder as to how this event would affect the heart of Millicent Grant, or whether she had so completely forgotten him as to feel no interest in his fate. But when Fortune favoured him, she did it with no niggard hand, and he soon learned that Millicent's heart had never faltered in its faith and trust in his innocence, and learned that the meeting which had given him such pain had caused her yet greater suffering, for her parents had exacted from her a promise, that without their sanction she would hold no communion with her former lover.

Again, at the ensuing assizes, there was a trial interesting to the inhabitants of Branton, which ended in the condemnation of Watts to the penal servitude he so fully deserved; and of Martin—thanks to his confession, and the intercession of Ringwood—to the mildest punishment the law could award.

Martin underwent his imprisonment as a rightful expiation, and then went forth, as he believed, a branded man, with but one friend on earth—Ringwood. But though in that friend he was not deceived, there were others large-hearted and clear-minded enough to discern that, despite all his crimes and errors, there was more good than evil in the heart equal to such a sacrifice, and that it needed a heroism little inferior to his who forgave so great an injury, to be capable of so great a reparation. But, to our mind, the incident illustrates also how magical is the power of kindness, and bids man, even when sorest tried, to do what good he can; for though he may no longer entertain angels unawares, he will assuredly draw down blessings on his head, which may blossom and bear much fruit.

Odd-Fellowship at Woking Cemetery.

BY CAROLINE A. WHITE.

It is a long stride from Doomsday survey to to-day—a difficult thing, looking over the 1,100 acres of heath and moorland, now the property of the "London Necropolis Company," for imagination to afforest them as at that period, when the king's demesne at "Wockinges," as it was then called, was returned as containing 2,100 acres, yielding pannage for 133 swine. *Pannagio* is distinctly stated, in contradistinction to *herbagio*, and suggests century-old oaks, mast-bearing beeches, ash, elm, and horn-beam, to have been as native to certain portions of this wide expanse, as the low-growing whortle-berry furze, and heath, are now.

From the time of Henry II. to that of James I., Sir Edward Zouch held the manor, and was Forester of Woking Berewood, *alias* Windlesham Walk, and Frimley Walk, by the service of calling the deer to the king's window at the castle of Windsor, "on the first morning after his Majesty should come thither after the feast of St. James', next following the decease of any preceding lord of the manor, and of winding a call on the king's coronation day, yearly, in the walks." The red deer had their coverts, and the wild boar its lair, where subsequently the wandering flocks of small sheep, which Aubrey speaks of, perfected the flavour of the "sweet little mutton," for which Bagshot and other heaths in the bailiwick were famous.

Manning distinctly tells us that the forest planted by Henry II. nearly joined that of Windsor, and extended almost as far as Farnborough and Pirbright; so that between the thick woods and the danger of the forest laws, no man dare dwell thereabouts.

We may trace the decay of the woods, even before the felling of a portion of them (if I remember aright, in James I.'s reign), by the enactments made from time to time, in favour of the inhabitants of the adjacent villages, of which Woking was one. In Elizabeth's time they were exempted from purveyance, and had liberty to "cut coppice" to induce them to preserve the deer; and a little later, permission is given them to take turfs, heath, fern, loam, gravel, clay, and rag-stones on the waste, without entering the coverts and layers of his Majesty's deer therein.

But the coverts were dying out, and the waste extending. With the thinning of the forest trees the surface lost its annual top-dressing of decaying leaves, and the moisture and heat occasioned by their fermentation while in process of decomposition; then, too, the winds had freer access, and finding wider entrances from year to year, levelled the light sandy soil in places, or drifted it in others, till at last the turf, and heath, and fern became the only herbage; and the loam, and clay, and gravel, apart from rushy swamps, into which the higher parts of the land drained themselves, the principal features of the once royal demesne of Woking.

The Basingstoke canal, to which the waters of the Wye contribute, glides silently through this waste; and in these our own days, the grey vapour of a passing train tracks the iron path of the South-Western Railway across its thousands of acres.

There is a close relationship between the railway and our subject. I may, indeed, call the one the offspring of the other, for a Necropolis at this distance from London would have been impracticable without this means of access, which actually brings Woking within the same space of time as either of the local metropolitan cemeteries. I have no intention of reventilating here the condition of the London and other graveyards, at the period when the revolting disclosures

of the commissioners appointed to report on them ended in the passing of the Extra-mural Interment Act.

Prior to this event (foreseeing what has long since come to pass, that the local cemeteries would, in the course of a few years, be in the predicament of the city churchyards and burial-grounds), the representatives of the "London Necropolis Company," finding the waste lands of Woking Common in the market, made their gigantic purchase. The nature of the land, which rendered it valueless for agricultural purposes, was well suited for sepulchral ones—peat land, for the most part, over sand or gravel. Wherever swamps existed, the most perfect system of drainage was immediately put into requisition, and some thousands of trees were planted over the four hundred acres of the estate, at present consecrated to funeral uses. Hitherto temporary depositories for the dead had been unheard of in England. Travellers in Germany knew of their existence, and could comprehend, in the case of infectious epidemics, or of even ordinary deaths in the crowded dwellings of the poor at home, the utility and need of such depositories. The London Necropolis Company took the initiative in this matter—and upon a scale commensurate with the terminus, of which it is, as it were, the vestibule, expended some £25,000 in the erection of a building, a portion of which consists of mortuary chambers for the reception of the dead when desired, but which, we believe, are only used for this purpose when the dead happens to be sent from a distance over-night. The whole of the arrangements of this pile of building are of the most perfect description. The waiting-rooms for the mourners, and friends, and other attendants on funeral obsequies, are fitted up with great neatness and propriety, and the most perfect cleanliness, quiet, and decorum is apparent in every department of the place.

The entire scheme, however, was an innovation; and the people of England, as a people, are not in favour of innovations. They revolted violently when Government interfered to prevent the inhabitants of towns from burying their dead, in some instances, at their own doors, or under the flooring of their family pews; and, if I remember truly, bishops and clergymen joined very actively in the clamour raised with regard to burial out of the precincts of one's own parish church. Cemeteries in the centre of London had, however, been growing into favour (with Dissenters especially) for some years past; but few, if any of them, were more than five miles out of town, whereas Woking is between thirty and forty. Then, again, the application of a railroad to funeral purposes was another shock to public feeling—horse-power and ordinary roads were alone applicable. Moreover, if the London Necropolis grew into popularity, what would become of the mystery of London undertakers? This innovation was the most heartrending of all. No more trays of feathers—no more walking mutes—no hearse, no plumes, no mourning carriages. Why, the trade that comes in after death has dismissed the doctor, and adds too often to the active anguish of the widow and the fatherless, the misery of ill-afforded debt, was threatened vitally. And so these descendants of a very ancient and grave profession—these dealers in the paraphernalia of the grave—rose up with one accord, and though every one of them personal opponents before, made common cause to defame and prejudice the public against the use of the Woking Necropolis. Its heathenish name, its immense size, its distance from town, were every one of them so many reasons for vituperation; but, as the public used their own judgment on these points, reports of the most reckless absurdity, but eminently calculated to excite the purlieus of Bethnal-green and St. Giles's into open violence, were promulgated, as to what became of the dead after their disposal in the hands of the company's officials.

Having ourselves gone over every part of the capacious building in the Westminster Road, without falling upon any furnaces for cinerary purposes—which, considering our private views on the superiority of cremation to interment,

would have been a cause of personal gratulation. Having also gone, more than once, as a spectator of the proceedings at Woking Cemetery, by the company's carriages, without being in the least conscious that, on crossing the caual bridge, the *still* freight in certain of them was consigned to its sluggish waters, while the deceived relatives followed to the graves in the cemetery grounds empty coffins only, which were subsequently taken up, and in which the company (being undertakers when desired) did, of course, a lucrative business. Of these, and similar senseless and discreditable fables, the London Necropolis Company have, from time to time, been the subject. I only touch upon the matter to show the *animus* with which a grand system has been met, which promises to work a very radical change, not only in funeral fashions, but in funeral charges.

The senseless pageantries which mock so bitterly the feelings of real mourners, and are such mere conventional mummeries to every one else, are wholly disposed of at Woking: the pomps and vanities of plume and stave-bearers would be wholly thrown away where no eyes but the tear-blinded ones of mourning relatives and friends are near to regard them.

Even in towns, funeral processions are not the imposing ceremonies they were wont to be, when the streets had less traffic and less of life in them—when men had leisure to stand still and moralize upon the gloomy cortege, and when, instead of driving on as fast as possible, or dodging to get out of the line of route, other equipages and vehicles fell decorously behind, and gave solemn precedence to the Grand Master of us all.

Such pageants are for clear streets and people with leisure to move slowly. In London, at least, it is painful to witness the indifference of the multitude to the monition of which these prancing black-plumed horses—and the *castrum doloris* which they convey—muffled in fringe and feathers, are the exponents. When interment in the Woking Cemetery is intended all this funeral show (if indulged in) ends at the bronze gate of the Necropolis Station—the coffin is deposited silently in the compartment of the funeral carriage in which it is to be conveyed; and, at a stated hour in the forenoon, other carriages—first, second, or third class, according to the description of funeral required—receive the friends of the deceased, and are borne to their destination in the most kindred spot for such solemnities that modern men have conceived of.

A local branch of railway leads into the terminus in the cemetery grounds, and the coffin is either deposited in a waiting room for the purpose, until a procession is formed, or placed on a hand bier, and removed to one or other of the two chapels which beautify the enclosure, and satisfy the religious scruples of Churchmen, or Dissenters. Looking from the elevation on which the first of these chapels lifts its light spire—some sixty feet above the level of the railway, though scarcely more than a molehill on the broad expanse of ground in which it stands—one cannot help feeling that, whatever monetary speculations entered the brains of the projectors and shareholders of the company—and we know such speculations to be the moving power in the creation of all shareholders and companies whatever—when the site of the cemetery suggested itself to them, practically a very large amount of public benefit in the way of health and economy mingled in the scheme. While an element probably unthought of, it may be unrecognised by these gentlemen as a company to this day, but which can never be absent from the precincts of death without endangering the sympathies of the living, and rendering such precincts common place and disregarded, is here for ever present. The profound pathos of space and solitude—the silent poetry of surrounding nature—the ever-changing sky—the broad lights of unimpeded sun and moon-shine—the fresh winds doing handmaid offices by obelisk and altar-stone, but flattening, as it ever did in these parts, the "*cippus*" of the uncovered graves, and bearing from them the atomic dust that, falling in the receptive lap of the great Mother, may create, for ought we know, the relation that binds our

human hearts so sensibly to the green fields, and trees, and flowers. Nor is the purity and sequesteredness confined to the situation of the Necropolis. Except where family tombs are in question, every grave within its wide *enceinte* is separate and inviolable. A sacred immunity, as common here to the humblest heath-grown hillock where a pauper lies, as to the statelier tombs that glorify with marble and sculpture the mouldering relics within them. Here the beloved dead may literally "rest in peace," and be spared the desecration and defilement inseparable from interment in the over-crowded suburban cemeteries, some of which, condemned ten years ago as unfit for the purposes of sepulture, are still in use. Right and left, the view from the broad walk in front of the terminus is only bounded by the horizon; while before us, as far as the line of sight, rises the wooded skirts and chalky ridges of the Surrey hills. A wide avenue with branching alleys stretches almost centrally through the grounds, and sinuous paths, beset with shrubs and flowers, winding amongst monuments and garden graves, give no intimation of the subdivisions of this field of death which is imperceptibly mapped into almost as many portions as there are religious communities amongst us.

Other communities also affecting no conservatism of dust and ashes on religious principle, but continuing, as it were, to their dead members the fraternal sentiments that for mutual aid and social brotherhood bound them together as units of one Order, have also obtained special grants of land within these precincts; and on the ground sloping from the railway line, next to that allotted to the Swedish Lutherans, rises the broken column that marks the special gathering place of "Odd-Fellowship at Woking Cemetery."

An inscription on the pedestal tells us that this is "The Burial Ground of the Metropolitan Districts of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, Manchester Unity Friendly Society. Inaugurated October 14th, 1861." The emblems of the Society, beautifully cut in a block of white marble, shine out in fair relief from the rest of the monument, which is modestly and durably composed of Portland stone.

On the autumn morning, the date of which is thus reborded—a breezy morning, with thin clouds scudding before the upper currents, and veiling the sun at times, but never breaking into showers—a morning rich in all the variable beauty of light and shade, and fresh with sudden swirls and eddies of wild odour from the furze patches on the surrounding moorland—between four and five hundred of the brethren took solemn possession, on the part of themselves and their Order, of the four acres of ground assigned to them for a burial place in perpetuity.

The ceremony began with a religious service, after which a procession was formed, and the members traced the boundaries of the ground, which is very prettily laid out. Subsequently the Secretary of the Necropolis Company read aloud the deed of gift, consigning this portion of the land to the Society, and an appropriate address on the part of one of the members followed. Then, I presume, "Odd-Fellowship" scattered itself, by twos and threes, through the green alleys and heathy places (for some portion of the enclosure still remains in its original state), and read the conventional stories on the tombstones, and admired or criticised, some being artisans (it may be with artists' eyes), the short comings or beauty of the monuments—and some of them are very beautiful—or suggested to one another—for there are no more enthusiastic florists amongst us than many of these "hard-handed men who dwell in Athens here"—the sweeter beauty of the flowers in their seasons.

The great groups of rhododendrons, with evergreen leaves, that thrive upon the peaty soil with almost native luxuriance, reminding them of the cloud-like masses of colour their clustered blossoms simulate in June. Or they pointed out where the crimped flowers of the kalmias had been, and the varied tinted ones of

the azaleas. For all the American plants flourish here in abundance, amongst thousands of other trees and shrubs, native and foreign, which give their shade and beauty to this grandly solitary place of graves.

Looking down from our first stand-point in front of the little church, the effect of the various mausoleums, obelisks, crosses, columns, and other sepulchral monuments gleaming white, or showing high above the shrubs that separate them, is very striking. The space is so immense, that as yet they appear scattered, and stand out separate, clearly, and solemnly. Chief amongst these various monuments, the eye falls instinctively on the beautiful memorial of W. Bent, Esq., of Walton—a gothic monument, the richly ornate roof, supported by pointed arches with trefoiled heads, resting on shafts of Derbyshire spar, while the remainder of the material is Bath stone. Carved angels keep their still watch at either side the pointed gables, which have lights pierced in them, and end in crocketed finials; whilst a pointed spire springs from the centre of the roof, and signals the observer to make a nearer acquaintance with its beauty. Many other graceful monuments adorn the ground, but though these dormitories of the dead, where men strive, in the quaint language of Sir Thomas Brown, "to go the neatest way to corruption," may attract the eye, the simpler tree-marked tombs and grassy hillocks, touch the heart more, and instinctively we join issue with Allan Cunningham, and pray that we may be laid where the wind can blow, and the daisies blossom on our grave.

THE PAINTER'S GRAVE.

WHERE shall the sunbeams play ?

Where shall the moonbeams light ?

For Him who bade them stay,

With hand of power and might!—

Upon the painter's grave.

Where the stormy pageant rise,

And the harmless lightnings fly ?

Where the magician lies,

That fixed them in the sky!—

Above the painter's grave.

Where shall the flowrets shed

Sweet odours?—O'er His earth,

Who, from their lowly bed,

Gave them immortal birth!—

Upon the painter's grave.

Where shall the maiden meek,

Whose beauty would not die,

Go lean her pensive cheek,

Or look with gentle eye?—

Upon the painter's grave.

Where shall the aged rest,

And own one friend he found,

That thought grey hairs were blest,

And age like holy ground?—

Upon the painter's grave.—ANON.

The International Exhibition of 1862.

BY EDWIN F. ROBERTS.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-ONE *was*. Eighteen hundred and sixty-two *is*. How we grow old with the world, and the "whirligig of Time takes out its revenges!"

In 1851 the sun shone after a golden dawning morn, and initiated an Olympiad, the like of which the same glorious luminary never cast its beams upon before.

In 1862 matters are altered—the world is older, and the sun is yet the same. The arts of peace were then paramount.

They are effectively so now—but there has come an embarrassment, so to speak, a sort of dead-lock in their progress, which creates a remarkable kind of contrast between this present year—the chief feature of which is the opening of the "International Exhibition,"—that we trust it will not be a waste of time if we devote a few words to the consideration of the same, and because these are not apart from the subject in question.

First, then, as to machinery and manufactures—the locomotive of 1851 was in all respects the same as that of 1862. The mill and the mine were pretty much as they are now, and no special improvements that we are aware of have been introduced into the machinery of the one, or into any additional methods for the preservation of life in the other.

"Brown Bess," as the soldier's musket is termed—if not in the ascendant, was not then extinct. The gallant grenadier was strangled by his hideous stock, as indeed he has been since that time. The "Volunteer" was in the womb of time, and the gracefulest floating fabrics that in their faultless symmetry have borne witness both to the skill and the handiwork of man, combining strength with swiftness, and dotting every sea, were thing of beauty to the eye; but are now about to pass away for ever, and to give place to the "floating turtles" and the "cupolas" of modern science.

We were at peace with every nation in the world, and our prosperity was at its zenith.

Now we have *Minie* rifles—long and short "Enfields;" and we discuss learnedly upon "ranges," and the sharp "ping" of the conical bullet is a thing familiar to almost every ear. The civilian has become more than half a soldier, and "Defence though not defiance," (defiance, whoever likes it so), is the new motto placed metaphorically on our national banner.

What the elder Napoleon said of us half a century ago, in regard to our being a "nation of shopkeepers," does not now hold good, or if it does, we have added the rifle to the yard-stick, and we can use both with no small amount of success, and wield both with equal dexterity.

Within the space of twelve brief years—what changes have we seen! That awful Crimean campaign with its heroic episodes—its illustrations of the bravery of man—of the sanctified heroism of women,—that horrible and revolting Indian butchery and bloody retribution—those *red* days at Magenta and Solferino—that life and death struggle at the gates of Gaeta—all supplemented by the wild tigerish fighting in the swamps, and on the shores of American rivers, and the noble effort made through all to cultivate the virtues, to purify the morals of man—to save and keep that poor fallen sisterhood from worse consequences—the story of whose wrongs is written in words of fire, and which some day will *burn* the debauchee's eyes to read,—all these and more have filled up the period which seems so short, but which has been pregnant with more teeming work—with more countless consequences than can be comprehended

in all the generations and in all the ages that have gone by, from the days of Adam down to the present hour.

Eighteen-fifty-one brought ships to our shores, and made dwellers in our cities, men from every climate under heaven. "Partheans and Medes and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judea and Cappadocea, in Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylea, in Egypt and in the parts of Lybia about Cyrene."

Added to these, too, were those that came to this peaceful conclave of the world, the ambassadors of every modern nation, bearing the olive branch, together with their industrial tributes—placed side by side, and brought face to face with those who were the representatives of the more antique world, and whose history reaches up to Noah.

One is inevitably forced thus to take a backward glance from the opening of the present, because while commenting on *two* distinct eras, both of which mark with specific emphasis the triumph of skilled handicraft over brute matter, and testify to the inventive fertility of the age, they shew also, that despite the retarding "progress" which seems incapable of extinction in the "moral" machinery of life, there is a progress grand and vast, the extent of which it is utterly impossible to measure, or fully to appreciate, but which, in one form or other, is working its way through the social stratification, and while there is yet a deal of deliberate evil, and of deliberate sin and wrong-doing in the world, there is a larger tendency towards *good* as a thing that is "proper" and accepted, than our past period can shew.

With all the accompaniments of stately pomp and imposing formula, the Duke of Cambridge, by "command of Her Majesty," declared the International Exhibition fully inaugurated, and finally opened, and now it is a possession belonging in a strict and catholic sense to the people.

It would not be quite right after all if we did not enter our protest with others as to the imbecility and indecision, the numerous instances of gross "snobbishness" which characterized the preliminaries of this opening—the disgraceful flunkeyism, the coarse inhospitality, the un-English inattention to the rights of strangers, and those strangers exhibitors, without whom the place would have been an empty barracks, and which has drawn forth a storm of indignation from every side.

We are now to suppose the ceremonial over—the first mal-arrangements corrected—those monstrous stupidities, like a night-mare imported out of some toy-shop in the Lowther Arcade, removed, and the whole in good working order; let us assist the reader to cast a glance around this amazing collection, the like of which has never yet been gathered within such ample limits.

Nature, as well as nations, has lavished her treasures here—cereals of every kind known throughout the world—vintages of every growth, fruits and food from every clime—stone, marble, iron, copper, gold—the more subtle materials which are prepared in the alembic and the crucible, as well as in the furnace and the forge, are gathered from the farthest ends of the globe to stand side by side with our own productions, and to make strange companionship where in the time heretofore it was little likely that they would ever "come together."

Wondrous tissues—textile fabrics—specimens of the plastic arts, beautiful beyond compare—flashing gems which Golconda and the Ural—the volcanic ribs of the great riven mountains, as of the sightless far-off mines, have contributed out of their wonderful opulence, all that can minister to the comforts of man, and to meet every necessity of existence.

Nature lays herself *exhausted* at one's feet, bewildering the gazer with the vastness and the variety of her gifts. Not less astounding, after having cast a look upon the materials required for manufactures and the plastic arts, is the extraordinary multiplication of food products, in the shape of fruits, wine,

corn, oil—every form of farinaceous matter, and other substances quite as convertible, and suggestive of other additions to the common stock such as yet have been scarcely dreamt of.

The several departments for the show of agricultural implements claim equal attention from the great number exhibited in all the leading courts. Steam being applied to almost every branch of industry, is here yoked to the plough, while the "iron piggeries," next to those drill and reaping-machines, speak of "porkers" fattening in cleanliness and comfort—of pigs of a higher order even than those which were once the pride of "Parson Trulliber." To mention—as in worthy competition with each other—the American, Canadian, French, and Zollverein departments, will here be sufficient for our purpose on this present occasion.

The "operative" of the factory districts—whose noble patience under his present grievous suffering, and heavy burdens, commands both sympathy and esteem—will possibly be disappointed, for the looms and "jennies," and spinning apparatus, exhibited on such a great scale on the last occasion, are almost, if not altogether, unrepresented in the present, but he will find ample compensation in other multifarious forms of attraction, to which their novelty will give an additional zest.

But, we come at last to a spot where all our pre-conceived fancies, as regards the arts of peace, undergo a change—a change so total and incomplete, that it has all the effect of a *shock*, and that by no means a gentle one.

For we are in the department of "military engineering."

Trophies of brown rifles surmounted by bristling bayonets, coldly glittering—balefully gleaming steel of every shape, forming a sort of ornamental work, and flashing in the light with a cruel impassiveness, mark out the place where the great silent guns in all their grim repose wait for the visitor's inspection, and in that sphinx-like tranquillity speak eloquently of the reverberating thunders that it is their province at any time to awaken.

Models of "pontoons" and bridges to cast over creeks and rivers; ambulances for more merciful purposes, together with other vehicles required by the hospital surgeon in the field, and the multifarious appliances which the business of war renders necessary, are here placed before the visitor in a manner that heightens the paradox of existence, for limbs that are mangled and shattered require what repairs science can bring to bear upon them, and to aid nature in her healing powers combined with all the skill the surgeon can command.

But instinctively, and at every corner, we are led to look at those dark, silent engines of destruction, couchant like slumbering lions in whose inert massiveness lie such appalling elements of strength, swiftness, and annihilation! A moment, and they are cold and sluggish. In another, and the awful creature awaking out of its torpor, rages and roars, and vomits fire and a hurtling death—tempest, which few materials that mean *resistance* can succeed in defying.

Look at those piles upon piles of shot of every shape, some round, some in cones, and others in rounded bolt-like masses, and in every one of them every conceivable form of deadly devastation lies latent. Something like a dread shudder rushes through the blood of the gazer, as in solitude and silence (the present writer had this chance on one early morning,) he contemplates them, and thus thoughts too mournful, too sad, almost verging upon hopelessness—arise within the mind as to the possible advent of any "millenium" on *this* earth,—which cannot be defined in words.

The slaughtered heaps which form the *tumuli* of bloody and brutal triumphs have their significance in these silent masses of iron, where death lies lurking, for out of every muzzle you may see—if you care to *look*—the leering skeleton—head still mocking at humanity, and all its attempts at civilization, and shouting out for Belial and his hosts to come and still woo men to murder—to

creste new, and ever new ensanguined battle fields, and still to make the waters of the great sea "incarnadine,"—"one red."

You are struck with their harmonious proportions—their sculpture—their awful beauty, in fact. All the glittering diamonds and jewellery—the gorgeous trophies of the arts of Cellini, and of Albert Durer—of the Lombardic helmets, and the Damascenic inlayings—all give place to the simple, terrible, yet exquisite finish of those fearful engines, and speak more distinctly than aught else, of the difference between *now* and *then* (1862 and 1851), and that *WAR*, with all its incarnate horrors, is not so far removed from us as we may think.

Ships' guns, field guns—enormous guns for fortifications—guns that will throw a 200lb. shot, and *hit* at 4,000 yards! To see the riven fragments of plate iron "pushed" like paste, testify literally enough to the tremendous power of their discharges.

The great glory of the Exhibition must be looked for, after all, in the Picture Galleries. *Miles* of gorgeous splendour—acres of the most matchless compositions by the masters of every country in the world, are there—dazzling, delighting, but bewildering by their quantity, and almost adorable in their multitudinous forms of loveliness, of beauty, of tender grace, of the lofty tragedy of high heroism, of the equally touching, sobbing tragedies told in those (*genre*) home pictures so true, so appalling, yet so full of "fair humanities."

Nearly one thousand of the finest specimens of British art—not to speak of the sculptures—are there. Nearly *three* thousand of the noblest samples of the foreign schools, ancient and modern, are there, for all the cities of Europe have forwarded of their choicest, and the collection is unique in its high standard of excellence, in its assemblage, and its incredible variety.

Looking at the masterly productions of the French, the German, the Italian, and other leading schools, it is with an honest pride we can point to the matchless productions of the British school—Hogarth, Turner, Gainsborough, Reynolds, and the glorious achievements of our young pre-Raphaelites, for we do not hesitate to assert, that in nearly every department the English school bears rivalry without fear.

This section is so inexhaustible, that days, weeks, months, a year even, of daily study, would not master its details, and therefore the reader will not be much surprised when we say that a bare mention of the fact is all our restricted space allows us to make.

A few words as to the edifice, and our paper, necessarily so brief, is brought to a close.

Captain Fowke's building is *not* elegant, but it has its compensations, and principally its colossal dimensions make up for many defects. Being intended to remain there permanently, strength and durability became prime requisites, and the great amount of brick-work forming the exterior is the consequence.

Towards the last hour while the work was going on, and owing to many cases of delay, considerable haste was compelled, where greater leisure would have done marked service. Nor has the building been without its share of those tragical casualties which so often accompany great operations, though they are as often owing to the culpable recklessness of the workmen themselves as to anything arising out of the general "chapter of accidents." It has had its "blood baptism," therefore, like many other vast undertakings—the only fact to be regretted in association with the august pile.

There lies another fear, and a serious one, behind. It is threatened with a dismaying addition to its external want of architectural beauty. Clearly, it is to undergo an application of a coat of stucco! and, to our thinking, there are few things more hideous, more "cheap and nasty," than this miserable finish.

In the days of George the "magnificent," the finest gentleman in Europe,

and the Sultan of England, he patronized a fearful feature in the ornate arts—stucco! and Mr. Smirke, deceased and lamented, was his "prophet."

An age of stucco and veneer, an age of varnish and paste, an age when sham splendour superseded stately ashlar or to honest brick-work; and the palatial crudities all around the Regent's Park are proofs of the same!

Still, the interior must make up for all. The gorgeous courts, dazzling as eastern dreams, the magic fountains, flashing and singing in the sun, the pealing organs, and the animated spectacle of the countless thousands moving to and fro, will fill up the hours of a fairy dream-day, and constitute a recollection not likely to be forgotten in the years that are to come.

Literary Notices.

RAMBLES IN THE LAKE COUNTRY AND ITS BORDERS. By EDWIN WAUGH.
London: Whittaker and Co.

A FEW years ago a singularly unpretending, but strikingly original, truthful, and graphic poem, entitled "Come whom to the Childer and Me," written in the Lancashire dialect, by Mr. Edwin Waugh, was published in Manchester. It created quite a sensation; and, though by no means specially intended as a ballad, was set to music, and sung not only in the concert-rooms and other places of public resort, but in the cottage homes of the people in nearly every village and market town in Lancashire and its immediate neighbourhood. Mr. Waugh has since published several songs and poems in the vernacular of his native county, all of which have, more or less, met with marked success; and although no one has attained the very extensive popularity of "Come whom to the Childer and Me," several are by no means inferior to the universal favourite either in truthful portraiture or poetic construction. Mr. Waugh is confessedly one of the best, if not the best dialect song-writer of the present day. His future reputation, however, will not be altogether confined within bounds so limited. Several of his poems in pure English exhibit strikingly original thought and considerable lyrical power. In the last number of the Magazine we published a poem entitled "The Moorland Flower," extracted from his recently published volume, which will be found to fully justify this eulogium. Mr. Waugh occasionally writes prose, indeed, he first arrested public attention as an author by a series of racy, picturesque, and truthful sketches of Lancashire rustic life and manners. His recent work, "Rambles in the Lake Country and its Borders," will be found to be a most interesting companion to the tourist in this delightful region. Though sufficiently topographical to be instructive on this head, yet the chief value of the work will be found to consist in its graphic descriptions, not simply of the grand and beautiful scenes visited, but of the habits, manners, customs, homely virtues, and prejudices of the inhabitants of the lovely valleys and lone mountain sides. Mr. Waugh, with the instinct of true genius, sees more than the material beauty before his eyes; he enters thoroughly into its sentiment and suggestions; and by the instrumentality of the imaginative faculty, invests, even in prose, a physically beautiful scene with a still higher and holier lustre. The following exquisite description is from the chapter headed "Silverdale," "Quiet Silverdale down by the Sea":

EVENING IN THE COUNTRY.

"In a bosky dingle, nearly opposite the house, a solitary throstle was chanting loud and clear upon a slender, lazy, swinging bough, like a blithe lad playing at

rantipole, or the jolly clerk at Copmanhurst carousing in his lonely woodland cell. Further up, among the woods and gardens, the leaves were all a tremble with wild music. The white road is irregularly bordered with dusty half-trodden grass, strewn here with bits of stone, and there with a few cockle-shells thrown out from a wayside cottage. On the right hand, a tuft of nettles and a low thorn-bush are clustered close to the limestone wall of a small orchard, over which spreading boughs of thick-blossomed apple trees hang in a rich gush, as if there was no room for any more of them inside. On the left hand where the grass border is broader, a few dusty daisies—those cottage children of the flower-world—peep out upon the green roadside; their simple beauty shining prettily through the smirching beauty of their birth-place. Close by the common trod, they smile away their tiny life, looking aloft with sunny eye, unenvious of the garden favourites on the other side of the wall. The contented elves do not even seem to know that they are dusty. They can wait until kind nature sends her next shower. * * * In this grove of speary firs, the birds are twittering and pruning their wings up on the branches nearest the road, and almost within reach of me. They look at the lounging traveller, out of those little wondering jewels of theirs. One of them gushes forth a silvery *roulade*, and hops to the next twig, which swings up and down, as if dancing a welcome to its pretty comrade. The bird gives another look at me out of the corner of his eye, and then carols away in full-throated glee,—not much afraid. * * * Twilight is stealing on. The fading day is suffused with the last glory of the sunken sun; and the commonest objects are robing in a beauty which seems to have more of heaven than earth in it. The rude realities of noon are melting into a strange loveliness at the touch of that power, whose gauzy fringe of dreams trails on the golden skirts of day; and all things seem to be stilling down to a noiseless thrill of adoration. It is the hour when forlorn wanderers, peeping in at cottage doors, hear mothers crooning soft lullabys to their drowsy babes, and feel very sad as thoughts of home and childhood steal into their hearts! Oh, meek hour of shadowy beauty! what strange thoughts, what smouldering tendernesses, what pensive extasy thou has power to waken! Twilight is stealing on! It is easier now to distinguish the different songs of birds which have lingered behind the rest, to sing the day out. And those strange undersounds, which, even in the loneliest dell, seem to sleep when the sun is aloft, now grow upon the ear, and drowse the spirit with a mystic spell. It seems as if the evening air was peopled with a choir of viewless minstrels, whose business was to take up the hymn of nature, when daylight lays his louder music by. * * * I stopped in my walk, and leaned upon a field wall to look around me. The kine are lowing aloud in the pasture, as if asking whether it wasn't time to be called home. In a distant farmyard a dog barks; and the song of a girl makes the listening ear of the valley tingle with pleasure. Now, a wild bee goes bazooning by me, pleased with the spoil he is carrying home from the flowers of Silverdale; and, from yon brown upland where the ploughman's loosened horses are wending slowly from the furrowed field, a clear jingle of chains comes through the still air. Now the wind gives a drowsy sigh along the vale—like a man turning over in his sleep—and then dies away into silence again. In the east, the crescent moon is gliding up the blue heavens to take her night-watch over the slumbering world. The tree tops are all still, and the birds are dropping off for the night into their green chambers. But in this deepening stillness, I hear the surgy voice of the ocean growing louder on the ear; and now I see that the sands I left so lately are fast silvering over with the rising tide. The shores of Morecombe are fading away, and the round top of Arnside Knot grows dim. * * * I left the darkening vale, and came up slowly towards my quarters."

There are numerous forcible sketches of rustic characters, replete with quaint

humour, which give variety and piquancy to the volume. Many might be quoted, but our limited space prevents us on the present occasion from indulging in further extract.

'THE LADIES' COMPANION AND MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—London: Rogerson and Tuxford.

THIS periodical is deservedly a favourite with the more intellectual of the fair sex. It is adorned with engravings of the fine art class, and, of course, with the newest fashions. Even the latter, as matter of art (and pictorial fine art, and the "latest fashions," have too often little in common), are very much superior to the average of their class. The literature, too, is anything but of the light and frivolous character, generally thought acceptable to fashionable young ladies. Science is popularized in a most agreeable manner in papers by Professor Agassiz, and the stories are of a superior class. There is a very interesting and well written paper on "Superstitions of the Irish Peasantry," by the editor, Mrs. Caroline A. White, one of our own esteemed contributors. In a paper entitled "Passing Events Re-edited," the editor endorses the view enunciated by Mr. Kingsley, in the *Times*, on the 11th of April, respecting the recent movements for enlarging the field of employment for females. She says, pertinently, "Will the leaders of the various schemes for this purpose—amiable and hopeful as they are, and doubtless the precursors of this really tangible plan of relief—tell us the numbers of the individuals, out of the surplus hundreds of thousands, who have been really helped to a remunerative and dependable means of livelihood through either the printing-press, or law-copying, or other schemes? Schemes which, after all, *only displace one set of persons to make room for another*, or oppose sex to sex, with (too often) a decreased rate of remuneration, which, instead of assisting, tends to depress the labour market, and to impoverish it by the difference between the price of man's and woman's labour! The great increase of printing business, and the fewness of the feminine hands employed, cannot make the Coram-street press a cause of anxiety to the brothers of the craft; though as much cannot be said of law copying, book-keeping, and the business of accountants—precisely the occupations which the poor clerk, waiting for a situation, or superannuant, or sickly, falls back upon as his only means of support. The number of these comparatively ill-paid men in these commercial days is necessarily immense, and a more helpless class, apart from the desk, scarcely exists; the employment, therefore, of women in these particular occupations (the only ones, indeed, to which such persons can resort in the day of need) suggests some painful calculations as to the political economy of the new movement." Mr. Kingsley is an advocate of extensive emigration as the only natural solution of the question—"What are we to do with our redundant female population?" Fully believing that the "home" is the true sphere of woman's usefulness, he flinches not, from a false delicacy, to look the question steadily in the face, and boldly asks, "Why should she compete with the man? She was not meant to do so. All attempts to employ her in handicraft are but subsistencies for that far nobler and more useful work for which nature intends her—to marry and bear children. By helping such a project as this, men will act according to the dictates of nature, for surely women were meant to have families; of sound political economy, for where there is a wholesome demand it is both a right and a duty to send a supply; of benevolence, by preventing an amount of disappointment, misery, idleness, and often death, which has long appalled me; and of sound morality, for no movement whatsoever will do so much toward putting down that 'social evil' of which so much has been said of late. The true cause, thereof,

is, that there are too many marriageable women in these islands. All other remedies treat only the symptoms. Emigration, and emigration alone, will treat the disease itself." The editor of the "Ladies' Companion" adds, "This statement needs no comment. More than the question of employment, than even life itself, is involved in the fact of woman's redundancy. A case *apropos* of educated women occurs to me, as showing the sparse results of recent efforts to find employment for them. A gentleman having occasion for a copyist and compiler, advertised a few weeks since for a lady, having a knowledge of French and German, to undertake the work. He received more than a hundred answers from educated women, who offered their services at a weekly remuneration varying from fifteen to seven shillings! From such a state of things, emigration, under a perfectly organized system, offers a blessed prospect."

SHAKSPEARE: HIS TIMES AND CONTEMPORARIES. By Geo. Markham Tweddell. Bury: Heap.

WE have received Part II. of a re-issue of Mr. Tweddell's now somewhat popular work. Dr. Johnson, speaking of Shakspeare himself, says "He that tries to recommend him by select quotations, will succeed like the pedant in Hierocles, who, when he offered his house to sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen." So it is with Mr. Tweddell's work. We can, of course, form no correct notion of the whole from a perusal of an isolated section. As far as we can see, however, the work is excellent in its plan and exhaustive of the subject, if conscientiously worked out. The collected material appears to be most ample, nay, unnecessarily redundant. A general notion of the state of art, science, etc., at the time of Shakspeare's birth, is essential to a thorough comprehension of him, both as a man and a dramatist. But it is possible we may have, even, "something too much of this." We fear Mr. Tweddell, in his desire to "*enlarge*" the second edition, has fallen into the error of "doing too much," in one department at least. He is altogether unnecessarily prolix in his gossip about contemporary poets, painters, men of letters, etc. The few leading spirits in each department alone convey to the general reader any definite idea, yet Mr. Tweddell has filled page after page with brief notices of artists of all nations, whose very names are only known to a few curious art students and art critics, and of whose existence Shakspeare himself never possessed the slightest knowledge. This, to some, imparts an appearance of "profound erudition;" to the initiated, however, it smacks of pedantry, or book manufacture, rather than really well digested "learning." Be this as it may, much of it is beside the purpose here, and must consequently be regarded as an artistic blemish, rather than matter for congratulation. The work, however, is one that every true lover of Shakspeare ought to possess. He will find in its pages stores of varied knowledge collected from both well-known and obscure sources, without which, his conception of the character and surroundings of the great poet of humanity must necessarily be imperfect and obscure.

THE NORTH OF ENGLAND MAGAZINE.—London: James Blackwood. Durham: Richardson, etc.

CERTAIN plants, animals, and even manufactures, appear to be indigenous to certain localities. They not only thrive there, but obstinately refuse to flourish if transplanted elsewhere. So it is with periodical literature. It is somewhat imperious in its taste and affections; the atmosphere of London, Edinburgh, and even Dublin, evidently possessing special qualities, upon which it feeds with a relish, and fattens accordingly. Many attempts have been

made in Manchester and some less ambitious places to introduce an independent periodical literature, but never yet with much success. Doubtless, trade conveniences have had something to do with this; but a prejudice in favour of the metropolitan article evidently much more. We see no valid reason why a popular periodical should be less acceptable to the reading public because it is printed and published in the provinces. However this may be, another venture in this direction, in the shape of a sixpenny monthly, has recently been made, embracing a somewhat larger area, with Durham, Manchester, Newcastle, York, Leeds, and Liverpool, as circulating centres. Its motto is "Progress and Common Sense;" and, as appears by the opening number, northern subjects and northern interests will be especially attended to, not in a narrow, but in a cosmopolitan spirit. The general tone of the articles evinces a liberal and temperate spirit, and the editor evidently aims at the diffusion of solid information rather than the excitement of party sentiment or party feeling. A tale of local interest, entitled "Out of Darkness into Light," promises to give some insight into the manners and habits of the coal-owners, the colliers, and their agents, in the early portion of the present century. Another paper, of the continued class, "From Tyneside to Teesdale," will, doubtless, be read with interest by others than residents of the district. In this respect the experiment is hopeful. If a local periodical expects to succeed, it ought, like the successful local newspaper press, to address itself especially to the peculiar wants and feelings of its local readers. The metropolitan towns will ever command the ear of the public on general topics; but miscellaneous readers are, to a large extent, interested in important local matters, when treated with special local knowledge. The number under consideration contains a beautiful poem, by Dora Greenwell, a lady whose writings have latterly justly attracted considerable attention.



Annual Moveable Committee,

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD-FELLOWS, MANCHESTER UNITY FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

THE Annual Moveable Committee commenced its sittings on Monday, the 9th of June, at the Odd-fellows' Hall, Brighton. Nearly 184 deputies were in attendance. The Grand Master, Mr. Jno. Gale, of Liverpool, presided, assisted by the Deputy-Grand Master, Mr. Woodcock, of Glossop. Mr. Henry Ratcliffe officiated as secretary, assisted by Mr. Banyard, of Bury St. Edmunds.

The Grand Master said, it was usual in opening the meeting for the president to make some report to the deputies of the state of the society, and to explain any matters of importance which might have transpired during the preceding twelve months. He was glad to be enabled to say that at no previous period in the history of the society did it stand so well. No Past Grand Master had greater reason to congratulate the deputies on the amount of progress made during the period of his office. It had been an eventful year, owing to the great commercial crisis. No section of society suffered more during panics in trade than the working-classes. He, therefore, by no means anticipated, at the commencement of his year of office, that so large an amount of prosperity would have attended the operations of their society. Working men under such circumstances were generally unable to spare the amount of money demanded for the

contributions. It was, therefore, peculiarly gratifying to find, that notwithstanding this important drawback, the unity now numbered 447 districts, composed of 3,226 lodges. The number of members was 334,970, showing nearly 19,000 of an increase during the twelve months. (Hear, hear.) Improvement in the internal management was equally on the increase. They were never higher in numbers, and they had proof they were never in a more healthy condition. Numerous propositions had been made for the improvement of the 145th general law (the financial law of the order), but it had been determined to postpone any alteration until they were in possession of the results of the last five years' experience. They had now before them the most valuable work extant on the science of vital statistics, compiled by their secretary, Mr. Ratcliffe, and his assistants. He had no doubt many lodges, on having a valuation made of their assets and liabilities, according to this experience, would find their reserved fund in such a position, as to justify an application to the directors for permission to apply the surplus of sick and funeral funds to some other purpose connected with the society. Others, less fortunate, would learn their true state and would be enabled to take such steps as would place them in a better financial position for the future. In a social position they never stood higher. It was an established fact that their society was one of the great social institutions of the country. (Hear, hear.) During the present week, the International Philanthropic Congress was holding its sittings in London. The organization committee had made an application to the directors for full particulars respecting our society, for the purpose of laying the same before the social economy section of the congress. The directors instructed Mr. Hardwick to prepare such a document, and to furnish the congress with such books and papers as would be of interest to parties studying this branch of social economy. Mr. Hardwick complied, and we have received a letter of thanks for what the committee describe as "one of the most instructive papers which they will be enabled to lay before the congress," and they suggest that this important society should appoint Mr. Hardwick and other gentlemen to represent it, and take part in the discussion of the question. (Hear, hear.) Mr. Hardwick's paper will be read on Thursday, and he doubted not the sub-committee would recommend the appointment of a deputation, as they were desirous, not only of doing good themselves, but of aiding others in their efforts for a similar object. (Hear, hear.) Mr. Gale then referred to the dispute between the directors and the late editor of the magazine, and stated that the matter had been arranged; and that steps had been taken to prevent a repetition of the conduct of Mr. Pardon, in appropriating sixteen pages of the magazine to the publication of false and slanderous statements respecting his employers. (Hear, hear.) He hoped that the gentleman to whom it was now entrusted would make it more useful to them and honourable to himself. Mr. Gale then referred in touching terms to the loss sustained by the unity by the demise of the late Mr. James Roe. Knowing the services which he had rendered, he could trust to their justice, kindness, and generosity, when the position of his family came before them, to deal with the matter as it deserved. The Grand Master then referred in feeling terms to the loss the nation had sustained by the death of Prince Albert, and to the address of condolence to the Queen, adopted by the special meeting of the society at Manchester. He likewise pointed out the necessity which existed for all lodges enrolling themselves under the Act of Parliament, and illustrated its importance by reference to a case recently tried at Tamworth, before the judge of the county court, when a verdict had been obtained, which set at rest the question of magisterial interference in the settlement of their disputes, that power having been conferred upon the tribunals of the society itself by the Act of Parliament. (Loud cheers.) Mr. Gale then referred at some length to occasionally breaches of the law with respect to the

incidental, or management funds, and recommended a careful attention to the subject in future, as the directors were instructed to see the law carried out in its integrity. (Hear, hear). In conclusion, he felt confident that the deputies would, by their courteous conduct during the debates, prove to the world that they were the right men in the right place, and that the business of the meeting would be conducted in a manner alike honourable to the society and themselves. (Loud cheers).

Mr. Waldram (Leicester) read the auditors' report, which was received. The various sub-committees were appointed, and the meeting adjourned. Sub-committee to examine proceedings of the directors: Rev. T. Price, Messrs. Geves, Collins, Sykes, Adams, Hoghton and Riley. Relief Committee: Messrs. Buck, Allen, Jack, Stiff, Burton, Gadd, Smith (Worcester), Smith (Bootle), and Noon. New District Committee: Messrs. Statham, Wells, Gibson, Gerrard, Reynolds, Thompson, Parkins, Hey, and Buckley. Estimates Committee: Messrs. Daynes, Burgess, Glasse, Rourke, Rough, Lewis, Pratt, Thompson, and Stocker.

Our limited space will permit of only a slight reference to the more important discussions respecting the general laws. Propositions for altering the law relative to election of directors, and for paying the deputies for attendance at the A. M. C. from the Unity Fund, were lost by large majorities. The proposition that districts should have power to charge members whose occupation, trade, or calling is *extra hazardous*, a greater sum for their initiation, or to pay a smaller sum for their funeral donation, was carried unanimously. A proposition to suspend both sick-pay and payment of contribution by members in union work-houses was rejected. The 186th law was amended by the substitution of the word "appropriate" for "divide," and the insertion after the words, "next valuation," "but that no such appropriation shall consist of a division of money among its members."

The 142nd law was amended as follows:—"Every member shall, previous to admission, undergo a medical examination, and deliver in a certificate or declaration of his age and state of health in the form adopted by the district, and shall on his admission be presented with a copy of these rules and the rules of the district he joins." The 144th law was amended so as to give lodges discretionary power of admitting honorary members on the same night as they are proposed, and to charge as low a fee as 10s. 6d. Honorary members may henceforth join more than one lodge if so disposed. The amendment of the 145th, or general financial law, was postponed for another year, with the view to allow of the circulation of Mr. Ratcliffe's tables throughout the unity, previous to further legislation. A retrograde movement was proposed, but rejected, only ten hands being held up in its favour. A proposition was carried, that the words "are you a member of any other society, etc.," in the wardens charge be omitted.

The following are the chief points of interest in the sub-committee's report:—"The magazine.—Your committee have much pleasure in reporting that, in pursuance of the 13th resolution of the Bolton A.M.C., the directors have now satisfactorily arranged all matters connected with the late editor, and have entrusted the future conduct of the magazine to Mr. Charles Hardwick, P.G.M. Your committee have every confidence that under his able superintendence it will meet with general approval."

The committee recommended the appointment of a deputation to attend the meeting of the International Congress referred to in the Grand Master's opening speech. The Grand Master, Mr. Hardwick, and Mr. Daynes were appointed. The two former attended the meeting. Mr. Hardwick read his paper, which will be printed in the transactions of the society, and afterwards inserted in the "Oddfellows' Magazine." On Friday morning the Grand Master reported to the meeting that the deputation had been received in the most courteous manner by the Earl of Shaftsbury, the chairman, and the members of the society.

The demise of the late Mr. Roe was feelingly referred to. The committee suggested "that the memory of one of the worthiest and ablest members of the order should be acknowledged in a manner which, while it will redound to the credit of the society, will, at the same time, be an inducement to other members to follow an example so worthily set before them by him whose loss is so universally lamented throughout the order."

It was ultimately resolved that the sum of £50 be granted to Mrs. Roe, and that a circular be issued inviting additional contributions for this purpose. Mr. Burgess was appointed parliamentary agent in the place of the late Mr. Roe. Mr. Ratcliffe's work was very favourably noticed. A vote of £50 was passed unanimously, as a remuneration for Mr. Ratcliffe's additional labour. A long discussion took place with reference to the conduct of the directors in matters of appeal from the Manchester district. The proposition was ultimately withdrawn, and the usual vote of thanks carried. Mr. Woodcock, D.G.M., was unanimously elected Grand Master; Mr. Burgess, South London, was elected Deputy Grand Master. He polled 104 votes, and Mr. Richmond, Manchester, 66. The following gentlemen, together with the retiring G.M. form the Board of Directors for the ensuing year:—Messrs. Buck, Daynes, Schofield, Price (Aberdare), Street, Curtis, Jack, Geves, and Richmond. The next A.M.C. will be held at Leamington; Leamington polled 86, and Birkenhead 85. For auditor the Bootle district polled 69, and Hull 21. The following gentlemen's portraits are to appear in the magazine: Mr. Luff, P.G.M., Liverpool; Mr. Noon, Belper; Mr. Glasse, Southampton; and Mr. Waldram, Leicester. The usual vote of thanks and donations to the charities were passed. The business concluded about eleven o'clock on Saturday.

The Grand Banquet was held on Tuesday evening in the Town Hall. About 400 sat down to dinner. Nearly all the deputies attended by invitation from the Brighton district. It passed off in the most enthusiastic manner. His Worship the Mayor presided, supported on the right by the Grand Master of Order, and on the left by the Grand Master of the district. Mr. E. Saunders, and Mr. T. D. Gates, of the Brighton district, acted as vice-chairmen, and amongst those present were observed J. White, Esq., M.P., J. G. Dodson, Esq., M.P., the Rev. J. Griffith, the Ex-Mayor (Mr. Alderman Alger), Mr. Alderman Martin, M. D. Scott, Esq., Mr. Alderman J. C. Burrows, A. Bigge, Esq., Major D'Albiac, Captain Branwell, Captain Meek, Lieutenant Loder, Lieutenant Cockburn, and Messrs. R. Rugg, D. Richards, W. Verrall, J. Hilditch, J. C. Craven, W. Smithers, Dixon, W. Curtis, Chittenden, Challen, Booty, H. Beard, &c. "The Queen and Royal Family" having been disposed of, Mr. Saunders, P.P.G.M., gave the "Army, Navy, and Volunteers," and Major D'Albiac (Commandant 1st Sussex Volunteer Artillery) responded. Mr. J. Curtis, Prov. C.S., proposed "The Bishop and Clergy of Diocese, and Ministers of all denominations." In the absence of Dr. Hook, the Dean of Chichester, the Rev. J. Griffith acknowledged the compliment, remarking that the principles of the order were those which every minister is, or should be teaching. "The Members of Parliament for the County of Sussex, and Borough of Brighton," was given by Mr. Buck, P.G.M., of Birmingham, and suitably acknowledged by J. G. Dodson, Esq., M.P., and J. White, Esq., M.P., and in the absence of W. Coningham, Esq., M.P., through illness, Mr. Alderman Alger returned thanks on his behalf. Mr. Gates, Prov. D.G.M., gave the "Lord Lieutenant and Magistrates for the County of Sussex," to which Brother M. D. Scott, and Mr. A. Bigge, replied. Mr. Hardwick, P.G.M., of Preston, followed with "The Mayor and Corporation of Brighton," which was acknowledged by his Worship and Mr. Alderman Martin. The Mayor, in giving the toast of the evening, "The Manchester Unity," said as a benefit society it stood pre-eminent, as it had for its object the relief of the distressed, the wiping

away of the widows' tears, comforting the orphans, and making the sick whole. With such principles as "Friendship, Love, and Truth," the highest gentleman in the land might be proud to be a member of such a society. P.G.M. Daynes, of Norwich, responded in a very eloquent speech. The toasts which followed were "The Grand Master and Board of Directors," "The Deputies to the A.M.C.," "The Brighton District and A.M.C. Committee," "The Widows and Orphans Fund," "The Town and Trade of Brighton," "The London, Brighton, and South-Coast Railway, and its officers," "The Chairman," "The Press," "The Vice-Chairman," and "The Ladies." The glee singers and company then sang "God save the Queen," and the company separated.

THE SOIRÉE came off at the Pavilion on Thursday night, the grand suite of rooms being thrown open for the occasion. The corridor was occupied principally by works of science, kindly contributed by Mr. J. C. Craven, of the Locomotive Department, and other officials of the Railway, consisting of models of steam engines, vessel-screws, Saxby's self-acting signals, showing their mode of action, and also models of steam and other vessels. These claimed a great share of the attention of the company, the explanation of the action of them being at once interesting and instructive. In the Yellow Drawing Rooms and Saloon were contributions, by Mr. Cox, of Cavendish-street, of models in cork; Mr. Bright, Castle-square, articles of bronze and porcelain; Messrs. White, East-street, and Mr. Mason and Mr. Constable, of photograph and talbotype scraps and likenesses; M. George de Paris, water paintings; Mr. Penley, oil paintings: Messrs. Capon and Savage, microscopes; and Mr. Greenin, East-street, had a fancy bazaar on a small scale.

The entertainment commenced at half-past eight, with a concert in the Music Room, at which Miss Strong, M. E. de Paris, Masters Juniper and Tanner, Mr. Jordan, Mr. Affleck, and Mr. Broadbridge rendered efficient services.

The address, a copy of which we append, written especially for this occasion by Miss Eliza Cook, was delivered by Prov. C.S. James Curtis, and was very warmly received. P.G.M. Hardwick's delivery of "Odd Lines for Odd Fellows," was encored. Mr. Hardwick substituted "The Heart's Charity," both of which pieces were written by Miss Cook.

ADDRESS.

Fair greeting must we give to these choice hours,
That mark our human path with perfumed flowers.
Warm is our welcome, though it may be brief,
Crowning each other with the olive leaf;
Glad in our spirits, earnest in our will;
Staunch workers in the past, and *working* still;
Joining with merry hearts and glad intent
To give good record of the moments spent.
Our purpose pleasure, but of that pure kind
Which will not tarnish man's great God-link,—Mind;
For we have met with broad and open hands,
To weave yet longer firm and Christian bands;
To serve our brothers, and to aid the cause
Of human good by teaching human laws;
To spread this motto,—blest as it is just,—
"Truth, Independence, Labour, and Self-trust,"
We seek to raise the worthy sons of toil
Above the reach of poverty's fell coil;
We meet with glowing hope, to plead and prove
The strength of wisdom, unity, and love.

Long may we gather as we do to-night;
 Long may we flourish, blending Might and Right;
 Bound in one faith, and doing all faith can
 To serve God's beauty in its image,—Man.

At ten o'clock dancing commenced in the Banqueting Room to the Town Band, and on the conclusion of the concert dancing also took place in the Music Room.

The amusements did not terminate till two o'clock, when the company separated, highly delighted with the entertainment provided for them.

The whole of the deputies were invited to the soirée by the members of the Brighton district. The courtesy of the local committee, and many of the resident gentry, is spoken of in the highest terms. The Brighton A.M.C. will on be remembered with feelings of pleasure by the deputies in attendance.



Friendly Society Intelligence, Statistics, Etc.

BIRTHS AND MARRIAGES.—From a table presented to Parliament, we learn that there were in England 163,745 marriages, 695,624 births, and 435,293 deaths during the year 1861. There were born 355,751 males and 332,873 females; and there died 222,516 males and 212,777 females. The greatest number of marriages took place in the December quarter, the greatest number of births in the June quarter, and the greatest number of deaths in the March quarter.

FRIENDLY SOCIETIES' INVESTMENTS.—A Parliamentary return shows that the stock sold on account of friendly societies during 1861 amounted to £61,000; the sums received from trustees during the year ending December 31st, 1861, were £7,418; dividends on stock received December 31st, 1861, £40,509; making of sums received, £113,731 12s. 3d. Sums paid on account of friendly societies in the year ending December 31st, 1861:—Drafts paid during the year ending December 31st, 1861, £104,051 6s. 6d.; balance in the Bank of England, December 31st, 1861, £9,740 5s. 9d.; making a total of £113,791 12s. 3d.

IMPORTANT APPEAL CASE.—*County Court, Tamworth, April 7th, 1862.*—*S. Barraclough v. J. Phillips, one of the Trustees of the Lord Townsend Lodge, Manchester Unity.*—*Before Deputy Judge Harris.*—This was a suit instituted by the plaintiff to be reinstated in the Lord Townsend Lodge, and also a claim of five pounds for damages. Mr. Thomas Argyle, of Tamworth, appeared for the plaintiff; Mr. Motttram, barrister, of Birmingham, appeared on behalf of the Society. Mr. Argyle said his client was a Member of the Lord Townsend Lodge, from which he had been unjustly expelled, the Meeting being improperly held, the time at which the expulsion took place being after club hours. He stated the Lodge had a branch Society, called the Widows and Orphans' Fund, the Members paying optionally. The Society had been in existence some years. At a meeting of the Members of the same, 37 out of 40 agreed to divide the funds, and if any wished they could then start the Society again. The plaintiff received £3 9s. for his share; for this, the plaintiff, and others, had been summoned before the Lodge, and expelled. They had appealed to the District Meeting, which, confirming the decision of the Lodge, he appealed to

the G.M. and Board of Directors, which Court decided he might be reinstated upon payment of the money received back again to the Lodge. He, the attorney, contended that the Board had no jurisdiction to make any order further than to confirm or rescind the resolution appealed against. Mr. Mottram argued at great length that all Courts of Appeal had power to alter, amend, or rescind any order which might be appealed against, which argument was confirmed by the Court. He contended that the Court had no jurisdiction in the case, the laws of the Lodge being registered, and they stating how all disputes should be settled. He cited several cases to prove his statement—one *Turner v. Scott*, heard in the County Court at Gloucester, and others. He contended the plaintiff had been properly and mercifully dealt with: he called upon his Honour to show his abhorrence of the proceedings the plaintiff had been guilty of. His Honour, in delivering the judgment of the Court, said he considered the fact of the plaintiff having appealed to the Board of Directors, at once set aside the objection raised by his attorney, so far as the informality of the Lodge's proceedings. The plaintiff asked to be reinstated in the Society; he must tell him, neither he nor any other authority had power to interfere in such a case; he clearly had the power in his own hands, by complying with the resolution of the Board of Directors. As to the application for damages, he could not see in what way he had sustained damage; if, as he had before stated, he had complied, he would have been admitted to his Lodge, which was all he could desire. He should dismiss the application with costs, not having jurisdiction in the case.

IMPORTANT DECISION.—*Ashby-de-la Zouch County Court: Perry v. Litherland.*—The plaintiff, W. Perry, sued W. Litherland, as N.G. of the Victoria Lodge of Odd-Fellows (Ashby-de-la-Zouch), Manchester Unity Friendly Society, for the sum of £2, being four weeks' sick pay. The case excited great interest amongst the members of the various friendly societies in the town, and the Court was crowded to hear the case. The plaintiff conducted his own case, and Mr. W. B. Cheatle appeared for the defendant. The facts appeared to be that W. Perry was a member of the Victoria Lodge, and in receipt of the sick gift. On May 14, 1860, a charge was preferred against him for following his employment whilst receiving the sick pay. The Lodge expelled him, and he appealed to the District. The District referred the matter back to the Lodge for informality. The Lodge re-heard the case, and again expelled Perry. The plaintiff appealed against this decision on the 31st of December, 1860, and the District Meeting, after hearing the appeal, rescinded the Lodge resolution of the 31st July, 1860. The Lodge then determined to appeal to the G.M. and Board of Directors against the District resolution. After hearing the evidence, also a memorial which Perry sent to the Board of Directors, in which he expressly stated his willingness to leave the case to their arbitration, as he had "confidence in their impartiality," the Directors decided "that the charge was proved; that the resolution of the District Meeting held on the 31st day of December, 1860, and also that part of the Victoria Lodge resolution of 31st July, 1860, whereby W. Perry was expelled, be rescinded, and that W. Perry be suspended from all benefits for two years from the 17th May, 1860, and that he pay contributions from and during the said time." The Lodge refusing to pay W. Perry his claim of one month's sick pay from the 26th of May, 1860, to June 26th, 1860, the present claim was entered.—Mr. Cheatle, on behalf of the defendant, having put in evidence the general laws, contended that the County Court had no jurisdiction. His Honour said, "I have no jurisdiction. If the plaintiff is aggrieved, I am of opinion his proper course is to apply to the G.M. and Board of Directors for a re-hearing."—Abridged from the *Leicestershire Mercury*, April 26.

INFANT CASUALTIES IN THE METROPOLIS.—A careful analysis of the return obtained by Mr. Cox, M.P. for Finsbury, entitled "Coroners' Inquests (Metropolis) on Infants under Two Years of Age, for the year 1861," exhibits the following results:—

| | |
|---|-----|
| Wilful murder | 66 |
| Manslaughter | 5 |
| Found dead | 141 |
| Suffocation;—how caused no evidence | 181 |
| Suffocation;—accidental | 147 |
| From neglect, want, cold, and exposure, and natural disease ... | 614 |

Total cases necessitating coroners' inquests 1,104

OFFICE CLUB FAILURE IN LIVERPOOL.—*"The Bold-street Club."*—The "Liverpool Friendly Society," better known amongst working people and the public generally as the "Bold-street Club," is just now in a critical position. The state of its affairs has been submitted to Mr. Samuel Brown, one of the leading London actuaries, and he says of it, after showing that he has taken the most favourable view, and giving his reasons for doing so,—*"With all these assumptions in favour of the society, the balance-sheet which I present shows a deficiency of nearly £33,750."* And he concludes his report with the following paragraph:—*"I regret exceedingly to say that, in my judgment, and drawing general conclusions from the facts submitted to me, there is no other course open than to reduce all the benefits at least one half, and even then to watch narrowly that the payment for sickness and funerals do not exceed their proper rate, or to dissolve the society at once, and to distribute the small amount of funds in hand, in proportion to each member's interest therein."* The club now consists, it appears, of 1,606 members. Working men have often been blamed, and sometimes justly, for their want of foresight and sagacity in managing their benefit societies; and had this club been managed by working men it would have furnished another illustration of what some "large talkers" call *"the great want of intelligence displayed by the working classes in the management of their own affairs;"* and quite right too. But the fact is, and especial attention must be given to this fact, that the "Bold-street Club" *has not been managed by working men at all.* Years ago, when the Oddfellows and other benefit societies were springing up and making way, the "manner of some" was to sneer at these, and point to the "Bold-street Club" as a model of what a working man's provident society should be. It was understood, too, that gentlemen of position and standing were on the directory,—men who had the welfare of working people at heart, and no selfish ends to serve. And this may have been so. Yet look what a wreck they have made of it. The whole affair reflects discreditably upon the managers, and the sooner they give some explanation of their conduct the better. It will be a warning—a costly one, too—to working men to put no trust in what is now spoken of as *"the management of swells."* The "swells" may be well-meaning, perfectly honest, amiable, philanthropic, having *"a feeling towards ameliorating the condition of working people;"* but there is something more than these required in the management of a provident society, and that something, it is very clear, "swells" do not possess.—*Abridged from the Liverpool Porcupine.*

SECESSION.—SINGULAR LEGAL OPINION.—*Nottingham District Independent Order of Odd-Fellows v. The Prince of Peace Lodge.*—*Leicester County Court, April 22.*—This was an adjourned case from October last. Mr. Haxby for the defendants. It appeared that the plaintiffs had served a notice upon the defendants, who were formerly connected with the Nottingham District, for

payment of certain moneys alleged to be due to them, whilst the defendants alleged they had seceded from the District, and were then an independent Society. His Honour adjourned the case to enable the opinion of Mr. Tidd Pratt to be taken on the subject. Mr. Haxby now read that gentleman's opinion, which was to the effect that the Lodge had legally seceded from the District, and was therefore no longer liable for any more payment to them. His Honour gave a judgment in accordance with Mr. Tidd Pratt's opinion. Mr. Harvey appeared for the plaintiffs.—*Leicestershire Mercury*.

[It is very desirable that Mr. Pratt's interpretation of the law of secession by branches of affiliated Friendly Societies should be made public. If the Prince of Peace Lodge be a branch of the Nottingham District of the Manchester Unity, as on the face of it appears, the G. M. and Board of Directors are the parties who, in this case, ought to have decided the matter *according to law*, or clauses 50 and 51 of the Act of Parliament are not simply a dead letter but a "*delusion and a snare*." It is just possible, however, that the term "*Nottingham District*" is an error for "*Nottingham Unity*."—Ed. O. F. M.]

SHREWSBURY.—LECTURE ON FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.—On Wednesday evening Mr. Charles Hardwick, P.G.M., delivered a lecture in the Assembly-room, Lion Hotel, Shrewsbury, on "Friendly Societies; their present position and social importance, together with an exposition of financial laws necessary to insure their stability." The Rev. Dr. Kennedy occupied the chair, supported by the Rev. Jno. Yardley, M.A., vicar. The Chairman said that when his friend Mr. Hanny called upon him and asked him to preside at the meeting, he did not hesitate to accept the honour that was proffered. Having been himself an insurer of his life for more than thirty years, and having felt during that time the comfort it was that in case of death those he might leave behind him would be provided for and taken care of, he could not but rejoice that others were discharging the same duties, and reaping the same benefits. He could not understand how any man of public spirit, sympathy, or benevolence, could help regarding friendly societies with good will, promoting, as they were calculated to do, mutual love, sympathy, and affection, and also common co-operation of man with man for great and useful objects. He was not so well acquainted with their working as he could wish to be. He rejoiced that he had an opportunity of hearing the matter explained by so able a lecturer as Mr. Hardwick, who he begged to introduce to the meeting. Mr. Hardwick addressed a most attentive audience for upwards of an hour and a half. At the conclusion of a most brilliant lecture, he resumed his seat amid great cheering. Thanks were voted to the lecturer, to the gentlemen who brought him to Shrewsbury, and to the chairman, and the proceedings terminated.—*Abridged from the Shrewsbury Chronicle*.

THE ROYAL LIVER FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—In the Court of Common Pleas, on Monday, May 12, Mr. Baylis appeared, in the case of *Draper v. Stephenson*, to show cause against a rule for a prohibition to the county court of Lancashire, held at Liverpool, obtained by the plaintiff against the defendant and others, trustees and committeemen of the Royal Liver Friendly Society, to prohibit all further proceedings in the said court in this plaint. The question arose under the Friendly Societies Act, the 18th and 19th Victoria, cap. 63, secs. 40 and 41, which gave power in certain disputes to apply by petition to the county court of the district, the judge of which court should make such orders and directions in relation to the matter of such application as might now be given or made by the Court of Chancery, and the decision of such county court should not be subject to any appeal. The complaint made against the trustees and officers of the society was a charge of fraud—that they had rendered false balances and published a false docu-

ment purporting to be a balance sheet, and representing the society to be in funds £1,400, when in fact it had only £1,100, and representing £3,600 to have been paid for funerals, when in truth and in fact only £2,600 had been paid; and representing the expenditure of the society in offices and management as only £882, when in truth it was £1,741. The matter came before the county court, by petition, to remove these officers, and for a further order to prohibit their re-election. Mr. Brett, Q.C., in supporting the rule, contended that the rules of the society had pointed out another mode of proceeding. The plaintiff made his complaint, as a member of the society, against the committee of the society, charging them with misconduct as officers. By the 24th rule of the society all matters of dispute between members and the trustees, or officers, or committee of management, were to be determined by the committee of management; or any member not satisfied might deposit 10s. and demand an arbitration. He contended, therefore, that the county courts had no jurisdiction. The society consisted of 150,000 members, and one of the members, without notice to the rest, asked the County Court of Liverpool to try the management of 149,000 odd persons' affairs belonging to the society by the trustees—a power which the Court of Chancery would not usurp without some notice to the other members. Mr. Justice Willes said, if all the other members were to have notice and be represented at a cost of 6s. 8d. each, the application could not be made to the court under a cost of £50,000. The object of the enactment was to save expense. The decision of the county court judge was also to be final. This was an indirect appeal by way of prohibition. The Chief Justice was of opinion that the rule ought to be discharged. The words of the statute were express, that the county court judge might entertain the suit and give such orders as might be given by the Court of Chancery, and that the decision of the county court in relation to such application should not be subjected to any appeal. The duty of this court in respect to prohibition was to prohibit where there was no jurisdiction in the court below, and not to review the proceedings of the court below, and to constitute itself a court of appeal. Then it was contended that the dispute ought to have been referred to the committee of management under the rules of the society. But this was not a dispute to which the rule applied. The government of the society was vested in the committee of management, and to declare that any person dissatisfied with their management should appeal to them would be illusory, and never could be the intention of the legislature. If the committee of management did wrong, the statute has given an appeal to the county court judge. With regard to the petition to order the defendants not to be re-elected, the court ought not to issue a prohibition for a veto against their re-election. Those who had a vote might give it for any person, and the veto on re-election was a matter bearing on persons not before the court. That was no part of the judgment of the court, and was no ground for prohibiting this suit. The rule must, therefore, be discharged. The other learned judges expressed similar judgments.—*Rule discharged.*—*Liverpool Mercury.*

MR. LAYARD, M.P., ON FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.—An interesting lecture on Friendly Societies was delivered in the large room at Taylor's Depository, St. George's Road, Southwark, in connection with the South London District, by Mr. Charles Hardwick, P.G.M. of the Manchester Unity of Odd-Fellows. At the conclusion, Mr. Layard delivered a long and interesting address, of which we regret our space will not permit us to give more than the following extracts. He said:—"I am sure it will require very little persuasion upon my part to induce you to return our best thanks to the lecturer for the very interesting and able lecture we have just heard from him. (Hear,

hear.) Nothing could strike me more than the general attention paid by the audience to all that has fallen from our friend, Mr. Hardwick. I think he is doing good service, not only to the working men of this country, but to the State, by going about as he does from place to place, addressing large audiences, and making them fully understand the principles upon which these societies ought to be established. (Hear, hear.) What he says is perfectly true, that hitherto a great deal of discredit has attached to many of these societies. That discredit is entirely due, as he has fully explained, to the fact, that many of these societies have failed to realise the objects for which they were established, because those who have used them with the best possible motives, and most admirable intentions, have not well understood these simple rules and principles of political economy, which no society, however much it may be promoted by benevolence and philanthropy, can afford to neglect. (Hear, hear.) Depend upon it, gentlemen, that unless these rules are fully understood, and unless these societies are founded upon such rules, they must fail. Most men insure their ives, their stocks in trade, or their houses; and why should not the working man insure himself and those dependent upon him against the day of misfortune or illness? (Hear, hear.) It is this principle that our friend Mr. Hardwick has explained to-night—that it is essential for the working man, if he wishes to be truly independent, and to show his independence, that he should at all times of his life—whether well or ill—be dependent upon himself, and upon no one else. (Cheers.) Now, he has shown you that every man who earns his daily bread can do this by the simplest of all processes. Let a man join a society founded upon properly established principles, and whatever may come to him—whether he lives a life free from sickness, or whether it may please Providence to inflict upon him greater ills and miseries than upon his neighbour—still that man will be independent of every one except himself; will be free from obligation to any human creature, and least of all to Government, or the poor rates, or, in fact, any of those artificial arrangements which hitherto have been devised in order to maintain society. (Hear, hear.) I know there has hitherto existed amongst the working men of this country a great deal of prejudice against these societies, and also against savings-banks. I have heard it said by working men themselves, having this prejudice, that these societies enabled the Government to ascertain the means of the working man; that they give rise to inquisitorial proceedings; that, in fact, they place the working man's condition too much before the eyes of the Government. I believe that objection to be totally unfounded. (Hear, hear.) Depend upon this, if your societies are based upon proper principles; if you have accumulated £60,000,000 sterling in friendly societies and savings-banks, the more the Government is aware of that wealth and of your position, the better you will stand with them, and the greater check you will hold over them. (Loud cheers.) Now, we need not go a great many years back to see the improvements these friendly societies, and the consequent independence of the working man, have made in this country. Let us only refer to the last four or five months, to those districts from which Mr. Hardwick comes. Look, at the present moment, at the state of things in the West of England, in the manufacturing districts. Look at the great fall in trade; look at the suspension of works in many places; at the half-time in others; and at the want and suffering occasioned thereby. Yet, during the last five or six months the Government of this country has not had cause to complain of one manufacturing town. There has not been one disturbance; there has been no foolish, silly rising against capital, founded upon false notions of political economy. (Hear, hear.) On the contrary, the working men of this country have shown a nobleness of character, an independence and resignation which, I will venture to say, places them far above all the workmen in the world, and gives them the undoubted title to the admiration and gratitude of

England. (Loud cheers.) It is the duty of every man who takes an interest in the welfare of this country, and the working men of this country—the bone and marrow of England—to support societies which teach men independence, thorough and complete. (Cheers.) And, moreover, there is another thing to which these societies, I believe, give very great impetus. Mr. Hardwick has said that he knows people now in high life, men of property, mayors of towns, who joined friendly societies as working men, with the small earnings they were able to obtain. And why are they mayors? and why men of capital? Because they joined these very societies. (Hear, hear.) Because they were taught maxims of frugality and independence of character, which enabled them to raise themselves in life, to occupy with dignity and credit the position to which they have attained. (Cheers.) I think this lecture has been of great use to us all; not only to those who have listened to it with so much attention, but to the humble individual who has had the honour of taking the chair this evening. (Hear, hear.) I have learnt as much as you have. Ladies and gentlemen, upon you, I hope the lesson will not be thrown away; upon me, I hope, likewise, it will not be thrown away. We must all of us learn the benefit of these societies; and depend upon it, whether it be the rich or poor, we have all equal interest that they should prosper, and should be founded upon those just and equitable principles which have been so well explained by Mr. Hardwick. I need scarcely call upon you to signify that we are unanimous—I think I may assume we are all unanimous—in returning a vote of sincere thanks to that gentleman for the very able lecture he has given us this evening.” (Cheers.) The motion was duly seconded, and carried with enthusiasm, and the meeting separated with three cheers for the chairman.—*Abridged from the News and Bankers' Journal.*

VIOLENT DEATHS.—In the year 1860, for which the returns have just been issued, 14,775 persons in England and Wales died a violent death—one person in every 1,328. Nearly 13,000 of these deaths are ascribed to accident or negligence; among them 5,417 were caused by fractures and contusions, 1,061 by suffocation (760 at not a year old), 2,264 by drowning, and 3,166 by burns and scalds. The exposure of men to fire in coal mines and works, causes their death from burns during the prime of life to outnumber those of women, notwithstanding the more combustible dress of the latter, but after 55 the deaths of women from this cause are more than double those of men, and, says Dr. Farr, the old women who are now burnt to death far exceed in number those who in cruel times were burnt as witches. In 1860 at least 1,365 persons wilfully sought their own destruction, one in 14,286 of the population; but there is no doubt that many suicides by drowning are classed as accidental deaths.

Odd-Fellowship, Anniversaries, Presentations, etc.

ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE.—On Tuesday, the 6th of May, the members of the “Loyal Booth Mason Lodge” presented their V.G., William Mellor, with a beautifully coloured emblem of the Order, in a very elegant frame, for his services to the Lodge while acting as Secretary. Mr. James Andrew, P.P.G.M., in a neat speech, presented the testimonial. The emblem bore the following inscription: “Presented to V.G. William Mellor by the officers and members of the ‘Loyal Booth Mason Lodge’ 4613, of the Ashton-under-Lyne District of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, M.U., as a token of respect for services rendered by him to the said Lodge, this 6th day of May, 1862.”

BIRKENHEAD.—From the annual return published by the officers of this district, it appears that the fourteen Lodges include 1080 Members, being an increase over the past year of 84. The total reserved funds amount to £4,953 10s. 2½d.

BLACKBURN.—Each lodge has furnished the district offices with a return of its experiences during the past year. The total amount of lodge funds is £17,269 9s. 4d., being an increase during the year of £1,128 19s. 1½d. The total number of members on the 31st of December last was 3,000, showing an increase of 143. The amount paid for sick during the year 1861, is £1,307 18s. 9½d., averaging 8s. 8½d. per member. The amount paid for funerals is £605, averaging 4s. 3d. per member. £605 have been received as interest on invested capital during the year.

BLACKBURN.—**ODD-FELLOWS' ENTERTAINMENT IN AID OF THE RELIEF FUND.**—On Thursday evening, June 5, the promised concert and literary entertainment, under the immediate patronage of the Odd-fellows of the Blackburn district, M. U., took place in the Assembly-room of the Town-hall, in this town. The members of the various lodges connected with this very numerous and important order turned out in great force, and the entertainment being likewise liberally supported by many of the best families in the neighbourhood, the result was a very large and highly respectable assemblage, which completely filled the spacious hall in every part. The proceedings were of a varied character, including music, a dramatic sketch, recitations, etc., the whole entertainment seemed to secure general enjoyment, and to give general satisfaction. We have reason to believe that the amount which will be handed over to the Relief Committee, after all expenses are paid, will not be far short of £40, a very handsome and satisfactory result.—*Abridged from the Blackburn Times.*

BRADFORD.—From the annual report prepared by the Pro. C. S., J. Illingworth, we gather the following particulars:—In Jan., 1862, the district numbered 2,927 members, and possessed a reserved capital of £15,773 15s. 7d. The total amount paid for sickness and funerals in 1861, was £2,455 12s. ½d. The average claim for sick pay in each lodge varied from 2s. 3½d., to £1 1s. 8d. per member. The secretary observes—"If equalized throughout the district, the amount per member paid for sick pay alone, would have averaged for 1858, 11s. 5d.; 1859, 11s. 11½d.; 1860, 12s. 5d.; and 1861, 12s. 6d. per member; which shows a steady but progressive increase, and which, considering the age of the district, we cannot at present expect to get much lower."

BRAMLEY DISTRICT.—The members of the Loyal Nelson met in their lodge room at the Malt Shovel Inn, Armley, on Saturday, March 29th, 1862, for the purpose of presenting to P.P.G.M. Joseph Haywood, for services rendered to the Lodge during the last twenty years, a very handsome testimonial in the shape of a highly-finished lever watch and gold guard chain. The testimonial was presented by Brother John Hunter, of the Nelson Lodge, in a very beautiful but short speech; and addresses were also given by P.P.G.M. John Geeves and P.P.G.M. Wm. Thompson, and others, members of the Leeds and Bramley Districts. In taking a review of P.P.G.M. Joseph Haywood's membership, we may just state that he has served the several offices of his Lodge and District nearly thirty times, and has also brought eighteen new members to be initiated into our honourable Society. May all members go and do likewise.

BRAMPTON DISTRICT, CUMBERLAND.—**PRESENTATION.**—The officers and members of this district, in a very spirited manner, met on Saturday evening, the 15th day of March, 1862, at the "Royal Brampton Lodge" room, White Lion Hotel, for the purpose of presenting to their Provincial C.S. William Holmes a testimonial of esteem in the form of a very valuable and handsome patent gold lever watch, &c. The chair was occupied by Prov. G.M. John

Palmer, farmer, of Dartwell Green, near Loughton, and the vice-chair by Provincial D.G.M. Thomas Boustead, of Banko. The chairman, after delivering an appropriate and interesting address to the members of the Lodge, in which he passed a well-merited encomium upon Mr. Holmes, for his uprightness, integrity, zeal, and devotion, in the cause of Odd-fellowship, presented the testimonial amidst loud applause. Mr. Holmes acknowledged the compliment in suitable terms, thanking the officers and members for the valuable testimonial. He assured them that the proceedings of that evening would never be effaced from his memory, and would stimulate him to increased and still further exertions in the cause. He was glad to find the order increasing daily, and likely to do so, as its grand principles and objects became known, as might be inferred from the condition of their own district at the end of last year. It consisted of only three Lodges, with 408 Members, of which 56 had been initiated during 1861. The sum of £296 4s. 2d. had been paid for funerals and sickness, and they possessed a reserved fund of £2,901 19s. 10d. The watch bears the following inscription, neatly and tastefully engraved:—"I.O.O.F. Presented the 15th day of March, 1862, to Provincial C.S. William Holmes, by the Officers and Members of the Brampton district, as a mark of respect, and in recognition of valuable services rendered by him to the Lodges and District. Thomas Cheestrough, P.P.G.M.; John Palmer, P.G.M.; Thomas Boustead, P.D.G.M.; Joseph Parker, P.P.D.G.M., Treasurer."

BRAMPTON, NEAR CHESTERFIELD.—The anniversary dinner of the Benevolent Lodge, on Monday, April 21, was rendered unusually interesting by the presentation of a valuable microscope to Thomas Jones, Esq., F.R.C.S., Chesterfield, as a memento of his services to the lodge, not only as its medical officer, but as a most deserving brother. A sumptuous dinner was provided at the lodge-house, the Old Griffin Inn, by Mr. Shemwell. There was a large attendance of the members of the lodge, as well as a number of visiting brethren from other lodges. The presentation was a valuable microscope, which had been manufactured at a cost of nearly £20. It was cased in a mahogany box, on the lid of which was the following inscription:—"Easter, 1862. This microscope was presented by the Benevolent Lodge of Odd-fellows, No. 1,147, M.U., to P.G. Thomas Jones, Esq., F.R.C.S., as a token of respect for his personal character, and for his professional services in connection with the lodge during a period of twenty years." Several interesting addresses were delivered, and a very agreeable evening spent.

BROMLEY.—On Saturday evening, the 17th inst., at the King's Arms, Bridge Street, the Members of the Loyal Queen Victoria Lodge presented their worthy Secretary and representative of this district, to the A.M.C., held this year at Brighton, Prov. G.M. Wallace, with an elegant eight-day time-piece, as a token of esteem. The proceedings of the meeting were interspersed with speeches, toasts, and songs, and altogether a pleasant evening was spent.

BRISTOL.—Recently the members of the Loyal Bristol Union Lodge held their lodge meeting at the Athenæum, Corn-street (their usual place of meeting being at Mr. Allen's, Angel Inn, High-street), for the purpose of initiating the Right Worshipful the Mayor (John Hare, Esq.), W. Terrell, Esq., and James Foxwell, Esq., surgeon, as honorary members of the Lodge. At the commencement of the ceremony of initiation, the bells were fired, and afterwards rang a merry peal in honour of the event. After the ceremony had been gone through, N. G. Silley adverted to the honour that had that evening been conferred upon the Lodge by the initiation of the worthy chief-magistrate of the city, and Messrs. Terrell and Foxwell, and spoke of the influence which would be thus brought to bear upon the order. His remarks were followed up by a most eloquent and able speech from P.P.G.M. Adams, who

expatiated at some length, and with much force, upon the advantages of Odd-fellowship, concluding his very telling remarks by saying that the members of the Lodge felt proud in having initiated his Worship and his colleagues that evening, and trusted that they would long live happily, esteemed and honoured, and that when called from this earthly career, they would go to that Grand Lodge above where sin and sorrow should be no more. The Right Worshipful the Mayor, Brother J. Hare, who was received with loud and long-continued cheering, in the course of a very eloquent speech, (which the pressure on our space prevents us noticing at length) said he was satisfied from what he had heard from their worthy P.P.G.M. Adams that evening, that the society of Odd-fellows was a decidedly Christian society. (Applause.) It recognised three of the great principles of the Gospel, viz., love to God, their duty to their neighbours, and their duty to themselves. (Applause.) He held in his hand one of their recent reports, and he found that they received subscriptions for insuring sums of money for sickness, for the burial of deceased members and their wives, to assist members when travelling in search of employment, for the relief of persons in distressed circumstances, and for the relief of widows and orphans of deceased members. Now, he maintained that the whole of those objects were good and Christian-like. (Applause.) His Worship concluded a very able address by thanking the members for the honour they had done him in electing him a member of their honourable Order, and resumed his seat amid rounds of applause. Brother William Terrell and Brother Foxwell also returned thanks in very appropriate speeches, in which they expressed the pleasure they felt in becoming members of the Order, and thanked the brethren for having conferred upon them that honour. Brother Tovey (wine merchant) followed in an excellent speech, in which he adverted, in eulogistic terms, to the objects of Odd-fellowship, and expressed the very great pleasure it had afforded him to be present that evening on the initiation of their esteemed Mayor. He hoped, from the noble example which the Mayor had that evening set, that gentlemen would not come and join Lodges merely to be complimented and to make speeches, and go away thinking they were very popular, but that they would become practical and useful members of the Order. (Applause.) Votes of thanks were then awarded to the various officers for their services that evening, and the Lodge was closed in proper form, the newly made members retiring amid the singing of the National Anthem.—*Abridged from the Bristol Paper.*

CONSTANTINOPLE.—About three years ago, Past Grand Whaley, of the North London District, went to reside in the "city of Sultan," where he shortly afterwards met Past Grand Arnold. Being true Odd-fellows, they felt deeply the loss of the friendly social enjoyment usually found in a well-conducted lodge. They consulted Past Grand Rough, the Grand Master, and the late Past Grand Master Roe, then Corresponding Secretary of the North London District, as to the desirability of opening a lodge on the banks of the Bosphorus. This correspondence resulted in an application to the North London District Committee, in December last, for a dispensation. The request was complied with, and a lodge named the "Star of the East" was opened by the district officers in the room occupied by the Hand-in-Hand Lodge, North London, on the 12th of February last, when twenty members were admitted. The necessary documents were forwarded to Constantinople. The first meeting of the lodge in the Turkish capital took place on the 15th of March last, when about fifty other members were initiated. The lodge will for the present form part of North London district. As the members are chiefly composed of British artisans employed on public works, there is every reason to anticipate that the lodge will eventually become one of the largest in the unity. The officers and brethren of the Hand-in-Hand Lodge, of which Past Grand

Whaley is a member, are naturally much gratified at the success of their efforts for the establishment of our Order in the East. Should the example of provident self-reliance be imitated in any form by the native population, it is impossible to over-estimate the blessings that may ultimately result from this relatively small initiatory step in the march of civilization.

[Since the above was written, application has been made for another dispensation. The Order has received the patronage of Sir H. Bulwer, and generally of the British Embassy. An application was made to the A.M.C. at Brighton for permission to have the general laws translated into the Armenian tongue, in consequence of the favour with which the Order is received by this section of the Sultan's subjects.]

CARDIFF.—One of those pleasant *reunions*, in which the benevolent and friendly delight to meet, took place on Monday evening, the 12th of May, at the Loyal Tredegar Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, Manchester Unity, held at the house of host Llewellyn Giles, Four Elms, Roath. This lodge is held in high respect in the district, and by the residents of the neighbourhood, from the general good conduct of its members, who are most scrupulous in the observance of the laws which govern the unity. Among the gentlemen who have joined it as honorary members, may be enumerated the late C. C. Williams, Esq., Roath Court; R. F. Greenhill, Esq., Plasnewydd; J. Evans, Esq., Pengam House, &c., &c.; and on the present occasion the brotherhood had the gratification of admitting A. J. Collingdon, Esq. The ceremony of conducting the new member into the mysteries of Odd-fellowship being concluded, and the ordinary business of the lodge disposed of, the health of Mr. Collingdon was drunk with unity honours, to which he responded in appropriate words, expressive of the pleasure he felt in joining the order. Other toasts were proposed, and responded to, and the proceedings of the evening were brought to a close in a manner that gave all present much satisfaction:—*Abridged from the Cardiff Times.*

ECCLESHILL, NEAR LEEDS.—The members of the St. George Lodge held their thirty-eighth Anniversary dinner on Easter Monday, April 21st, 1862, at the Odd Fellows' Arms, Green Lane, Eccleshill. Mr. William Hollings, of Calverley, occupied the chair. Mr. Thomas Holt, the Lodge Secretary, read a very favourable account of the income and expenditure of the Lodge, stating that 274 members have been admitted, 126 members have seceded, &c.; 49 members have died; leaving 99 financial members. The report gave each member's present age, the number of years and days of membership, and the amount of sick pay and of funeral donation received by each member, &c., &c., during the past sixteen years. The Lodge has disbursed, during this period, £1,073 7s. 4d. in sick pay, and £502 19s. 8½d. in funeral money. It possesses a reserved capital of £727 11s. 8½d. to carry out the objects of the society.

GLOUCESTER.—At a meeting of the Loyal Phoenix Lodge, held at the Beoth Hall Hotel, on Thursday evening last, J. J. Powell, Esq., one of the recently elected members of Parliament for this city, and Capt. Heyworth, of the Gloucester Volunteer Artillery Company attended, and were duly initiated as honorary members. There was a large attendance of the members and visiting brothers from the various lodges of the district. J. P. Wilton, Esq., surgeon to the lodge, proposed the health of the new members. He eulogised the order generally, and congratulated the Phoenix Lodge, and the accession it had gained that evening in the persons of Messrs. Powell and Heyworth. Mr. Richard Moore, the Corresponding Secretary of the District, explained the working of the society, its principles and objects. He showed that since the legislature had given to friendly societies its protection against frauds, and a guarantee for the security of their funds, this institution had gained that stability so necessary to the efficiency and permanence of any society. The Gloucester

District was at present in a most healthy condition, having over 1,100 members, and an accumulated and still accumulating fund of more than £5,000. J. J. Powell, Esq., in returning thanks, said, that he was aware that there was in existence in this country a large and useful body of men who called themselves Odd-fellows, yet he did not know until very recently that so many of his fellow-citizens belonged to that society, and held such frequent meetings in this city. He expressed his satisfaction at finding that it was a cardinal rule of the society to exclude politics from the lodge-room, considering that it would be degrading to them to allow any individual to make political capital out of a society based on such pure principles as Oddfellowship appeared to him to be. He, therefore, met them on that occasion simply as a friend, and a brother of the order, anxious to do all in his power to further their interests. He cordially congratulated the city of Gloucester on the fact of the existence in it of so worthy and beneficial a society. A society calculated to elevate the people by rendering them independent of charity in the hour of need. He concluded an able and eloquent speech amidst great applause. Capt. Heyworth said that he had always entertained a strong aversion to secret societies, as he had considered they were formed principally for the purposes of conviviality, and indulging in excessive drinking, "sub rosa," but he confessed he had erred through ignorance of the real objects of such societies. He had consented to join this lodge in compliance with the request of several members of his company, who were also Oddfellows, and observed that those members were remarkable for their attention to their duties in the corps, and their general steady conduct. He also wished to get practically acquainted with what Odd-fellows really did in their lodge-rooms, and for what purposes their meetings were held, and since hearing the beautiful lecture that had been read to them, and the explanations that had been given, he had altered his opinion, and now felt satisfied that he had mistaken their objects. In conclusion he thanked them for the cordial reception that they had given him, and wished prosperity to the institution. The balance sheet of the lodge was then read by the secretary, which showed the lodge to be in a most flourishing condition, having 220 members and an accumulated fund of £698. The health of the district officers and visiting brothers was drank and responded to. During the evening several good songs were well sung, and recitations given, including one by Mr. J. J. Powell.—*Abridged from a Gloucester Paper.*

HARTLEPOOL.—ANNIVERSARY AND PRESENTATION.—The officers and brethren of the Loyal Briton's Pride Lodge celebrated their anniversary, on Wednesday night, the 12th March, after the usual fashion; in the first place by doing ample justice to a substantial dinner (provided by host Best, of the Wheat Sheaf Inn), and devoting the rest of the night to toast, sentiment, and song. P.P.G.M. Sutton was voted into the chair; P.G. George Waite occupied the vice-chair. The chairman proposed the usual loyal and patriotic toasts. Secretary Callan proposed "The G.M. and Board of Directors of the Manchester Unity." The Chairman responded, and in doing so alluded to the vast importance of a society of this kind, consisting of 330,000 members; he also pointed out the necessity of having properly qualified men on the Board, and gave it as his opinion, founded on his experience of the last A.M.C., that the present Board was composed of men fully competent to deal with the vast and complicated questions which necessarily arise in the Unity. V. G. Chapman proposed "The Officers of the Hartlepool District" in eulogistic terms. The Chairman briefly responded. "Success to the Loyal Briton's Pride Lodge" was next given. In reply, Secretary Callan gave a very able exposition of the past and present position of the Lodge, stating that, notwithstanding many difficulties, the lodge was now progressing rapidly, numbering at the close of last year 110 members. He also stated that the lodge had, during the year 1861, disbursed the large sum of £85 for sick pay. The Vice-Chairman then

presented P.G. Joseph Lamb with a silver patent lever watch and chain. In a clear and forcible speech he pointed out the reasons why the lodge had deemed P.G. Lamb worthy of the very handsome present he was about to receive, viz., his great services to the lodge as a past officer, his willingness at all times to share in the work of Odd-fellowship; and, above all, the very great interest he had manifested in adding to the numerical strength of the lodge. The watch bore the following inscription:—"Presented to P.G. Joseph Lamb, Treasurer, by the Officers and Brethren of the Loyal Briton's Pride Lodge, No. 4,511 of the M.U., as a mark of esteem for his valuable services. Hartlepool, 12th March, 1862."—P.G. Lamb briefly but feelingly acknowledged the kindness of his brethren in selecting him as deserving of the very handsome present he had just received at their hands; and assured them that he was earnest in the cause of Odd-fellowship still, and would in future do his best to promote the harmony and prosperity of the lodge. A variety of toasts followed. The members and their friends appeared to enjoy the proceedings, enlivened as they were by a number of excellent songs.

MANCHESTER.—From the annual report, it appears that in January 1st, the total Lodge funds amounted to £7,088 14s., being an increase of £286 0s. 6½d. in the year. The sum paid for sickness and funerals is £1,897 17s. 11½d. The number of members is 1,889, being a decrease of 78, owing, doubtless, chiefly to the stagnation of trade.

NORTH LONDON.—A large gathering of members of the North London District and their wives, took place on Monday evening, at St. Catherine's Hall, Strand, to witness the presentation of a handsome testimonial to P. G. John Cumpston, the secretary to the Widow and Orphan Fund. It was stated he had filled that office for twenty-two years past, giving satisfaction to all; and the society, which in 1840 only numbered 400 members, had 6,300 subscribers. The gift to Mr. Cumpston, purchased by voluntary contributions, consisted of a handsome silver service with appropriate inscription, costing forty guineas. He suitably acknowledged the compliment. P.P.G.M. Rough discharged the duties of chairman very efficiently. During the twenty-four years of the society's experience, the payments have been—for annuities to widows, £20,532 1s. 2d.; annuities to children, £332 6s.; allowances to parentless children, £1,144 17s. 1d.; bonuses to widows in place of annuities, £3,795 12s. 6d.; and for incidental expenses, £2,392 16s. 7d., making a total of £28,187 13s. 4d. The cash balance in hand being £9,716 5s. 1d., invested in the Stocks to the nominal value of £10,096 18s. At the close of 1856, there were 5,345 subscribers, whose contribution of 6s. 6d. per annum each would produce about £1,737; and in 1861 there were 6,340 contributors, increasing the income from this source to about £1,873. In the three following years the payments made by members exceeded the outlay for benefits by the following sums:—1856, £306 0s. 4½d.; 1857, £104 19s. 2½d.; 1858, £20 11s. 11½d. But in the three succeeding years, the payments made for benefits exceeded the income from entrance fees and contributions to this extent:—1859, £32 8s. 10d.; 1860, £72 1s. 8d.; 1861, £155 5s. 9d. And the "interest" having been used there has been a gradual diminution in the saved surplus capital each year, thus:—Net balance:—1856, £710 0s. 2d.; 1857, £456 13s. 10½d.; 1858, £445 8s. 7d.; 1859, £344 15s. 8½d.; 1860, £343 13s. 0½d.; 1861, £236 8s. 9d. At the same time the liabilities of the fund from increased age of members are steadily increasing. The number of widows on the fund in 1856 was 231 * and 400 children; in 1857, 259 widows; in 1858, 298; in 1859, 325; in 1860, 344; 1861, 360 * widows and 500 children. These are important facts, and demand the serious consideration of all interested in the prosperity of the fund.

* Entitled to annuities of £4 17s. each.

NORTHOWRAM.—PRESENTATION.—A very numerous attended meeting of the members of the Good Samaritan Lodge was held at host Firth's, New Dolphin Inn, on Saturday evening, April 19th, 1862, principally for the purpose of presenting a testimonial of regard to Brother John Gray, for his services as Treasurer. Brother Gray has been a member of the Lodge for about twenty-seven years, and has served various inferior offices in a satisfactory manner. Rather more than twenty years ago it was considered very imprudent to leave any portion of the funds in the lodge-house, and individual members were believed to be in a dangerous position, if it was generally known that they had such money in their possession. At this time Brother Gray voluntarily came forward and accepted the office of Treasurer, which he has held ever since, and his accounts have always been found to be correct. His highly honourable conduct has won for him the sincere esteem of his brethren in the Lodge, which they determined, a short time ago, should be manifested in a more substantial form than in mere verbal compliments. The testimonial, a splendid silver lever watch and massive guard, bore the following inscription:—"Presented by the Loyal Good Samaritan Lodge, No. 801, of the I. O. of O.F., M.U., to Brother John Gray, for his faithful services as Treasurer for upwards of twenty years. April, 1862." The articles were made by Mr. Cain, of Halifax, and valued at about £7. At the request of the members, the testimonial was presented by P.P.G.M. John Binns, of Halifax, who, in the course of a very elaborate address, commented on the rise and progress of the society, and in conclusion commended the members for the liberal testimonial they had that evening presented to their faithful servant. Brother Gray briefly acknowledged his obligations to and thanked the donors.

NORWICH.—This district has issued an abstract of the returns from each lodge, together with a very valuable report, full of practical instruction, compiled by its C.S., Mr. Samuel Daynes, P.G.M. From it we make the following extracts:—"At the commencement of the year 1861, we had 6,596 members, at its close we numbered 6,870, shewing an increase of 274 members. The Norwich District now forms a forty-ninth part of the Unity, and continues to hold the second place in numerical strength. The North London District has 8,653; Norwich 6,870; Leeds 5,700, and South London 4,067 members, these being the four largest districts in the Manchester Unity. The financial condition of the district continues most satisfactory. We commenced the year with a capital of £42,517 4s. 4d., at its close we possessed £46,774 0s. 8d., exclusive of the District Fund, which carries the value of the district to upwards of £47,500; the saving during the year amounted to £4,256 16s. 4d. The capital of the district on the 1st of January, 1853, amounted to £15,664 4s. 8d., with 3,628 members; during the nine years, we have added upwards of £32,000 to our capital, and increased our numbers by 3,200 members. No other district in the Unity can show an equal amount of success for the same period. The sum expended in 1860 was £2,939 18s. 3d., exceeding the previous year by £250 3s. 1½d. The amount paid to our sick members last year, was £3,272 16s. 1d., being £332 17s. 10d. in excess of the previous year; the expected result of increasing numbers and increased age. The mortality of the district for the past year, although considerably in excess of the previous year, is still remarkably below the average of the Unity. During the year, we paid £740 in funeral donations, being £540 for 54 deceased members, and £240 for 48 deceased wives of members, shewing an increase of £225 as compared with the expenditure under this head for 1860. It is a most remarkable fact, that during the four years 1857-8-9, and 60, we lost, by death, 38 members each year; shewing a decreasing mortality every year, in proportion to our numbers; the funeral levies had consequently fallen considerably in amount. In 1857, the levy was 2s. 1d.; in 1858, 2s.; in 1859, 1s. 1½d.; and in 1860, 1s. 8d. per mem-

ber per annum, but during the past year the levy has reached 2s. 5d. per member per annum; this is remarkable, when compared with the previous year, when the levy was but 1s. 8d., although we lost in that year nine members by drowning at sea in the severe gales experienced on the Eastern coast."

OXFORD.—The Anniversary Dinner of the Loyal Wellington Lodge was held at the house of Mr. Goundrey, the Crown and Thistle, Market-street, in this city, on Tuesday evening, March 11th. Nearly one hundred members and friends of the Order sat down to a capital dinner, prepared by the worthy host in his best style. The chair was taken by Mr. Serjeant Gaselee, and there were present Mr. Sheriff Carr, W. Brunner, Esq., Councillors Joseph Castle, Higgins, and T. Houghton, Mr. John Bacon, Mr. W. James, J. Martin, Esq., J. Godfrey, Esq., Mr. Galpin, &c. The usual loyal toasts being disposed of, Mr. J. Higgins proposed the G.M. and Board of Directors, which was responded to by the Grand Master of the Oxford District (Brother Anderson), in a lengthened speech, in the course of which he expressed his satisfaction at seeing so many gentlemen connected with the city coming amongst them upon that occasion to testify their appreciation of the advantages arising from that institution. He was happy to state that the Order generally was in a flourishing condition in all parts of the kingdom. He had been supplied with some statistical returns from Manchester, by which it appeared that in January, 1861, the number of Districts in connection with the Unity was 482, the number of Lodges 3,361, having no less than 316,215 Members. During the past year the Order had steadily advanced, the number of members being 344,971, showing a total increase of 18,756. (Cheers.) Mr. Anderson dilated upon the benefits the Order conferred upon the working men in inculcating habits of self-reliance, prudence, and forethought. W. Brunner, Esq., in responding to the toast, "The Honorary Members," regretted there was not a larger number of honorary members, because he thought it was a duty which devolved upon those who occupied a higher position in life, to promote in every way they could the welfare and happiness of their fellow-men. He did not know of any object more praiseworthy in itself than for those who had the means to assist their fellow-creatures in making provision against that day when sickness and death were sure to overtake them. (Hear, hear.) Mr. Green, in responding to the toast, "Prosperity to the Wellington Lodge," said the Lodge had continued to increase during the past year; the number of members now was 142, showing an increase of 30 above the preceding year, while the money in hand was £769 1s. 5d., being an increase over the last year of £185 14s. 6d. (Cheers.) Mr. Sheriff Carr, on behalf of the members of the Lodge, presented Messrs. Anderson and Green each with a handsome copy of Macaulay's History of England, the first volume containing a suitable inscription, as an acknowledgment of the valuable services rendered by these gentlemen to the Lodge. After suitable replies had been given, the chairman proposed "The Strangers," to which Mr. Joseph Castle responded in an eloquent speech on self-reliance, and the necessity of intellectual culture on the part of working men. The chairman, Mr. Serjeant Gaselee, in responding to his health, said the proceedings of the evening had been to him a source of great gratification, for everything had been conducted in an orderly a manner, there had been so much good humour evinced on all sides, and they had heard so many excellent speeches delivered, that he really regretted such a pleasant evening must shortly come to an end.—*Abridged from the Oxford Chronicle.*

POTTERY AND NEWCASTLE DISTRICT.—TUNSTALL.—On Easter Tuesday, April 22, about 170 members and friends, of the St. Martin's Lodge, sat down to an excellent tea, provided by hostess Holland, of the Sneyd's Arms. The meeting was got up for the purpose of entertaining the widows, about twenty-four of whom were invited, each one being presented with the sum of 5s. in

addition to a bountiful supply of refreshments. After tea, Prov. G. M. Emanuel Lovekin was called upon to take the chair, who stated that one of the brightest ornaments in connection with the Manchester Unity, was the provision its members made for the widows and orphans. P.G. Ralph Unwin officiated as vice. The usual loyal toasts were given, followed by the toasts of the Order, District and Lodge. Pro. C.S. Bowers responded to the Order and District, and was pleased to see that during the past year nearly 20,000 members had been added to their already gigantic numbers, after deducting expulsions and deaths. At the close of a lengthy programme, dancing commenced, and was kept up with much spirit for several hours. The room was very tastefully decorated with festoons and mottoes.

RICHMOND, SURREY.—A meeting of the brethren of the Loyal Selwyn Lodge, was held at their lodge room, Cricketers' Inn, for the purpose of presenting Brother Joseph Holmes, Pro. C.S. with a gold pencil case and a handsome framed certificate, as a token of their esteem and an acknowledgment of their gratitude towards him, for the very valuable services rendered towards them as a body, since the opening of the lodge. Past Grand Ashmore had the pleasing duty of presenting the testimonial. Brother Holmes suitably replied.

RICHMOND, SURREY.—On Wednesday evening, May 14th, in the Loyal Stuart Lodge, Richmond, Prov. G.M. Avery, and a committee, presented to C.S. Holmes, in the names of the several Lodges in the District, a beautiful testimonial, on which the following words were engraved on a handsome silver star, emblematical of the Order:—"*Presented with a sash and gold chain to Pro. C.S. Joseph Holmes, by the Members of the Lodges in the Richmond (Surrey) District, I.O.O.F.M.U., in recognition of the services he has rendered the District during the time he has held the office of Corresponding Secretary. May 14th, 1862.*" The C.S., in returning thanks, said, he considered he had only done his duty as an Odd-fellow in the promotion of the welfare of this Lodge and the District. Such a testimonial made him feel proud that he was an Odd-fellow. It was now upwards of twenty-three years since he was initiated a member of the Order. The rules are now, he considered, much more favourable for the admission of young men, and he was glad to think that such an addition had been made to the lodges and members in this District of late years. If members would show the advantages of being connected with the Order to young men of good character, the Order would possess an influence beyond our power to calculate. He felt their kindness to him implied a great responsibility in the future, and he felt encouraged by the thought that as they had deemed his conduct in the past worthy of marked approval, he should feel more anxious in the future that his conduct should show that the handsome token of approval had not been unmerited.

SOUTH LONDON.—The members of the Pride of Clapham Lodge celebrated their first anniversary on Tuesday, February 4th, by a splendid dinner, supplied by host Waterer. The chair was occupied by past secretary Hopkins of that lodge, supported by several P.G.'s of the Mitcham and other districts. After the usual preliminary toasts, the Chairman said, the most important feature of the business of the evening was the presentation of two handsome P.G.'s sashes, one to P.G. Jackson, of the Orphan's Home Lodge, and one to P.G. Clutterbuck, of the Mechanics' Hope Lodge. In a short but a very appropriate speech he made the presentation, which called forth very able replies from both gentlemen. The Chairman produced the balance sheet of the Lodge, which showed the favourable progress it was making. The recipients of the testimonials have carried on the business of the lodge in a most meritorious manner ever since the opening of the lodge. It is a pleasure to see so young a lodge appreciating the services of its officers.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.—We have received a copy of the Adelaide District of the South Australian Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, Manchester Unity, from which we learn that, in January, 1862, there were 50 Lodges, consisting

of 4,792 members, out of which 3,667 were good upon the books; thus making an increase of three Lodges and 610 members. The worth of the several funds at the same date was—Widow and Orphan Fund, £5,142 5s. 6d.; Funeral Fund, £309 5s. 9d.; Special Widow and Orphan Fund, £761 17s. 10d.; making a balance in favour of the District, for the past year, of £93 1s. 4d. From a "General Statement of the Funds of the Order in South Australia for the year ending December, 1861," it appears that the reserved capital of the Lodge amounted to £27,597 5s. 8½d., which, added to the District Fund, £6,454 16s. 8d., makes the total capital £34,052 2s. 4½d.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—A testimonial from the Wolverhampton District of the Manchester Unity of Odd-fellows was presented to Charles Clark, Esq., ex-Mayor of this borough, at the Cork Inn, Berry-street, on Thursday evening, the 22nd May. It will be fresh in the memory of our readers that the Odd-fellowship Demonstration, in July last, was patronised by Mr. Clark, in his then official capacity of Mayor. On that occasion he promised an emblematical favour to the District, which a short time afterwards was formally presented at the Corn Exchange. Since the demonstration, Mr. Clark has not only become a member of the order himself, but mainly through his influence several gentlemen of position in the town have followed his example. In recognition of this liberality and active interest, the members, at a meeting held in December last, passed a resolution expressive of their gratitude, and it was resolved that the resolution should be engrossed, framed, and presented to Mr. Clark. On Thursday evening, therefore, in the presence of a large number of Odd-fellows, the ceremony of presentation took place. Mr. Fiebusch occupied the chair. The Rev. Mr. Iles, in responding to "The Clergy," addressed a few remarks to the meeting. He was glad to be claimed as a fellow worker amongst them. It had often been said that they, the clergy, ought not to go to such meetings, but he felt that the more the clergy went among the working men, the more they would wish to go. Mr. Collins, in presenting the testimonial, entered into the history and progress of Odd-fellowship in Wolverhampton, beginning in 1826. The vote of thanks embodied in the resolution represented the feelings of 1,200 Odd-fellows, of which the district was composed. In presenting the testimonial the members hoped it would be found worthy to be placed side by side with the one presented to Mr. Clark by his workmen, on the occasion of his becoming mayor of the town. Mr. Clark briefly and feelingly acknowledged the flattering compliment paid him, and expressed his deep gratitude for the present made. He was only sorry he had not taken an interest in the cause of such societies as theirs twenty years sooner. He thought, also, if friendly societies were properly carried out, they would be the means of diminishing the poor rates, and the workhouse would be used only for the blind, the lame, and the unfortunate. He concluded by again heartily thanking them for the valuable present.—*Abridged from the Wolverhampton Spirit of the Times.*

Obituary.

BRISTOL.—The officers and members of the Bristol district, on Sunday, March 8th, followed to the grave the remains of P.G. Jno. Silley, of the Loyal Bristol Lodge. The deceased was buried with military honours by the members of the Volunteer Engineer Corps, to which he belonged, P.P.G.M. Foote read an impressive address at the grave. Deceased was only 26 years of age, but he was an able and most zealous member of the order.

ECCLESHILL.—On March 7th, Mr. George Grainger, P.G., aged 63 years. He was a zealous and active member of the Saint George Lodge, Eccleashill District, for 26 years. He was ever ready to help forward the cause of his Lodge and Order, and by his amiable and Christian disposition won the affection of his brethren.



Andrew Roberts Esq.
Liverpool District

THE
ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1862.

The Distress in the Cotton-Manufacturing Districts.

WHATEVER may have been the cause, over-production or the American war, or both combined, the distress amongst the operatives employed in the cotton manufacture has reached such gigantic proportions as to invest it with the character of a great national calamity. Thousands of men, women, and children, who last summer rejoiced in the possession of ample means of subsistence, earned by honest labour, are now, owing to causes utterly outside their influence for good or for evil, confronting the most terrible of human calamities, with a manly dignity and forbearance that has astonished and gratified both those who trusted them and those who watched the coming destitution with secret or openly expressed misgiving. This is no common crisis. We have not to deal simply with the poverty of the habitually idle, or habitually extravagant and thoughtless, relief to whom through the ordinary channel of pauperism exhibits no repugnant features; but we have to meet the case of the honest, hard-working, provident man, whose little savings are exhausted, whose household furniture has been transferred to the brokers, or to the pawn-shop, and who now stands calmly deliberating whether he and those most dear to him, his wife and his little ones, shall endure yet another day's contest with the famine-fiend, ere he yields to the dire necessity of applying to the parish officers for the bare means of arresting the severance of the soul from its earthly tabernacle. No sympathy can be too great for men of this class. They are the backbone, the true vertebræ of the national organism. Their general demoralization would be a mighty retrograde stride in the march of civilization, a deterioration of both the moral and physical stamina of our race. A fine sense of personal honour reigns in the hearts of thousands amongst our humbler brethren. A consciousness of the moral as well as social dignity of labour, and of the untold value of that independence which strikes its roots deep

into the fertile soil of manly self-reliance, are conspicuous characteristics of the class referred to. Charity in thought and deed is demanded, it is true, for *all* who are suffering, but in form and character it ought to be carefully modified so as to assist the honourable recipient without degrading him in his own estimation. To tell the men we refer to that the law has amply provided for such emergencies, by the institution of Boards of Guardians and Parish Workhouses, is a sad moral, as well as a sad financial blunder. It overlies the lowest, the meanest, the most bestial view of our common humanity, and ignores all the higher spiritual influences that give tone and manhood to the human character. To aid in the preservation of this self-respect, this honourable pride, in the hearts of our industrial population, during the present season of sorrow, is a species of labour worthy of the highest intelligence and the most elevated sentiment. The field, too, is so extensive, that there is little fear of the labourers crowding its area, or damaging each others work to any serious extent. Discretion, of course, is ever necessary in the distribution of charity, or in the direction of any benevolent effort, or the great purpose of each may be prejudicially interfered with, and imposture fatten upon the pittance of the deserving poor. True human benevolence under such exceptional circumstance has exhibited, and will continue to exhibit, diversified forms of action, each contributing in its way a tiny rill, a graceful fountain, or a broad rolling river, as the case may be, to the wide and deep ocean flow of human sympathy.

During the great Irish famine, the members of the Manchester Unity Friendly Society contributed about two thousand pounds to the fund subscribed for the relief of the sufferers. When the nation was in mourning for the loss of her brave soldiers in the Crimean war, the Odd-Fellows of the Manchester Unity contributed the magnificent sum of two thousand five hundred pounds towards the relief of the wounded and the sustenance of the widows and orphans of their dead comrades in arms. With these and many other lesser examples before our eyes, we cannot for a moment doubt that the general appeal to the Order on behalf of the brethren suffering from the present dearth of the raw material of our staple manufacture will be nobly responded to. Our great friendly society is not simply an insurance company that affords the prudent operative the means of honourable self-sustenance in the hour of ordinary affliction, but it is likewise an affiliated body of brethren, banded together for the purpose of carrying into practical effect the great principles of philanthropy and of charity in its widest and most legitimate sense. The movement has been inaugurated by the Grand Master and Board of Directors, at the suggestion of several influential districts, both within and without the area of the existing distress. The money raised being entrusted to the officers of the Order and Directors, the members and subscribers generally will have the best possible guarantee that the fruits of their generosity will be fairly distributed amongst the most worthy of their brethren now bending beneath the weight of one of the heaviest national calamities of the century.

The following is a copy of the circular issued :—

*Odd-Fellows' Offices, Grosvenor Street, Chorlton-on-Medlock,
Manchester, August 14, 1862.*

SIR AND BROTHER;—The G.M. and Board of Directors of the Manchester Unity of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, having had representations

made to them as to the very serious amount of distress and destitution now existing amongst the operatives in the North of England connected with the cotton manufacture; and having also had before them a Deputation composed of representatives from the principal towns now suffering from the absence of that supply of American cotton upon the continuance of which they mainly relied for employment,

Have Resolved:—"That the Board circulate a Petition throughout the Unity on behalf of the distressed operatives of the cotton manufacturing districts, the amount received to be distributed under the authority of the G.M. and Board of Directors."

In accordance with the foregoing resolution, we earnestly invite an *immediate* and general Subscription throughout our Districts and Lodges, in order that the Unity may be enabled to afford its aid in the coming winter, when, in all probability, it will be even more urgently needed than at the present time.

We feel assured that the Members of our Unity, in common with the country at large, must have admired the calm and manly fortitude with which these distressed operatives, on behalf of whom we now appeal, have borne their unexpected and unmerited distress.

We confidently ask you to give a hearty response to this appeal; in doing so, you will be discharging a duty to your suffering brother members and fellow-countrymen, and carrying out the great principles upon which our Society is based. We remain, yours fraternally, G.M. Joseph Woodcock, Glossop District, D.G.M. V. R. Burgess, South London ditto, P.G.M. John Gale, Liverpool ditto, P.G.M. Henry Buck, Birmingham ditto, P.G.M. Samuel Daynes, Norwich ditto, P.G.M. John Schofield, Bradford ditto, P.G.M. Benjamin Street, Wirksworth ditto, P. Prov. G.M. Thomas Price, Aberdare ditto, Prov. C.S. James Curtis, Brighton ditto, P. Prov. G.M. Fred. Richmond, Manchester ditto, P. Prov. G.M. David Jack, Durham ditto, P. Prov. G.M. John Geves, Leeds ditto,—HENRY RATCLIFFE, C.S., Manchester.

The organisation of the Manchester Unity affords the means of mitigating the general distress amongst the more provident section of its members in a most effectual and graceful manner. Lodges can from their incidental funds grant loans to enable the unemployed to continue their periodical contributions, and thus secure the promised relief during sickness, etc., without interfering with the legitimate disposition of the reserved funds. We know instances in which this course has been taken, and much suffering thereby alleviated. The honourable manner in which an immense majority of the borrowers discharged their obligation soon after the general resumption of labour is a proof that the loans were not injudiciously granted in the instances referred to. This element in the relief of worthy but unfortunate members is worthy of the gravest consideration. It is pregnant with results of the most important character. It will save many deserving brethren from the loss of membership, and by timely help, in actual sickness, alleviate in the most effectual manner much and severe affliction which ordinarily escapes the broad eye of the every-day world.

We leave this subject with a confidence that "Faith, Hope, and Charity," are not idle words, that Brotherly Love is no myth, in connection with the Independent Odd-Fellows of the Manchester Unity, but that the latter is a substantial, active verity, which will in due course bear good fruit, to the comfort of the poor and the afflicted, and to the lasting honour of our great philanthropic brotherhood.

C. H.

AN APPEAL FOR THE MODEST POOR.

LORD ! how the people suffer day by day
 A ling'ring death, through lack of honest bread ;
 And yet are gentle on their starving way,
 By faith in future good and justice lead ;
 They still but ask
 Toil's daily task—
 Endurance nerves their hearts in patient band,
 To wait the blessings of the " Promised Land."

They cluster sadly round the foodless hearth,
 With bodies wasted by Fate's stern decree ;
 Their homely heartiness and genial mirth
 Are quench'd by Famine's sister—Misery.
 The baby brood
 Lack nature's food,
 And parents pine in silence for their young,
 Whose early sorrows find a wailing tongue.

The stalwart man is bow'd with hope deferr'd,
 The maiden's cheek is flush'd with truthful scorn ;
 He hangs upon the facts that have occur'd,
 She braves the tempter who would blight her morn ;
 He, blanch'd with fears,
 She strongly bears ;
 And angels of the poor, with magic wand,
 Give sleep and guard their souls with trusty hand.

The cottage rents are now in long arrears,
 The household treasures one by one are sold ;
 Mothers relieve themselves with floods of tears,
 And fathers suffer, though they seem more bold ;
 And beggars lean
 In troops are seen
 Where lately walk'd, well fed, industrial pride,
 The future of our nation's rising tide.

What glint of promise for the stricken poor
 As summer wanes can we in sorrow give ?
 What can we do but open Fortune's store,
 That these, our brothers, through these times may live ?
 In this great hive,
 Content to strive,
 If only touched with that the mite allies
 With choicest human blessings—sympathies.

Shall winter, with its chilly Northern blast,
 Find half our people dying through the train
 Of suffering—certain while the gloom shall last,
 While from the wealthy cometh no refrain?
 It must not be,
 For honesty
 Inscribes its watchword for the noble poor
 Who mate with want and seek not workhouse door.

When dawning promise brightens into morn,
 And doubt gives place to labour's strong desire,
 And fathers hail with joy glad Plenty's horn,
 And youths from gloom to higher thoughts aspire,—
 This famine-span
 Shall guerdon man,
 And thoughts of good will always rise to bless
 The hands that help'd their helpless wretchedness.

Let "pamper'd menials" of the rich and great,
 Who waste the trifles from a generous board;
 Mark here the trouble that on parents wait,
 And by a saving prudence serve the Lord.
 Pleading for those
 Who hide their woes,
 This simple lay proclaims the suffering state
 Of thousands who, in famine, watch and wait.

Blackburn, July 2, 1861.

Fashion.

BY H. OWGAN, LL.D.

It may be a question not unworthy of the attention even of a philosopher; why it is that the caprices of taste—conventionally termed "fashions"—are so proverbially transient; that new and popular styles in art and literature, in costume, and even in modes of thinking and speaking, after enjoying their brief seasons of enthusiastic approbation, pass away, and are heard and seen no more—or, if revived after an interval in any isolated instances, are certain to be received with ridicule and aversion? Let us suppose, for example, that any man, not generally recognized as hopelessly eccentric, and therefore admitted to exceptional privileges, were to appear in public in the every-day costume of the reign of George II., how long would it be safe to undertake that he could walk the streets with untorn garments and unbroken bones? The cause of the phenomenon seems to be simply this: that those fashions—phases of deformity and inconvenience, as most of them are—are purely artificial;—the same cause, in fact, for which it happens that all merely human laws and modes of action are

undergoing perpetual reform and modification ; that is, because man, being after all but an apprentice and not a master of his craft, is doomed to an interminable succession of experiments, and to eat the bitter fruit of his experience ; while, on the other hand, Nature's laws are the only code that is immutable, because they have been perfect from the beginning. The laws and works of Nature, however, are not alone unchangeable ; with them may be safely classed the equally invariable works of genius, because genius is an inspiration, and its works are immortal—that is, eternally true—in proportion as they are correct imitations of Nature ; their beauty consisting rather in fidelity to their models than in any essential elevation of subject, and the true artist being the alchemist whose touch makes precious all common and worthless things. All that is not stamped with the impress of that truth must necessarily be transient ; and that is why so many names and works, applauded and idolized for the moment, are lost and forgotten in the future.

We hear, for example, not unfrequently, of music that has grown obsolete, and wit that has passed out of date. Let us enquire a little further respecting music, and leave wit to speak for itself. The general deficiency of correct musical taste and the *mauvaise honte* that silences the few good judges among the multitude, give reason to fear that under the name of "old music" some masterpieces of genius may be suffered from time to time to sleep away decades of years—sometimes, perhaps, to sleep for ever, known only to the moths and mice, while uproarious acclamations have been welcoming the tawdry *charivari* which fashion patronized long enough to make the fortunes of the composers. But music, if it be really a work of art, cannot, any more than the other creations of genius, ever die, and how old soever it may be, wields the same power as at first to thrill to the heart, and call up tears of sympathy to the surface. Of books, too, especially the imaginative, the case is precisely parallel. Homer and Chaucer, Dante and Tasso, are always new, while some that are circulated by tens of thousands for a season are unreadable in ten years, because they are not works of art—not true to nature ; and because, having been written solely and expressly to harmonize with the fleeting fancy of a day, they were as untrue at first as they are eventually acknowledged to be.

How is a philosopher to approach the metamorphoses of that whimsical and irrational Proteus, costume ? It has occurred to me to speculate on the hideous deformities which would be embraced from time to time by civilized society, if we unfortunately had the power of changing the form which an infallible Creator has given us, as easily as we alter that of the garments in which we perversely disguise it. Let us, however, take as an illustration the imaginary case of two men, of whom one is a loyal votary of fashion, and adopts every innovation in dress so promptly that he may seem almost to have invented it, while the other has chosen and adhered to some one style, which satisfies the eye and the judgment, because it suits the wearer and his purposes. Let us suppose, then, one of those vicissitudes from which none of us are secure, so to alter the circumstances and resources of these two men that they shall be unable for some time to renovate their wardrobes. Well, in six months the first becomes a scarecrow ; in three years the other exhibits scarcely any indications of decay. He will not, of course, be, for he never has been, remarked for any peculiar smartness of attire ; but he will still be, as he has always been, respectable and gentlemanly. The cause of the difference is just this—that the taste of the one is false, and that of the other true—the same cause from which it comes that a portrait half a century old is more or less grotesque, while an antique statue is always graceful, always new. The Princess Borghese, for instance, has given to the world an undying memento of her beauty, while the portraits of many other royal and noble personages are little better, after a time, than caricatures, because they present some one or another of those extravagant vagaries of costume which everywhere and always

originate in the design of concealing some deformity, or displaying some perfection of some influential individual, and are adopted by servile adulators as emulously as if among the whole human race there were to be found no varieties of figure, feature, or complexion.

Among the various devices by which persons, in what is called society, while seeking to enhance the perfections and correct the errors of Nature, have generally distorted the visible outline of the human figure into cones and pyramids, and parallelograms—into anything, in fact, rather than what Nature intended, or an æsthetic eye would suggest, some are considerably less practicable, and of course less popular and enduring than others; popularity and duration being mostly in proportion to absurdity and inconvenience, through all generations, from the *piccadills* (or frills) and hoops of the era of Elizabeth, down to the voluminous wigs of the time of Charles II., and the crinoline of the present day. At all times, indeed, ancient and modern, the largest amount of ingenuity has been expended upon the decoration of the head, which is naturally the most ornamental, and artificially the most remorselessly disfigured, portion of the human body. The hair, which is our greatest natural decoration, has been tortured sometimes into a resemblance to an Alpine glacier, sometimes into the repelling aspect of a poultice of some sort, and sometimes removed altogether as an unmanageable excrescence, and replaced by that of some other animal; and is in all cases—though intended by Nature to form the only protection of the cranium—surmounted and prematurely burned off by coverings which no felicity of invention has ever yet succeeded in rendering picturesque, with the sole exception, perhaps, of the oriental turban, and which have been, in many instances, so elaborately difficult of arrangement as to resemble music which has been sometimes composed for the express purpose of overtaking the utmost dexterity of the performer. Let us take a recent instance:—Some short time since a malicious project entered the heads of some ladies, who were naturally gifted with a more than average allowance of hair, to exhibit the superiority in such a manner as to render imitation or counterfeit, as nearly as might be, impossible. The plan was to draw forward around the face a substantial mass of broad glossy bands, and reminded one of a style that prevailed for a long interval among the ancient Roman ladies, or rather, to speak more politely and less equivocally, the ladies of ancient Rome. But the difficulty, so formidable and vexatious at first, was soon overcome, and, strange to say, soonest by those to whom Nature had given least assistance in the competition, for not only were adventitious tresses employed to compensate the deficiency, but cushions and pads of various sorts gave substance to the mass, so that after a while, those who appeared to possess least, were really the owners of most of the envied embellishment; and after all, the rivalry was a less exciting one than some others tending to aggravate natural attractions, in proportion as it is more satisfactory to “be at charges” for something superfluous—something that obviously represents the command of funds, and gratifies pride of purse, than for what must appear to be natural. If money be invested in satin and velvet, lace and jewelry, everybody recognizes and can measure the expenditure; and a woman expensively dressed resembles a divinity whose shrine is enriched by devotion, or a red Indian sagamore arrayed in the spoils of his victims; but it is quite another affair—it is something saddening and discouraging—to part with money, to sink money, in fact, for such things as teeth and hair, and eyes and a complexion, to supplement the illiberality of Nature; and the difference between these two forms and motives of expenditure may probably suggest the reason why some fashions are more enduring than others—why crinoline, for instance, affording as it does such ample scope for display, and being expensive in proportion as it is expansive, exercises so universal a fascination, in spite of its dangerous, discomfort and unnatural deformity.

It would, however, be a mistake, perhaps, and to some extent an injustice, if such criticisms were not impartially divided between the sexes. It may be only fair to ask, are men less artificial, less vain, less extravagant in the fantastic epidemics of fashion than women? Is their costume more rational or natural? Are the fluctuations of their absurdities less numerous? A ready answer may be found in the various styles of the modern hat—a thing which seems to have been originally invented by some malicious and far-sighted enemy of mankind, who fastened that instrument of torture and disfigurement permanently and immovably upon their heads, consecrating it by the terrors of an undying superstition, and revelling in his hatred and vengeance from generation to generation; in the periodical modifications of shirts and collars, and sleeves and trousers—which, by the way, were originally worn by women—in the several affectations of jewelry which should belong exclusively to the other sex, and, more decisively still, in rouge and hair-dye; but most of all in cravats, things of such a sort that a visitor from another planet, suddenly alighting on this earth, must suppose that the wearers were all convicts condemned to die by slow strangulation.

After all, however, the subject of dress is one that may easily claim serious consideration, for there are moments when it makes the happiness or misery of some whose minds may seem to be above its influence. How often has the most stoical pride of some of us been galled by the preference which we have seen costly garments commanding in society, and our contempt for the servility of human nature embittered by finding our more sterling qualities superseded by the showy raiment of some empty-headed simpleton; for it is undeniable that artistic dress, if it does not actually compensate the absence of beauty to some persons, does at least very considerably enhance such pretensions to it as they may possess. There are but few who can discern moral beauty—that of the soul and the intellect—through the disguise of the material envelope; and in any case, however brilliant that spiritual beauty may be, we cannot clothe ourselves in it externally, and make it attractive to vulgar eyes; nor, if we could, is it very likely that we would care to exhibit to the multitude, what it is the privilege of a chosen few to behold; so that, if altogether indifferent to externals, we should be carrying about a precious perfume in a rude vessel of common clay. The opposite, indeed, is generally the prevailing tendency, for one fashionable tailor or perfumer, anywhere within the pale of civilization, is sure to find more patronage than all the philosophers existing at any one time in the world; and if one has any object to attain, he will succeed more effectually, with nineteenth-twentieths of the human race, for being expensively dressed. In order, however, that dress should enhance personal attractions, it is necessary that it be artistic, suited in form and colour to the physical idiosyncrasy of the wearer, because every individual man and woman has some peculiarities of feature, and figure, and complexion, which require a corresponding adaptation of dress, and demonstrate the indefensible absurdity of imposing the same costume upon all. Each sex also has its own special style of beauty; but while women cultivate qualities which are their natural right, men perversely destroy what should be their essential distinction, by borrowing what they can never altogether appropriate. It is not that there is no such thing as masculine beauty, but that it is totally different from feminine, which is of the same order as that of sunset and moonlight, and flowers and soft music. If women were not naturally, and as a general rule, beautiful, the effect would be the same as if the sun were suddenly put out; even our thoughts would become etiolated, and we might as well throw our pens into the fire and our ink-bottles out of the window. At the same time, it is no less than justice to say that, if women have the advantage in beauty, it results, first, from the care with which so precious a gift is cultivated, and secondly, from contrast with the less delicate organization which is to theirs like

the foil that throws up the brilliancy of the gem—the contrast between their long silky tresses and our short stubble; between their little soft white hands and slender arched feet, and those extremities of ours which Nature intended that we should harden and strengthen by physical exertion. Besides, we have resigned to them, or at least, we pretend and ought to have done so, the embellishments of flowers and feathers, ribands and jewels, silk and velvet, gold and silver. Still more, we have, with a stoical self-denial, divided with them the various colours into which light is decomposable, surrendering to them all that are rich and brilliant, and contenting ourselves with the sombre and neutral tints. We give them the sunshine, and keep ourselves in the shade. In fact, man originally received from Providence a companion weaker and less majestic, perhaps, than himself—in analogy with the females of other species—and has taught and helped her to become a goddess. Then, dazzled and fascinated by the effect, he has sought to resemble her in some measure, forgetting that by making himself less manly, he narrows that difference between the sexes which measures their mutual attraction.

At first, and in his primitive state, man was, physically, a really formidable animal, a more dangerous enemy—even unarmed—than the king of the Gorillas. With his thick and matted hair and beard, his arms strung with tendons and muscles of steel, his callous and vice-like hands, his untiring speed, ferine courage, and general powers of endurance, he attracted the feebler sex by his strength, by the ferocity which she alone could soften, and by the confidence with which she looked up to his protection. There was also, probably, a spice of secret dread in her affection, a feeling which the assimilating influences of civilization have to some considerable extent eradicated. His natural relation to her is that of a champion and a protector; but the conventions of artificial life have modified all that. Shielded by law and custom, woman no longer feels the same necessity for man's protection, while the same influences on the other hand release him from the corresponding obligations. From these unnatural conditions have always arisen certain phases of "fashion," equally unnatural. Civilized man, a constituent atom of society, enslaved by the wants which he alternately creates and supplies, has lost the natural and characteristic beauty of his own sex, while endeavouring surreptitiously to retract the concessions which he originally made to the other. He has trained his hair into ringlets—that fashion, however, has been some years exploded—he has blanched his hands, tortured and narrowed and crippled his feet, and clandestinely pressed into his service silk and velvet, and ribands and embroidery, under pretext of pourpoints, and waistcoats, and neckties. He has effected an insidious and gradually encroaching partnership in rings and other bijouterie, and cultivated colours in small masses of blue and crimson, mauve and magenta. In short, he has become fashionable, and having marred that style of beauty which is essentially masculine, while seeking to acquire that which is unalienably feminine, has only succeeded in making himself androgynous and ugly.



HUMAN BROTHERHOOD.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE king who is swathed in the splendours of state,
Whose power and possessions are wide,
Is akin to the beggar who whines at his gate,
Howe'er it may torture his pride;
He is subject to ailments, and dangers and woes,
As the wretch who encounters the blast,
And despite of his grandeur, his bones must repose
In the same grave of nature at last.

The beauty, surrounded by homage and wealth,
Whose glance of command is supreme,
Who walks in the grace of rich raiment and health,
Whose life seems a musical dream,
Is sister to her who, old, haggard, and worn,
Receives a chance crust by the way;
The proud one may treat her with silence and scorn,
But their kinship no truth can gainsay.

The scholar who glories in gifts of the mind,
Who ransacks the treasures of Time,
Who scatters his thoughts on the breath of the wind,
And makes his own being sublime,
Even he is a brother to him at the plough,
Whose feet crush the flowers in their bloom;
And to him who toils on with a care-furrowed brow
In chambers of clangour and gloom.

Chance, circumstance, intellect, change us in life,
Repulse us and keep us apart,
But would we had less of injustice and strife,
And more of right reason and heart.
One great human family, born of one Power,
Each claiming humanity's thought,
We should let our best sympathies flow like a dower,
And give and receive as we ought.

A Midsummer Christmas.

BY ISABELLA MUNROE.

CHAPTER I.

THAT portion of the Eastern district of the Cape of Good Hope bordering on the Great Fish River is checkered into an infinite number of bare, rocky hills, and deep wooded valleys, some of them concealing in their recesses large and well-cultivated farms, while others are still clothed with the wild and luxuriant vegetation of a land but little without the tropics.

From their number and the similarity of their appearance, aided by the yet greater number of narrow, bushy ravines, or kloofs, connecting them, they form a labyrinth in which the incautious traveller is apt to lose his way. Such had been the fate of a young sportsman, who, after a day's shooting among the hills, had vainly sought the farm of an acquaintance lying in one of these valleys, and evening found him he knew not where, but wearied with the heat of the day and the weight of the gun he had carried so many hours on his arm.

At length another opening kloof brought him into a large cultivated valley, and at first he hoped it might be the one he sought. A second glance at the large heavily-built dwelling, with its quaint white gables gleaming all the whiter by contrast with the adjoining orange grove, and the dark branches of the vines which canopied the massive stone verandah, or stoep, convinced him of his error. Yet it was a fair scene of rural prosperity he looked on; fields of wheat and maize stretching up towards the surrounding hills, and large patches of grass land filled with sleek cattle, snowy sheep, and playful, shaggy horses. Spacious barns and waggon-sheds clustered round the rear of the house, outflanked by the small dark huts of the farm servants; in front stretched a grassy plain, shaded by mimosas, through the midst of which a little river rushed with arrowy speed, being evidently swollen by recent rains.

The sound and sight of water is pleasant everywhere, doubly so in a warm climate, and Olave Breda threw himself on the grass beside the stream to enjoy its presence. He had not rested long, when something white among the trees on the opposite side of the river attracted his attention. He perceived a young girl advancing quickly towards the river side, followed by one of those graceful blue cranes, whose beauty and gentleness render them such favourites among the ladies of South Africa.

Unseen himself, Breda watched the young girl come down to what was evidently, by the pathways on either side the river, a ford, and seat herself on a large stone, as if awaiting some one. Never before, he thought, had he looked on so fair a face; but rumour had already brought to him the fame of its beauty, and by the soft blue eyes and snowy brow, shaded by bands of night-black hair, so unusual among the fair-haired daughters of the Netherlanders, he recognised Mena Vander Reit, the loveliest maiden along the frontier, and the daughter of the proudest boer, and knew himself to be in the valley of the Zwart Kranz, or Black Cranes.

Soon the rapid footfall of a horse on his side the river proved the truth of Olave's suspicions, and Mena started to her feet as a horseman came in sight along the bushy path, and waved her hand eagerly in warning; but the rider answered her gesture by a merry laugh, and an exclamation of fearlessness; then, with a touch of his spurs, he urged his horse into the stream.

At the first plunge the animal lost its footing, and was swept into the centre of the river, where the current was strongest; but the rider was young and

fearless, and resolutely he turned his horse's head up stream, and by word and hand encouraged him to stem the torrent. For a moment or two he was successful, and it seemed as if he might yet reach the opposite shore. Mena and the unsuspected spectator stood looking on in breathless anxiety; then the young girl uttered a piercing shriek, as, throwing back his head, the horse struck his rider a stunning blow on the forehead, and he fell back senseless into the water.

The next moment Olave was battling with the current; a few more brought him to the spot, and he grasped eagerly the unfortunate horseman, who was already sinking. Then ensued a fierce struggle, for young and strong as Olave Breda was, it taxed his utmost energies to bear so heavy a burthen against the stream, which, as if enraged at the obstruction, eddied and muttered around them in threatening murmurs. Narrow as was the river, the struggle was not a short one, for the steepness of the banks compelled them to regain the ford; but at length Olave succeeded, and landed his senseless, but still living, charge on the farther bank of the river.

He was at once carried to the house by the servants whom Mena's cries had summoned to their aid, while Olave followed, listening with a beating heart to the thanks for her brother's rescue, which the young girl spoke so earnestly.

From that day forward Olave Breda was a frequent and welcome guest in the family to which he had preserved a son, scouring the hills in quest of game with Ignace Vander Reit, and wandering beneath the orange trees with Mena. Nor was it long ere he began to speak to her of the love which since the hour of their first meeting had filled his heart, and Mena had listened as girls do to such tales told by the lips of those they love. Thus, happy in the present, and fearless of the future—for Breda was a far wealthier man than the proud old boer—time seemed for the young lovers to float on a silver current, and beneath a sunny sea.

The short twilight of those latitudes had passed, but the southern moon, so much more brilliant than our own, was lighting the cloudless sky, revealing every flower and shrub in a light softer, and more beautiful than that of day. Weary with wandering through the valley, the lovers sat on a bank, talking of the future, which Mena that day had consented to share with Breda.

"But my father," said the young girl softly; "we must not forget his sanction is needed."

"I do not forget it," replied Breda; "my first care shall be to seek him, and entreat him to bestow on me this hand, the most precious gift in his possession;" and as Olave spoke he took the small white hand of Mena and raised it to his lips.

At that very moment the bushes beside them were parted violently, and Hermanus Vander Reit, Mena's father, strode towards them, his tall, stately person looking larger in the uncertain light, and a deep frown darkening his stern countenance.

"So this is it!" he said, addressing Olave in a tone of suppressed passion. "So this is it! You have crept into my house, and into my friendship, to steal away my daughter's heart, and rob me of the love and obedience which she owes me."

"No, Mynheer Vander Reit; you wrong me; no thought of secrecy was in my mind. I intended at once to seek your consent."

"My consent!" interrupted Vander Reit, with still increasing indignation. "And dared you to hope it would ever be given to such as *you*?"

The blood rushed to Olave's brow, but he was silent, the torrent of feeling which burst over him at those words sweeping away the power of speech; for well he knew their meaning before the old boer proceeded.

"Dared you to think that Hermanus Vander Reit, the descendant of a long line of untainted ancestry, would ever consent to see his blood mingle with that of a slave?"

Mena started at this accusation, so terrible in the eyes of a Dutchwoman of pure descent; but immediately she remembered that, let what might be his lineage, he was still the same brave and generous being she had learned to love for his noble qualities; yet she glanced up at him timidly, her woman's heart sharing with him the shame and confusion with which she expected this humiliating discovery would overwhelm him. But though the young man's cheek was flushed, and his dark eyes—which, with his raven hair, were the only indications of his slave descent—flashed fire, he stood before the insulting speaker with the proud mien of one who had never committed an unworthy action, and who refused to admit the degradation of aught else.

"Mynheer Vander Reit," he began calmly, but he was once more interrupted by the angry old boer—in whom, like hundreds of others of his class, the absence of any superior, and the long habit of absolute command over his family and slaves, had fostered and developed the native obstinacy of the Dutch blood, until it acquired an imperious wilfulness brooking no opposition—

"Or did you suppose the truth was unknown to me, and think to crawl like a snake into my family through our ignorance of the degradation you would bring with you?"

"No," replied Breda; "I never supposed you ignorant of what all in my own district of George are well aware, and what under any circumstances I never would, or have hesitated to avow. You speak of my degradation—I feel none in knowing myself the grandson of Alida Rosselt, as noble and high-souled a woman as was ever numbered among the proudest European ancestry. Slave born she was, through man's injustice which brought her fathers into bondage, but why should I blush that my grandfather married her, and raised her to her proper sphere. Let those whose ancestors have stained their names, by bringing their fellow-men into slavery, feel shame in owning them; I will never shrink from acknowledging the blood which flows in my veins, for it comes from those of the good and true."

"'Tis wisest for you to view it so," was the contemptuous reply; "but neither I nor mine can share it with you. And now begone, and mark me, Olave Breda, never again while I live dare to cross my threshold, or set foot on my lands."

Again the blood rushed to Olave's brow, but he checked the fiery response that rose to his lips, by the recollection that his insulter was the parent of the weeping girl on whom had already fallen a heavy enough sorrow.

"I go, sir, at your bidding," he replied with forced calmness. "Farewell, Mena," he added, turning for the first time towards her. "I wooed you openly and frankly, never dreaming that what is so great a blot in your father's sight was unknown to you, or would ever come as a barrier between us. I know not if you will still think kindly of me," he continued with a broken voice, for Mena's start of horror had not been lost upon him, "but remember that Olave Breda has left his heart with you for ever."

A gesture of angry impatience from Vander Reit, and a single glance of unchanged affection from Mena, were the only answers, and with a heart too full for further words, Olave turned away.

Though living beneath the British rule, a Dutchman by descent—at least on one side—habits of thought, and association, how many a hard struggle against oppression had the slave-blood in his veins cost him. More bitter and more embittering, perhaps, than any other is the denial of a fair start in life, so as to be judged of men according to one's actions. Many times had Olave

Breda felt this, though, with the aspiration natural to a free and fearless spirit, he had refused to submit to it, and by that very refusal, joined to an unassuming self-respect, a high moral character, and kindly demeanour, had so far overcome the adverse waves of circumstances that he was universally respected in his own district. But this blow to his affections was a new and unexpected one, for he had never doubted the Vander Reits were aware of his ancestry, and in the first weight of it, despite the self-discipline, and correct habits of thought which he had acquired in the struggles of his youth for justice, he felt as if all those struggles had been fruitless, and that he was still merely the despised inheritor of dark blood.

"What has happened?" enquired Ignace Vander Reit, as they sat at supper that same evening. "I saw Breda mount his horse and ride away in all haste a short time since, and when I called to him he only waved his hand and galloped off the faster."

As Ignace spoke his glance fell on Mena, and her pale cheeks and heavy eyes, filled with fast-gathering tears, revealed to him something of the truth, even before his father had begun to relate it, which he did after his own manner, a manner which soon sent poor Mena weeping from the room.

The old boer's horror at the thought of Breda's alliance was, if not echoed, at least responded to, in a lower key, by his narrow-minded, though well-meaning, frau.

"Ay, Olave is a good youth, and rich too," she observed; "but he is no fitting husband for our Mena. Pah! the grandson of a slave!" she added, with a gesture expressive of disgust. "I should fancy the dark blood was running in all our veins if we but thought of such a thing."

"And so, merely because of that mixture of dark blood," said Ignace to his father reproachfully, "one worthy in all other respects, high-minded, honourable, wealthy, one who, despite his lineage, has gained the respect of all honest men, is contemptuously rejected; the man to whose gallantry it is owing that you have this hour a son," he added with the warmth of a generous nature, "is turned inhospitably from your door, and my sister's happiness perhaps destroyed."

"What!" exclaimed the indignant Vander Reit, rising from his seat, and striking his hand on the table with a violence that added force to his words—"what! is there one of my name and blood so despicable as to plead for the degradation of his family? But hearken to me, Ignacius Vander Reit, and remember, I mean it, rather would I this hour have been childless, rather would I that not only you, but your sister also, were sleeping beneath the willows in the kloof where my elder children rest, than that either of you should contaminate the pure blood of our fatherland, which flows in your veins, by such a connexion as Breda's. As to your sister, she will not lack suitors, better born, if not as rich. There is Franz Bloemfeldt, she has slighted him hitherto; but," and he swore a mighty Dutch oath, "she shall not slight him longer."

Ignace was silent; while his father was in that temper he saw it was worse than useless to argue with him, and much he feared that even afterwards his threat concerning Franz Bloemfeldt would not fall to the ground, since the well-born young Dutchman had long been his especial favourite, and Mena had often incurred his displeasure by her coldness and aversion for one who had long evinced so much affection for her.

Ignace's fears were not unfounded. Bloemfeldt was at once summoned, and Mena was sternly told to receive him as her future husband. In vain were her tears and her entreaties; her father knew how much they were the result of her love for Breda, and regarding that as a poisonous plant which must be plucked out, no matter how, or at what cost, he persisted in his decree.

"How! he exclaimed, "shall it be said that I have but one daughter, and that she remains in my house unwedded, and pining with love for the slave-descended Breda? No; this marriage will silence all evil tongues, and guard against all future danger."

And the arrangements were concluded and the marriage contract put in preparation as if the bride had given her consent; but Mena had not yielded, and resolved she never would, though the effort was a painful one to her who had been used implicitly to obey her father's will; and, save her brother, whose liberal opinions had likewise brought him into disgrace, she was alone; for the mother, to whose affection she might naturally have looked for aid at such a moment, had never in her life contradicted her husband, and now only entreated her daughter not to weep and spoil her eyes, but obey her father, for he always knew what was best.

One evening, after a day's shooting, Ignace reached home soon after sunset. His father, who was smoking on the stoep, in what was now unwonted good humour, enquired what he had shot.

"I heard you fire a short while since," he added.

"Yes, I fired at a hare and wounded it, though the creature got away," replied his son; "but I did not think the report would have reached you here."

Ignace spoke carelessly, as he unstrung the powder-flask from his shoulder; but there were some found afterwards to say that he evinced confusion; for on the following day the body of a Kafir, named Koolu, an inferior chief of the Amakoso, was found on Vander Reit's land, killed by a bullet which had entered the brain, and while there was nothing but conjecture to point at his slayer, suspicion fell on Ignace.

The Veldt-cornet—a functionary in that colony who fulfils among many other duties those of coroner—took up the matter warmly, but the most searching investigation failed to discover who had fired the fatal shot. But though there was nothing to directly implicate him, a cloud rested on the name of Ignace Vander Reit, both in the opinion of the public authorities, and private friends, and the disappearance the same evening of one of the farm servants, a Hottentot lad, who was not even possessed of fire-arms, tended to deepen the impression. Only two believed him innocent—Mena, whose sisterly love would believe no evil of the companion of her childhood, and Breda, who took his part with the warmth of true friendship.

As to old Vander Reit, he had never forgiven his son's generous appeal in favour of dark blood, and he found it easy enough to believe him guilty of what he held to be a not much greater crime. Bitterly, in truth, the haughty boer felt these wounds to his pride; and he grew every day more stern and imperative to his children, whom he reproached as being spared only to bring discredit upon his name. But Mena, he resolved, should soon be beyond the power of deepening it by a marriage with her slave-descended lover, and she was informed that Christmas—now only a few weeks distant—should see her united to Bloemfeldt, and not all the prayers and tears of the unhappy girl were able to soften the harsh decree.

One evening Mena sat on her favorite seat by the river bank, and her thoughts wandering from the present had lost themselves in the happier past, when a quickly advancing step recalled them, and Franz Bloemfeldt stood beside her. At once she rose and turned away from him, as was her custom.

"Stay," he said in a peculiar tone, which at once arrested her. "For this once you must listen to me, for your brother's sake, if not for your own."

Mena looked at him inquiringly.

"I know," he resumed indignantly, "that you avoid me, returning scorn

for the devoted love which has made me so long your slave. Bitterly have you made me feel your contempt, but that hour is now past, and for the future you must treat me as one who holds in his hands your brother's life, and your family honour."

"How? what do you mean?" said Mena, yet withdrawing as he endeavoured to lead her back to her seat to listen to his explanation.

But the poor girl had flung herself on the grass, and burying her face in her hands, wept as she had never wept before, ere it was ended. For she learned how false had been her trust in her brother's innocence—that he was all and worse than the world deemed him—that he was a hardened, heartless, cold-blooded murderer, as the Hottentot lad had long since proved, had not Ignace bribed him to silence and absence. But with unconcealed triumph Bloemfeldt told her that he knew all, and at his pleasure could produce the missing youth—the price of his forbearance must be her hand.

How Mena shuddered at the plainness with which the horrible tale was told, and the unpitiful sternness with which the repulsive bargain was pressed upon her! But Bloemfeldt guessed rightly the way to break the bruised spirit, for at length the weeping girl raised her head and yielded herself the sacrifice.

"Leave me, Franz Bloemfeldt; it shall be as you wish. Let no word of this pass your lips, and I promise to become your wife. But leave me now, I must be alone."

And fearful was the anguish that swept over her in that first hour of her despair. She had herself set the seal on her future misery, and there was no farther hope. Till now she knew not there had been any before, but she felt that with her own hand she had set up a barrier between herself and Breda, that none other could have raised. And what would *he* think, what could he, but that she was light and changeable, or that she had learned to scorn him for his lineage. And the brother she had loved so dearly, he whose soul she had believed as pure as her own, that it was his guilt was the cause of all this ruin; that knowledge pierced her heart with a keener barb than even the thought of her own shipwrecked happiness. When he looked at her in inquiring wonder at her sudden consent, she shrunk from the questions he would have asked even more sensitively than from her father's congratulatory embrace.

CHAPTER II.

It wanted but a week to Christmas, the Midsummer Christmas of the South, and all nature seemed to rejoice with man over the glad tidings of good will. The leaves were fluttering on the trees, the flowers were blossoming around their roots, and the birds sending up their hymns of joy into the cloudless sky. Mirth and rejoicing were on every side, and according to custom large gatherings of relatives and friends were assembled to celebrate the Christmas tide. At Zwart Kranz the number was greater than usual, since they were assembled for the double celebration of Christmas and the marriage of Mena, which was to take place on the following day.

Busied with overlooking the hundred tasks of her handmaidens, with wreathing her house with flowers, and seeing that the half-dozen slaves who formed their domestic band were practising their music, the busy frau had no leisure to notice how day by day the young bride's cheek grew paler, but the bridesmaids whispered to each other, that when their wedding day drew nigh they hoped they should not look as she did.

It was already Christmas Eve; the house was full of happy faces and glad voices, looking and laughing as if life were but one long holiday. The Christmas tree—here a young orange tree—had been brought forward, covered with

its rich fruitage of varied gifts, and many games of their fatherland were played, loading the air, and bidding the walls resound with merriment.

Mena's heart found no echo for such sounds, and stealing away she wandered on among the trees until the peals of laughter came but faintly to her ear. It was a lovely night; the large bright constellations of the southern hemisphere were flashing radiantly through the clear tranquil air, the most remarkable of them all being the well known southern cross, which was slowly ascending towards the zenith.

On such a night, so Mena thought, the shepherds might have sat worshipping in their hearts the Author of all the beauty around them, and watching their sleeping flocks, dreaming not of the glad tidings herald angels were so soon to bring them. On such a night might the wise pilgrims from the East have followed their guiding star to the spot where the Hope and Salvation of the world was lowly laid. It was, in truth, a night to awaken deep feelings and solemn fancies, and mutely in her heart Mena prayed that He, who this night came to endure pain and sorrow, would grant her resignation to tread her thorny path.

Suddenly there was the sound of a horse galloping. The next minute she perceived that her white dress had attracted the rider's eye, and that he was coming towards her at a headlong pace.

"Mena!" he exclaimed with breathless eagerness, as he threw himself from his horse. It was, as her heart had at once whispered—Breda.

She hid her face in her hands; she could not look at him. "And this is how we meet!" he said in bitter sadness. "But I came not to reproach you, but in warning."

"Hah! is this where I find you at last?" thundered an angry voice, as old Vander Reit strode into view. "Back to the house, disobedient girl; I guessed it was for this you had crept away from all your friends. As for this fine lover of yours, who thinks that his rix-dollars can whiten his slave blood"—but we will not follow the torrent of insult which he poured on the proud and high-spirited Breda.

Breda, however, resolutely interrupted him with the information that he came solely to bring them warning.

"Of what—a slave conspiracy?"

"No! a Kafir inroad," replied Olave, rapidly recapitulating his reasons for such a supposition. Armed bands had been seen marching towards the colony, travellers in Kafirland had been insulted and threatened, and out-lying farm-houses sacked and burned, the inhabitants barely escaping with life. All this had become known to Breda only within the last few hours, and he had hastened to convey the tidings to Vander Reit, and bid him be on his guard lest the first burst of the tempest should fall on Zwart Kranz.

"Some people's fears are always uppermost," said Vander Reit, sneeringly; "but it is not every shaking of an assegai foretels an outbreak, and we are not going to spoil our mirth for idle rumours and silly fears."

"But you know," persisted Olave, "that the brothers of Koolu have sworn to have vengeance the first opportunity. If an inroad comes Zwart Kranz will fall; for Heaven's sake, then, place those you love in safety."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the boer triumphantly, "your scheme has failed. You would stay our bridal, I see. But know, Olave Breda, that Mena weds Franz Bloemfeldt if the next hour should see the Kafirs at my door. So go home, and frame your next plans more cleverly."

It was in vain that Olave strove to convince him of the truth of his motive, and the reality of the danger; the old man would neither hear, nor be convinced, and ended by dismissing Breda even more rudely and decisively than before.

How brightly the Midsummer Christmas broke over the Southern land, awakening all things to life and beauty! "A merry Christmas, a merry Christmas!" were the first words which breathed in Dutch or English echoed that morning through a hundred dwellings along the frontier, where all looked as fair and calm as if fresh from the hand of its Almighty Creator. Who, while gazing on the beautiful earth, could think of those tales of human woe and passion, which are so often written in blood and fire upon it? A long interval of tranquillity had lulled them into a feeling of security, and all along the wide frontier the inhabitants awoke to festivity and mirth.

"A merry Christmas!" rang joyously out from lip to lip at Zwart Kranz, where all was brightness and gaiety, all save the bride's pallid cheek, and her brother's moody brow; for the world's suspicions weighed heavily on Ignace, though he knew not the fears Breda had expressed as to the result, for her father's commands had sealed Mena's lips on the subject.

But there came no other shadow to darken the light of their merriment. Long past mid-day the Christmas banquet was spread in the spacious forehouse, or hall, its wealth of fine white linen, and old-fashioned silver flashing in the sun rays, while with the more solid viands were mingled piles of glowing fruit—peaches, nectarines, figs, and melons, and the earlier grapes which the midsummer sends to grace the Christmas board.

The guests took their places around the table, and still all was quiet, and Mena began to think that Breda's fears had been unfounded. The next moment the quick tramp of a horse echoed up the valley, then a hurried step on the stoep, and a thundering knock on the door startled everyone. In another instant the door itself was thrown open by the impatient visitor, who strode into the forehouse.

"There is no time to be lost," he said, looking round. "The Kafirs are over the frontier in force, and are spreading death and ruin everywhere. Those who wish to save themselves must fly at once, for they will be at Zwart Kranz in an hour."

How by the magic of those few words the scene was changed! The most complete panic took possession of the late joyous party. Females screamed and fainted, and men crowded eager questions on the bearer of evil tidings; but he had no time to tarry, and merely repeating his words, he sprang on his horse again, and was off on his merciful mission of bearing the warning to other farmsteads.

Then ensued a scene of wild confusion, for most were eager to leave the doomed spot, and others had dear ones in their own homes threatened with like dangers; and within a quarter of an hour waggons were inspanned, and horses saddled, and the family of Zwart Kranz were left nearly alone.

But during all, Hermanus Vander Reit stood firm and incredulous. This stranger, with his tale of unseen peril, he held to be some new device of Breda's, and he smiled at the fears which were sweeping his guests from the untasted banquet. His wife, pale and trembling, sat gazing on him; accustomed to yield to his guidance, she scarce dared to fear unbidden. Mena was calm and quiet, for her fears were not new; but Ignace entreated earnestly for the removal of his mother and sister.

"Why keep their helplessness to face the danger? You know," he added, bitterly, "that wherever the Kafirs may show mercy, they will show none here."

"Are you, too, in league with Breda?" was the scornful reply. "But I am not to be so easily duped. Unless I see good cause, Mena leaves not this house, save as the wife of her well-born and estimable betrothed."

At this instant Bloemfeldt, his face pale, and his voice husky with emotion,

came up to urge their immediate departure. The old boer's reply was a warm and indignant refusal to leave his house.

"It is throwing away one's life to stay here," muttered the young man discontentedly.

"Then you are free to save yours," was Vander Reit's scornful reply, as he pointed down the valley.

The next instant saw Bloemfeldt at Mena's side, entreating her to fly with him from the fate which threatened her family.

Mena turned away—"I would rather die with them, than live for you," she said coldly.

An expression of deep disappointment, mingled with rage, darkened Bloemfeldt's countenance. "You have made your election," he said, bitterly; "but you cannot expect me to sacrifice my life for one who regards me so coldly."

"No, go, I want no sacrifice," was the young girl's reply, and without awaiting farther dismissal, Bloemfeldt left the room, and Mena soon after saw him galloping through the valley as if death were close upon his track.

Meanwhile, her father stood by stern and moveless, her brother alone seeming alive to the necessity for action. Most of the servants had fled, but summoning the rest, he hastened to put the house in the best state of defence the time admitted of, by fastening the massive window shutters and doors, and pulling down the trellis above the stoep which would give access to the upper windows. Then he collected all the fire-arms, and loaded them, and scarcely was it done, when a girl came rushing down a stair screaming,—
"The Kafirs, the Kafirs!"

The old Dutch lady clasped her hands, and looked at her husband. "Oh! Vander Reit!" she exclaimed, reproachfully.

An expression of agony crossed her husband's brow—until this moment he had disbelieved the danger. But without a word he assisted Ignace in closing and barring the heavy hall door, and then taking a gun in each hand, he was the first to mount the stairs, followed by all the others.

It was full time, for already a large band of Kafirs were in the valley and rushing on like famished wolves. Little hope was there of beating them off, but all that could be done Vander Reit was now the man to do. Scarcely were they within range when a shot from his own gun laid the foremost lifeless; but far from being checked, they only rushed on more fiercely, surrounding the house, and striking violently on the doors and shutters with their heavy knob kerries, or knobbed sticks, and whirling up assegais at the windows where the feeble garrison were posted.

Well and unflinchingly the latter did their duty; but though bullet after bullet fell with deadly effect among the assailants, the loss was scarce felt by the crowd of fierce savages who, with fiendish looks and outcries, compassed the walls. How those cries thrilled to the hearts of the helpless group above! There in the corridor, where she had sank down overpowered with terror, sat the Frau Vander Reit, with women and children clinging round her, silent and tearless from affright; while Mena, with blanched cheeks, but steady hand, stood loading rapidly the guns with which her father and brother and the only two men-servants who had remained, kept up a constant fire on the foe.

Few words were spoken, for all were hopeless—'twas but to struggle to the last—then die! Suddenly a scream from the mother announced a fresh misfortune—an assegai had passed through Ignace's right arm, and was quivering in the ceiling overhead. A sterner expression than pain contracted the young man's brow, as his sister, springing to his side, bound up his wound.

"Tis I who have drawn this pack of ravening wolves upon you, thirsting

not for plunder, but blood," he muttered, "and now I cannot raise an arm for your defence."

A loud crash interrupted him. All read it rightly—a large stone dashed against a window had burst it in, and there remained no barrier between them and their terrible foes. One smothered shriek from female lips, and a general rush of the men to the stair-head followed. But no exulting foe appeared—all was still. Were they firing the house?

Another minute of painful expectation, and then the report of many guns rang through the valley. Mena darted to a window, and beheld the Kafirs flying like antelopes to the nearest kloof, followed by a party of Cape Mounted Rifles. And now a light step sprang up the stairs, and a well-known voice exclaimed, "Are all safe?" and Breda was before them.

With a scream of joy, the old lady clasped him in her arms as though he had been her own son.

Olave looked round anxiously. "And Bloemfeldt?" he said, hesitatingly, as his glance fell on Ignace's wounded arm.

"Oh, he is safe enough, for he fled like a dastard," said the old boer uncompromisingly. "Olave Breda, I deserved not you should be in time to save my life.

But Olave heard only the first words, as breaking from the old lady's embrace, he clasped the hands Mena held out to him.

There was no time for words. The officer had recalled his men from the useless pursuit, and was now dismounting at the stoep, and it needed to meet him and decide what should be done, for the patrol which Olave had obtained from the nearest military post could not remain for the protection of Zwart Kranz.

"But for me there had been little fear of a second attack," murmured Ignace, from the couch where they had laid him.

"But their hatred is blind, as I always knew it was!" exclaimed Olave, grasping his hand. "I have long been on his track, but this morning I found your fugitive herd, Hans Ruyter."

The wounded man's eye brightened. Olave went on: "I have him safe. He did witness Koolu's death, and the slayer was—Franz Bloemfeldt."

We pass over the surprise and congratulations, brief as they were. Vander Reit was himself the first to say, "We must leave Zwart Kranz at once. Breda," he continued, holding out his hand, "Hermanus Vander Reit has learned this day that neither nobility nor meanness of soul depend on race or lineage, and recognised the truth, that by a man's character and actions alone should he be judged and valued. If you can forgive the past, Mena shall be the pledge of a better and juster future."

Breda's eyes, flashing with unutterable joy, were an answer more eloquent than any words; and as her hand was placed in his, Mena's heart throbbed with a gladness she had never thought to feel again—a gladness too bright to be dimmed even by the lurid clouds, which, from their refuge that night in the nearest military post, she could see reddening the Christmas sky, highest and ruddiest of all being that which hung over the home of her childhood, proclaiming that it had shared the fiery fate of hundreds of other homesteads along the frontier.

ASPIRE.

BY EDMUND TEESDALE.

ASPIRE to greater things,
With heaven exalted eye,
With steadfast tread and bearing high,
And hope on joyful wings!
There's not a victory won below
But points to other work undone,
And ever, as Time's currents flow,
We find new shores still to be won.

Press on with purpose pure,
Nor cast one look behind,
Ambitious still to store thy mind
With wealth of lore which shall endure!
There's not a height by man yet gained,
But shows another height to win;
There's not a truth by man maintained,
But holds some greater truth within.

Oh, seek the good and great!
Man's mission on the earth
Is progress, ever from his birth:
Nor should he e'er in zeal abate.
Oh, who would tamely lingering see
Such boundless prospect for the mind,
And, clinging to mortality,
In guilty sloth be left behind!

Aspire to better deeds!
With hope and love entwined,
Let emulation fill thy mind,
And ever haste where duty leads.
Man's holy mind, if trained aright,
To such a height of good would grow,
That spirits pure and angels bright
Might with us mingle here below.

Tobias Venner, and his Advice on the subject of Longevity.

ANY one visiting the Abbey Church at Bath, may see there a massive monument to the memory of Dr. Tobias Venner, who, for many years during the first half of the seventeenth century, practised "in the spring and fall" as a physician in that city. At other parts of the year he practised at North Petherton, his native town, about three miles from Bridgwater. This worthy practitioner, having leisure on his hands, was pleased to write a curious hygienic treatise, with an exceedingly long title, the leading part of which is "*Via Recta ad vitam longam*," or the Right Way to obtain Long Life. It professes to be "a plaine Philosophical Discourse of the nature, faculties, and effects, of all such things, as by way of nourishments, and dieteticall observations, make for the preservation of health, with their just applications unto every age, constitution of bodie, and time of yeare." The work is dedicated to no less a person than "Francis Lord Verulam," the writer thinking probably that by associating it with so renowned a name it would be the more readily recommended to public consideration. In bringing it into notice here, our object is to show some of the notions on diet, drinks, and the means of preserving health, that were current among the learned medical faculty two hundred years ago.

The introduction treats "Of the Nature and Choice of Habitable Places;" and herein the author recommends "the ayre as the best and wholesomest to preserve life, which is subtile, bright, and cleare, not mixed with any grosse moisture, or corrupted with filthy or noisome vapors, which also with calme and pleasant windes is gently moved," not "that which is so shut up with hills or mountains that it cannot be freely perflated, and purified with the winds;" and he would have a dwelling to be "open to the south and east, with hills which may somewhat hinder and keep back the vaporous west winde, and the sharp north winde in the winter." He advises that windows facing the east "be not set open before the sunne hath somewhat purged the aire, and dissipated the cloudes; for the morning aire by reason of its coldnesse and moysture of the night is grosse and impure, very hurtful to them that have weak braines, and subject unto rheumes." In conclusion, he descants somewhat on fountains and other waters, and devotes several pages to hot springs, "such as are our famous bathes of Bathe," which it was one of his leading objects to recommend.

The Doctor goes on to treat of "Divers kindes of Bread;" and having discussed these to his satisfaction, he proceeds to "Divers kindes of Drinke." Beginning with wines, he dilates on the varied merits of all such as were then in use, founding his views apparently upon a considerable private experience of the qualities of each. Of Rhenish, Claret, Sacke, and Malmsey, he says enough to show that he has a good opinion of them all. He acknowledges "the discommoditie of wine immoderately taken," but his idea of moderation is not very accurately defined. There are people, however, to whom he thinks wine should be forbidden; he would not give any "neither to children, nor to youths from fourteen years of age unto twenty-five," because it "extimulates them unto enormious and outrageous actions." Nor does he think it advisable to allow it "too often to young men, as from twenty-five unto thirty-five;" and if persons of this description take it, the wine ought to be of the smaller or milder sorts, "otherwise," he says, "it will make them prone unto wrath, and unlawful desires, dull the wit, and confound the memory." But he would grant it more liberally "unto them as from thirty-five unto fifty," and even "with a liberal hand unto olde men." We observe that at the time of writing Doctor Tobias

was already past thirty-five himself, and his recommendation of wine to persons of this age and upwards may have been slightly influenced by his personal liking for the beverage.

In connection with this part of his subject, our author considers the question, "whether it be expedient for health to be drunk with wine once or twice in a month?" His answer is not favourable to the habits of the hard toppers of his times. So far from sanctioning such excess, he takes occasion to rebuke it in terms of strong severity. "Oh, how impudently," says he, "would our drunken potifuges vaunt themselves, if for the health of the bodie, I should approve the custome of being drunk once or twice in a monthe!" and he goes on straightway to condemn the practice as "most pernicious; for drunkenness," says he, "spoyleth the stomach, maketh the blood waterish, hurteth the braine, dulleth the senses, destroyeth the understanding, debilitateth the sinewes, and subverteth the powers of all the bodie." Nevertheless, concluding with the saving clause of the "moderate man," he says: "But here, I will not denie, but that it may be very lawful and expedient, for them that are wont to be wearied with great cares, and labours, to drink, sometimes until they be merry and pleasant, but not drunken." He speaks favourably of beer, but professing to have no patience with excess, he seizes the opportunity to "admonish our common alepot drunkards, that it is worse to be drunk with ale or beer than with wine, for the drunkenness endureth longer, to the utter ruin of the braine and understanding."

Passing from the consideration of wines, beer, and other fermented beverages, the Doctor proceeds to treat, in his third section, "of the Flesh of Beasts and Fowles;" discussing various questions as to the relative wholesomeness of lamb and mutton, kid's flesh and swine's flesh, veal and beef, and that of English birds of all descriptions from the swan to the farm-yard sparrow. He has a passing remark on "Bull's beef," with a hint as to its serviceable uses, which may be cited as a point of curiosity. He describes it as "of a rancke and unpleasant taste, of a thick, grosse, and corrupt juyce, and of a very hard digestion. I commend it," he adds, "unto poor hard labourers, and to them that desire to look big, and to live basely." He deems it a more suitable article of diet for such people than—*partridges*! "These birds," he says, "are only hurtful to country-men, because they breede in them the asthmatick passion, which is a short and painful fetching of breath, by reason whereof they will not be able to undergo their usual labours. Wherefore, when they shall chance to meet with a covie of young partridges, they were much better to bestow them upon such for whom they are convenient, than to adventure (notwithstanding their strong stomachs) the eating of them, seeing that there is in their flesh such an hidden and perilous antipathie unto their bodies." The partridges are accordingly to be left for the gentry, between whose bodies and the dainty birds there is no such perilous antipathy. How handy for the sportsman and the country squire to be able to quote a medical opinion on such a subject! Only, perhaps the stupid "country-men," for whom it was intended, may have been too obtuse to comprehend it.

The fourth section of the work is devoted to the consideration of "Fish." Venner, with a tender regard for weak stomachs, admonishes the lovers of "sammon" to "carefully moderate their appetite, as that the joundities of it entice them not to a perilous and nauseative fulness." And he even thinks "turbot for the aged, for them that be phlegmaticke, and that have weak stomachs, verie inconvenient and hurtful." Such also must carefully refrain from the royal fish, the sturgeon, though our author admits "that it is pleasant to the pallatt, and induceth withall a smoothing delectation of the gullett." As to "red herrings and sprats," he contends they "give a very bad and adusted nourishment;" and "anchovies" he calls "the famous meat of drunkards,"

whose only "good propertie, if it be good, is to commend a cup of wine to the pallatt, and are therefore chiefly profitable to the vintner."

"Egges and Milke" form the subject of the next section, in the course of which Doctor Tobias gives us his notion of "a light, nourishing, and comfortable breakfast." "I know none better," says he, "than a couple of potched egges, seasoned with a little salt, and a few cornes of pepper also, with a drop or two of vinegar, if the stomache be weake, and supped oft warme, eating therewithal a little bread and butter, and drinking after a good draught of pure claret wine." In regard to the use of milk, he recommends anyone that drinks it "to wash his mouth presently after with wine or strong beere, and also to rub the teeth and gums with a dry cloth, for the cleansing away the slimenesse of the milke, and for strengthening the gums and teeth." Such preparations of milk as "frumentie," "juncetts," and the like, he would allow only to strong stomachs; and he alleges that "greate is the error of eating custards in the middle, or at the end, of meales." These and other "whitemeats" of like nature ought, in his opinion, to be always eaten first. This being the scientific order of things, it is clear that the nineteenth century has something yet to learn of our Doctor of the seventeenth.

Passing over the section "On Sauces and Spices," we come next to a discourse on "Fruits, roots, and herbes that serve for meat, and are usually eaten." Touching the methods of preparing these he has several curious recipes. He particularly commends grapes, when "boyled in butter, and sops of bread added thereto, and sugar also, if they be somewhat sour;" and thus prepared, he says they make "a very pleasant meat, and agreeable for every age and constitution." He condemns mushrooms, which "many phantasticall people doe greatly delight to eat;" his dislike to them, however, being apparently grounded in nothing better than prejudice. But he fully appreciates the value of our now popular vegetable, the potatoe, then recently introduced. Of this he quaintly says, "Potatoe roots are of a temperate qualitie, and of strong nourishing parts; the nutriment which they yield is, though somewhat windie, very substantiall, good, and restorative; surpassing the nourishment of all other roots and fruits. They are diversely dressed and prepared, according to every man's taste and liking; some used to eat them being roasted in the embers, sopped in wine, which way is specially good; but in what manner soever they be dressed, they are very pleasant to the taste, and doe wonderfully comfort, nourish, and strengthen the bodie." The notion of eating potatoes "sopped in wine," will probably be a novelty to the present generation. The reason given for such a practice was, that the flatulent effects of the potatoes were thereby conveniently corrected.

Venner's last section of his book treats of "The Manner and Custome of Diet." There are, he says, three sorts of diet, "accurate or precise, vulgar or common, and sub-vulgar." An accurate diet is that according to which "a man taketh his meales in a certain measure, order, and number, and at fixed times, &c." A vulgar diet "is plaine, rude, of no respect or consideration." A sub-vulgar, "is a medium kind of diet, not so rude and plaine as the vulgar, nor so precise and exact as the accurate." There can be no misunderstanding of the definitions. The sub-vulgar he regards as fit for healthy men, "a vulgar diet is only fit for agusticke bodies, for whom," he adds, "I write not these things."

He has some singular specifics for persons of sedentary habits. "Conserve of roses," he pronounces to be "passing good to be used of students, especially at their going to bed." Moreover, green ginger, as helpful for the memory, is "for olde men and students most profitable." A conserve of rosemary and sage he recommends "to be often used by students, especially mornings fasting," because it "doth greatly delight the brain." Studious people ought not to sup

later than six o'clock, that being seemingly the hour that was then "observed in our universities." In regard to the general frequency of meals, he is of opinion that two meals a-day is best for most persons between the ages of twenty-five and sixty; nevertheless, three meals may be occasionally allowed. The times he fixes for meals are, eleven o'clock for dinner, and six for supper; both of which may be hearty and substantial repasts—but what seems strange, breakfast is a meal that should be generally eschewed. Still, as regards old people and children, he would not have them "precisely tyed unto such fixed meales;" they are, we presume, to eat when they happen to have an appetite.

Our extracts have been made with a view to exhibit some of the curiosities of the dietary system propounded by our author, whose work no doubt reflects the general learned notions of the period in which he lived. His advices in relation to longevity seem to resolve themselves into recommendations of temperance, regularity of habits, free air and exercise, and a liberal use of "our famous baths at Bath." Except as regards this last specific, he has no idea of any royal road to a long life—no "Parr's Pills," or "Holloway's Ointment"—whereby we discern that he could not be fairly charged with quackery, but was an honest and respectable practitioner. Should his quaint old-fashioned notions interest or amuse any of our readers for a few minutes, our small labour in stringing them together may not be wholly misexpended; and should any of them, in passing through the city of Bath, have the curiosity to visit the Doctor's monument, the inscription thereon will not be unintelligible from lack of previous information about his personal history and labours.

INVOCATION.

BY JOHN GRIMER.

[ORIGINAL.]

LORD of the Heavens, the Earth, the Seas! I bow
In humblest adoration at Thy shrine;
Thy might I fain would scan, but only know
That Thou art Greatest, Holiest, Divine!

God of all Space! Thy majesty around
Subdues my trembling soul almost to nought;
The vast expanse, in which Thy wonders found
With wisdom infinite and good are fraught.

Source of all Power! though hidden from my sight,
Which way the lab'ring mind essays to view
Thy glorious works, the which by day, by night,
Constant remain, immutable and true.

Eternal Cause! grant me to comprehend,
If such Thy will, Thy marvels and Thy love;
That I be meet, enraptured at my end,
To dwell with angels and with saints above.

Scottish Stories.

IRISH wit and humour have long been world famous, and he must be a bold man who would venture to cross swords with an Hibernian in a war of words; but justice is seldom done to the dry and caustic humour of the genuine Scotchman. Sydney Smith's well-known joke at the expense of northern obtuseness has met with readier assent than it deserved. What sparkling jewels of wit and fancy flash from the pages of Burns! What stores of rich and varied humour have delighted the readers of Christopher North! And even in our own generation, who that has enjoyed the keen satire of "Firmilian," or laughed over Bon Gaultier's serio-comic lays, shall say that the spirit of fun exercises no influence north of the Tweed? The prevalent idea entertained of a Scotchman is that of a strewd, sensible, hard-headed and pushing fellow, who is certain to make his way in life if perseverance and a sharp eye to his own interests will do it. This notion may be often true of the ambitious spirits that migrate southwards; but there are in Scotland, as elsewhere, so many varieties of character and temperament, that some of the tales told of the genuine country folk resemble the celebrated "Irish bulls" for their simplicity and humour. A story, which might have been Irish, recounts how a boy going to the manse for examination was asked the number of the commandments. "Aiblins a hunner" (perhaps a hundred), he replied. The minister angrily dismissed him, and he went out, encountering at the door a companion coming on a similar errand. "If he asks ye how many commandments there are, what will ye say?" inquired Sapietas. "Say? why ten, to be sure," said his friend. "Ten!" cried the unsuccessful candidate triumphantly. "Try ye him wi' ten! I tried him wi' a hunner, and he wasna satisfied." Many anecdotes of this description have lately been collected and published under the auspices of some distinguished Scotchmen, * and we propose to cite a few of them for the amusement of our readers.

The sharp retorts sometimes made by half-witted people have often excited surprise; and the Scottish characters of this class, which is now getting uncommon, were in no degree inferior to their southern or western rivals in readiness of tongue. It is said that a minister, who was much mortified by the habitual drowsiness of his congregation, one day cited a "daft" lad as an example. "See," he exclaimed indignantly, "even Jamie Fraser, the idiot, does not sleep as you do." The effect of this pointed reproof was, however, a little marred by Jamie Fraser quietly remarking, "An' I had na been an idiot I should ha' been sleepin' too." These characters were sometimes troublesome customers in the kirk. On one occasion a minister advancing to the pulpit saw the idiot in full possession. He indignantly called to him to come down, but the intruder maintained his position, coolly saying, "Na, na, minister, coom ye up wi' me. This is a perverse generation, and faith they need us baith." Others besides ministers sometimes came off the worst from an encounter with these half-witted folk. A person thinking that a "daft body" did not know the relative value of coins, offered him his choice of a sixpence or a penny. "I'll tak the wee ane," said the chooser, adding with affected modesty, "I'se no be greedy." A miller, twitting another with his ignorance, was answered oracularly, "Some things I ken, and some things I dinna ken;" and on

* "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character," by E. B. Ramsay, M.A., Dean of Edinburgh; first and second series. "Familiar Illustrations of Scottish Characters," by the Rev. C. Rogers, LL.D.

further inquiry he added, "I ken a miller has aye a fat sow, but I dinna ken whose expense she's fed at." In reference to the story of the sleeping congregation, we may cite an anecdote which helps to explain the general somnolency. A preacher, who found it impossible to wind up his discourses under an hour and a half, was once asked, as a gentle hint, if he did not find preaching for so long tire him very much? "Na, na, I'm no tired," was the naive reply; "but, Lord! how tired the folks whiles are!" Another time the remark came from the opposite side. A self-satisfied young minister, being introduced to an old gentleman after service, complained of fatigue. "Tired, did ye say?" cried the unedified listener. "Lord, man! if ye're half so tired as I am I pity ye!" The Scotch clergy, however, were not always on the wrong side of the joke, although, if brevity be the soul of wit, they do not appear to have possessed it. Many sharp sayings are attributed to them, though the strangeness of the attendant circumstances may interfere with the effect on modern ears. A young man sitting just opposite a northern minister had once inadvertently thrust a pack of cards into his pocket, which he pulled out with his handkerchief, scattering them through the kirk, to the great scandal of his more correct neighbours. The minister, forced to notice the affair, contented himself with saying quietly, "Oh, man! your psalm book has been ill bound." Another time when a gaily dressed volunteer of 1802 was displaying his new uniform by marching about the church, to the disturbance of the congregation, he was checked by the remark, "Oh, man, will ye sit down now, and we'll see your new claes when the kirk's done." The same gentleman, Mr. Shirra, a Seceding minister, once observed, on reading from the Psalms the passage, "I said in my haste, all men are liars:" "Indeed, Dauvid, an' ye had lived in this parish, ye might hae said it at yer leasure." The legal profession divide the honours with the clerical, and numerous anecdotes are told of the *bon mots* originating with the members of that Scottish bar which has been so justly famous for distinguished men. The men of the law were not, however, always sharp enough for the quick-witted divines. It is said that a well-known professor once met two members of his congregation at the house of a lawyer of no very high repute. "Well, Doctor," said the host, jocularly, "these two belong to your flock. Pray do you call them black sheep or white sheep?" "I do not know," said the Doctor drily, "whether they are black or white sheep, but I know that if they are here long they are pretty sure to be fleeced." In speaking of Scottish legal wit, we must not omit to mention the name of Erskine, whose quickness at jest and repartee has been so often spoken of. Hearing one day that an unsuccessful advocate had died very poor, he remarked that it was not wonderful, since as he had no causes he could have no effects. A friend of his was very much in the habit of speaking in a stilted and inflated manner. He told Erskine once that his brother had fallen from a stile, and sprained his foot severely. Erskine waited till the pompous and elaborate speech was over, and then said, "It was lucky for your brother that it was not from your *style* he fell, or he must have broken his neck." Many other amusing and witty sayings of the gifted advocate are current. We hear, too, of an Ayrshire laird, famous in his day for the good use to which he put his ready speech. It was proposed to him once to build a new churchyard wall, but he demurred on the plea that he never built dykes until the tenants complained. Another time the laird sold a horse, with the recommendation that he was an honest beast. The purchaser soon after came back in great wrath, saying that he had stumbled and fallen to their mutual injury, but the laird stoutly maintained his ground, saying, "Many a time has he threatened to come down wi' me, and I kenned he would keep his word." We have many curious and laughable stories told us of the race of old servants, which, although not deserving to come under the head of wit or humour, are entertaining from their absurdity.

Many of these old retainers had grown up in the same place where they spent their age, and combined the most sincere devotion to the family they served, with very troublesome and independent ways. The gratitude felt for their attachment, and the consideration with which their whims were treated, made them independent of the annoyance they sometimes occasioned. "Mend the fire, John," the mistress would say at a dinner party. "The fire's well aneuch, mem," would be the probable reply. "Bring more wine, John," might be the next order, which would bring forth the answer, "There's some i' the bottle, mem." Little was gained by reproof or interference. "Ye need na' find fault wi' me, Maister Jeems," said one of these worthies to his young master. "I ha'e been longer about the place than yersel'." Notice of dismissal was a thing never dreamt of by them, and when on rare occasions it was hinted at in desperation by the owner of the house, the hint was not very successful. An angry master once told his old domestic, that "they must part." "Where ye gaun, sir?" was the wondering query. "I'm sure ye're aye best at hame." A lady more plainly telling her coachman to quit, met with no better luck. "Na, na, my lady," said he; "I druve ye to yer marriage, and I shall stay to drive ye to yer burial." Another reply to a similar order was, "If you don't know when you've a good servant, I know when I've a good place;" but this speech is less characteristic of the feelings of these faithful old servitors, who thought themselves as much a part of the establishment as the stones which composed the family dwelling. "Laird," said an old woman on her death-bed, "will ye tell them to bury me whare I'll lay across yer feet." The tenacity of attachment in the Scotch is very striking, and their deep-rooted love for clan and country has often astonished more variable minds. Years and seas may part them from their heath-covered hills, but any trifle that brings back the old country to the Highlander is welcomed with an eagerness that betrays the warmth of the feeling within. A touching incident of this kind occurred when old Lord Lovat was returning from the trial at Westminster, which had sealed his doom as a Jacobite. As the coach which was conveying him back to prison was passing slowly along, he saw from the window a woman selling the yellow gooseberries familiar to his school-boy days. The old place and name rose to his recollection. "Stop a minute," cried the condemned prisoner, to whom memories of Edinburgh were dear; "stop a minute, and gie me a ha'porth o' honey blobs." The Scotchman, like his southern neighbours, sometimes shows his love for his country by boasting of its annals. An Englishman, with more candour than politeness, having said to a Scotchman "that no man of taste would think of remaining in such a country as Scotland," was met with the answer, "Tastes differ. I could tak' ye to a place no' far frae Stirling whare thretty thousand o' yer countrymen ha' been for five hundred years, an' they've nae thocht o' leavin' yet." It will, of course, be seen that he referred to the English left sleeping on the fatal field of Bannockburn, "when," as Sir Walter sings—

"When the best names that England knew
Claimed in the death dirge dismal due.
Yet mourn not, land of fame,
Though ne'er the leopards on thy shield
Retreated from so sad a field,
Since Norman William came."

That same unconquerable spirit has shown itself in many a hard-fought field since then, side by side with the old antagonists. Stories at the expense of Scottish closefistedness are, of course, plentiful enough. One of the best is that of a miserly peer who picked up a farthing in his grounds. A beggar,

seeing the prize, ran up, exclaiming "O gie 't to me, my lord!" "Na, na!" was the quiet reply, as the coin was safely deposited in the noble pocket; "fin' a farden for yersel', puir body." A gentleman of a similar character undertook the charge of a little nephew, and having more regard to economy than to appetite, the boy did not thrive. One day when walking with his uncle they met a friend with a greyhound. The child, astonished at the slimness of the animal, clasped him round the neck, exclaiming, "Oh, doggie, doggie, and div ye live wi' yer uncle too, that ye are so thin?" The Scotch, however, can afford a laugh at their expense when there are so many tales extant bearing witness to their patriotism and independence of character, as well as to the warmth and steadfastness of their friendship. Such pleasant volumes as these we have been quoting from serve to bring the two countries nearer together, by rendering the old-fashioned speech, thoughts, and ways of the one familiar to the other, and thus removing the barriers which difference of language, climate, and habit are too apt to rear between the sympathies of the busy man of action in the bustle of our English commercial life, and the quiet routine existence of the old laird on the brown moors of the Highlands. E.

THE DRUNKARD'S CONCEIT.

(From the German of Mühler.)

STRAIGHT from the tavern door

I am come here;

Old road, how odd to me

Thou dost appear!

Right and left changing sides,

Rising and sunk;

O I can plainly see—

Road! thou art drunk!

O what a twisted face

Thou hast, O moon!

One eye shut, t'other eye

Wide as a spoon;

Who could have dreamt of this?

Shame on thee, shame!

Thou hast been fuddling,

Jolly old dame!

Look at the lamps again:

See how they reel!

Nodding and flickering

Round as they wheel.

Not one among them all

Steady can go;

Look at the drunken lamps,

All in a row.

All in an uproar seem,

Great things and small;

I am the only one

Sober at all;

But there's no safety here

For sober men,

So I'll turn back to

The tavern again.

F. C. H.

On Being Useful.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCATTERED SEEDS," "A CHRISTMAS GATHERING," ETC.

WHAT an excellent thing it is to be of some use in the world! What a satisfactory thing to feel that one's life as regards others is not "a blank, my lord!" and that our death shall leave a void, short lived it may be, or of small extent, but still a void, to be filled up by other and better workers who shall carry on, perhaps perfect, work which we have but begun, or it might be only suggested. To be missed, in, if a selfish, at any rate, a very natural desire, and those who have been the most useful in their day and generation are assuredly the most missed when "Death's mild curfew doth from work assail!"

These and similar reflections presented themselves to my mind, as I sat idly on the beach of a well-known watering-place, watching the ever-restless tide hard at work, rushing and roaring over pebbles and rocks, dashing up sea-weed, carrying away all sorts of rubbish, which man had pronounced worthless, and so making itself "generally useful," in more ways than there is space here to discuss.

It is of use to one's body and brain, to the physical as well as the intellectual part of man's nature, to be idle sometimes, and so I was idling for a purpose, and refused all solicitations to engage in trade, although tempted thereto by a display of knitted night-caps, crochet dolls and umbrellas, wonderful and rare shells, pocket-combs, knives and eccentric floral ornaments for the mantel-piece of a "best bed-room." Two mysterious and confidential offers of "beautiful pillow-lace" came so suddenly upon my ear, that I was startled into a momentary dread of something worse to follow, either that I should be made the unwilling confidant of a tale of "thrilling interest," not altogether free from crime, or be solicited to "stand and deliver" with the frightful alternative of "your money or your life." I turned away impatiently from each and all of these tempting goods, deaf to all mercantile suggestions, blind to every possibility of a bargain.

I wanted to think, not to act just then; chance words from a passer-by had suggested a train of thoughts, in which I felt disposed to indulge; I wanted to think it out, not to buy dolls, or curiosities, however curious.

"She is such a useful person, she can turn her hand to anything—quite a treasure, I assure you." Who the "treasure" was, and what motive the kindly-looking little lady had for recommending her to the somewhat sceptical-featured clerical walking by her side, I never had an opportunity for ascertaining. I decided in my own mind that it must be either a housekeeper or a "general servant" (as I believe a maid of all work is designated in refined society), that the clergyman was a bachelor, needing somebody to "do for him," and that the lady herself was one of those useful bodies, always able to find "situations" for such as need them, and people to fill "situations" that are from time to time open to competition, in the houses of the well-to-do and aristocratic.

Thus the useful person who could "turn her hand to anything." The more I thought of her, the more anxious I became to make her acquaintance; there are so many things to which I cannot turn my hand that perhaps I might have gained, if not ideas, at least manual dexterity in working out those of other people. And very fortunate is it for all of us that there are so many ways of being useful in the world, more ways than one of lending a help-

ing hand to those who need it. Fortunately it is so, I say, or some of us would come badly off, as lumberers of the ground, were there but one track to follow in. The brain to plan, the hand to execute, each useful, each needed, not one against the other, but one acting with the other, mutually dependent, mutually helpful. There is work for all of us if we could but see it—some opportunity for each one to be of use, and each worker is most useful when the work, if not actually of his own choosing, is that which he himself feels most capable of executing. What this may be in individual cases, is not far another to decide. While on the other hand, the worker himself is the least able to estimate the measure of his usefulness and the amount of good resulting from his labours. They who do the most look back with no exultant self-complacency or vain-glory on what they have accomplished, and are the least disposed to “rest from their labours.” Perhaps there is no woman, either of ancient or of modern times, who has been more thoroughly or more variedly useful than Florence Nightingale. Who can ever calculate the amount of real, practical good done by that energetic worker, and spent as she is with her labour of love, does she cease from her career of usefulness even now, when she “cannot move across the room without help?” And is she satisfied with the honour and reverence she has won as conclusive evidence that her work is over? Most assuredly not; work has been accepted by her as an essential part of life, and her “mission” will only then be fulfilled when the “silver cord is loosed, the golden bowl broken,” and the heart that pulses now to others’ pain shall be at rest for evermore.

But I would not dwell at length upon the career of such as have done “great things”—those benefactors of the human race whose deeds have won fame as well as gratitude from their fellows. The usefulness of a Stephenson, or a Brunel, a Greathead, or a Braidwood, nay, the usefulness of all good and great men, whether gifted with genius or the nobler endowment of a philanthropic spirit, no one will question; it is to those who have no great work to accomplish, no marvellous endowments to exercise, that I would address the comforting assurance, “you, too, are created for a purpose—you, too, are intended to be useful.” Fame to the few, usefulness to the many. Is it not well that the better gift should be that within the reach of every one?

But perhaps some will question the happiness of being of use, especially in little acts which bring no credit to the doer. Nay, my friends, usefulness is one of the essential ingredients of happiness in this world’s economy. The man with “nothing to do” but to lounge through life, “killing time,” instead of employing it, is one of the most miserable, and, at the same time, unnatural beings in existence. Unnatural, I say advisedly. Look at that little one yonder so busily “helping mamma,” in some occupation which she thinks “mamma” cannot satisfactorily accomplish without her! What is it that gives an added brightness to that brightest of all earthly things, the beaming face of a happy child? Is it not the feeling that she is of use? She may not like “carrying mamma’s keys,” or running up and down stairs on errands, necessarily better than playing with dolly, but she does like “helping mamma,” whatever the form that help may assume, and mamma wisely encourages her in the idea of being of use now, that she may grow up to the reality and practice of it hereafter.

Awhile ago I said that those who are truly the most useful members of society are often the least satisfied with, perhaps the least capable of estimating, the extent of their usefulness. My thoughts were then centred upon one no longer with the living, whose earthly career was one long labour of love, self-sacrificing, self-renouncing, and so lowly in her own eyes, that every expression of commendation or approbation served but to awaken in her own mind a consciousness of her short-comings and her failures.

A more thoroughly *useful* life than hers could not have been, though obscure and unostentatious the scene of her exertions. For upwards of 40 years, out of 62, she was "only a governess," one seeking neither popularity nor fame, one content to labour on "through evil report and through good report," most thoroughly conscientious, most entirely devoted to a calling fraught with such incalculable results for good or for evil. And even here she had her reward; if love be the richest gift that human heart can bestow, the costliest prize that human heart can covet, then had she of that a richer measure than falls to the lot of many of earth's *great* ones!

Standing by the poor worn-out frame when at last released from most painful and protracted suffering, apart from the bitter anguish of personal loss, the strongest feeling was gratitude that she had lived, and the one prominent reflection was on the *usefulness* of such a life as hers! How many hearts, how many homes, have been bettered and gladdened by that one woman's influence! Verily, there is profit to oneself in being of use to others.

Once, when at table with two very young men, the one about to enter a profession, the other just launched upon a career which caused him to regard all mercantile life with contempt, the host, who was altogether a business man and not ashamed to own it, inquired of his junior guest when he was going to commence "business," an expression which subsequently drew upon him a private reprimand and an indignant—"You ought not to have spoken to A. of business, my dear sir; he is going into a *profession*, not a *business*!" (The latter word being enunciated with an expression of contempt of about thirty-horse power.)

"Well, of course; but that profession is his business, is it not? Why just consider what a sad thing it would be, if he had not any business in the world!"

Ay, *sad* thing indeed! Let us individually take heed that we do not add to the number of those useless people who really have not any business in the world.

* * * * *

Since the above lines were penned a sorrow has fallen upon the nation which is, alas! a mournful confirmation of the glory and beauty of usefulness in this world, and the apparently irreparable loss sustained when one whose mission was to go about *doing good* has been suddenly and unexpectedly called to *rest* from his labours.

The voice of a great and mighty nation has spoken out its bitter and unavailing regret, its deep and loving reverence for the good and noble Prince whose exalted rank was the least of his attractions; but words alone are a poor testimony to the value of that life. May his example live in the hearts of all people, an imperishable legacy to the prince and the peasant of this and succeeding generations, and so, following in his footsteps, a world-wide tribute of deeds of usefulness and large-hearted philanthropy shall form a fitting and enduring monument to the "good Prince Albert."

Y. S. N.

A DENIAL.

BY THE LATE ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

We have met late—it is too late to meet,
 O friend—not more than friend !
 Death's forecome shroud is tangled round my feet,
 And if I step or stir, I touch the end.
 In this last jeopardy
 Can I approach thee, I, who cannot move ?
 How shall I answer thy request for love ?
 Look in my face and see !
 I love thee not ! I dare not love thee ! Go
 In silence ; drop my hand.
 If thou seek roses, seek them where they blow,
 In garden alleys, not in desert sand.
 Can life and death agree
 That thou shouldst stoop thy song to my complaint ?
 I cannot love thee ! If the word is faint,
 Look in my face and see !
 I might have loved thee in some former days,
 Oh ! then my spirits had leapt,
 As now they sink, at hearing thy love praise !
 Before these faded cheeks were overwept,
 Had it been asked of me,
 To love thee with my whole strong heart and head,
 I should have said still—Yes, but *smiled* and said,
 " Look in my face and see !"
 But now ! God sees me ; God, who took my heart
 And drowned it in life's surge.
 In all your warm wide earth I have no part—
 A light song overcomes me like a dirge.
 Could Love's great harmony
 The saints keep step to when their bonds are loose,
 Not weigh me down ? am I a wife to choose ?
 Look in my face and see !
 While I behold, as plain as one who dreams,
 Some woman of full worth,
 Whose voice, as cadenced as a silver stream's
 Shall prove the fountain soul which sends it forth,
 One younger, more thought free
 And fair and gay, than I, thou must forget,
 With brighter eyes than these—which are not wet—
 Look in my face and see !
 So farewell thou, whom I have known too late
 To let thee come so near,
 Be counted happy while men call thee great,
 And one beloved woman feels thee dear !—
 Not I !—that cannot be.
 I am lost, I am changed—I must go further, where
 The change shall take me worse, and no one dare
 Look in my face and see !

Meantime I bless thee. By these thoughts of mine
 I bless thee from all such !
 I bless thy lamp to oil, thy cup to wine,
 Thy hearth to joy, thy hand to an equal touch
 Of loyal troth. For me,
 I love thee not ; I love thee not !—away !
 Here's no more courage in my soul to say
 "Look in my face and see !"

OVER THE DOWNS !

BY ELIZA COOK.

[ORIGINAL.]

OVER the Downs we'll blithely tread,
 When the sun first kisses the dew ;
 When the pearl-clouds melt in a ruby red,
 And the golden flame burns through.
 Over the Downs ! and we'll carry away
 A light in our eyes from the eastern ray,
 That shall dance and live in them all the day,
 And can only be caught by those who stray
 Over the Downs !

Over the Downs, when the wind is up,
 We'll hurry with panting breath ;
 Quaffing new wine from a perfumed cup,
 Distill'd from the purple heath.
 Over the Downs ! and our cheeks shall bear
 A flush that would make the wild-rose stare,
 At a tint with which it could not compare—
 A tint which the cheek can only wear
 Over the Downs !

Over the Downs, when the twilight frowns,
 Pensive and still we'll rove ;
 When the daisy sleeps and the glowworm creeps,
 With her star-lamp to beacon her love.
 Over the Downs ! and our bosoms shall sigh
 As we see the woods and the waters lie
 In a misty veil over earth and sky :
 And dreams shall come, though we know not why,
 Over the Downs !

Over the Downs ! when the fair moon sits
 On her broad and fleecy throne :
 When the whirring wing of the dark bat flits,
 With wild and sudden tone.
 Over the Downs ! and a prayer shall steal
 To our lips with the holy joy we feel,
 And God shall list to our Souls' appeal
 That is poured in truth, while our warm hearts kneel,
 Over the Downs !

Ecarté.

BY JAMES SKIPP BORLASE.

"Je marque le Roi, which, with the vole and two tricks forfeit for refusal, make me game. That is the third on my side, Monsieur Duprey, and I will trouble you to hand over a thousand francs."

So spoke, with an air of sarcastic mirth, an *ecarté* player, at a Paris gaming saloon, to his opponent; who, to judge by the piles of gold and bank-notes which during the last half-hour had from time to time been swept from the board into his adversary's pockets, had evidently been playing the losing game. In reply, the unlucky player pushed the remainder of his stakes across the table, and then, with a deep sigh, sank back in his chair.

I had been attracted to these two players upon first entering the apartment, and had ever since carefully watched their game.

The one was a tall, dark, middle-aged man, of grave and thoughtful countenance, who rarely raised his eyes from his hand, except now and then to watch the working of his opponent's countenance. He led his cards with extreme caution, seldom throwing out, and skilfully managing his high trumps. The other appeared his junior by some years; he seemed scarcely thirty years of age, and was evidently an inexperienced player, from the reckless way in which his continued ill-fortune made him handle his cards, and the fearful manner in which he allowed his inner emotions to exhibit themselves in every feature of his handsome and expressive countenance. I rapidly began to feel an absorbing interest in his game, for I saw that he was evidently losing far more than he could afford, and now I perceived that he was regularly cleared out.

"Well, do you want your revenge, Monsieur, shall we continue?"

"Monsieur Leville, I have no more ready money," was the calm reply.

"But if you lose, I dare say you can draw a cheque on your banker, and if you win, why it will be well and good."

"I have already overdrawn my account at the bank, but here is a watch, I will stake that more if you will."

"I am not in want of jewelry, if I win," answered Leville, with an almost imperceptible sneer, "but to oblige you I consent."

"All right; thanks; coupez;" and as he spoke, the young Frenchman drew a magnificent gold repeater from his pocket, and laid it on the table. He then took up the cards and began to deal.

"Trois et deux, not deux et trois," remarked the elder gambler, seeing that Duprey was dealing contrary to the manner they had adopted during the preceding part of the evening. "There now, my dear fellow, you have turned up the king, J'écarte."

"I mark the king. How many?"

"Three."

Again the game commenced; I watched it with renewed and painful interest. Duprey won.

His hope now returned, but in the next game it was again crushed, for Leville, owing to a lucky *finesse*, cleared the fifth trick first, and in the decisive one of the rubber, success again fell to the hand of the elder player.

With a smile he pocketed Duprey's watch, and in return, with a polite bow, proffered him a regalia.

His adversary accepted the cigar, lit it, and then, to conceal his emotion, pressed his hat over his brow and walked hurriedly from the room, while Leville, calmly whistling the last operatic air, looked after him for a moment, then shrugged his shoulders, and walking towards the *rouge-et-noir* table, in reply to

the croupier's husky cry of "Make your game, ladies and gentlemen, red wins if black loses, make your game," laid a thousand francs on "colour."

I did not stay to see the result. Disgusted and sad at heart, I quitted the saloon, and the next minute found myself in the street.

The great clock of Notre Dame struck midnight as I thoughtfully paced down the wide pavement of the Champs Elysées, and turned into a street beyond. The moonlight shed its silvery radiance upon the high houses on either side, upon the lofty trees skirting the street, and on the various lounging groups of civilians and soldiery who even at that late hour were traversing it—almost with its mild effulgence obscuring the gleam of the gas lamps that glimmered like stars between the foliage.

Thinking of the pale, haggard, and excited countenance of Duprey, and the incidents of the gaming table, I unconsciously wandered on, until, upon looking around, I vainly endeavoured to recollect into what part of the city I had got. Turning up a street to my right, I at last discovered that it was flanked by the river, a little way up which I discovered the heavy corbels and arches of the Pont Neuf.

Lighting a cigar, I walked towards it, pondering as I went, and gazing abstractedly at its dark outline mirrored in the moon-lit river beneath. On one of the parapets I beheld the form of a man, standing still and motionless, apparently looking down into the stream; but when I neared him, and he perceived me close by, he threw his arms above his head, and leapt into the river.

I rushed forward; I looked over the side of the bridge, and saw a head struggling amid the waters. I glanced around; no human being was in sight to render assistance, and yet not a moment was to be lost, for the man was evidently sinking. So, taking off my coat, I clambered over the parapet, and being a good climber, easily descended the rough outer stonework, and dropped gently into the water.

For a moment I glanced round to discover the object of my immersion, but it was so dark under the shadow of the wide arches that for awhile I could see nothing distinctly. Presently my eye caught sight of a head and two hands above the turbid waves, and I immediately struck out towards them.

Before I could get alongside, the drowning man gave a loud shriek, and disappeared.

I was about to dive after him when the body rose again to the surface—the head thrown back and deadly pale—the long black hair floating on the water—the eyes open, ghastly and bloodshot. I now swam cautiously around him, and, seizing him by the hair, dragged him towards the shore, reaching it just at the same time as a party of gendarmerie, who, aroused by the despairing cry of the drowning man when first sinking, had reached the bank.

These helped me to pull him on shore, and then, as the full light of the moon fell upon his face, I recognized with a thrill of horror the countenance of the young gambler, Duprey.

I instantly drew a spirit flask from my pocket, and succeeded in pouring a small portion of its contents down his throat. We were then about to raise him on our shoulders, in order to convey him to the nearest hospital, when he slowly opened his mouth, and while consciousness appeared again for a moment to dwell in his upturned eyes, he murmured, "Don't remove me—I am dying. Oh, Father in heaven, forgive me! Lucille, dearest Lucille, farewell!" and then his eyes glazed, his jaw fell, and he was a corpse.

For three days the body of the gambler was exposed to view in the dark cages of the Morgue, in order to be identified, but without avail. No one came to claim it, and then he was buried beneath the dark sod, with the mystery of his life unravelled and unknown.

Literary Notices.

Neddy and Sally, or the Statute Day; a Lincolnshire Tale of Real Life. By JOHN BROWN. Horncastle: Robert Farbon.

A taste has latterly sprung up for simple poems written in our racy and idiomatic county dialects, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Somersetshire especially. In the first-mentioned Mr. Edwin Waugh holds the highest rank, but he has no unworthy rival in the Yorkshire author of "Nattering Nan," so far as humour is concerned. A brother Odd-fellow, in Lincolnshire, Mr. John Brown, has published several similar works in the Lincolnshire dialect. We have read the one at the head of this notice with much pleasure. It is full of genuine humour, and has evidently been written *con amore*, and with true Lincolnshire relish. His "Lay of the Clock," is a more thoughtful poem with a high purpose, and shows much feeling and poetic expression.

The Village Feast and other Poems. By JOHN WALKER LEE. London: Hamilton and Adams, Paternoster-row.

The principal poem contains some picturesque and truthful descriptions of rustic life and rustic enjoyment, intermixed with moral and philosophical reflections, expressed in easy flowing rhyme, with occasional passages of much poetic beauty. The following extract is a fair specimen of the general quality of the poem:—

"How transient are the joys of earth!
Serene delights or noisy mirth!
Philosophy will pause to gaze
In pleasure's courts, and crowded ways,
Where dazzling rays of splendour shine,
Where youth and beauty seem divine,
Adorned with all the spoils of wealth,
Endowed with all the charms of health
Whose eyes emit the spirit's fire,
Whose bosoms swell with soft desire,
Whose smile superior charms disclose,
As sunshine beautifies the rose.
And must the hand of foul disease
Pollute perfections fair as these?
Must they inhale its sickly breath
Before they sleep the sleep of death?
Those wanton curls that loosely wave
Must wear the head-dress of the grave;
Those beaming glances, now so bright,
Will surely set in endless night;
And yet their hearts are light and gay;
They dance and laugh the hours away;
New songs of happiness they sing,
As merrily as birds in spring."

Yet Mr. Ord's view of life is by no means a gloomy one, as many passages in his poem indicate. The concluding lines attest the geniality of his muse:—

"In social circles let me dwell!
I envy not the hermit's cell,
His crystal drink, and guiltless food,
His gloomy haunt and joyless mood—
The hearty welcome friendship gives,
The pleasure that the host receives,
These social joys, refined or rude,
Are dearer far than solitude."

Andrew Rourke, Prob. C.S.

MR. ANDREW ROURKE was born on the 29th March, 1819, at Grinfield Cottage, Edge Hill, at that time a delightfully situated suburb of Liverpool. In early life he was employed for some years in a merchant's office in that town. He was afterwards apprenticed to a watchmaker, which trade, however, he subsequently abandoned for the more congenial occupation of an accountant.

Mr. Rourke has been an active member of the Order for upwards of twenty-three years. He was initiated in the Amicable Lodge, Liverpool district, on the 11th of June, 1839. In the following October he was elected secretary, and subsequently V.G. and N.G. The latter office he has served twice in his own lodge, and three times in new lodges opened by the district.

In June, 1842, he was first elected to the office he at present holds—the Corresponding Secretaryship of the Liverpool district. In the whole, he has fulfilled its duties for a period of sixteen years.

In 1843 he was elected one of the deputies to represent the Liverpool district at the Bradford Annual Moveable Committee, to which meeting he acted as one of the assistant secretaries. He subsequently represented his district at the A.M.C.s held at Newcastle-on-Tyne, Glasgow, Bristol, and Oxford, at each of which meetings, as well as at Bradford, he was elected one of the sub-committee appointed to report upon the proceedings of the G.M. and board of directors. He acted as secretary to all of these committees, with the exception of the one held at Bristol. He has since represented Liverpool at the Annual Committees held at Preston, Leicester, Shrewsbury, Bolton, and Brighton. At two of these meetings he acted as secretary to the Estimates Committee, and at another as secretary to the New Districts Committee. At the Glasgow A.M.C. he was appointed one of the trustees empowered to invest the sum of £1,000 belonging to the General Fund of the Order. The resolution, however, was not carried into effect. At the Oxford A.M.C. he was a member of the committee appointed to consider the state of the then ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE, and to report thereon, with a view to its improvement.

Mr. Rourke was amongst the earliest advocates of legislative protection to the funds of the Order. He took an earnest part in the discussion of this question at the Bradford meeting in 1843, and again at Oxford, when the debate was specially reported and published. In 1846 he had a lengthy correspondence with Mr. Tidd Pratt on this subject, a bill being at the time under the consideration of Parliament, when he was instrumental, in conjunction with others, in procuring the insertion of a clause exempting friendly societies from the operation of 39 Geo. 3, c. 79, and 57 Geo. 3, c. 19, commonly known as the "Corresponding Societies Acts." Mr. Rourke was likewise amongst the earliest of our financial reformers. He voted at Glasgow, in 1845, in favour of the celebrated resolutions for placing the finance of the Order upon a sounder basis. He was, at this period, an officer of the Liverpool district, and consequently, in conjunction with his able colleague, the then Prov. G.M., now Past Grand Master Luff, had to encounter serious difficulties and responsibilities in the troubled times which followed. When the question of financial reform was revived

at the Bristol A.M.C., Mr. Rourke moved a resolution, which was adopted, and which forms the principle of what still remains a portion of the general law of the Order. This law invests *districts* with the power of fixing the rate of contributions and benefits to be paid within their jurisdiction. The amendments or antagonistic propositions were that *lodges* should retain the power they formerly possessed, and that the Glasgow resolutions by which the *unity* fixed the rate, should be adhered to.

These facts of themselves proclaim much more than mere verbiage, however eloquent, the great interest which Mr. Rourke has taken in the prosperity of our institution, and the further development of its principles. At the annual committees he has taken a very active and useful part in all discussions of importance. That his efforts have largely met with the approbation of his colleagues is shown by the many times he has received important official distinction, and by the selection of his portrait by the Bolton A.M.C. for the embellishment of the present number of the Magazine.

Mr. Rourke has, with great and praiseworthy diligence, during many years, devoted a portion of his time and attention to the collection of records, historical and statistical, which throw light upon the past operations of the Order. His collection now includes all the official minutes of the Unity from 1814 to the present time; the whole of the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of the Order in the United States of America from its establishment in 1821; and numerous important and interesting documents in connection with the society's early history. Mr. Rourke was for several years in the habit of regularly corresponding with the late Past Grand Sire Wildey, the founder of the Order in America. From this gentleman he gathered much valuable information respecting the operations of the society—its struggles and difficulties in the earlier portion of its career. We hope we shall be enabled from time to time to obtain from Mr. Rourke's valuable collection interesting matter for insertion in the pages of the ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

Friendly Society Intelligence, Statistics, Etc.

IMPORTANT TO FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.—In the Judges' Chambers, London, in July last, before Mr. Justice Willes, an application was made by Mr. C. Pollock, for a writ of prohibition to restrain further proceedings in the case of "Dixon and another v. Chadwick and others." The case originally came before the Judge of the Manchester County Court. The action was brought by the plaintiffs as trustees of the Steam Engine Makers' Friendly Society to recover the sum of £81 12s. 1d. received by the defendants as trustees of a branch society, but appropriated by them to the use of a rival society, called the Amalgamated Engineers' Society. The judge of the Manchester County Court gave judgment for the plaintiff for £70, allowing the defendants, at their own request, a month to pay. Before the expiration of the month the defendants obtained from Mr. Justice Willes a summons calling upon the plaintiffs to show cause why a writ of prohibition should not issue to stop execution. The summons was accordingly answered on Friday. Mr. Leresche opposed the

STATISTICS OF DRUNKENNESS.—In the summary proceedings before magistrates in England last year, 82,196 persons were charged with being drunk, or drunk and disorderly; but large as the number is, it is 7 per cent. less than in 1860, and there was a small decrease in that year also. Juries on coroners' inquests found 199 verdicts last year of death from excessive drinking, but that was nearly 30 per cent. fewer than in 1860.

PROGRESS OF THE POST-OFFICE SAVINGS BANKS.—Although the Post-office authorities preserve a silence which is only broken at rare intervals with respect to these admirable institutions, some particulars of their progress occasionally transpire, and show that in spite of the general depression of trade, and the distressed condition of particular districts, the post-office banks are rapidly attaining a business of enormous magnitude. For instance, the acknowledgments for deposits, which are sent from the General Post-office to the depositors, are printed with consecutive numbers, and we have recently seen acknowledgments the numbers on which showed that there have already been more than 360,000 deposits in the post-office banks, although those banks have only been in full operation for little more than five months. The number of depositors in them must also be very considerable.—*Advertiser*.

FIRE INSURANCE.—The following table, compiled from the official returns, exhibits at a glance the increase of duty paid to the government by the different insurance offices, metropolitan and provincial, during the year 1861:—

| | | | |
|--|--------|-------------------------------------|-----|
| 1 Royal | £7,937 | 23 Yorkshire | 437 |
| 2 Liverpool and London | 5,025 | 24 Manchester | 387 |
| 3 Imperial | 4,837 | 25 National | 381 |
| 4 North British and } Newcastle } amal. | 4,313 | 26 Patriotic | 332 |
| 5 Sun | 2,968 | 27 Guardian | 315 |
| 6 Queen | 2,312 | 28 Royal Farmers' | 250 |
| 7 Law | 2,288 | 29 Church of England | 229 |
| 8 Globe | 2,026 | 30 Kent | 194 |
| 9 Norwich Union | 1,829 | 31 Birmingham | 161 |
| 10 County | 1,685 | 32 Nottingham and Derby | 142 |
| 11 West of England | 1,635 | 33 United Kingdom Provident | 149 |
| 12 Scottish Union | 1,585 | 34 Essex and Suffolk | 109 |
| 13 Leeds and Yorkshire | 1,465 | 35 Northern | 101 |
| 14 Provincial | 1,295 | 36 Sheffield | 98 |
| 15 London | 1,209 | 37 Midland Counties | 87 |
| 16 Union | 945 | 38 Salop | 59 |
| 17 Royal Exchange | 907 | 39 Birmingham District | 54 |
| 18 General | 880 | 40 London Union | 52 |
| 19 Law Union | 860 | 41 Emperor | 39 |
| 20 Scottish Provincial | 791 | 42 Shropshire and North Wales | 26 |
| 21 Caledonian | 685 | 43 Norwich Equitable | 25 |
| 22 Lancashire | 513 | 44 Preserver | 21 |
| | | 45 District | 6 |

METROPOLITAN BENEFIT SOCIETIES' ASYLUM.—A tea meeting was held on Wednesday, July 23rd, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, in aid of the funds of the Metropolitan Benefit Societies' Asylum, Ball's Pond, Islington. Mr. Sheriff Cockerell presided, and in opening the proceedings, said the asylum was established in 1829 for the reception of aged persons of both sexes, members of any friendly or benefit societies, who were provided with a free residence, coals, candles, and medical attendance. The main building was erected in 1836-7, and with the ground, cost £5,000. The wing was added in 1853-4, at a cost of upwards of £2,000. Up to the present time 147 persons had been admitted to the benefits of the institution, of whom 26 now remained inmates of the main build-

ing. The society had lately been favoured with a bequest by the late Mrs. Mackenzie, expected to amount to a net sum of £9,000, out of which it is proposed to pay the residue of the mortgage, £1,750, and by additional exertions to form a sufficient endowment fund for maintaining the inmates of the whole of the rooms in the asylum. Lord Ebury, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Mr. Henry Campkin, Mr. Joseph Payne, the Recorder, and Mr. Tidd Pratt, addressed the meeting, and strongly urged the claim of the asylum upon the attention of benefit societies, and dwelt upon its usefulness, recommending working-men to join benefit societies. The proceedings terminated with the National Anthem, which was given with great effect by the large company assembled.

Odd-Fellowship, Anniversaries, Presentations, &c.

ALSTON.—On Saturday evening, April 26th, the members and friends of the Loyal Tyne Lodge, Haltwhistle, gave a farewell supper to their worthy hostess, Mrs. Sarah Saul, of the Crown Inn, previous to her leaving the town of Haltwhistle and retiring into private life. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, &c., the chairman, P.P.G.M. W. Routledge, late of the Durham district, gave the health and future prosperity of Mrs. Saul in a highly complimentary and feeling manner, which was most enthusiastically drunk by the whole company assembled, fully showing the high respect they entertain for their worthy hostess of nineteen years' standing. The rest of the evening was devoted to songs, recitations, &c.

BAGILLT.—**PRESENTATION.**—The members of the Independent Order of Odd-fellows of the Cambrian Lodge, No. 2566, met recently to make a presentation to an old and meritorious officer, Mr. James D. Morgan, P.G., who has long filled the very important office of treasurer to the above lodge. The testimonial was a handsome silver lever watch, which bore the following inscription:—"Presented to James D. Morgan, P.G., by the Loyal Cambrian Lodge, Independent Order of Odd-fellows, Manchester Unity, for his efficient services as treasurer for 14 years. Bagillt, 1862." The chairman addressed the meeting upon the occasion which had called them together, and said that it was a most pleasing duty to present the watch on the part of the members of the Loyal Cambrian Lodge as a small token of their respect and esteem. Mr. Morgan, in reply, acknowledged their kindness in presenting him with so valuable a testimonial, accepting it with a full determination to do his duty honestly. He should remember and appreciate their kindness as long as he lived, and it would be his greatest pleasure to further the interests of the lodge, and promote its prosperity in every possible way.

BARBADOS.—On Thursday evening, 29th May last, the members and friends of the St. Michael's Lodge celebrated its 22nd anniversary. The lodge-room was most tastefully decorated. Among the banners was one of white silk, with the inscription, "Welcome, ten thousand welcomes," which was carried in the procession on the arrival of H.R.H. Prince Alfred at Barbadoes, on the memorable 22nd of February, 1861. Prov. G.M. J. H. Nightingale took the chair, and the vice-chair was occupied by N.G. Phillips. The chairman proposed the usual loyal toasts. In proposing "The Manchester Unity," the chairman spoke at some length on the extent of the Order and its general usefulness, giving a statistical account of districts, lodges, and members in connection with the Unity. The toast was ably and eloquently responded to by P.P.G.M. Barclay. In proposing "The G.M. and Board of Directors," Prov. C.S. Cordle said, he being the medium of commu-

nication between the Board of Directors and the Barbadoes District was, no doubt, the cause of the toast being put into his hand. He trusted that although those gentlemen who composed the board of directors were personally unknown to the brethren of the Order in the Island of Barbadoes, yet he knew that their health would be readily, cheerfully, and heartily drunk. All knew what was due to men of great minds—of expansive ideas. After making honourable mention of the late Mr. James Roe (which tribute of respect was well received), and of some living distinguished Odd-Fellows, and speaking of the advantages Odd-Fellowship holds out to young men of the working classes, and of its working in the mother country, he concluded by calling upon the press of those islands to lend their valuable aid in disseminating the views, objects, and principles of the Order. Other toasts followed, and the company separated at a seasonable hour, highly delighted and gratified.

BIRKENHEAD.—At the meeting of the Britannia Lodge, held on Thursday evening, Aug. 15th, the members presented to Prov. G.M. Joseph Seddon a valuable timepiece, purchased by the voluntary subscriptions of the members, and bearing the following inscription:—"Presented by the members of the Britannia Lodge, No. 1834, I.O. of O.F., M.U., to Prov. G.M. Joseph Seddon, as an acknowledgment of his valuable services, Aug. 14, 1862." Prov. C.S. William Sykes, in making the presentation, dwelt at considerable length upon the services rendered by Mr. Seddon to the lodge during the past 16 years, showing that through his indomitable perseverance and earnest attention to its interests, he had, with a few others, contributed to place the lodge in its present respectable position, and prevent its failing, at a time when the depression of trade was such in Birkenhead that nothing but decay stared them in the face. Prov. G.M. Seddon responded, thanking the members most cordially for the kind manner in which they had marked their appreciation of his services. The lodge was attended by a large number of visiting officers and members from Liverpool, several of whom addressed the meeting upon the business of the evening and the principles of Odd-fellowship.

BIRKENHEAD.—The members of the Lodge "Perseverance" celebrated their twenty-fourth anniversary on Monday. At a quarter past seven o'clock, the members, together with their Liverpool brethren and friends, sat down to an excellent dinner in the lodge-room, at Host Gilbertson's, George and Dragon Inn, Grange-lane. On the cloth being removed, the chair was taken by Prov. C.S. W. Sykes. After the usual loyal toasts, etc., the Chairman said he had been connected with the lodge for 20 years, and when he first joined them they mustered but 117 members, whereas they now numbered 230 good paying members. In 1842 they had but £150 in the treasurer's hand, they now had £700; all these facts tended to show the prosperous manner in which the lodge is getting on. They had during the last 12 months paid 12s. per week to all sick members, and in instances of the death of a brother, his widow would receive £15 to enable her to give him a decent interment; in no case did the relief of a brother receive less than £10. (Applause.) The meeting was likewise attended by several officers and members of the Liverpool district, who take a warm interest in the prosperity of their offspring.

BOLTON.—On Wednesday evening, August 27th, 1862, the members of the Loyal Settle's Pride Lodge presented a beautiful silver snuff-box, suitably inscribed, to their respected treasurer, Mr. Charles Woods, P.P.G.M., who had discharged the duties of his office with integrity and faithfulness for upwards of twelve years. P.G. Samuel Openshaw, on whom the pleasing duty of making the presentation devolved, delivered an appropriate address, remarking that the success of the institution depended largely upon the honesty, zeal, and urbanity of those to whose care the interests of its members are confided. In the person of Mr. Woods, the lodge had found a faithful and indefatigable servant, a staunch

and zealous Odd-Fellow, and a brother who was uniformly ready to undertake the most onerous and laborious duties when the interests of lodge or district required them. These duties he had ably and cheerfully discharged for many years with distinguished assiduity and patience. He heartily wished him long life and happiness, and hoped he would long be spared to continue his connection with them. Mr. Woods appropriately replied, and assured them he should always regard the testimonial with feelings of pride and satisfaction, and that it should be always his humble endeavour to promote, as far as possible, the usefulness and welfare of our noble fraternity. The members and friends celebrated the event by a substantial supper. A pleasant and convivial evening was spent under the chairmanship of Mr. Boardman, G.M. of the district. The financial state of the lodge is most favourable, the funds amounting to upwards of £8 per member.

BOOTLE, NEAR LIVERPOOL.—On the 4th of August, the members of the Royal Botanic Lodge (No. 2600), M.U., celebrated their anniversary by dining together at the house of Mr. Harrison, the Brown Cow, Walton. There were between 60 and 70 members present. The chair was occupied by Mr. D. W. Parsons, and Brother Ellis officiated as vice-chairman. Several visitors from Liverpool were present. P.G.M. Luff responded to "the Unity." The occasion was taken advantage of by the Bootle district to present to P.P.G.M. Edwin Smith a service of silver plate, consisting of teapot, sugar-basin, and cream jug. The presentation was made by Mr. A. Rourke, C.S., Liverpool, in a very complimentary speech. Mr. Rourke stated his friend, Mr. Smith, had served the office of secretary to the Botanic Lodge. He had been treasurer of the Bootle district for ten years, served the office of Provincial Grand Master three times, Provincial Deputy Grand Master twice, besides several subordinate offices to enable him to attain this high honour. He had also represented the district three times at their annual parliaments—those of Shrewsbury, Bolton, and Brighton—where he attained high honours for the Bootle district, amongst them that of electing an auditor of the Order for the next three years, an office which P.P.G.M. Smith would worthily fill. (Applause.) Mr. Smith responded in a suitable address, in the course of which he traced the progress of the lodge to its present state of prosperity. The lodge had been remarkably healthy, and possessed now a reserved fund of £890, or about £12 4s. per member.—*Abridged from Liverpool Mercury.*

BRADFORD.—**OPENING OF A NEW LODGE.**—On Thursday, July 17th, a new lodge was opened in this district by the Prov. G.M. Jonas Hey, assisted by the Prov. D.G.M. Henry Wyatt, with past officers from other lodges. It is called the "Loyal Flower of Equity." With upwards of 50 members initiated as a beginning, it bids fair to soon become a very flourishing lodge. P.G.M. John Schofield congratulated the district officers on the success of their exertions, this lodge being the first one opened in the district during the last twelve years. A very agreeable evening was spent, each member being determined to spread further the usefulness of the Order, by the introduction of new members.

BRADFORD.—In addition to the appeal on behalf of the cotton manufacturing districts issued by the G.M. and Board, this district has forwarded a special circular to each lodge, from which we cull the following paragraph.—"Relief, though small, afforded promptly, is by far of infinitely more service than tardy assistance even if to a larger amount; therefore, we earnestly hope that what assistance [you may be enabled to give, you will give at once, and forward the same either through the plan suggested by the G.M. and Board, or to the District Treasurer, P.G.M. John Schofield, 54 Thornton-Road." The district officers anticipate a generous response to their appeal.

BRAMPTON.—The Loyal Lyne-Side Lodge celebrated their twenty-first anni-

versary on Whit Monday, at the house of hostess Jane Smith, Howard's Arms Inn, Bolton-fell-end. Upwards of seventy members and friends sat down to a sumptuous repast. On the removal of the cloth, Br. Thomas Thornburn was unanimously called to the chair. After the usual toasts had been duly disposed of, Pro. G.M. John Palmer, a member of the lodge for upwards of twenty years, was presented with a valuable silver snuff-box, with the following inscription engraved thereon:—"Presented to G.M. John Palmer, by the members of the Loyal Lyne-Side Lodge of the I.O. of O.F., M.U., 1862." G.M. John Palmer expressed his gratitude for the very highly-prized testimonial, and hoped that his future efforts in the cause of Odd-fellowship would continue unabated, and ever meet their kind approval. "Prosperity to the Loyal Lyne-Side Lodge" having been proposed with all honours, P.P.G.M. Wm. Routledge, the prov. secretary to the lodge, gave a short but satisfactory account of its financial affairs. The ball-room was densely crowded at an early hour of the evening.

BRIGHTON.—The *Brighton Gazette* of the 17th July contains announcements of no less than six anniversaries celebrated in the district or neighbourhood. At Hayward Heath upwards of 70 persons sat down to the dinner, amongst whom were Capt. Meek (Chairman), W. W. Burrell, Esq., Rev. T. A. Maberley, Rev. R. E. Wyatt, Mr. Thomas Harman, and Mr. James Curtis (Grand Master and Corresponding Secretary of the Brighton District), Mr. W. H. Chittenden, Mr. Hopewell, Mr. Pilbeam, Mr. W. Bennett, Mr. Lawless, and other visitors from Brighton. Mr. W. Curtis (the founder of the lodge) filled the vice-chair. The honorary members and visitors, especially the clergymen, spoke in the highest terms of the society and its objects. It was stated that the district numbered 3,421 members, and possessed a reserved capital of £14,475 5s. 2d.

CARDIFF DISTRICT.—On Monday evening, August 4th, 1862, the members of the Loyal Tredegar Lodge, Four Elms Inn, Roath, held their anniversary. The brotherhood felt deep interest in the proceedings, on account of the presentation to the Treasurer of the lodge of a substantial token of the esteem in which they held him, for his various and gratuitous services. After dinner Dr. Mead was unanimously elected to the chair, and P.G. Edwin Baugh to the vice. The testimonial was a handsome silver star, bearing the emblem of the order in frosted silver, with an appropriate inscription engraved on the reverse side, and a splendid silk velvet collar trimmed with gold lace. Mr. Mead in the course of his address bore ample testimony of the praiseworthy conduct and valuable services rendered to the lodge by brother Llewelyn Giles, and expressed his pleasure in conveying to him the marked approbation of the brethren. Mr. Giles feelingly returned thanks for the honour conferred upon him, and assured them he should endeavour to show his gratitude by furthering, to the utmost of his ability, the interest of the lodge, and the welfare of the order generally. The Rev. John Emlyn Jones, P.P.C.S., delivered a very instructive and humorous speech, and congratulated the members of the lodge on their satisfactory financial position.

COCKERMOUTH DISTRICT.—The "Cocker" Lodge, 4662, held its first public anniversary at Prov. C.S. Hewson's, Ship Inn, on Tuesday, 10th June, 1862, when the members and their friends sat down to a good and substantial supper, to which ample justice was done. N.G. B. Thwaites, bookseller, occupied the chair, and P.N.G. William Shilton, photo-artist, the vice-chair. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were given by the chairman, several songs were sung by Prov. C.S. Hewson, D.P.G.M. Smith, P.G. Murray, Bros. Mulcaster, Wright, and Thursby, to the great merriment and enjoyment of all present.

DOCKING, NORFOLK.—The twenty-first anniversary of the Loyal Prince Albert Lodge, Lynn District, was celebrated on Friday, the 27th June, the

members attending the parish church, where an eloquent and impressive sermon was preached by the Rev. Hugh J. Hare, honorary member. After the service the members returned in procession to the Plough Inn, where they partook of a bountiful and most substantial dinner, to which about one hundred members and friends did ample justice. In the absence of Major Hare, who was unable to attend, R. Shaul, Esq., presided, supported by the Rev. Hugh J. Hare, Messrs. Sharpe, Pickrell, Freeman, P.P.G.M. Ruffell (Bury St. Edmunds), &c., &c.; P.P.G.M. Bennett occupying the vice-chair. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were given and responded to, the chairman dwelt at great length on the benefits the order conferred. He referred to the charity which it had distributed with no niggardly hand in times of public distress and suffering; and glanced at the progress the society had made in recent years. The vice-chairman, who had recently returned from the Brighton A.M.C., returned thanks for the G.M. and directors, passing a high eulogium upon them for their gentlemanly and business habits. The health of the chairman (who has been surgeon to the lodge ever since its establishment) was received with applause. In response he thanked them most cordially for the kind and flattering way his health had been proposed and received. Before he sat down he had a very pleasant duty to perform, namely, to present to their worthy Secretary a testimonial, purchased by the voluntary contributions of the members of the lodge. He spoke in high terms of the valuable services of Mr. Goodwin, who for twenty years had been an officer of the lodge, attributing in a great measure its present prosperous condition to his untiring zeal for its welfare. The testimonial consisted of a handsome silver watch, bearing a suitable inscription. P.P.G.M. Bennett read the following inscription, which had been very elegantly executed in gold, and enclosed in a handsome frame:—"This certificate, together with a silver watch, value £10 11s., was presented, on the 27th of June, to P.P.G.M. Charles Goodwin, by the members of the Prince Albert Lodge of Odd-Fellows, No. 2,927, Manchester Unity Friendly Society, as tokens of their respect and appreciation of his services as Secretary for fifteen years. Docking, 1862." The Secretary, in a feeling speech, expressed his gratitude for their valuable presents. The toast "Success to the Lodge" followed, to which the secretary briefly responded. He stated there had been less sickness during the past year than during any of the preceding five. The funds had progressed favourably, so that now the accumulated capital was over £1,000.

DROYLSDEN.—The anniversary dinner of the Loyal Gortonian Lodge, Gorton, was held at the house of Mrs. S. Chadwick, Waggon and Horses Inn, on Saturday August 9th, when upwards of ninety members and friends sat down to a capital dinner. The chair was taken by Mr. J. Lewis, P.P.G.M., of Glossop, and there were present P.P.G.M. Samuel Dunkerley, jun., and the district officers, Josiah Barlow, G.M., F.D. Spencer, D.G.M., and Samuel Dunkerley, sen., P.C.S., &c. The usual loyal toasts being disposed of, Mr. Timothy Johnson proposed "the G.M. and Board of Directors," which was responded to by the chairman in a lengthened speech, in the course of which he expressed his satisfaction that the Order generally was in a flourishing condition. He explained the manner in which justice was dispensed by the Board of Directors. He said he had still another feature to mention, which was far superior to all the rest, "the Widows and Orphans Fund." The members could leave this world in comfort and content, feeling assured that their family would be protected. The toast of "the Lodge" having been proposed, Mr. S. Wood briefly replied. Mr. T. Johnson proposed the health of the chairman, which was drunk with the honours of the Order and three Lancashire cheers. The Chairman, in replying, said, that a pleasanter evening he never enjoyed, and was sorry it was so soon over. The health of Mr. Woodcock, Grand Master of the Order, who had been prevented from attending, was drunk with enthusiasm.

EAST DEREHAM.—The members of the Hastings Lodge, Hindolveston, have published the very admirable sermon preached for them, in their parish church, on the 15th April, by the Rev. J. Fenwick, B.D., rector of Thurning, Norfolk. It is headed, "The Fatherless and Widows in Affliction." The intrinsic merit of the work, as well as the fund to which the profits will be given, equally commend it to the patronage of every class of our readers.

EAST DEREHAM DISTRICT.—ANNIVERSARY OF THE FEELING HEART AND POET COWPER LODGES.—The 21st anniversary of these lodges was celebrated by a dinner at the Corn Hall, East Dereham, on Whit-Tuesday, under the able presidency of the Rev. B. J. Armstrong, the vicar of the parish, supported by several gentlemen of the town. About 130 of the brethren and friends sat down to an excellent dinner. After the removal of the cloth, and the usual loyal toasts had been given, the secretary, in responding to the "Feeling Heart Lodge," stated that since the opening (May, 1841), 384 members had been made, 137 of whom had since left, some 35 or 40 to join other lodges, nearly 100 had ceased paying, 20 had died, and 18 members' wives had died in the same period. They at present numbered 227 members, whose average age was 34½ years. The accumulated fund (about £1,800 of which was invested on good securities) amounted to £2,258 odd, or nearly £10 a member. The income during the past year was £379 2s., £73 18s. 9d. of which was interest on invested capital, and the expenditure for the same period was £203 19s. 9d., £133 14s. 8d. of which was paid to 49 sick members for 1,859 days' sickness, being an average of about 8 days sickness per member for the year on the whole lodge. Three members and one member's wife had died during the year. In the previous year the lodge expended, for sickness, £112 10s., and 3 members died. During the last 5 years, £487 8s. 8d. had been expended for sickness. In the years 1860 and 1861 the income of the lodge had exceeded its expenditure by £150 16s. 6d. and £186 16s. 10d. respectively, showing an increased saving in the last year over the former of £35 0s. 4d. The secretary of the Poet Cowper Lodge also showed very satisfactory figures; he said the number of their members was 79; the past year's income had been £147 9s. 2d., and the expenditure £33 10s. 8d., giving a balance in hand of £63 18s. 6d. The sum paid to sick members during the year had been £39 16s. The funds of the lodge amounted to £607 16s. 4½d.

EAST DEREHAM.—On the 15th April the members of the Loyal Hastings Lodge, Hindolveston, celebrated its eleventh anniversary. The members met in large numbers at the lodge-house early in the day. The procession, which had a pretty appearance, left the lodge at noon in the presence of a large number of spectators, and repaired to the parish church, where a most excellent sermon, in behalf of the Widows and Orphans Fund was preached by the Rev. J. Fenwick, rector of Thurning. After service, the party, headed by the band of the Holt Rifle Corps, proceeded by the Holt Road to meet Lord Hastings, the noble patron of the lodge, who had come expressly from London to be present on the occasion. His lordship was met with a party of friends in a carriage and four, and was escorted to the lodge-room by a large concourse of people, the streets being almost impassable from the pressure of the crowd. A special lodge had been summoned for two p.m.; and as near to that time as possible, his lordship, occupying the office of N.G., opened the lodge, supported by a noble staff of honorary members. The Rev. S. Brereton, rector of Brinningham, V. D. Sherringham, Esq., of Thornage, J. Sherringham, Esq., of Melton, and Mr. John Powell, of Foulsham, were then made honorary members of the lodge, the Rev. C. Norris acting as lecture master. After the ceremony was over, the company assembled in a handsomely-decorated

marquee, and partook of a substantial dinner. The chair was occupied by Lord Hastings, supported by Captain Astley, Lieut. Astley, the Rev. J. Fenwick, C. Harris, and S. Brereton, J. Banks, Esq., J. Saunders, Esq., C. Saunders, Esq., H. Bircham, Esq., V. D. Sherringham, Esq., C. P. James, Esq., J. Sherringham, Esq., and C. Colman, Esq., &c., &c. Several appropriate toasts were given and responded to, and a very pleasant evening was spent.

GRINSHILL.—ODD-FELLOWS' DEMONSTRATION.—On the 28th August, the members of the Grinshill District of Odd-Fellows held a picnic and tea-party on the above far-famed hill, for the benefit of the Widows and Orphans Fund. Soon after two o'clock, a procession proceeded towards the hill. The beautiful grounds of Sansaw were thrown open, through which the procession moved. Hundreds of visitors from the surrounding neighbourhood were seen clustering all over the hill, watching the approach of the procession. A tent had been erected close by for tea-drinking, in which not less than 800 partook of the beverage, the hill perhaps never having had so great a concourse of people upon it at one time. Dancing was kept up until dusk, kiss-in-the-ring being indulged in occasionally; and altogether an exceedingly happy and pleasant day was spent, and, let us hope, a profitable one for the object for which primarily so many had met.—*Abridged from Shrewsbury Chronicle.*

HANWOOD.—Recently the members and friends of the Loyal De Grey Warter Lodge of Odd-Fellows celebrated their anniversary. The members, accompanied by a number of brethren from Shrewsbury, met in the forenoon at the New Inn, whence they proceeded in procession to the parish church, where a spirit-stirring discourse was delivered by the Rev. Edward Warter, on the nature of independence, and its results. After dinner the chair was occupied by Mr. James Hanny, Prov. G.M. of the Shrewsbury District, while the vice-chair was filled by Mr. David Lewis, P. Prov. G.M. The usual toasts were proposed and responded to, and a pleasant evening spent.

IPSWICH.—AMALGAMATED FETE OF ODD-FELLOWS AND FORESTERS.—The second annual fete of the I.O.O.F., M.U., and A.O.F. of Ipswich took place on Monday, September 8th, at Wherstead Park (kindly lent for the occasion by Dr. Vernon), for the benefit of the Ipswich Shipwreck Seamen's Society, and the Ipswich Life-boat. The proceedings commenced by a procession of the brethren and a deputation from the above society through the principal streets of the town. The day was delightfully fine, and many of the houses in the town were gaily decorated with flags, mottoes, &c. The floral car was the object of general admiration. The park itself, which was reached about twelve o'clock, soon presented a gay and animated spectacle. "Aunt Sally," with an original "Bob Ridley," soon attracted the attention of adepts at stick throwing. The gentler sports—cricket, trap ball, swings, kiss in the ring, and dancing soon found their admirers, while for the more juvenile portion; races for toys, &c. were provided. The Mayor of Ipswich, E. Grimwade, Esq., Dr. Vernon, Dr. Mills, R. Ransome, R. C. Ransome, J. Pitcher, W. Elliston, W. Adams, Esqrs., and many other gentlemen of the town and neighbourhood were present. The afternoon passed off as joyously as possible, every one seeming delighted with the arrangements that had been made, and many expressing a desire that the fete should be held annually, and such we believe is the intention of the brethren. About 5,000 persons attended, and £62 was received for admission to the park, which, after payment of expenses, will leave nearly £40 to be divided between the funds of the Shipwreck Seamen's Society and the Life-boat.

IPSWICH.—The third anniversary of the Loyal Mechanics' Pride Lodge was celebrated on Friday, the 1st August, at the White Horse Inn. The brethren walked in procession through the principal streets of the town in full regalia. They afterwards attended Divine service at the church, where a most eloquent

and impressive address was delivered by Brother the Rev. J. C. Blathwayt, M.A. On returning to the lodge-room, about 90 members and friends sat down to dinner. The chair was occupied by Brother F. P. Campbell, Esq., Barrister-at-law, who, in proposing the toast of the evening, "Prosperity to the Loyal Mechanics' Lodge," delivered a very excellent address on the benefits of the order. A statement of the accounts was submitted to the meeting, which showed a considerable increase in the number of members and in the amount of the reserved fund.

LEICESTER.—INITIATION OF W. U. HEYGATE, M.P.—In August last an interesting ceremony took place at the Globe Inn, Silver-street, the occasion being the initiation of W. U. Heygate, Esq., M.P., as an honorary member of the Prince of Peace Lodge, a special lodge being called for that purpose. A large number of members and honorary members attended. Two other honorary members were also initiated at the same time. The chair was occupied by G.M. Summerfield, D.G.M. Nokes occupying the vice. P. Prov. G.M. Goodrich, in proposing the health of the newly initiated members, said, when they saw gentlemen like those coming forward to help them in their work, it was a proof that their exertions were duly appreciated (hear, hear). They gave their help to those who in health endeavoured to help themselves. He hoped that as one of their newly-made brothers had a seat in parliament he would, when laws affecting them came before the house, give them his best attention (cheers). Mr. Heygate, in responding, observed that although he could not speak from experience of the working of the society in this county, yet he could not help bearing witness to the good it had done to the community at large, in instilling good feeling one to another, in assisting each other in distress, and inculcating a spirit of independence amongst them (hear, hear). P.G. Fleming, in the course of an excellent speech, said he looked upon such a gathering as a congress of social science, where the bonds that bind man to man are strengthened for the purpose of doing good. As soon as a man began to exercise a little forethought he became an Odd-fellow. He looked upon Odd-fellowship as a great cradle of the middle classes. How many men of the middle class owed their present prosperity to the principles inculcated in their minds in the lodge-rooms? He held it to be a duty on the part of the middle classes to further the cause of Odd-fellowship, that by so doing they would be the means of doing good to others (cheers). C.S. Cox said the saving of the lodges in the Leicester district as shown in the last returns was over £800 during the last twelve months.

MANCHESTER.—A numerous attended meeting of the Earl of Durham Lodge was held on Monday evening, September 8th, at the City-road Inn, Albion-street, Gaythorn, the chief business being to present a testimonial to P.P.G.M. J. P. Rowe, of the "Sir Walter Scott Lodge," Manchester district, in recognition of services rendered for the benefit of the orphans of a late brother of this lodge. The testimonial consisted of a coloured emblem of the "Widows and Orphans Fund," suitably and neatly framed. The chair was occupied by P.G. Vincent Slater, who made the presentation with a few brief but pointed remarks as to the worthiness of the recipient of the testimonial. P.P.G.M. Rowe made a suitable and feeling reply. The deputy G.M. of the district, and P.G. Derbyshire, P.G. Thomas Slater, P.G. Chesters, and P.P.G.M. Reed (of the Prince Llewellyn Lodge) also bore testimony of the valuable services rendered both to the district and "Widows and Orphans Fund" committees by P.P.G.M. Rowe.

METROPOLITAN DISTRICTS.—CRYSTAL PALACE FETE.—Our London brethren have demonstrated, by what has been done this year, the truth of the proverb, "Deserve success, and you shall command it." Their entreaty to the country members to aid them by their presence was well responded to, and of the 45,674 who were in the people's Palace and grounds on the 5th August, it was evident that a majority had determined to visit town for the fete, and to see the

International Exhibition. The article from the *Stey Times*, which was early circulated in all the lodges, was, we understand, written by Mr. Bellerby, one of the committee, who, by his exertions in other matters, also rendered earnest service to his fellow-workers. Mr. Burgess, the present D.G.M. of the Order, and P.P.G.M. Harris, acted as usual as secretaries, having their labours much increased by the circulars to and correspondence with the various Prov. C.S.s and lodges. Prov. G.M. Wm. Holmes (South London), was chairman, and Prov. C.S. Love (Stepney), vice-chairman of the committee. At an early hour of the fete day the visitors were off to the Palace by rail or road, and it was late, very late, before the doors closed upon the last who returned. To say that all looked happy, and conducted themselves well, is too little; there being plenty to see and hear, everyone was satisfied—entered thoroughly into enjoyment—and the assemblage really reflected the greatest credit upon the Manchester Unity. Though the glorious weather tempted some to the grounds, the bulk of the first arrivals examined the courts of the Palace, and were delighted with the music of the Handel organ and the company's band. Soon after two a long procession was formed and traversed the walks. The South London District came first, headed by the band of the London Irish rifles, and Birmingham regalia, with such of the officers of the Order and board as were present in town; next the South Middlesex band, Liverpool regalia, and Pimlico officers and members; then Eaton's famous band, Dartford regalia, officers and members of the Dartford and County Districts; band of the London Artillery Brigade (the Metropolitan Odd-Fellows' special corps); Spital-square school band, and Stepney officers and members. St. Bartholomew's, Gray's-inn, school band, the Leamington regalia, and officers and members of the North London District brought up the rear. The country wardens and committee worked well in arranging the procession, and foremost among the latter was Prov. D.G.M. Mitchell, of North London. Arriving on the grand terrace, opposite the central transept, the bands united, and played "God Save the Queen." The masses were then kept together by the great fountains immediately afterwards playing with beautiful effect, and before seeing Blondin there was a slight pause for refreshment. At four precisely the famous acrobat appeared, and was received with loud plaudits. He went through his various performances, and was about to wheel an Odd-Fellow along the rope, but the strong wind, which had before compelled him to throw off the sack, forced him back again to leave his novel companion without having made the journey. We heard that M. Blondin had generously made a donation of £10 to the fete fund, a fact which will, doubtless, be appreciated even by those districts who have no share of the profits. Dancing now commenced vigorously in various parts of the park, and continued till after dark. Meantime boat races for three handsome cups were rowed on the principal lake, and laughable sports by the "Water-Jacks" attracted large numbers. Then there were the gymnasiums, cricket-ground, rifle targets, archery, quoits, &c., all doing good business till seeing was out of the question; and as one crossed the Palace again homewards, an audience was seated (with scanty gaslight) listening to the pealing of the great organ, which, at such a time, and with the stillness in the remote parts of the building, produced a strange, yet pleasing impression, coupled with regret that a gloriously successful day was at an end.

MINSTERLY.—A new lodge, in connection with the Worthing district, was opened at the house of Mr. Downes, the Miners' Arms Inn, on the 29th August. It is called the Loyal Miners' Lodge, No. 5,065. The Odd-fellows' band from Shrewsbury was engaged, and a procession was formed. The village wore a holiday aspect from a number of stalls being erected exposing rich viands with which to tempt the juveniles. Other appearances there were indicative of something of importance about to take place. At 4 o'clock p.m. a

sumptuous dinner was laid on the table, which was presided over by P.P.G.M David Lewis, of Shrewsbury. On the withdrawal of the cloth, the chairman after the usual toasts, said it gave him the greatest pleasure to propose the next toast. He had known the worthy host (P.P.G.M: Downes) as an Odd-fellow for many years as one of the most energetic and persevering officers in the district, and if any man deserved success, it was Mr. Downes. As Odd-fellowship in this neighbourhood and Mr. Downes' name were the same thing, he would give prosperity to the Loyal Miners' Pride Lodge, M.U. The members of the order present then assembled in lodge, which was duly opened for business by the officers of the Worthing district.

NEWTON HEATH, NEAR MANCHESTER.—On Saturday, August the 16th, the members of the Rock of Truth Lodge celebrated its 33rd anniversary at the house of Mrs. Lees, Duke of York Inn, Newton Heath, on which occasion a goodly number of the members and their wives, together with the widows of deceased members, partook of an excellent dinner. After dinner, Mr. Ashton Ashton, the Prov. C.S. of the district, was called upon to preside, Mr. Joseph Smith, P.G., officiating as vice-president. The toast of "The Queen and the Royal Family" was given by the president, and drank with enthusiasm. The following toasts were also given during the evening:—"The Independent Order of Odd-fellows, M.U.," responded to by the Prov. G.M. Mr. John Peacock; "The District Officers," responded to by Mr. George Robinson, the D. Prov. G.M.; "The Widows and Orphans Fund," responded to in a very feeling manner by Mr. George Collier, the secretary of the lodge; "The Rock of Truth Lodge," "The health of the worthy hostess," who is also the treasurer for the district, was given, and drank with applause. The rest of the evening was rationally spent with singing and recitations, varied at intervals with the lively dance.

NEWTON HEATH, NEAR MANCHESTER.—The members of the George IV. Lodge, of this district, held their anniversary on Saturday, the 2nd August. About 240 dined. After dinner, P.G. Joseph Rogers occupied the chair. Mr. James Barnes, secretary of the body, read a statement of the financial condition of the lodge, from which it appears that at the last audit the total reserved funds amounted to £2,563, and that the number of members good on the books was 283. Mr. Ashton, in responding to the toast of "the District," said its total reserved funds amounted to £6 per member. Mr. Charles Hardwick, P.G.M., responded to the toast of "the Unity," and commented at some length on the irregular proceedings of the Registrar of Friendly Societies with regard to the registration of the Newton Heath district bye-laws, and recommended united action on the part of the members of all friendly societies to preserve their undoubted right of self-government in the unity matters intact. A very pleasant evening was spent.

NORTHAMPTON.—COMMEMORATION OF THE JUBILEE OF THE MANCHESTER UNITY OF ODD-FELLOWS.—This being the fiftieth year since the establishment of the Manchester Unity of Odd-Fellows, it was determined by the members of the Order in this town and district a jubilee should be held to commemorate the event. On July 8th a grand festival was held, and the members of the Order have reason to congratulate themselves on the successful manner in which it was carried out. The Mayor, on being applied to, readily consented, not only to patronise the holiday, but to sanction it with his presence, and the members of the Corporation as readily complied with his Worship's request to attend him on the occasion. About eleven o'clock the procession left the Angel Hotel, and proceeded to All Saint's Church, where a very appropriate sermon was preached by the Vicar, the Rev. Sydney Gedge. At two o'clock, about 800 persons sat down to an excellent dinner in the large hall of the Corn

Exchange. The Worshipful the Mayor (H. P. Markham, Esq.) was in the chair, the vice-chair being occupied by P.P.G.M. Stenson. The following members of the Corporation, and other gentlemen of the town, were also present:—The Town Clerk (John Jeffery, Esq.), the Registrar of the Borough Court (George Rands, Esq.), Mr. Alderman Stockburn, Mr. Alderman Gates, Mr. Alderman Klitz, Mr. Councillor E. F. Law, Mr. Councillor Dorman, Mr. Councillor W. T. Higgins, Mr. Councillor Vernon, Mr. Councillor C. Mobbs, Mr. Councillor Gurney, Mr. Councillor Collier, the Rev. W. Butlin, the Rev. F. P. Lawson, Rev. J. Brown (Grafton-street), Captain Isaac, Dr. Bryan, M. W. Flewitt, Esq., H. Terry, jun., Esq., Charles Dodd, Esq., Robert White, Esq., Mr. Butlin (Roads), Mr. Colledge, Mr. Page, &c., &c. Several excellent addresses were delivered. P.G.M. Samuel Daynes responded to the "Manchester Unity" in a very able speech. On the following day, Wednesday, a tea party and ball took place in the Corn Exchange, so that the wives, and daughters, and wives that are to be, of the loyal Odd-Fellows, might also take part in this jubilee festival. A large number sat down to tea, and in the evening, when dancing commenced, the party was still further augmented, there being a very numerous and respectable company present.—*Abridged from the Northampton Herald.*

NORTH LONDON DISTRICT.—From a "financial statement" issued by C.S. Robert Dansie, it appears that the North London district numbered at the last audit in 1861, 8,659 members, being an increase of 471 over the preceding annual return. The total amount of the sick and funeral fund at the end of 1860 was £54,886 9s. 2½d.; at the end of 1861 it amounted to £60,103 7s. 6½d. Each lodge, except one, shows an increase. The loss of the one lodge amounts to only £11 11s. 2½d., while the total increase amounts to no less than £5,228 9s. 6½d. The amount paid for sickness during the year is £4,344 13s. 3½d., and the amount for funeral levies, £1,371 19s. 6½d. The sum of £1,678 18s. 7d. has been added to the reserved capital from interest alone.

NORTH LONDON DISTRICT.—The members of the Royal Oak Lodge, Harlesden Green, celebrated their anniversary on the 21st July. The members walked in procession to St. John's Church, where a sermon was preached by the Rev. A. G. Pemberton, incumbent. A collection was made in aid of the Widows and Orphans Fund, amounting to £1 3s. 5½d. In the afternoon the members mustered in larger numbers in a field near the village, and were entertained with various sports. About 1,000 members and friends assembled, the district officers, Messrs. Diprose, Mitchell, and Danzie, P. Prov. G.M. Rough, being amongst the number. The surgeon of the lodge acted as chairman. About 10 o'clock the members retired to the lodge, much gratified by the success of the fete. G.M. James Butler recited an address on Odd-Fellowship, very excellent in sentiment, and better written than the average of such productions.

NORTH LONDON DISTRICT.—The Lord Melbourne Lodge held its anniversary dinner on Wednesday, July 23, at the Rose and Crown, Walwyn, Herts, P.P.G.M. Harris presiding; and P.G. Blow occupying the vice-chair. Having honoured all the usual toasts, including the "Unity and Board of Directors," the chairman called upon the numerous company to drink most heartily, "Success to the Lord Melbourne Lodge." He was happy to meet them now their troubles were all over. It was only now matter of history that they had had refractory trustees who had caused them heavy expenses through withholding the funds; but they had been compelled to disgorge, and were all now expelled from the Order, and their names, Deards, Adams, and Pointon, would be for some time to come bitterly remembered. Still the members need not dwell upon the unpleasantness, but do all in their power to make the lodge progress. P.G. Catlin (Secretary) responded, and said the lodge had now been in existence 19

years, and had £1,000 capital with 62 members; and their valuation lately made, justified them in expecting permission from the Board to appropriate £100 to the incidental fund, and to relieve the members of a heavy levy. They were determined not to go back, but intended having new members, and many of them. P.G. Wm. Blow, then addressing the chairman, presented him with a handsome gold Albert chain, subscribed voluntarily by the members in token of his zeal in getting them back their funds. P.P.G.M. Harris, on accepting it, stated he had not wished for a testimonial, but though surprised, he was not the less pleased to think he had given them satisfaction, and in wearing their gift he should be certain to keep them in memory.

NOTTINGHAM.—GRAND JUBILEE OF ODD-FELLOWS.—A grand jubilee of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows took place at Nottingham recently. Members were present from all parts of the country, and many thousands assisted in the ceremony. At twelve o'clock, the whole body, headed by military and other bands, assembled in the Great Market Place, and, having formed a procession, marched through the various thoroughfares of the town (the shops being generally closed on the occasion) to the Grand Banqueting Saloon, near the Arboretum. After dinner, addresses were delivered by the borough members (Mr. Paget and Sir R. J. Clifton), Mr. Joseph Shaw, the Hon. and Rev. C. J. Willoughby, and others. In the afternoon there were military concerts in the Arboretum, and the demonstration was of a character hitherto unequalled in Nottingham. Special trains ran from various towns, and the number of visitors was estimated at upwards of 40,000.

PLYMOUTH.—INITIATION OF THE MAYOR.—A special meeting of the officers and brothers of the Loyal Earl of Mount Edgcumbe Lodge was held on Thursday evening, July 17th, 1862, at the lodge-room, Red Lion Hotel, Chapel-street, East Stonehouse, Devon. P.G. Pengelly in the chair, for the purpose of initiating, as honorary members, the Right Worshipful the Mayor of Plymouth, W. Derry, Esq., and J. Latimer, Esq., proprietor of the *Western Daily Mercury* and *Plymouth Journal* newspapers. After the initiation the Grand Master proposed a vote of thanks to the newly initiated brothers, which was seconded and unanimously carried. The Mayor, in responding, said he felt great pleasure in becoming an Odd-Fellow, and, in fact, in associating himself at all times with societies which have for their objects charity and the assistance of the working man in times of affliction. Brother Latimer also returned thanks. During the proceedings the room presented a very rich and gay appearance, having besides the regalia of the lodge several pieces of silver regalia kindly lent for the occasion by the district, and the splendid banner of the St. Andrew Lodge.

PLYMOUTH.—Amongst the lodges connected with the Plymouth district of the M.U.I.O.O.F. none have been more generous in presentations than the Loyal Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, held at Brother Hawkes, Red Lion Hotel, Chapel-street, East Stonehouse, Devon, for during the time which has elapsed since its opening, now scarcely three years, three testimonials have been presented to as many of its past officers; the first to P.G. Tall, of the St. Andrew Lodge, Plymouth, the next to P.G. Looker, of the Pride of Devon Lodge, Plymouth, and last, though not least, one to P.G. Pengelly, also of the St. Andrew Lodge. The testimonial consisted of a silver star, in the centre of which was a globe with the following inscription:—"Presented to Brother W. Pengelly, P.G., by the officers and brothers of the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe Lodge, June 2nd, 1862." It was presented on lodge night, June 2nd, by brother J. Spry, the C.S. of the Plymouth district, who, in an appropriate speech, adverted to the valuable services rendered to the lodge by the recipient. Brother Pengelly, who wore on his breast a medal presented to him by the officers and brothers of his own lodge, thanked the members for this, their greatest kindness to him: He assured them he would still do all in his power to further the interests of the lodge. A vote of thanks

to Prov. C.S. Spry, for his kindness in officiating, brought the proceedings to a close.

POTTERY AND NEWCASTLE DISTRICT.—HARRISEAHEAD.—On Monday, July 21, the members of the Loyal Oak Lodge, assisted by some of the members of the Miners' Glory Lodge, Salk-o-th'-Hill, and the Knypeisly Lodge, Bradley Green, formed in procession, headed by the excellent band from Knypeisly, and by the Bradley Green Lodge banner, which was kindly lent. All the brethren were dressed in new regalia, and great order and precision was observed throughout the procession. After a sermon preached at the Wesleyan Chapel by Br. Baddeley, the members retired to the Lodge-room. After dinner, Prov. G.M. Emanuel Lovekin took the chair, and Prov. C.S. Bowers officiated as vice. The Chairman, in a lengthy speech, spoke of the advantages of Odd-fellowship, and hoped those who were present, and had witnessed the orderly proceedings of the day, would not hesitate to give them helping hand to their Harriseahead brethren. The vice-chairman, in responding to the toasts of the Order and District, assured his hearers that by becoming an Odd-fellow, any man would benefit himself, set a bright example to the locality in which he resided, and aid and assist his family.

PRESTATYN.—OPENING OF A NEW LODGE.—On Saturday, the 2nd August, a large number of members of neighbouring lodges assembled together to witness the inauguration of the Loyal Bodrhyddan Lodge, No. 5059. In accordance with the usual practice on such occasions, Mr. Joseph Owens, P.G.M. of the district, took the chair, and Mr. Edward Lloyd, D.G.M., the vice chair. The new members were then initiated, and immediately afterwards the Chairman, assisted by Mr. William Griffiths, P.P.G.M., Lord Mostyn Lodge, a very active and zealous officer in the district, delivered to the members of the Loyal Bodrhyddan Lodge their dispensation, declaring the branch to be duly established. A sumptuous dinner was afterwards partaken of, which gave great satisfaction to all present. The usual complimentary toasts to the officers and visitors were given with good spirit, and well responded to.

PRESTON.—At the great Guild Festival, held in the first week in September last, one of the most interesting sights was the procession of Friendly Societies on the Wednesday morning. The *Preston Guardian* says:—"Heavy rains during the night had made the streets exceedingly dirty and uncomfortable to traverse; this, no doubt, operated in the direction of keeping very many away from the town who would have come to join the processionists or witness the demonstration; notwithstanding, more persons entered the town by train and by road than on any previous day of the Guild Festival." The length of the aggregate procession was about a mile and a half, and the time it occupied in passing any given place was an hour and ten minutes. An immense quantity of insignia, banners, etc., was displayed, and the whole passed off well, notwithstanding the heavy showers of rain which fell. Many brethren belonging to the Manchester Unity attended from Bolton, Lancaster, and other neighbouring towns. It was anticipated two thousand members of the Order would have joined the procession had the weather been fine. The numbers of processionists were as follow:—Ancient Order of Foresters, 360; Free Gardeners, 140; Independent Order of Mechanics, 300; Ancient Shepherds, 150; Druids, 450; Catholic Brethren, 270; United Order of Odd-Fellows (Preston district), 280; Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, M.U., 750; total, 2,700. In the afternoon the members of the Manchester Unity dined together in a large room in Bell-street, fitted up for the occasion by Mr. Joseph Tate, of the Anglers' Inn. Owing to the unfavourable state of the weather, the company at dinner was not so numerous as had been anticipated. After dinner, however, there was a large gathering of the brethren and friends from various parts of the country. The "old-making" formula was gone through for the purpose

of showing the members present the grotesque manner in which parties were initiated into the mysteries of the order in the "olden time." The presiding officer on the occasion was Mr. George Ward, who is believed to be the oldest Odd-fellow living at the present time. Mr. Richard Hunt, the G.M. of the Preston district, was, *pro forma*, initiated under the old method. A meeting of a social character afterwards were held. Amongst the visitors present were Mr. Woodcock, of Glossop, the Grand Master of the Unity, and Mr. Charles Hardwick, Past Grand Master, and editor of the Odd-fellows' Quarterly Magazine. Mr. Hardwick delivered a favourite poetic address on the principles of the order, from the pen of Eliza Cook. The entertainments concluded with a ball, which was very well attended. Indeed, several parties were refused admission, owing to the crowded state of the room. We regret that our limited space prevents us giving a more lengthy account of this great festival, which has been held once every twenty years without interruption for three centuries. The first recorded celebration took place in June, 1328, but there is little doubt they were celebrated at a much earlier period. It is believed that the Norman kings merely re-granted to the burgesses of Preston privileges possessed by them anterior to the Conquest. The chief out-door feature of the Guild was the procession of trades, in which workmen plied their vocation in temporary workshops mounted on lorries. Balls, concerts, etc., contributed to the festive enjoyment. On Tuesday, the Mayor, brother Robert Townley Parker, Esq., an Odd-fellow of twenty-one years' standing, laid with masonic honours the foundation stone of the handsome new Town Hall, about to be erected from the design of Mr. Gilbert Scott. An immense crowd assembled. The Earl of Derby, Lord Stanley, Lord Skelmersdale, Sir Thomas Hesketh, Bart., Major Gen. Yorke Scarlett, and many others of the neighbouring gentry were present.

SOUTH LONDON DISTRICT.—On Monday, July 7, 1862, the quarterly committee of the Travellers' Rest Lodge was held. P.G. W. Andrew presided on the occasion. After the usual routine of business had been gone through, a present was made to their esteemed secretary, P.G. J. Martin, of a very handsome gilt clock under a glass shade, the clock being surmounted by a figure representing Astronomy standing beside a globe. The chairman, P.G. Thos. Brightwell (one of the oldest members of the lodge), who made the presentation, observed that the members had on many occasions solicited P.G. Martin's kind advice and counsel, and he had always freely given it, exhibiting, in every instance, sound practical common sense, love of justice, and impartiality of spirit, rarely to be found. P.G. J. Martin responded in suitable terms. The clock stands 2ft. high and 2ft. wide, and bears the following inscription:—"Presented by the members of the Loyal Travellers' Rest Lodge, South London District, M.U., to P.G. J. Martin, Secretary, in recognition of his faithful services."

TREDEGAR.—PRESENTATION.—Recently the members of the Loyal Silurian Lodge assembled at their lodge-room, Castle Hotel, and after the close of general lodge business, presented P.P.G.M. William Evans with a testimonial of their approval of the valuable services he had rendered to the lodge and likewise to the district. The Chairman, P. Prov. G.M. Benjamin Lloyd, said that brother Evans had gone through all the offices both in the lodge and district with credit, and had been an active member during a period of twenty-six years. The presentation, he said, consisted of a Past officer's emblem neatly framed, with his likeness attached to it. The presentation was made by P. Prov. G.M. William Davies in a highly eulogistic speech. After thanking the members for their handsome gift, P. Prov. G.M. Evans gave an outline of the commencement of the society at Tarnauach, when its members numbered nearly 150; there were then six lodges in the district, and many of them during the great secession divided their funds, or became separate benefit societies. He held out and fought a hard battle against the division, and the consequence

was that the lodge dwindled down to twelve. They then removed their quarters and made but little progress until two years ago, when a few young men were with difficulty persuaded to join. They struggled on and became more numerous, and now they had become one of the best managed and most respectable lodges in the district; they had made rapid strides both numerically and financially, and he hoped they would continue to progress. (Cheers.) The proceedings being carried on in the Welsh language, Mr. Owen Rogers gave an outline of what had been said in English, as there were several English friends in the room. After the healths of the Chairman and Vice-Chairman had been duly proposed and honoured, the company separated, having spent a very agreeable evening.

TREDEGAR.—The annual demonstration of the members of the Loyal Silurian Lodge of I.O.F. of the Tredegar district, took place on Monday evening, August 4th, 1862. The brethren marched through the principal streets, headed by the railway band. The handsome regalia gave the procession quite an animated appearance. They returned to the lodge-room at the Castle Hotel shortly after five o'clock, to partake of an excellent dinner. After the removal of the cloth, N.G. Owen Rogers was voted to the chair, and Bro. Benjamin Price to the vice-chair. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts had been proposed and responded to, the chairman proposed the prosperity of the Manchester Unity in an effective speech in Welsh. It was responded to by an old P.G. in thoroughly Welsh style. The next toast, "Success to the Tredegar district, and prosperity to the Loyal Silurian Lodge," was received with rapturous applause, and responded to by the chairman, who said that he was glad to be able to call their attention to the general prosperity of the district, and more especially of the Widows and Orphans Fund. Its management was admirable, and was a striking instance of what working men could accomplish by combination and sound principles of action. He dilated on the progress the lodge had made; its increase in influential members and in the amount of its funds; and he urged all who were not already members to join some branch of the Manchester Unity. Other toasts, songs, etc., followed, and this, "one of the merriest and happiest" anniversaries of the lodge, was concluded by a ball.

WALLINGFORD.—The anniversary dinner of the Loyal St. Stephen Lodge was held at the Duke's Head on the 10th of June. After dinner the members formed in procession, and proceeded to the Kine Croft, where a friendly game at cricket was played between 11 of the Odd-Fellows and the same number of Foresters. The Foresters were the first to go to the wickets, and scored 58 runs; their opponents, 69; the game was completed in one innings, and the Odd-Fellows became victorious by a majority of eleven runs. During the afternoon, football, quoits, and other games were introduced. About seven o'clock the Odd-Fellows and Foresters again formed in procession, and returned to the lodge-room, where they partook of tea, after which the cloth was cleared, and P.G. Hilliard was voted to the chair. The Secretary (P.G. Simmons) read a report of the proceedings for the past year, which showed that the receipts ending December, 1861, amounted to £118 14s. 6d.; paid sick members and funeral levies £83 19s. 3d. The present balance in hand amounted to £806 12s. The secretary afterwards, in the name of the lodge, presented the chairman with a handsome revolving cigar stand, in testimony of their esteem and regard, which compliment the chairman suitably acknowledged.

WARRINGTON.—On Monday, the 25th of August, the members and friends of the Haven of Rest Lodge of Odd-Fellows, M.U., numbering about one hundred, met together at the Golden Ball Inn, Town's End, and partook of an excellent dinner. The occasion was rendered more than usually interesting from the fact that the treasurer of the lodge, P.P.G.M. Sykes, had a very handsome

silver watch and gold chain presented him by the members. On the outside of the case the arms of the order were engraved, and on the inside was the following inscription :—"Presented, with a gold chain, to Joseph Sykes, P.P.G.M., by members and friends of the Haven of Rest Lodge, Ancient Order of Odd-Fellows, M.U., as a testimony of respect for his valued services as treasurer. Warrington, August 15th, 1862." Mr. Jno. Houghton, C.S., occupied the chair, and gave the usual loyal toasts in a very effective manner. He afterwards in a long and eloquent address traced the progress of the order from its infancy to its present matured position, and expatiated at length on the benefits it conferred. He then referred to the chief object of their assembling together. Their respected brother P.P.G.M. Sykes had endeavoured as far as it was possible any man could do, to carry out the objects of their noble institution. In January, 1844, he was first initiated a member of the Haven of Rest Lodge. Soon after his initiation he filled the minor offices till he became Grand Master to the lodge. In the year 1852 he was elected Deputy Grand Master of the district and in the following year he became Grand Master, at the close of which he received a vote of thanks from the district for the attention he had paid to the duties of his office in the two years named. It was now some six years ago since he was unanimously elected treasurer of their own lodge, from which time to the present he had held the office without fee or reward. He had always endeavoured as far as lay in his power to carry out the principles of their noble institution, and that he had succeeded the present testimonial was a proof. They all knew how richly Brother Sykes deserved that testimonial. In times of sickness they had never to go twice for their money. He was always ready, and it was for these and other good qualities he possessed which made him appreciated by his brother members. He (the Chairman) might go on for an hour enlarging upon the many acts of kindness which he had displayed, but he thought he had said sufficient to show that he deserved the testimonial they were about to present to him. After some further observations, which elicited loud cheering, the chairman concluded by expressing a hope that Mr. Sykes would long live to wear the testimonial with which he had just presented him in the name of the lodge, and that when he was called away, it would pass into the hands of generations yet unborn, who would remember with pride that there had lived before them one so beloved and respected (cheers). P.P.G.M. Sykes, in thanking the members present for the handsome testimonial he had received, said he should look back with feelings of grateful remembrance to that occasion. The testimonial had been got up spontaneously, and when he took into consideration the fact that it had been subscribed for at a time when so much distress was prevalent, he should doubly prize the gift. He felt that in subscribing to it many of them had made sacrifices which showed they were in earnest, and many who had given had personally expressed their regret that they were not in a position to do more under the present circumstances. Other toasts followed, and the proceedings terminated with a ball, which passed off with great spirit.

—*Abridged from the Warrington Standard and Times.*

WEST DERBY.—AIGBURTH.—The members of the Prince of Wales Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd-fellows, West Derby district, M.U., celebrated their anniversary on the 18th July, 1862. The procession proceeded to St. Ann's Church, Aigburth, where divine service was performed, and an excellent and appropriate sermon preached by the incumbent, the Rev. H. T. Hecker. At three o'clock about 80 persons sat to an excellent dinner in the lodge-room at the Aigburth hotel. On the removal of the cloth, the Rev. Mr. Hecker was called to the chair. He was supported by Dr. Thompson, medical officer of the lodge, Mr. Brookfield, Mr. Thomas Harrison, and other gentlemen of the neighbourhood. The usual loyal toasts were given by the chairman, accompanied with suitable remarks, and were duly responded to. The chairman

then gave "the Grand Master of the Order, the Board of Directors, and the Prince of Wales Lodge." He spoke of the increasing prosperity of the lodge, noticing with satisfaction that there was a gain of £142 3s. 6d. to the funds during the past twelve months. The toast was spoken to by Mr. Peers, stipendiary secretary. The lodge, he was happy to say, was in a very good position, and its funds were flourishing. Mr. Peers gave a lengthy explanation as to these points, and of the printed statement of accounts. From the latter it appeared that the balance in favour of the sick and funeral cash account on the 30th of June last was £941 18s. 9d.; balance in favour of the management and incidental fund account, £33 1s. 11d.; in favour of the widow and orphan fund cash account, £136 11s. 3d. The total amount of the general funds at the present time is £1,114 15s. 5d., showing a gain of 142 3s. 6d. during the last twelve months. The amount paid to sick members from June 18, 1861, to June 30, 1862, was £81 16s. Mr. Peers announced donations from the rev. chairman, Dr. Thompson, Mr. Tinne, and other gentlemen, amounting to £9 1s., and that, as to the contributions to the lodge fund by the members, the arrears were fewer than ever they were. The health of Dr. Thompson, that of the chairman, Mrs. Hecker and family, "The Guests," "The District Officers," "The Press," and other toasts were responded to, and harmony and good feeling prevailed throughout the meeting.—*Abridged from Liverpool Mercury.*

WEST DERBY.—On the 4th August, the members of the Loyal Lord Viscount Molyneux Lodge celebrated their anniversary by dining together in the large room of the beautiful national schools of that village. One of the rooms has been kindly placed at the service of the brethren, free of charge, for the purpose of holding their ordinary meetings, by the Rev. John Stewart, rector of West Derby. P.P.G.M. John Shilton occupied the chair, supported by the rector of the parish and the Rev. Mr. Green, and Mr. Glazebrook, surgeon to the lodge, fulfilled the duties of vice-chairman. In replying to the toast of his health, the worthy rector said he felt he should be neglecting his duty as minister of the place, did he not express his approbation of the habits of economy and prudent forethought which Odd-fellowship inculcated. He hoped their lodge might go on prospering. He was glad to perceive from the balance-sheet that they were going on well, but he advised them not to rest on their oars. It happened that the present had been a singularly healthy year so far as they were concerned, and there had consequently been much less sickness than usual; but they must provide against a different state of things. They should endeavour as much as possible to show the soundness of the principles on which their society was based, and also exert themselves to increase the number of their members by making the advantages of Odd-fellowship known amongst their friends and neighbours.—*Abridged from Liverpool Mercury.*

WOLVERHAMPTON.—The members of the St. Andrew Lodge held their anniversary dinner at the house of Mr. Peplow, the Queen's Hotel, on the 14th July. The chair was occupied by Mr. Henry Vaughan, who was supported by T. M. Weguelin, Esq., M.P., C. Clark, Esq. (ex-Mayor), Mr. H. Loveridge, and Mr. Robert Sidney; the vice-chair was occupied by Mr. George Duffill, and upwards of 100 other members of the lodge and friends were present. Mr. T. Collins, in responding to "the Manchester Unity and Board of Directors," said he would improve the occasion by asking that the legislature would interfere with them as little as possible. He showed how that the interference of legislature had already tended to injure the management of their clubs. The measure which had had that effect was carried out on the recommendation of Mr. Todd Pratt, and another principle that that same gentleman desired to establish was equally objectionable. He wished lodge government to be independent of the district, and the district independent of the unity. Now he (Mr. Collins) thought that

if there was one thing more important than another, one principle that of all others should not be lost sight of, it was that 'unity is strength;' he hoped that they would never forget this, and that the day was long distant when they should become isolated societies. As one of their parliamentary representatives was present he might venture to express a hope that he and their other excellent member would bear these things in mind, and when any question came before the House of Commons not lose sight of it. Mr. Weguelin in responding to "the County and Borough Members," amongst other excellent remarks said, "I do not think it a reproach that the holy objects—for holy I may truly call them—the holy objects to which this society is devoted are the less holy because they are sought to be attained by mutual and combined effort—by a combination by which each member may expect to receive a certain advantage for his own particular contribution. If even it cannot be proved demonstrably that every member will receive his exact money's worth for his subscription, he ought to feel that he is not 'casting his bread upon the waters' in vain, but that 'it will return to him after many days.' Though it might perhaps not be in case of sickness, or accident to himself, there is the sweet consciousness that that member is contributing to the relief of the sick, to the support of the aged and infirm, and to the drying of the tears of the widow and orphan. (Applause.) Nothing is so morally great in this country as the aspect of the numerous associations which spread themselves over the land and testify by their glorious results the success of mutual and combined efforts. We have numberless illustrations around us—in the railway, canals, the mine and the workshops—of what combined efforts can do; but there is as great a spectacle of the moral grandeur of this country in the aspect of societies like this, which are organized for the relief of the distressed, and other charitable purposes." (Applause.)—*Abridged from the Midland Counties Express.*

WREXHAM.—GRAND DEMONSTRATION.—On Monday, the 7th July, the members of the Wrexham district held a grand jubilee in honour of the Manchester Unity having attained its fiftieth year. The surrounding districts contributed largely to the number of visitors. It is computed there were 15,000 persons present. Shortly after eleven o'clock the various lodges began to arrive, and after assembling on the race course, formed themselves into a procession, and perambulated the principal streets of the town. On returning to the race course, through the exertions of the committee, every preparation was made to afford accommodation and amusement. Two large and handsome marquees were erected by Mr. Tyrer, of Manchester, in which thousands partook of tea and other refreshments, while the green was studded with tents of various sizes, in which Professor Devoni, the great magician, and Mr. Tyrer's celebrated Italian Fantoccini, or performing Marionettes, with the great fat giant, and shooting galleries of every length and description, amused the visitors. In the course of the afternoon and evening a number of balloons ascended, much to the delight of the juveniles. All we can say is that the committee provided every facility for the comfort of their guests, and everything passed off in the most successful manner, not one cloud appearing to damp the harmony and pleasure of the day. Dancing commenced at five o'clock, and was kept up to a late hour. There is little doubt but that the funds for which this demonstration was got up—the Widows and Orphans Fund of the Manchester Unity of Odd-fellows—will be considerably augmented by this demonstration. All praise is due to the committee, and to Mr. Hanmer, of the Turf Tavern, for the provisions they made on the occasion, and to the orderly conduct of such a vast number of visitors.—*Abridged from Wrexham Telegraph.*

YSCIRIHOE.—On Thursday, August 7th, the members of the Penbedw Lodge of Odd-Fellows held their anniversary. They assembled at the Swan Inn, and proceeded to the parish church, where an appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. James Jones. On returning, they visited Penbedw Hall, and were

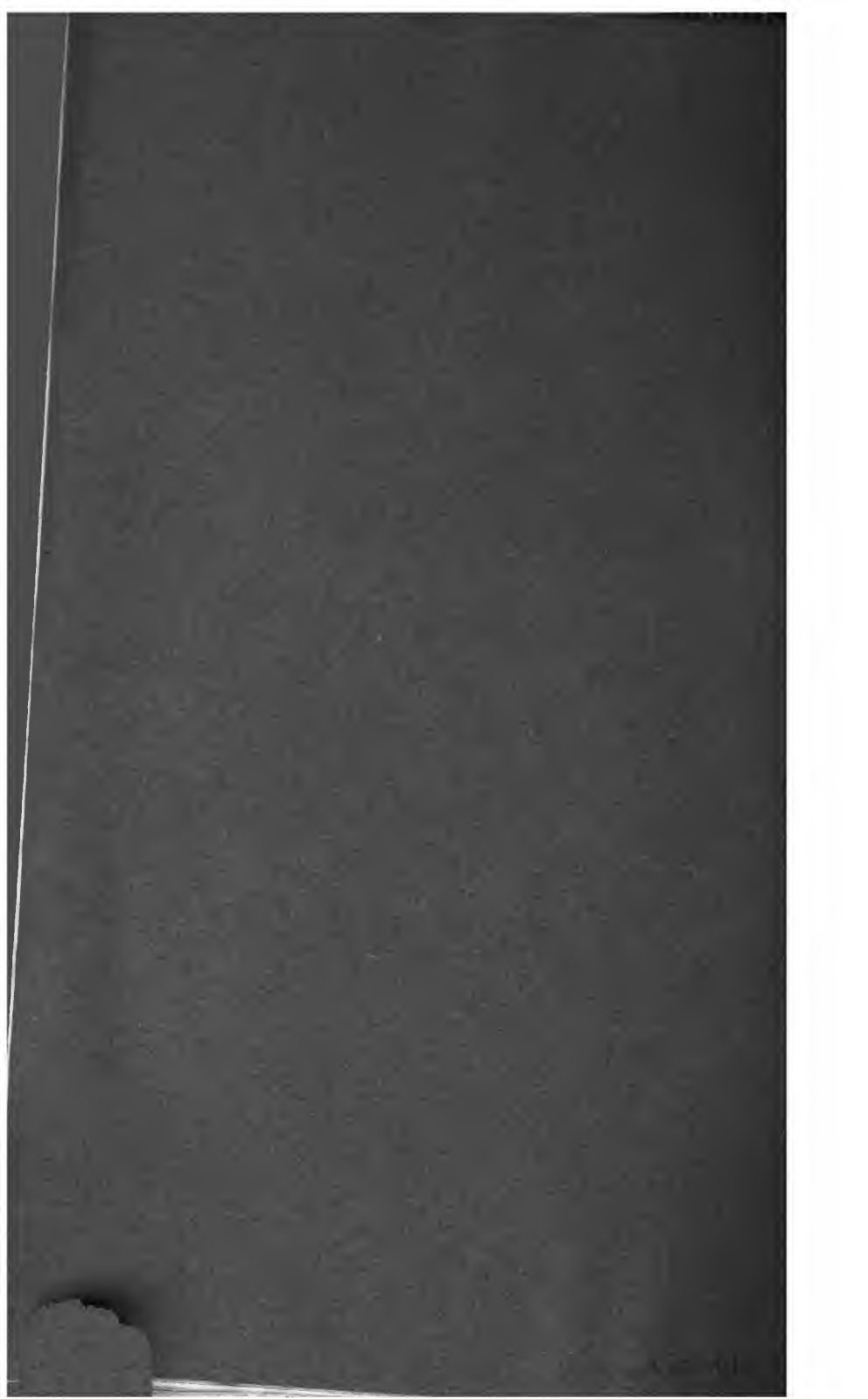
regaled with a liberal supply of ale by W. Buddicum, Esq., who, with Mr. Buddicum, jun., were enrolled honorary members on this occasion. Several flags, the handiwork of some of the servants at the hall, and who are members of the lodge, were presented to the lodge on this day. They afterwards retraced their steps to the Swan Inn, and partook of an excellent dinner, and a very agreeable evening was spent. Mr. Thos. Green, in responding to his health, made the following extracts from the books of the lodge:—Contributions received during the past year, £104 17s. 9½d.—Paid to Sick Members, £36 16s. 8d.—Ditto to District Funeral Fund, £35 5s. 0d., having at present in hand £150, exclusive of their interest in the General District Funeral Fund. The local paper says it is to the exertions of Mr. Thos. Green that the success of the *infant branch* of the society is attributable. Children of 12 years old and upwards are admitted, who pay a few pence a month, and receive from the fund a few shillings a week during illness, according to the time of membership. This juvenile club is a society of itself, the funds of which are not incorporated with those of the Odd-fellows, properly so called. The state of this lodge seems progressive. An Odd-fellows' lodge has lately been established at Cærwys.

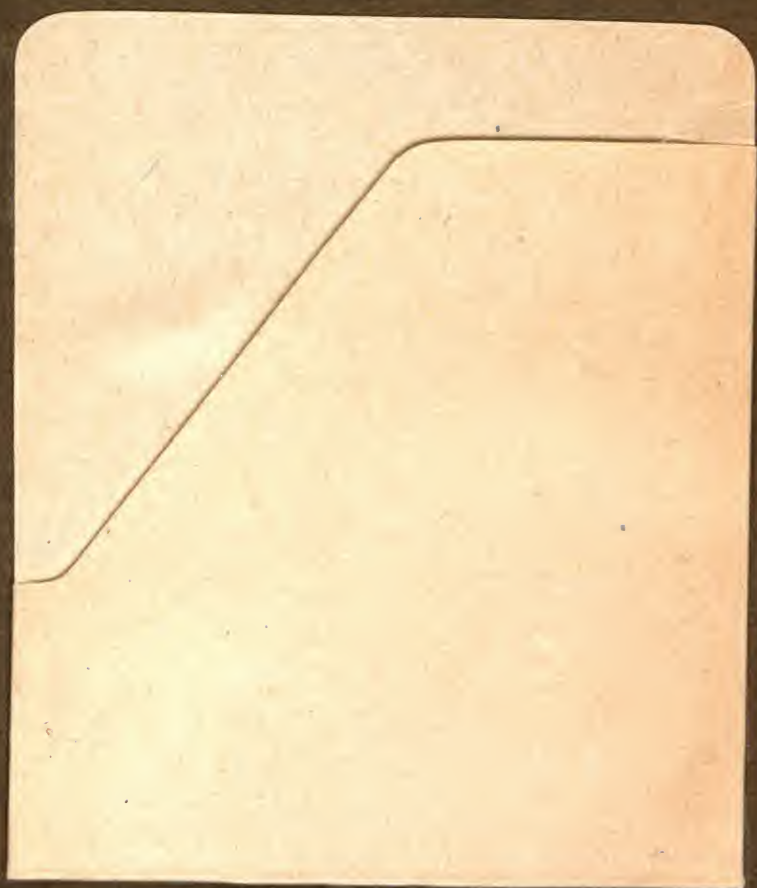
Obituary.

BRAMPTON, CUMBERLAND.—On Monday evening, the 11th day of August, 1862, P. Prov. C.S. James Hamilton, and late relieving officer, aged 49 years. He was a zealous and active member of "The Loyal Brampton Lodge," Brampton district, above 22 years, during which time he was nine years C.S. of the district, and eight years secretary to his lodge. He was ever ready to forward the cause of his lodge, district, and order, and by his amiable and Christian disposition won the affection of his friends. He was followed to his grave by many of his brethren and companion officers on the following Thursday. He leaves a widow and three children to mourn his loss.

MANCHESTER.—John Davies, the highly respected Permanent Secretary of the Loyal Earl of Oxford Lodge, Manchester district, died on the 13th July, aged 60 years. He was connected with the lodge for more than 30 years, and served the office of secretary nearly a quarter of a century. His life of unremitting toil was cheerfully spent in furthering the interest of the lodge and order of which he was a member. He leaves behind him in his lodge a feeling of deep and heartfelt regret. He was a worthy brother and an efficient officer. To his unceasing attention to the duties of his office, through many a trying time, is mainly attributed the very satisfactory position in which the lodge now stands, both socially and financially. As a last tribute of respect to departed worth, nearly 200 members of his own and other lodges in the district preceded the hearse which conveyed his remains to his last earthly resting place in the beautiful ground of the Salford Borough Cemetery.

On the 5th June, 1862, Brother William Ford, of the Loyal Prince of Waterloo Lodge, of the Hyde district, in the 72nd year of his age. This unfortunate member, who was a carter by trade, had been afflicted with rheumatic pains since the year 1836. In May, 1842, he became permanently incapable of labour, the disease almost depriving him of the use of the lower extremities. For some years past he did not suffer much pain, but became lusty and apparently healthy, but had not the use of his limbs. He has been on the funds of his lodge twenty years, seven months, and four days, and has received the enormous sum of £229 7s. in sick pay alone, independently of the expense of his funeral. These facts speak loudly in favour of the value of the great principle of friendly society insurance to working men.





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